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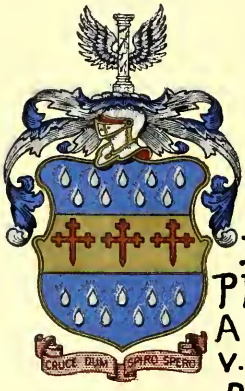


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THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

Containing

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|---|---|
| SIR MARTYN, | HENGIST AND MEY, |
| ALMADA HILL, | SORCERESS, |
| POLLIO, | EPISTLES, |
| MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, | EPITAPHS, |
| KNOWLEDGE, | FRAGMENTS, |

*&c. &c. &c.*

To which is prefixed,

*THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.*

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O for the nameleſſe powre to ſtrike mine eare,
That powre of charme by Naiads once poſſeſt,
Melodious Mulla! when, full oft whyleare,
Thy gliding murmurs foothd the gentle breſt
Of hapleſſe SPENSER———

SIR MARTYN, CANTO I.

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EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

*Anno* 1795.

# THE LIFE OF MICKLE.

Some particulars of the life of Mickle were given to the world in the "European Magazine," for 1789, by an intelligent writer, who was his intimate friend, and wrote from perſonal knowledge.

The facts ſtated in the preſent account, are chiefly taken from the information communicated in the "European Magazine," with the addition of ſome particulars collected from his correſpondence with Lyttleton, inſerted in the "Anecdotes" of his life, prefixed to the edition of his poems in 4to, 1794.

William Julius Mickle was born at Langholm, in Dumfries-ſhire, Sept. 29. 1734. He was the third ſon of the Rev. Alexander Mickle, miniſter of Langholm; who reſided ſome time at London, and frequently preached at Watts's meeting-houſe, and was one of the tranſlators of Bailey's "Dictionary." In 1716, he was preſented to the pariſh of Langholm, by George the Firſt, and about the ſame time, married the daughter of Mr. Thomas Henderſon of Ploughlands, near Edinburgh, by whom he had ſeven children. He died in 1758.

He received the early part of his education from his father in the country. After his death, he went to Edinburgh, and reſided with an aunt, whoſe huſband had been a brewer; who ſent him to the High-School in that city.

Early in life he diſcovered a propenſity to poetry; but he often declared that he was by no means attached to his books, until the age of thirteen, when accidentally meeting with Spenſer's "Faery Queene," he became paſſionately fond of the beautiful imagery of that enchanting writer, and began immediately to imitate him.

At the age of ſixteen he quitted the High-School, and was employed to ſuperintend the books of his aunt, who continued her huſband's trade.

In October 1755, he commenced buſineſs for himſelf; but the event only added another to the numberleſs inſtances which prove that the purſuits of poetry and trade are incompatible; for though, from the extent of his dealings, he paid more duty to the Exciſe than any brewer in Edinburgh, he was unſucceſsful.

Much of his time was probably devoted to ſtudy, as he frequently declared, that before he was eighteen years old, he had written two *Tragedies*, and half an *Epic Poem*, all which he prudently conſigned to the flames.

Some of his early performances appeared in the "Scots Magazine," one of which, intituled, *On paſſing through the Parliament Cloſe at Midnight*, was afterwards reprinted in the ſecond volume of Donaldſon's "Collection of Original Poems, by Scotch Gentlemen," 8vo, 1765

In 1762, he publiſhed an ethic poem, intituled *Providence, or Arandus and Emilec*, 4to, a languid, tedious, and incorrect performance, which, after ſome unſucceſsful attempts "to alter and ſhorten" it, was finally abandoned.

In the Spring 1763, he quitted Edinburgh, and went to London, to ſolicit a commiſſion in the marine ſervice; but in this application he met with a diſappointment.

Having a very exalted opinion of Lyttleton, whoſe character was then high in the literary world, he had ſent him a copy of his *Providence*, previous to his departure from Edinburgh, accompanied with a letter, under the borrowed name of *William More*, in which he requeſted his opinion and criticiſm.

The letter was in a few months afterwards anſwered in a very polite manner, and a correſpondence commenced between the Peer and the Poet; from which he derived no advantage, but the honour of his acquaintance, the communication of his remarks on his writings, and his encouragement to perſevere in his poetical ſtudies.

His *Pollio, an elegiac Ode, Knowledge, an Ode, Mary Queen of Scot's, an Elegy*; were ſubjected to the reviſal of Lyttleton, and the two firſt appear to have received ſome corrections from his hand.

"I have read," he writes him, July 15. 1763 "with great pleaſure, the very beautiful *Ode* you did me the favour to ſend me The correction of a few lines would make it as perfect as any thing of that kind in the Engliſh language."

He afterwards writes him, Auguſt 28. 1764, "The firſt of the two *Odes* has all the merit that juſt ſentiment, fine poetical imagery, elegant diction, and harmonious numbers, can give ſo trite a ſubject. There is alſo in ſome ſtanzas a ſublimity of thought and expreſſion, which raiſes it above the ordinary pitch of mere deſcriptive poetry."

"As to the poem on the death of *Mary Queen of Scots*," he adds, "I will not criticiſe any part of it; becauſe I wholly diſapprove the ſubject; poetry ſhould not conſecrate what hiſtory muſt condemn; and it is as certain as hiſtory can render any fact, that (beſides her criminal amours with David Rizzio and Bothwell), ſhe was an accomplice in the murder of the King her huſband. Read Thuanus or Hume (who have written her hiſtory more truly than Robertſon), and you will be inclined to pity, not to praiſe her; nor will Robertſon himſelf, though he ſhades her crimes as much as poſſible, give you ſuch an idea of her, as to make you think her a proper ſubject for the encomiums of a writer who means to ſerve the cauſe of virtue, not of party."

"Though you have diſapproved of the *Ode on the Queen of Scots*," he writes his patron in return, September 8. 1764, "I muſt think myſelf very happy in having ſhown it to your Lordſhip. Nothing was ever farther from my thoughts, than to vindicate or deny her crimes, and if, while taken up with the ſubject, I have fallen into what might be looked on as endeavouring to give an amiable caſt to her vices; now when your Lordſhip has been ſo good as to warn me of it, I can have no reluctance to ſuppreſs a piece that was merely a ſport of fancy. That Buchanan, Knox, and others, have ſometimes forgot the honour of the hiſtorian, and indulged the rancour of party, is pretty certain. This, with the greatneſs of her ſufferings (in ſome inſtances beyond what the moſt crooked policy could demand), pleads ſomething in her favour, and it was this that miſled me to think of writing an *Ode* on her death, without ſufficiently weighing the propriety of the ſubject.

"I would fain take this opportunity," he adds, "to mention the plan of a poem, which I have long had ſome thoughts of. The ſubject of it, if not the title, to be, *The Cave of Deiſm*. Mr. Hume has aſſerted, that Mahometaniſm has been more ſalutary to the world than Chriſtianity. And through all his works, there runs a moſt diſingenuous manner of blending revelations with the fopperies and ſiniſter inventions of men; and in a variety of ſuch ludicrous dreſſes, he would expoſe Chriſtianity to the contempt of his reader. Such a conduct, with his ſhameleſs aſſertion, that *Polytheiſm* was the firſt religion of mankind; his malevolence of the Reformation; the nonſenſe he writes about miracles; together with ſuch like ſentiments, from other infidel writers, would furniſh out a part or character for the *Keeper* or *Genius* of the *Cave*. The deſcription of the gloomy cave itſelf, with the vices that ſhelter in it;—the genius of Mahometaniſm, with the fineſt countries lying in ruins behind her;—that of Popery, and that of genuine Chriſtianity introduced as perſonages, with ſome proper action, might, I ſhould think, afford materials for a poem of five or ſix hundred lines, which would fall naturally enough into the manner of Spenſer."

In a letter to Lyttleton, dated April 9. 1765, he gives the following account of his purſuits and difficulties. "A ſituation that would enable me to cultivate the ſtudies to which nature has led my inclination, was all the happineſs I ever wiſhed for; but any weak attempt I have made, has neither procured ſuch, nor left much hope of it doing ſo. To write for the bookſellers is what I never will do. Did my fortune enable me to do for myſelf in trade, I might expect ſome encouragement under Governor Johnſtone, of Weſt Florida, to whoſe family my father was related; but as I prefer going abroad to any thing I could expect in a counting-houſe in London, I think I have reaſon to hope that Major James Johnſtone, brother to the Governor, will befriend me ſo far, as to procure me, if in his power, ſome ſettlement in the Eaſt or Weſt-Indies."

"The riſk of being cut off by the climate," he adds, in another place, "would no wiſe deter me from going to Jamaica, did it otherwiſe appear as the moſt proper ſtep I could take, in which caſe your Lordſhip's recommendation to Beckford, or Fuller, and mentioning me to your brother the Governor, would be every thing I could wiſh. But as your Lordſhip likewiſe mentioned the Eaſt-Indies, and as next to a clerkſhip in ſome of the public offices at home, I ſhould prefer going thither, ſo I ſhould be very happy, could any thing be done in it. The Company have many reſident clerks, and various places to beſtow, and no doubt your Lordſhip's intereſt with the Directors would do a great deal."

"In anſwer to your laſt letter," Lyttleton writes him, "I can only ſay that I have no acquaintance with any of the Eaſt-India Directors; but if a recommendation to my brother will be of any

ſervice to you, I will give it in the manner I mentioned. I have not been able to ſee either Beckford or Fuller; but it will be time enough to ſpeak to them ſome time next winter."

" On fuller information," he writes Lyttleton in return, " there is only one conſideration that would make me prefer the Eaſt to the Weſt-Indies, the returning to England within two years, were I to go Purſer of an Eaſt-Indiaman; but as that is not my choice, my intentions muſt ſettle in the Weſt, whether I ſhall go, as the beſt ſtep I can take, with all convenient ſpeed."

" In my laſt letter to my brother," Lyttleton writes him, Nov. 6. 1765, " I recommended you to him for his favour and countenance, as a man of fine ſentiments, and good genius in poetry, if you ſhould come to that iſland, while he continues there. Wherever you go I wiſh you health and happineſs."

" Your Lordſhip's kindneſs," he writes Lyttleton in return, Dec. 6. 1765, " in mentioning me to your brother, lays me under the greateſt obligations; but as I would avoid the dangers attending an uncertainty, I ſome weeks ago accepted an offer of going as a merchant's clerk to Carolina."

Thus ended his correſpondence with Lyttleton; and though the only fruits of patronage he experienced were, his correcting his poems, and ſlightly countenancing him when he was little known in London, he always ſpoke of him with a reſpect bordering on reverence.

It is remarkable, that at this time he wrote his name *William Mickle*. The reaſon of his afterwards adding *Julius* to his name, is not certainly known.

From ſome circumſtances, unknown to his biographers, he did not go to Carolina; but was employed as corrector of the Clarendon preſs in Oxford; a ſituation much more congenial to his taſte, than that of a merchant's clerk.

In 1765, he publiſhed *Pollio, an Elegiac Ode, written in the wood near Roſlin Caſtle*," 4to. It was written in 1762, on the death of his brother, and was the firſt poem which brought him into notice.

In 1767, he publiſhed *The Concubine, a Poem, in two cantos, in the manner of Spenſer*, 4to; which, after going through three editions, was improved, and republiſhed in 1777, under the title of *Sir Martyn*, the former title, as he acknowledges in his *Introduction*, giving a very improper idea both of the ſubject and ſpirit of the poem.

In 1769, he publiſhed a *Letter to Dr. Harwood, wherein ſome of his evaſive gloſſes, &c. in ſupport of the Arian hereſy, contained in his liberal tranſlation of the New Teſtament, are pointed out and confuted*, 8vo.

In 1770, his *Mary Queen of Scots, an elegy; Knowledge, an ode;* and *Hengiſt and Mey, a ballad;* were publiſhed in Pearch's " Collection of Poems." The *note* inſerted at the concluſion of the elegy on *Mary*, was intended to obviate the objections which Lyttleton made to his defence of her character.

Many elaborate attempts have been made to reſcue the character of the beautiful, but unfortunate Mary, from obloquy and reproach. The artifices of her inſidious but inexorable rival, Elizabeth, have been clearly laid open by the maſterly pen of Dr. Stuart. Elizabeth was undoubtedly the enemy of her fame, her fortune, and her life. Yet the conduct of the Queen of England may be conſidered as in a great meaſure juſtified by the alarming combinations of Mary and her abettors; by the general circumſtances of the times, and of the two countries; and by the rebellious diſpoſition of a conſiderable portion of her ſubjects, exaſperated by the ſuppreſſed but malignant bigotry of the old ſuperſtition, and ready to ſeize every opportunity of diſturbing the reign of their triumphant enemy.

In 1770, he publiſhed *Voltaire in the Shades, or Dialogues on the Deiſtical Controverſy*, 8vo; and about this period was a frequent writer in the " Whitehall Evening Poſt."

He had very early in life, read Caſtera's tranſlation of the *Luſiad* of Camoens into French, and then conceived a deſign of giving an Engliſh verſion of it. Various avocations had, however, prevented him from executing his intention; though he retained the idea.

At length, having prepared himſelf by acquiring a knowledge of the Portugueſe language, he, in 1771, publiſhed the firſt book as a ſpecimen of his powers; and finding the manner in which it was performed approved by his friends, determined to devote his whole time to the completion of the work.

That he might do this without interruption, he quitted his ſituation at Oxford, and went to reſide at a farm houſe at Foreſt Hill, where he adhered to his plan with ſuch attention, that the tranſlation, which had been printing while he proceeded on it, was entirely finiſhed in 1775, and publiſhed under the title of *The Luſiad, or the Diſcovery of India, an Epic Poem*, &c. 4to, Oxford; with an *Introduction, The Hiſtory of the Diſcovery of India, The Hiſtory of the Riſe and Fall of the Portugueſe Empire in the Eaſt, The Life of Camoens*, a *Diſſertation on the Luſiad, and Obſervations upon Epic Poetry, and Notes and Illuſtrations*, &c.

His publication came out under peculiar diſadvantages. The *Luſiad* had been before tranſlated into Engliſh verſe, by Sir. Richard Fanſhaw, 1655; but the manner in which it was done, gave but a faint idea of the beautiful original. It was written in a language but little cultivated by the muſes. The writer was little known in this country, and of the tranſlator's powers the public at that time knew ſtill leſs.

In a letter to a friend Jan. 22. 1776, he ſays, "Though my work is well received at Oxford, I will honeſtly own to you, ſome things have hurt me. A few grammatical ſlips in the *Introduction* have been mentioned; and ſome things in the notes, about Virgil, Milton, and Homer, have been called the arrogance of criticiſm. But the greateſt offence of all, is what I ſay of blank verſe. My verſification, however, receives a moſt general approbation."

In his *Diſſertation*, after acknowledging his obligations to Mr. Magellans, and other Portugueſe gentlemen, Thomas Pearſon, Eſq. of the Eaſt India Company's ſervice, for books and information; he adds, "The approbation expreſſed by ſeveral gentlemen of the Eaſt-India Company, on the appearance of the poem on *the Diſcovery of India*, gave the tranſlator the greateſt ſatisfaction. To Governor Johnſtone, whoſe anceſtors have been the hereditary patrons of the anceſtors of the tranſlator, he is under all the obligations which the warmeſt zeal to promote the ſucceſs of his undertaking can poſſibly confer. To this gentleman, in a great meaſure, the appearance of the *Luſiad* in Engliſh is due. To the friendſhip of Mr. Hoole, the elegant tranſlator of Taſſo, he is peculiarly indebted. To James Boſwell, Eſq. he confeſſes many obligations. And while he thus recollects with pleaſure the names of many gentlemen, from whom he has received aſſiſtance or encouragement, he is happy to be enabled to add Dr. Johnſon to the number of thoſe, whoſe kindneſs for the man, and good wiſhes for the tranſlator, call for his ſincereſt gratitude. Nor muſt a tribute to the memory of Dr. Goldſmith be neglected. He ſaw a part of this verſion; but he cannot now receive the thanks of the tranſlator. The manner in which his Grace the Duke of Buccleugh took the Engliſh *Luſiad* under his patronage, infinitely enhanced the honour of his acceptance of the dedication."

In a letter to Mr. Boſwell, preſerved in his "Life of Dr. Johnſon," he ſays, "Before publiſhing the *Luſiad*, I ſent Mr. Hoole a proof of that part of the introduction in which I make mention of Dr. Johnſon, yourſelf, and other well-wiſhers to the work, begging it might be ſhown to Dr. Johnſon. This was accordingly done, and in place of the ſimple mention of him which I had made, he dictated to Mr. Hoole the ſentence as it now ſtands. Dr. Johnſon told me in 1772, that about twenty years before that time, he himſelf had a deſign to tranſlate the *Luſiad*, of the merit of which he ſpoke highly; but had been prevented by a number of other engagements." Dr. Johnſon, it is ſaid, afterwards recommended it to Goldſmith.

During the time which Mickle employed in this tranſlation, he had no other means of ſubſiſtence, than what he received as corrector of the Clarendon preſs: and when he relinquiſhed that ſituation, he had only the ſubſcriptions he received for the work, to ſupport him. The difficulties that ſo narrow an income muſt occaſion, may be more readily conceived than deſcribed. But, looking forward with the enthuſiaſm of genius, he would not ſuffer difficulties that might have diſcouraged meaner minds, to obſtruct his progreſs, or damp his ardour.

"When, after five years unremitting attention," ſays the writer of the "Anecdotes" of his life, "he had completed this great work, thoſe friends who knew his circumſtances, adviſed him to conſider who would be the proper patron to whom he ought to dedicate ſuch a poem. I am aſſured by one who lived with him in habits of great intimacy (the Rev. Mr. Sim, of Chenies, Bucks, formerly of St. Alban-Hall, Oxford), that Mr. Mickle had repeated intimations from unqueſtionable authority, informing him that to ſeveral perſons, then high in the India department, it would be very acceptable; but by the dedication of ſuch a poem, as the *Luſiad*, they would think themſelves highly ho-

noured; that he might depend on a princely acknowledgement; and they therefore adviſed him to think of the moſt worthy. This counſel he was at firſt inclined to, but the advice of Commodore Johnſtone, turned the ſcale, and it was dedicated to the Duke of Buccleugh."

"That he might omit," ſays the writer of the account of his life, in the "European Magazine," "no prudential attentions to his future welfare, and with the hopes of reaping thoſe advantages which uſually attend ſo laborious a work, he applied to a perſon of great rank, with whom his family had been connected, for permiſſion to dedicate it to him. "The manner," ſays the author "in which ———— ———— took the Engliſh *Luſiad* under his patronage, infinitely enhanced the honour of his acceptance." The manner, as the author frequently told his friends, was "by a very polite letter written with his own hand." But let not indigent genius, in future, place too much expectation on the generoſity of patrons. After receiving a copy, for which an extraordinary price was paid for the binding, days, weeks, and months elapſed, without the ſlighteſt notice. During this time, though the author had too much ſpirit to ſolicit or complain, it is to be feared that ſome of the miſery ſo feelingly deſcribed by Spenſer, fell to his lot.

Full little knoweſt thou, that haſt not tried,
What hell it is in ſuing long to bide; &c.

"At length a gentleman of rank in the political world, a faſt and a firm friend to the author, and who afterwards took him under his protection, and by that means afforded him the independence he latterly enjoyed, waited on the patron, and heard with the indignation and contempt it deſerved, a declaration, that the work was at that time unread, but had been repreſented not to have the merit it had been firſt ſaid to poſſeſs; and therefore nothing could be then done on the ſubject of his miſſion. This paltry evaſion, the ſolicitor declared, he believed aroſe from the malicious inſinuations of a certain perſon about the patron, whoſe miſtakes had received a proper correction in the preface to the *Luſiad*. We know not how true this ſuggeſtion may be, though, admitting the fact, it hardly alters the caſe. Mr. Mickle's account of this interview, in a letter to a friend, dated Auguſt 22. 1776, now lies before us, and we might probably do no diſſervice to the general intereſts of literature, were we to print it. We cannot, however, omit to ſuggeſt a doubt, whether there is not ſome ſmall violation of moral rectitude, in a great man accepting from an indigent one, that compliment which is offered him, under, at leaſt, an implied agreement, to receive ſome acknowledgement in return for the honour done him? It ought not to be concealed, that when the ſecond edition of the *Luſiad* was publiſhed in 1778, Mickle was ſtrongly recommended by a friend, to ſuppreſs the *Dedication*. His reſentment at the unworthy treatment he had received, had by this time been converted into contempt, and with great magnanimity he refuſed. Whoever will read the *Life of Camoens*, cannot avoid obſerving a ſtriking ſimilarity in the fortunes of the author, and his tranſlator, and he will probably not be diſpleaſed at the concluding note of the *Luſiad*. "Similarity of condition, produced ſimilarity of complaint and ſentiment in Spenſer and Camoens. Each was unworthily neglected by the Gothic grandees of his age; yet both their names will live when the remembrance of the courtiers who ſpurned them "ſhall ſink beneath their mountain tombs."

"Oh may that man that hath the muſes ſcorn'd,
Alive, nor dead, be ever of a muſe adorn'd"

"I believe," ſays the writer of the "Anecdotes," of his life, "the perſon alluded to is Dr. Adam Smith, who was the profeſſed admirer of Hume, to whom Mickle was a declared antagoniſt, and once intended to have written and publiſhed, *An Heroic Epiſtle from David Hume to Dr. Adam Smith* (in which the Doctor and his pupil would have been rather harſhly treated). Many of the verſes, he, at the time, repeated to a particular friend; but the poem was never completed."

Such is the manner in which the *Dedication* of the *Luſiad* was received, according to his biographers; who, in their indignation at the ſuppoſed neglect of his patron, ſeem not to have made ſufficient allowance for the obligations his father was under to the family of Buccleugh. His examination of the popular arguments relative to the Britiſh commerce with India, in his *Diſſertation* prefixed to the *Luſiad*, his "favourite above all that he ever attempted in proſe," might diſpleaſe the celebrated author of "The Wealth of Nations," who ſtood forth as the philoſophical champion for the abolition of the *monoply* of the Engliſh Eaſt-India Company; but it can hardly be ſuppoſed that the "Epic Poem of Commerce," a work that challenges the attention of

the philoſopher, the politician, and the gentleman, could be neglected by a nobleman, diſtinguiſhed as much by his patriotiſm and benevolence, as his high rank, and princely fortune, and whoſe love and patronage of literature and ſcience, have obtained him the diſtinction of Preſident of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and enrolled his name among the Fellows of the Royal Colleges of Phyſicians, and Surgeons in that City.

In his *Diſſertation* prefixed to the *Luſiad*, after reflecting on the diſtreſſed ſituation in which *Camoens* was ſuffered to languiſh, he concludes his remarks with ſome ſtanzas, in the manner of Spenſer, *on the Neglect of Poetry*, deſcriptive of what we may naturally conceive were his own fears for the fate of his tranſlation. But poetry ſo ſplendid, ſo ſpirited, ſo harmonious, could not remain long unnoticed; and the applauſe of the public followed the appearance of the *Luſiad* in ſo high a degree, as ſoon to baniſh from his mind the momentary chagrin, which a few circumſtances attending the publication had given birth to.

Notwithſtanding the approbation with which the public had received his tranſlation, by a letter to Thomas Caldecott, Eſq. of the Middle Temple, who warmly patroniſed, and very eſſentially ſerved him, while he was at Oxford, dated Foreſt-Hill, Dec. 20. 1778, it appears that he was by no means happy; and had projected an edition of his works by ſubſcription, for which he had printed propoſals: "Beſides the neceſſity which urges to this ſcheme, I am very deſirous of giving an edition of my works, in which I ſhall beſtow the utmoſt attention. Except on very popular or temporary ſubjects little or nothing is to be made of half crown publications, and this alſo inclines me to a quarto collection; which, perhaps, will be my final farewell to that blighted ſpot (worſe than the moſt bleak mountains of Scotland), yclept Parnaſſus; for after this labour is finiſhed, if Governor J———— cannot, or does not, help me to a little independence, I will certainly bid adieu to Europe, to unhappy ſuſpenſe, and, perhaps, alſo, to the chagrin of ſoul which I feel to accompany it."

Previous to the publication of the *Luſiad*, he had been tempted to try his powers in dramatic compoſition, and wrote a tragedy, called the *Seige of Marſeilles*, formed upon a ſtory from the French hiſtory in the reign of Francis I., when the Duke of Bourbon, at the head of a Spaniſh army, invaded his native country, and laid ſiege to Marſeilles; which, with ſome recommendations from his literary friends, he tranſmitted to Garrick. The manager acknowledged, in a letter to a friend, that it contained many beautiful paſſages; but he added, that fine writing was not of itſelf ſufficient to conſtitute a drama fit for public exhibition. Governor Johnſtone, unwilling that the labour he beſtowed on this work ſhould be entirely loſt, ſolicited the aid of Mr. Home, author of Douglas, to make ſome alterations. This was complied with, and the piece, after being inſpected by Mr. Warton, was again ſubmitted to the manager, and again rejected.

The conduct of Garrick ſtrongly excited his reſentment; he determined to print the tragedy, begun it, and ſent the firſt ſheet of it to the manager. The motives which led him to the firſt, appear in the *preface* to the play; what induced him to the latter, he has deſcribed in a letter to Mr. Hoole, dated Nov. 15. 1773.

"I have juſt received a letter from Mr. Ballantyne, wherein he acquaints me, that you ſeemed ſorry that Mr. Garrick had ſeen a proof ſheet of the preface to my play. Mr. B. alſo expreſſed his ſurpriſe how he ſhould have obtained it, and ſuppoſed that ſome perſon who wiſhed me ill had ſent it, that he might be prepared to prejudice the public againſt me.

"The truth is, I ſent it to him in a blank cover. Let him be prepared as he will. Half a year ago, I declared my reſolution to my friend Mr. Boſwell. He wrote me two earneſt diſſuaſive letters; but in vain. I have maturely conſidered every circumſtance; I have paſſed the Rubicon, and I will proceed. In a letter to Mr. Boſwell, ſent off only three days ago, I told him that I ſhould look upon any farther diſſuaſive as thus, in plain Engliſh: "What do you think the public will mind ſuch a ſcribbler as you? No, my friend, take my advice, fold your hands together, ſubmit to the infallibility of Mr. Garrick, and ſtarve." I have alſo cited the ſame ſentence in a letter now on the table to Governor Johnſtone. "I have paſſed the Rubicon, I ſay, but I am not a Kenrick. No friend ſhall bluſh for me. I know what I owe to them, and to myſelf. If I am poſſeſſed of any ſatirical abilities, Mr. G. ſhall feel them. I have planned a new *Dunciad*, of which he is the hero. As ſoon as I finiſh the *Luſiad*, I will ſet about it. If you think proper, you may mention this in any company."

He was, afterwards, adviſed to try its fate on the Edinburgh theatre; but Governor Johnſtone thinking it might interfere with the completion of the *Luſiad*, recommended him to lay it entirely aſide, until the tranſlation was finiſhed. To this he conſented; and when the *Luſiad* was finiſhed, another friend recommended to him to reviſe the play, and offer it to Mr. Harris. This was accordingly done, but it was ſtill unſucceſsful. After this repulſe, he relinquiſhed all expectations of advantage from the theatre, though he afterwards permitted a perſon to ſhow the unfortunate play to Mr. Sheridan, and here too it had the ſame ſucceſs as with the other managers. Had he lived, he always declared his intention of printing it in the collection of his works.

The approbation which had crowned his tranſlation of the *Luſiad*, and the reſpectable name which he had now attained in the literary world, ſoon baniſhed from his mind the mortifications he ſuffered from the ill ſucceſs of his tragedy.

The firſt edition of the *Luſiad* being ſoon ſold, he immediately prepared a ſecond, with improvements, which was publiſhed in June 1778. For this Mr. Mortimer preſented him with an etching; and on the death of that excellent artiſt, Feb. 4. 1779, he wrote an *Epitaph* for him.

In 1779, he publiſhed a pamphlet, intituled *A Candid Examination of the reaſons for depriving the Eaſt India Company of its charter, contained in the hiſtory and management of the Eaſt India Company, from its commencement to the preſent time; together with ſtrictures on ſome of the ſelf-contradictions, and hiſtorical errors, of Dr. Adam Smith, in his reaſons for the abolition of the ſaid Company*, 4to.

About this time, ſome of his friends had it in contemplation to recommend him to the notice of his Majeſty, as worthy of a penſion. Dr. Lowth, Biſhop of London, from a knowledge of his virtues and talents, intimated his readineſs to give him ordination, with a promiſe of ſome proviſion in the church; but this mode of life was not agreeable to his diſpoſition.

While the ſcheme of publiſhing a collection of his poems by ſubſcription, was ripening, in which, from the exertions of his friends, he had great reaſon to hope for ſucceſs, his friend Governor Johnſtone was, in May 1779, appointed to the command of the Romney man of war, and he immediately offered to appoint him his ſecretary, in order that he might partake of any good fortune, which might attend the cruize. So ſtrict was his regard to the enagement he had previouſly made with his friends, from whom he had received a few ſubſcriptions for his poems, that it was found a very difficult taſk to perſuade him to accept this offer. It was at length ſuggeſted to him, that a new ſituation would open a new ſcene, which would enable him to add what might render his volume ſtill more acceptable to his ſubſcribers; under this impreſſion he engaged, and fulfilled his appointment during the remainder of the year.

In November he arrived at Liſbon, and was appointed by the Commodore, joint-agent for the prizes which were taken. At this place he was conſidered as the tranſlator of the *Luſiad*, and received with the moſt flattering marks of attention. There, and in the neighbourhood, he remained for more than ſix months.

During his ſtay, he compoſed his *Almada Hill, an epiſtle from Liſbon*, publiſhed in 4to, 1781; and collected ſome particulars concerning the hiſtory, manners, and cuſtoms of the Portugueſe; which he never arranged.

The Royal Academy being opened while he was at Liſbon, he was preſent at the ceremony of its commencement, and had the honour to be admitted a member, under the Preſidency of one of the moſt illuſtrious characters of the age, Prince Don John of Braganza, Duke of Lafoens; who preſented him with his own portrait as a mark of his regard.

On his return to England, it was thought neceſſary that he ſhould ſtay in London, to attend the proceedings in the courts of law, reſpecting the condemnation of ſome prizes; and he did not therefore accompany the Commodore during his laſt expedition to the Cape of Good Hope, nor did he go any more to ſea.

In 1782, he came forward as an advocate for Chatterton's title, in the Rowleian controverſy, and publiſhed an ironical pamphlet, intituled, *The Prophecy of Queen Emma, an ancient ballad, lately diſcovered, written by Johannes Turgottus, Prior of Durham, in the reign of William Rufus; to which is added, by the editor, an account of the diſcovery and hints towards a vindication of the authenticity of the poems of Oſſian and Rowley*, &c.

On the 6th of June 1782, he married Miſs Tomkins, daughter of the perſon with whom he reſided at Foreſt-Hill, while he was engaged in tranſlating the *Luſiad*.

The fortune he acquired under Commodore Johnſtone, now enabled him to retire to literary leiſure and independence. He accordingly took a houſe at Wheatley, a few miles from Oxford, where he devoted his vacant time to the reviſion of his poetical works and tragedy, which he propoſed publiſhing by ſubſcription.

The efficient patronage of Commodore Johnſtone will be remembered to his honour. On the death of his real friend and patron, May 24. 1787, he ſhowed his affection and gratitude to his memory, in ſome elegiac verſes, a copy of which he ſent to the gallant Lord Rodney, begging his opinion and correction of the firſt *note*, and received the following anſwer, dated Albemarle-ſtreet, May 16. 1788. "Nothing can give me more real pleaſure, than the affection and gratitude ſhown by you to the memory of our worthy friend George Johnſtone. It is impoſſible for me not to approve of the verſes of the tranſlator of the *Luſiad*, which, without flattery, in my poor opinion, are equal, if not ſuperior, to Pope's tranſlation of the Iliad. It is impoſſible not to be pleaſed with both. Both inſtil in our minds the glorious idea of doing our duty to our country, and that life without honour is a burden.

"Your note relative to the intelligence ſent me in 1761, I think not full enough. The intelligence was of that conſequence, that without it every Spaniſh province in the Weſt Indies had been prepared, as I did not receive orders from England till Martinique was taken, and I had failed to attack Domingo, in which time my cruiſers had taken every Spaniſh packet that had failed from Spain with the declaration of war. And the very day I received Mr. Johnſtone's diſpatches, I ſent them to Jamaica, deſiring the Governor to lay an embargo, and the Admiral to ſeize all Spaniſh ſhips; which was done accordingly, and the Spaniſh Governors, totally ignorant of the war, till Sir George Pococke and the Britiſh fleet came in ſight, ſome months after, off the Havannah. Mr. Johnſtone, therefore, may be properly ſaid to have taken the Havannah.

"With infinite pleaſure I beg you will put me down as a ſubſcriber to your works, and beg you will do me the honour of calling upon me when you come to town."

During the laſt ſeven years of his life, he occaſionally afforded ſome aſſiſtance to the "European Magazine," the *Fragments of Leo*, and ſeveral of the *Reviews* of books came from his hand. In September 1788, at the requeſt of a friend, he wrote a ſong called *Eſkdale Braes*, in honour of the place of his birth, a country moſt beautifully Arcadian, in the centre of that diſtrict on the border of Scotland which is thus deſcribed by Dr. Percy, in his "Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry," "Moſt of the fineſt old Scottiſh ſongs have the ſcene laid within twenty miles of England, which is indeed all poetic ground, green hills, remains of woods, clear brooks. The paſtoral ſcenes remain; of the rude chivalry of former ages, happily nothing remains but the ruins of the caſtles."

This ſong, in commemoration of a ſpot, in itſelf of little importance, but dignified by the birth of heroes, who have bled in defence of their country, and poets who have given new harmony to the language, was intended to be ſet to muſic by James Balmain, Eſq. Commiſſioner of the Exciſe, and brother-in law to Commodore Johnſtone; ſo that we ſhould have an Eſkdale ſong, written by a bard of Eſkdale, and ſet to muſic by a native of the ſame place.

This was the laſt compoſition he lived to finiſh. After a ſhort illneſs, he died at Wheatly in Oxfordſhire, Oct. 25th 1789, in the 55th year of his age. He was buried at Wheatly. He left a ſon, with but a ſcanty proviſion; whom his executors Francis Waſtie, Eſq. of Great Milton, Oxfordſhire, and Mr. William Ballantyne, merchant, Savage Gardens, have placed with the Rev. Mr. Nailor at Hammerſmith, in order that he may be qualified for admiſſion, on the foundation of Winchester College.

His *Poems*, including the pieces formerly printed ſeparately, except *Providence*, with the *Sorcereſs*, and other original pieces, and the tragedy of the *Siege of Marſeilles*, were collected and publiſhed by ſubſcription, in one volume 4to, 1794, with ſome "Anecdotes" of his life, "in which are compriſed ſeveral letters from the late Lord Lyttleton," with the benevolent purpoſe of raiſing a ſum to aſſiſt the education and proviſion of his ſon. His poems, reprinted from the edition 1794 with his verſes *on Paſſing through the Parliament Cloſe of Edinburgh, at Midnight*, and ſome ſmaller pieces ſelected from the Introduction to the *Luſiad*, and the "Anecdotes" of his life, are now, for the firſt time, received into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry. His poem *on Providence*, he himſelf thought too incorrect for republication. A copy of his *Prophecy of Queen Emma*, &c. could not be obtained for the uſe of this edition.

On the following character of Mickle, given by the writer of the account of his life in the "European Magazine," the editor of his poems obſerves, "that having known him intimately, and known him long, he thinks it ſtrictly juſt."

"To thoſe who are unacquainted with Mr. Mickle's writings, we need not point out the beauty, the ſtrength, or the variety of his verſification, the harmony of his numbers, and the vigour of his imagination. Theſe are ſo apparent, that we riſk nothing in declaring our opinion, that they muſt ſooner or later force themſelves into the notice of thoſe who at preſent are ſtrangers to them. Leaving his literary character, therefore, to find its own value, we ſhall confine ourſelves to ſpeak of him as a member of ſociety. He was in every point of view a man of the utmoſt integrity, warm in his friendſhip, and indignant only againſt vice, irreligion, or meanneſs. The compliment paid by Lord Lyttleton to Thomſon, might be applied to him with the ſtricteſt truth; not a line is to be found in his works, which, dying, he would wiſh to blot. During the greateſt part of his life, he endured the preſſures of a narrow fortune without repining, never relaxing his induſtry to acquire by honeſt exertion that independence which at length he enjoyed. He did not ſhine in converſation, nor would any perſon from his appearance have been able to form a favourable judgment of his talents In every ſituation in which fortune placed him, he diſplayed an independent ſpirit, undebaſed by any meanneſs, and when his pecuniary circumſtances made him on one occaſion feel a diſappointment with ſome force, he even then ſeemed more aſhamed at his want of diſcernment of character, than concerned for his loſs. He ſeemed to entertain with reluctance an opinion, that high birth could be united with a ſordid mind. He had, however, the ſatisfaction of reflecting, that no extravagant panegyric had diſgraced his pen. Contempt certainly came to his aid, though not ſoon; he wiſhed to forget his credulity, and never after converſed on the ſubject by choice. To conclude, his foibles were but few, and thoſe inoffenſive; his virtues many; and his genius very conſiderable. He lived without reproach, and his memory will always be cheriſhed by thoſe who were acquainted with him."

In this portrait of Mickle, his few imperfections are commendably thrown into ſhade, but his virtues are faithfully delineated, and cannot fail to impreſs the moſt advantageous idea of his character. Religion appears to have been a leading feature in his mind; but the zeal againſt infidelity which induced him to plan his *Cave of Deiſm* ought not to have rendered him inſenſible of the value of two ſuch men as David Hume, and Adam Smith, ſo far as to circulate among his acquaintance the *Heroic Epiſtle* in ridicule of theſe ornaments of philoſophy. To have threatened Garrick with a *Dunciad* if he refuſed to get up a very moderate tragedy, would ſeem inexcuſable, were not the *genus irritabile vatum* almoſt proverbial.

The character of Mickle, as a poet, ranks very high among his countrymen. His verſification is undoubtedly very vigorous and manly; but certainly not equally remarkable for correctneſs. It unites the freedom of Dryden with the force and harmony of Pope. The Engliſh *Luſiad* is a truly claſſical performance, and ſtands unrivalled by any production of the kind in our language, but the Engliſh Iliad. His *Sir Martyn*, *Almada Hill*, *Pollio*, and *Mary Queen of Scots*, if he had written nothing elſe are ſufficient to entitle him to a claſſical diſtinction among the poets of our nation.

Of the *Luſiad* he is not only an able tranſlator, but a ſpirited advocate. He has very judiciouſly prefaced his tranſlation with a copious and ſatisfactory introduction to the hiſtory of the poem, and accompanied it with notes that were neceſſary to give it proper elucidation. The narrative is liberal and elegant, interſperſed with many ſenſible obſervations, and juſt political reflections. In the critical part of his notes, he merits great praiſe; but he has ſometimes, perhaps, rather ſtept out of his way. The lively and ingenious, though inaccurate and ill-grounded criticiſms and miſrepreſentations of Voltaire, reſpecting the *Luſiad*, have drawn from his pen ſuch a ſeverity of animadverſion and reprehenſion, as ſeem ſcarcely juſtifiable, when occaſioned by a difference chiefly affecting a point of taſte. Voltaire admits the *Luſiad* to be a work juſtly deſerving of a diſtinguiſhed rank in epic poetry, a work abounding in beauties, and exhibiting alſo ſome ſtriking defects. It is, as he affirms, a poem without a plan; without unity; without propriety; for the machinery exhibits a monſtrous combination of Chriſtian and Pagan mythology. *Vaſco de Gama* the hero of the poem, for inſtance, prays to the God of Iſrael in a ſtorm, and the goddeſs *Venus* comes to his relief, "But we are told," ſays Voltaire, "that the machinery

is allegorical; thus Mars is clearly designed to represent Jesus Christ, and *Venus* the Virgin Mary. All this may be true, but I own I should not have suspected it." He is not satisfied with eagerly defending the propriety of this allegorical interpretation, and with stating the obvious answer to the objection respecting the unity of the action, but he recriminates upon Voltaire, and exposes him to contempt and detestation. In his analysis of the *Lusiad*, he enters deep into the merits of the poem, and finds it possessed of all the spirit, and great component parts of the epic. The result of his examination of the machinery, and construction of the poem, on the principles of the Epopœra, will satisfy men of taste and elegant researches. Men of minuter studies, and sentiments less enlarged, may, indeed, cavil at what they think some deviations from the epic system; that system which scholastic formality and mechanical minds have drawn from those great archetypes, who themselves know no rule but the implicit pursuit of nature.

If we consider only the state of the Iberian poetry at, and even after, the time when *Camoens* wrote, we must look upon his *Lusiad* as a wonderful performance. He was the original poet of his country. He had not, like Tasso, a Dante to smooth his way, nor like Milton, a Spenser. Around him all was obscurity, and even an affectation of obscurity. The Spaniards looked with the highest veneration on the writings of Balthazar Gracian, and Luis de Gongora, because they were abstracted and unintelligible. Even their great poet Lopez de Vega, wrote in the same strange enigmatical style; a whimsical heterogeneous mixture of the *enflure* of the French, and the *concetti* of the Italians, interwoven with the fombious, but fantastic ground of the *Moresca*. When these defects of the national poetry are considered, those of *Camoens*, in particular, will be thought the more excusable, and his excellences will do him the greater honour.

"Homer and Virgil" says Mickle "have been highly praised for their judgment in the choice of the subjects which interested their countrymen; and Statius has been as severely blamed for his uninteresting choice. But though the subject of *Camoens* be particularly interesting to his countrymen, it has also the peculiar happiness to be the poem of every trading nation. It is the epic poem of the birth of commerce. And in a particular manner the epic poem of whatever country has the controul and possession of the commerce of India. An unexhausted fertility and variety of poetical description, an unexhausted elevation of sentiment, and a constant tenor of the grand simplicity of diction complete the character of the *Lusiad* of *Camoens*; a poem which though it has hitherto received from the public most unmerited, and from the critics most unmerited injustice, was yet better understood by the greatest poet of Italy. Tasso never did his judgment more credit than when he dreaded *Camoens* as a rival, or his generosity more honour, than when he addressed his elegant sonnet, "Vasco le cui felici, &c." to the hero of the *Lusiad*."

Of the extraordinary talents of his illustrious contemporary, Tasso appears to have been perfectly sensible. Montesquieu in his "Spirit of Laws," has, with a degree of impartiality, by no means peculiar to his character, allowed that the *Lusiad* unites the charms of the "Odyssey" with the magnificence of the "Æneid;" he might have added, with the majestic spirit and divine energy of the "Iliad" The fire of the Mœonian bard glows in the eye of *Camoens*, while he bears upon his aspect the serene dignity of the Mantuan muse. But he not only unites the power of composition that characterize the three ancient poems; he associates their different interests. The strong unconquered passions, the martial ardour, and stormy valour of the heroes at Troy, are powerfully represented in *Gama's* narrative of the Lusians and their wars. His piety, his tender attachment to his country, and affection for his prince, make us feel every thing for him that we have felt for Virgil's hero; and whatever attention, curiosity or concern the man,

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit—

could possibly excite in the reader, all these must be awakened in a more interesting manner by the author of the *Lusiad*. He subscribes to Voltaire's assertion, when he calls it *une nouvelle esp'ece d' Epopee;* but though the happiness of *Camoens* in the *novelty* of his subject must be acknowledged, yet it is certainly much in the manner and spirit of the "Odyssey," the conduct of which he has omitted to analyse.

To the character of the *Lusiad*, as given by Mickle, every reader of taste will very freely consent; and he has done himself the highest honour, in making his author live in the fulness of his spi-

rit, and in all the ſtrength, harmony, and beauty of our heroic verſe. The moſt delicate ſtrain of gallantry, and the high ſpirit of Spaniſh honour, while in its unſtained days, breathe throughout the *Luſiad*. Deſcription riots, and the graces of imitative and ſentimental harmony abound in every page. On the principal beauties of the poem, it is unneceſſary to enlarge. The death of the beautiful *Inez*, an epiſode, in the third book, is diſtinguiſhed by a tenderneſs and ſweetneſs of numbers. The battle of *Aljabarota* in the fourth, and the ſea ſtorm in the ſixth, are deſcribed in all the ſtrength of rough nervous verſe. The fiction of the apparition of the *Cape of Tempeſts*, in the fifth, in ſublimity and awful grandeur of imagination, is perhaps unequalled in human compoſition. The deſcription of the ſpectre, the awfulneſs of the prediction, and the horror that breathes through the whole, till the phantom is interrupted by *Gama*, are in the true ſpirit of the wild and grand terrific of an Homer or a Shakſpeare. The numbers which relate the behaviour of *Gama*, while a priſoner in India, in the beginning of the ninth book, have a peculiar loftineſs and grand ſimplicity; and the deſcription of the *Iſland of Love*, in the ſame book, contains the moſt beautiful landſcapes of rural painting, preſented in ſucceſſive ſcenes, in the ſofteſt and moſt melodious verſification.

It is with concern, that the preſent writer is obliged to obſerve, that, notwithſtanding the epic powers of *Camoens*, have received their due honour in our language, by the elegant and ſpirited tranſlation of Mickle, and the ſubject being commercial, and therefore ſeeming ſo peculiarly calculated for Great Britain, the Engliſh *Luſiad* has not yet attained the celebrity it merits. But the time muſt come, when it will be univerſally read, and then it muſt be univerſally admired. That its merits may be more generally known, he has recommended it to be reprinted among other poetical tranſlations, deſigned as a ſupplement to this collection of the "Works of the Britiſh Poets."

His *Sir Martyn, or the Progreſs of Diſſipation*, is the longeſt and moſt elaborate of his original poetical compoſitions. Among the numerous imitations of Spenſer, it will not be eaſy to point out one that will ſo well bear a compariſon with the original. It indicates a warm and fruitful imagination, with much taſte. The deſign and ſpirit of the poem deſerve great praiſe. After an invocation to the genius of Spenſer, and the propoſition of the ſubject, *Sir Martyn's* firſt attachment to his concubine, his levity, his love of pleaſure and diſſipation, with the influence over him which ſhe aſſumes, are deſcribed. The effects of this influence are next exemplified in the different parts of his relative character,—in his domeſtic elegance of park, garden, and houſe;—in his unhappineſs as a lover, a parent, a man of letters;—behaviour as a maſter to his tenants, as a friend and a brother;—and in his feelings in his hours of retirement, as a man of birth and a patriot. The poem cloſes with an allegorical cataſtrophe. The reaſons he gives in his preface for having adopted the manner of Spenſer, are, "That the fulneſs and wantonneſs of deſcription, the quaint ſimplicity, and above all, the ludicrous, of which the antique phraſeology and manner of Spenſer, are ſo happily and peculiarly ſuſceptible, inclined him to eſteem it, not only as the beſt, the only mode of compoſition adapted to his ſubject." Though the relation between verſe of Gothic ſtructure, and the *Progreſs of Diſſipation* may not generally be allowed, yet it cannot be denied, that the imitation is very ſucceſsfully performed, with reſpect to the metre, the language, and the fiction. He has the ſame ſtyle of harmony, and the ſame ſpirit of enthuſiaſm which diſtinguiſh the poetry of Spenſer. His deſcriptions are equally copious and luxuriant, and are embelliſhed with the ſame degree of imagery, and heightened by the ſame colourings of animated fancy.

His *Almada Hill, an Epiſtle from Liſbon*, is very properly ſtyled "A Supplement to the Engliſh Luſiad," and well deſerves to be adopted into the native language of the Portugueſe Homer. He opens his epiſtle with a well-drawn picture of a joyleſs winter day in England, contraſted with the genial influence of a warmer clime! After hinting at what will probably be the cauſe of our political decay, he enters more immediately upon the ſubject of the poem, which abounds with local picturesque views by land and ſea, and hiſtorical incidents, from the time of the Romans, to the great earthquake in 1755. The deſcriptive parts are, he tells us, ſtrictly local; and they have every appearance of being truly characteriſtical and appropriate. The names of Viriatus, Sertorius, Lucan, Trajan, &c. are happily introduced. After curſorily pointing out the *mighty deeds the lofty hills of Spain of old have witneſſed*, he notices the change of manners that has prevailed in conſequence of the ſubverſion of the Roman

empire, by the irruption of the Goths and other northern tribes; and though the cauſes he aſſigns for that peculiar character which has ſince marked each of the different diviſions of Europe, may not be hiſtorically true, yet the ideas he has ſtarted on this ſubject are at leaſt poetical and ingenious. The *diſeaſed chivalry* of romance is contraſted with the chivalry of *wiſdom and honour*, as he ſtyles the religious fury of cruſading, which the preſent writer cannot agree with him in admiring. The fall of Liſbon's *naval throne* occaſions ſome boding thoughts on that of London. The naval glory of the Portugueſe, during the time they firſt eſtabliſhed themſelves in Aſia, and the fate of *Gama*, have their due place; with the maſſacre of the Moors at the taking of Liſbon, that of the Jews and Chriſtians in 1505, the revolution that ſet the Duke of Braganza on the throne, a ſublime deſcription of the earthquake, &c. The Duke of Lafoens receives a high eulogium in the concluſion, for his taſte in the belles lettres, hiſtory, &c. The general poetical merit of the epiſtle is very conſiderable. The ſentiments may ſometimes be thought exceptionable; but the verſification is ſpirited and harmonious; though it would have been more ſo, had he leſs frequently made one verſe run into another. In attempting bold innovations in language, he has, in ſome inſtances, violated metaphorical propriety. Of the peculiar advantages of the epiſtolary form of compoſition, he has not perhaps availed himſelf ſo much as he might have done; excepting, at the commencement of the poem, he ſeems in great meaſure to have loſt ſight of the friend to whom it is addreſſed. He is indeed twice afterwards adverted to; but from the manner in which it is done, it ſeems as much with the view to fill up the meaſure of the verſe, as to awaken and direct the attention to any ſtriking object. The writer of epiſtles, if he wiſhes to make them as intereſting as their nature will admit, ſhould loſe no opportunity of appealing, where it can prudently be done, to the feelings and ſentiments of thoſe to whom he is ſuppoſed to be addreſſing himſelf.

His *Pollio, an Elegiac Ode*, is characteriſed by genuine enthuſiaſm, vigour of thought, and natural expreſſion. The deſcription of *Roſlin Caſtle* has dignity and characteriſtic propriety. There is likewiſe conſiderable merit in the deſcription of the retreats where he had experienced with his brother, the happy amuſements of young ſimplicity; which naturally renew his grief and complaints for his loſs.

His *Elegy on Mary Queen of Scots*, evinces ſtrong powers of imagination, a brilliant fancy, and true ſentimental feeling. The imagery is various and rich; the expreſſion is at the ſame time beautiful and bold; and the ſentiments are tender and intereſting. They who think differently from him with reſpect to the character of *Mary*, muſt allow, that her misfortunes are lamented, and her virtues and accompliſhments are commended, in numbers equally harmonious and tender.

His *Knowledge, an Ode*, is nervous and elegant, both in ſentiment and expreſſion; and though, by reaſon of its philoſophical tenor, the deſcriptive part is leſs luxuriant, yet the colouring is not languid, nor are the deſcriptions inanimated.

His *Hengiſt and Mey*, and the *Sorcereſs*, are not inferior to the beſt imitations of the ancient heroic ballad. The *Sorcereſs*, is conceived with much fancy. It was written at the requeſt of a friend, who poſſeſſed Mr. Mortimer's picture of "The Incantation," as a ſtory to the painting. From this picture Dixon, engraved a very fine print.

His *Eſkdale Braes*, he has characteriſed in a letter, which he ſent to a friend, with the ſong, "The ballad, indifferent as it is, has too much poetical expreſſion, and is too clear of low nonſenſe and abſurdity, ever to become popular."

The elegant ſtanzas *on Mr. Servinton*, were built on an incident ſomewhat ſimilar to that which he has made the groundwork of his *Sir Martyn*, and may be conſidered as a miniature picture of the conſequences of diſſipation. The ſtanzas *On the neglect of Poetry* are beautifully pathetic. Of his ſmaller pieces, the *Epitaph on Mr. Mortimer* is the moſt ſucceſsful. In the *Stanzas to a young Lady ſtudious of Botany*, he makes the *primroſe* a flower which lingers to the winter ſeaſon; on the contrary, it is, as its name denotes, an early production of the Spring, and does not linger even to the approach of Summer.

# THE WORKS OF MICKLE.

## POEMS.

### POLLIO.

AN ELEGIAC ODE.

*Written in the Wood near Roſlin Caſtle.* 1762.

" Hæc Jovem ſentire deoſque cunctos,
" Spem bonam certamque domum reporto."
HORAT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It has been often ſaid, that fiction is the moſt proper field for poetry. If it is always ſo, the writer of this little piece acknowledges it as a circumſtance againſt him. The following ode was firſt ſuggeſted, and the ideas contained in it raiſed, on reviſiting the ruins and woods that had been the ſcene of his early amuſements, with a deſerving brother, who died in his twenty-firſt year.

The peaceful evening breathes her balmy ſtore,
The playful ſchool-boys wanton o'er the green;
Where ſpreading poplars ſhade the cottage door,
The villagers in ruſtic joy convene.

Amid the ſecret windings of the wood,
With ſolemn meditation let me ſtray;
This is the hour, when to the wiſe and good,
The heavenly maid repays the toils of day.

The river murmurs, and the breathing gale
Whiſpers the gently-waving boughs among;
The ſtar of evening glimmers o'er the dale,
And leads the ſilent hoſt of heaven along.

How bright, emerging o'er yon broom-clad height,
The ſilver empreſs of the night appears!
Yon limpid pool reflects a ſtream of light,
And faintly in its breaſt the woodland bears.

The waters tumbling o'er their rocky bed,
Solemn and conſtant, from yon dell reſound;
The lonely hearths blaze o'er the diſtant glade;
The bat, low-wheeling, ſkims the duſky ground.

Auguſt and hoary, o'er the ſloping dale,
The Gothic abbey rears its ſculptur'd towers;
Dull through the roofs reſounds the whiſtling gale;
Dark ſolitude among the pillars low'rs.

Where yon old trees bend o'er a place of graves,
And, ſolemn, ſhade a chapel's ſad remains;
Where yon ſkaith'd poplar through the window waves,
And, twining round, the hoary arch ſuſtains:

There oft at dawn, as one forgot behind,
Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where,
Some hoary ſhepherd, o'er his ſtaff reclin'd,
Pores on the graves, and ſighs a broken prayer.

High o'er the pines, that with their dark'ning ſhade
Surround yon craggy bank, the caſtle rears
Its crumbling turrets: ſtill its towery head
A warlike mien, a ſullen grandeur wears.

So, 'midſt the ſnow of age, a boaſtful air
Still on the war-worn veteran's brow attends;
Still his big boues his youthful prime declare,
Though trembling, o'er the feeble crutch he bends.

While round the gates the duſky wallflowers creep,
Where oft the knights the beauteous dames have led;
Gone is the bower, the grot a ruin'd heap,
Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments ſpread.

'Twas here our ſires, exulting from the fight,
Great in their bloody arms, march'd o'er the lea,
Eying their reſcued fields with proud delight;
Now loſt to them! and ah, how chang'd to me!

This bank, the river, and the fanning breeze,
The dear idea of my Pollio bring;
So ſhone the moon through theſe ſoft-nodding trees,
When here we wander'd in the eves of ſpring.

When April's ſmiles the flowery lawn adorn,
And modeſt cowſlips deck the ſtreamlet's ſide:
When fragrant orchards to the roſeate morn
Unfold their bloom, in heaven's own colours dy'd:

So fair a bloſſom gentle Pollio wore,
Theſe were the emblems of his healthful mind;
To him the letter'd page diſplay'd its lore,
To him bright fancy all her wealth reſign'd:

Him with her pureſt flames the muſe endow'd,
Flames never to th' illiberal thought allied;
The ſacred ſiſters led where virtue glow'd
In all her charms; he ſaw, he felt, and died.

Oh partner of my infant griefs and joys!
Big with the ſcenes now paſt, my heart o'erflows,
Bids each endearment, fair as once, to riſe,
And dwells luxurious on her melting woes.

Oft with the riſing ſun, when life was new,
Along the woodland have I roam'd with thee;
Oft by the moon have bruſh'd the evening dew,
When all was fearleſs innocence and glee.

The ſainted well where yon bleak hill declines,
Has oft been conſcious of thoſe happy hours;
But now the hill, the river crown'd with pines,
And ſainted well, have loſt their cheering powers.

For thou art gone——my guide, my friend, oh where,
Where haſt thou fled, and left me here behind!
My tendereſt wiſh, my heart to thee was bare,
Oh, now cut off each paſſage to thy mind!

How dreary is the gulf, how dark, how void,
The trackleſs ſhores that never were repaſt!
Dread ſeparation! on the depth untry'd
Hope faulters, and the ſoul recoils aghaſt.

Wide round the ſpacious heavens I caſt my eyes;
And ſhall theſe ſtars glow with immortal fire,
Still ſhine the lifeleſs glories of the ſkies,
And could thy bright, thy living ſoul expire?

Far be the thought—the pleaſures moſt ſublime,
The glow of friendſhip, and the virtuous tear,
The tow'ring wiſh that ſcorns the bounds of time,
Chill'd in this vale of death, but languiſh here.

So plant the vine on Norway's wint'ry land,
The languid ſtranger feebly buds, and dies;
Yet there's a clime where virtue ſhall expand
With godlike ſtrength, beneath her native ſkies.

The lonely ſhepherd on the mountain's ſide,
With patience waits the roſy opening day;
The mariner at midnight's darkſome tide,
With cheerful hope expects the morning ray.

Thus I, on life's ſtorm-beaten ocean toſt,
In mental viſion view the happy ſhore,
Where Pollio beckons to the peaceful coaſt,
Where fate and death divide the friends no more.

Oh that ſome kind, ſome pitying kindred ſhade,
Who now, perhaps, frequents this ſolemn grove,
Would tell the awful ſecrets of the dead,
And from my eyes the mortal film remove!

Vain is the wiſh—yet ſurely not in vain
Man's boſom glows with that celeſtial fire,
Which ſcorns earth's luxuries, which ſmiles at pain,
And wings his ſpirit with ſublime deſire.

To fan this ſpark of heaven, this ray divine,
Still, oh my ſoul! ſtill be thy dear employ;
Still thus to wander through the ſhades be thine,
And ſwell thy breaſt with viſionary joy.

So to the dark-brow'd wood, or ſacred mount,
In ancient days the holy ſeers retir'd,
And, led in viſion, drank at Siloe's fount,
While riſing ecſtaſies their boſoms fir'd;
Reſtor'd creation bright before them roſe,
The burning deſerts ſmil'd as Eden's plains,
One friendly ſhade the wolf and lambkin choſe,
The flowery mountains ſung—"Meſſiah reigns!"

Though fainter raptures my cold breaſt inſpire,
Yet let me oft frequent this ſolemn ſcene,
Oft to the abbey's ſhatter'd walls retire,
What time the moonſhine dimly gleams between.

There, where the croſs in hoary ruin nods,
And weeping yews o'erſhade the letter'd ſtones,
While midnight ſilence wraps theſe drear abodes,
And ſoothes me wand'ring o'er my kindred bones.

Let kindled fancy view the glorious morn,
When from the burſting graves the juſt ſhall riſe,
All nature ſmiling, and, by angels borne,
Meſſiah's croſs far blazing o'er the ſkies.

## SIR MARTYN.

### IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

#### AUTHOR'S ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS attempt in the manner of Spenſer, was firſt publiſhed in 1767, ſince which time it has paſſed through ſome editions, under the title of the *Concubine;* a title which, it muſt be confeſſed, conveyed a very improper idea both of the ſubject and ſpirit of the poem. It is now more properly intituled *Sir Martin;* and the author is happy to find that the public approbation of the work has given him an opportunity to alter its name ſo much to advantage.

The firſt publication was not accompanied with any prefatory addreſs, by which either the intention of the writer might be explained, or the candour of the reader ſolicited. To ſolicit candour for the poetical execution, he ſtill declines; for taſte is not to be bribed; but, perhaps, juſtice to himſelf may require ſome explanation of his deſign, and ſome apology for his uſe of the manner of Spenſer.

It is an eſtabliſhed maxim in criticiſm, that an intereſting moral is eſſential to a good poem. The character of the man of fortune is of the utmoſt importance, both in the political and moral world; to throw, therefore, a juſt ridicule on the purſuits and pleaſures which often prove fatal to the important virtues of the gentleman, muſt afford an intereſting moral; but it is the management of the writer which alone muſt render it ſtriking. Yet however he may have failed in attaining this, the author may decently aſſert, that to paint falſe pleaſure as it is, ridiculous and contemptible, alike deſtructive to virtue and to happineſs, was, at leaſt, the purpoſe of his poem.

It is alſo an eſtabliſhed maxim in criticiſm, that the ſubject of a poem ſhould be one; that every part ſhould contribute to the completion of one deſign; which, properly purſued, will naturally diffuſe itſelf into a regular beginning, middle, and end. Yet, in attaining this unity of the whole, the neceſſary regularity muſt ſtill be poetical; for the ſpirit of poetry cannot exiſt under the ſhackles of logical or mathematical arrangement. Or, to uſe the words of a very eminent critic, "As there muſt

" needs be a connection, so that connection will " best answer its end, and the purpose of the writer; " which, whilst it leads by a sure train of think- " ing to the conclusion in view, conceals itself all " the while, and leaves to the reader the satisfac- " tion of supplying the intermediate links, and " joining together, in his own mind, what is left " in a seeming posture of neglect and inconnec- " tion."

If, therefore, the delineation of the character of the man of birth, who, with every advantage of natural abilities and amiable disposition, is at once lost to the public and himself; if this character has its beginning, middle, and end, the poem has all the unity that propriety requires: how far such unity is attained, may perhaps be seen at one view in the following argument.

After an invocation to the genius of Spenser, and proposition of the subject, the knight's first attachment to his concubine, his levity, love of pleasure, and dissipation, with the influence over him which on this she assumes, are parts which undoubtedly constitute a just beginning.

The effects of this influence, exemplified in the different parts of a gentleman's relative character —in his domestic elegance of park, gardens, and house—in his unhappiness as a lover, a parent, and a man of letters—behaviour as a master to his tenants, as a friend and a brother—and in his feelings in his hours of retirement as a man of birth, and a patriot, naturally complete the middle, to which an allegorical catastrophe furnishes the proper and regular end.

Some reasons, perhaps, may be expected, for having adopted the manner of Spenser. To propose a general use of it, were indeed highly absurd; yet it may be presumed, there are some subjects on which it may be used with advantage. But not to enter upon any formal defence, the author will only say, that the fulness and wantonness of description, the quaint simplicity, and above all, the ludicrous, of which the antique phraseology and manner of Spenser are so happily and peculiarly susceptible, inclined him to esteem it not solely as the best, but the only mode of composition adapted to his subject.

## CANTO I.

The mirthfull bowres and flowry dales
Of pleasures faerie land,
Where virtues budds are blighted as
By foul enchanters wand.

AWAKE, ye west windes, through the lonely dale,
And, fancy, to thy faerie bowre betake!
Even now, with balmie freshneſſe, breathes the gale,
Dimpling with downy wing the stilly lake;
Through the pale willows faultering whispers wake,
And evening comes with locks bedropt with dew;
On Desmonds * mouldering turrets slowly shake
The trembling rie-grass, and the hare-bell blue
And ever and anon faire Mullas plaints renew.

O for the nameleſſe powre to strike mine eare,
That powre of charme by naiads once posſeſt,
Melodious Mulla! when, full oft whyleare,
Thy gliding murmurs soothd the gentle breſt
Of hapleſſe Spenser; long with woes oppreſt,
Long with the drowsie patrons smyles decoy'd,
Till in thy shades, no more with cares distreſt,
No more with painful anxious hopes accloyd,
The Sabbath of his life the milde good man enjoyd:

Enjoyd each wish: while wrapt in visions bleſt,
The muses wooed him, when each evening grey
Luxurious fancy, from her wardrobe dreſt,
Brought forth her faerie knights in sheen array
By forreſt edge or welling fount, where lay,
Farre from the crowd, the careleſſe bard supine:
Oh happy man! how innocent and gay,
How mildly peaceful paſt theſe houres of thine!
Ah, could a sigh avail, such sweete calme peace were mine!

Yet oft, as penſive through theſe lawns I stray,
Unbidden transports through my bosome swell;
With pleasing reverence awd mine eye, survey
The hallowed shades where Spenser strung his shell.
The brooke still murmurs through the bushy dell,
Still through the woodlands wild and beauteous rise
The hills green tops; still from her mosswhite cell
Complayning echoe to the stockdove sighs,
And fancy, wandering here, still feels new extacies.

Then come, ye genii of the place! O come,
Ye wilde-wood muses of the native lay!
Ye who theſe banicks did whilom constant roam,
And round your Spenser ever gladsom play!
Oh come once more! and with your magic ray
Theſe lawns transforming, raiſe the myſtic scene——
Theſe lawns already own your vertual sway,
Proud citys riſe, with seas and wildes atweene;
In one enchanted view the various walks of men.

Towrd to the sky, with cliff on cliff ypild,
Fronting the sunne, a rock fantaſtic roſe;
From every rift the pink and primroſe smild,
And redd with bloſſoms hung the wildings boughs;
On middle cliff each flowry shrub that blows
On Mayes sweete morne a fragrant grove diſplayd,
Beauteous and wilde as ever druid choſe;
From whence a reverend wizard through the shade
Advaunſt to meet my steps; for here me seemd I stray'd.

White as the snow-drop round his temples flowd
A few thin hairs; bright in his eagle eye,
Meint with heavens lightning, ſocial mildneſſe glowd;
Yet when him liſt queynt was his leer and slie,
Yet wondrous distant from malignitie;
For still his stayle did forcibly diſcloſe
The soul of worth and warm hart-honeſtie:

* *The caſtle of the Earl of Deſmond, on the banks of the river Mulla in Ireland, was ſome time the reſidence of Spenſer, the place where he wrote the greateſt part of the Faery Queene.*

Such winning grace as age but rare beſtows
Dwelt on his cheeks and lips, though like the withering roſe.

Of ſkyen blue a mantling robe he wore,
A purple girdle looſely tyd his waiſt
Enwove with many a flowre from many a ſhore,
And half conceald, and half reveald his veſt,
His veſt of ſilk, the Faerie Queenes bequeſt
What time ſhe wooed him ere his head was grey;
A lawrell bough he held, and now addreſt
To ſpeech, he points it to the mazy way
That wide and farre around in wildeſt proſpect lay.

Younkling, quoth he, lo, where at thy deſire
The wilderneſs of life extenſive lies;
The path of bluſtering fame and warlike ire,
Of ſcowling powre and lean-boned covetiſe,
Of thoughtleſſe mirth and folly's giddy joys;
And whither all thoſe paths illuſive end,
All theſe at my command didactick riſe,
And ſhift obedient as mine arm I bend.
He ſaid, and to the field did ſtrait his arm extend.

Well worthy views, quoth I, riſe all around,
But certes, lever would I ſee and hear,
How, oft, the gentle plant of generous ground
And faireſt bloom no ripend fruit will bear:
Oft have I ſhed, perdie, the bitter tear
To ſee the ſhoots of virtue ſhrink and dy,
Untimely blaſted in the ſoft greene eare:
What evil blight thus works ſuch villainy,
To tell, O reverend ſeer, thy prompt enchantment try.

Ah me! how little doe unthinking youth
Foreſee the ſorrowes of their elder age!
Full oft, quoth he, my boſom melts with ruth
To note the follies of their early ſtage,
Where diſſipations cup full deepe they pledge;
Ne can the wizards ſaws diſperſe to flight
The ills that ſoon will warre againſt them wage,
Ne may the ſpells that lay the church-yarde ſpright,
From pleaſures ſervile bands releaſe the luckleſs wight.

This truth to tell, ſee yonder lawnſkepe riſe,
An ample field of Britiſh clime I ween,
A field which never by poetick eyes
Was viewd from hence. Thus, through the rural ſcene
Has by a thouſand artiſts pencild beene,
Some other may, from other point, explore
A view full diff'rent, yet as faire be ſeene:
So ſhall theſe lawns preſent one lawnſkepe more;
For certes where we ſtand ſtood never wight before.

In yonder dale does wonne a gentle knight——
Fleet as he ſpake ſtill roſe the imagerie
Of all he told depeinten to the ſight;
It was, I weet, a goodly baronie:
Beneath a greene-clad hill, right faire to ſee,
The caſtle in the ſunny vale yſtood;
All round the eaſt grew many a ſheltering tree,
And on the weſt a dimpling ſilver flood
Ran through the gardins trim, then crept into the wood.

How ſweetly here, quoth he, might one employ
And fill with worthy deed the fleeting houres
What pleſaunce mote a learned wight enjoy
Emong the hills and vales, and ſhady bowres,
To mark how buxom Ceres round him poures
The hoary-headed wheat, the freckled corne,
The bearded barlie, and the hopp that towres
So high, and with his bloom falews the morne,
And with the orchard vies the lawnſkepe to adorn;

The fragrant orchard, where her golden ſtore
Pomona laviſhes on everie tree,
The velvet-coated peach, the plumb ſo hore,
The nectrines redd, and pippins ſheene to ſee,
That nod in everie gale with wanton glee:
How happy here with Woodſtocks laughing ſwain,
And Avon's bard of peerleſſe memorie,
To ſaunter through the daſie-whitened plain,
When fancys ſweeteſt impe, Dan Spenſer, joins the train.

Ne to Syr Martyn height were theſe unknown;
Oft by the brooke his infant ſteps they led,
And oft the fays, with many a warbling tone
And laughing ſhape, ſtood round his morning bed:
Such happineſs bloom'd fair around his head.
Yet though his mind was formd each joy to taſte,
From him, alas! dear homefelt joyaunce fled,
Vain meteors ſtill his cheated arms embrac'd;
Where all ſeemd flowrie gay, he found a dreary waſte.

Juſt when he had his eighteenth ſummer ſeen,
Lured by the fragrance of the new-mown hay,
As careleſſe ſauntering through the elm-fenced green,
He with his book beguild the cloſing day,
The dairy-maide hight Kathrin friſk'd that way;
A roguiſh twinkling look the gypſie caſt,
For much ſhe wiſhd the lemmans part to play?
Nathleſſe unheeding on his way he paſt,
Ne entered in his heart, or wiſh or thought unchaſt.

Right plump ſhe was, and ruddie glowd her cheek,
Her eaſie waiſte in milch-white boddice dight,
Her golden locks curld down her ſhoulders ſleek,
And halfe her boſome heaving met the ſight,
Whiles gayly ſhe accoſts the ſober wight:
Freedom and glee blythe ſparkling in her eye
With wanton merrimake ſhe trips the knight,
And round the younkling makes the clover fly:
But ſoon he ſtarten up, more gameſome by and bye.

I ween, quoth ſhe, you think to win a kiſs,
But certes you ſhall woo and ſtrive in vain.
Faſt in his armes he caught her then ywis;
Yfere they fell; but loud and angry then
Gan ſhe of ſhame and haviour vild complain,
While baſhfully the weetleſſe boy did look:
With cunning ſmyles ſhe viewd his awkward pain;
The ſmyle he caught, and eke new courage took,
And Kathrin then a kiſs, perdie, did gentlie brook.

Flest paſt the months ere yet the giddy boy
One thought beſtowd on what would ſurely be:
But well his aunt perceivd his dangerous toy,
And ſore ſhe feard her auncient familie [gree:
Should now be ſtaind with blood of baſe de-
For ſooth to tell, her lieſeſt hearts delight
Was ſtill to count her princely pedigree,
Through barons bold all up to Cadwall hight,
Thence up to Trojan Brute yſprung of Venus bright.

But, zealous to forefend her gentle race
From baſelie matching with plebeian bloud,
Whole nights ſhe ſchemd to ſhonne thilk foull diſgrace, [vowd:
And Kathrin's bale in wondrous wrath ſhe
Yet could ſhe not with cunning portaunce ſhroud,
So as might beſt ſucceed her good intent,
But clept her lemman and vild ſlut aloud;
That ſoon ſhe ſhould her graceleſſe thewes repent, [ſhent.
And ſtand in long white ſheet before the parſon

So ſpake the wizard, and his hand he wavd,
And prompt the ſcenerie roſe, where liſtleſs lay
The knight in ſhady bowre, by ſtreamlet lavd,
While Philomela ſooth'd the parting day:
Here Kathrin him approachd with features gay,
And all her ſtore of blandiſhments and wiles;
The knight was touchd—but ſhe with ſoft delay
And gentle tears ybleds her languid ſmiles,
And of baſe falſitie th' enamourd boy reviles.

Amazd the boy beheld her ready teares,
And, faultring oft, exclaims with wondring ſtare,
What mean theſe ſighs? diſpell thine ydle fears,
And, confident in me, thy griefes declare.
And need, quoth ſhe, need I my heart to bare,
And tellen what untold well knowne mote be?
Loſt is my friends good-will, my mothers care—
By you deſerted—ah! unhappy me!
Left to your aunts fell ſpight, and wreakfull crueltie.

My aunt! quoth he, forſooth ſhall ſhe command?
No; ſooner ſhall yond hill forſake his place,
He laughing ſaid, and would have caught her hand;
Her hand ſhe ſhifted to her blubbered face
With prudiſh modeſtie, and ſobd, alas!
Grant me your bond, or elſe on yonder tree
Theſe ſilken garters, pledge of thy embrace,
Ah, welladay! ſhall hang my babe and me,
And everie night our ghoſtes ſhall bring all hell to thee.

Ythrilld with horror gapd the wareleſs wight,
As when, aloft on well-ſtored cherrie-tree,
The thieviſh elfe beholds with pale affright
The gardner near, and weets not where to flee:

And will my bond forefend thilk miſerie?
That ſhalt thou have; and for thy peace beſide, [be—
What mote I more? Houſekeeper ſhalt thou
An awfull oath forthwith his promiſe tied,
And Kathrine was as blythe as ever blytheſome bride.

His aunt fell ſick for very dole to ſee [pine
Her kindeſt counſels ſcornd, and ſore did
To think what well ſhe knew would ſhortly be,
Cadwallins bloud debasd in Kathrins line;
For very dole ſhe died. Oh ſad propine,
Syr knight, for all that care which ſhe did take!
How many a night, for coughs and colds of thine,
Has ſhe ſat up rare cordial broths to make,
And cockerd thee ſo kind with manie a daintie cake!

Soft as the goſſamer in ſummer ſhades
Extends its twinkling line from ſpray to ſpray,
Gently as ſleep the weary lids invades,
So ſoft, ſo gently pleaſure mines her way:
But whether will the ſmiling fiend betray,
Ah, let the knights approaching dayes declare!
Though everie bloome and flowre of buxom May
Beſtrew her path, to deſart's cold and bare
The mazy path betrays the giddy wight unware.

Ah! ſays the wizard, what may now availe
His manlie ſenſe that faireſt bloſſoms bore,
His temper gentle as the whiſpering gale,
His native goodneſſe, and his vertuous lore!
Now through his veins, all uninflamd before,
Th' enchanted cup of diſſipation hight
Has ſhedd, with ſubtil ſtealth, through everie pore,
Its giddy poiſon, brewd with magicke might,
Each budd of gentle worth and better thought to blight.

So the Canadian, train'd in drery waſtes
To chace the foaming bore and fallow deer,
At firſt the trader's beverage ſhylie taſtes;
But ſoon with headlong rage, unfelt whyleare,
Inflamd he luſts for the delirious cheer:
So burſts the boy diſdainful of reſtrent
Headlong attonce into the wylde career
Of jolitie, with all his mind unbent, [ſpent.
And dull and yrkſome hangs the day in ſports un-

Now fly the waſſal ſeaſons wing with glee,
Each day affords a floode of roring joy;
The ſprings green months ycharmd with cocking flee,
The jolly horſe-race, ſummers grand employ,
His harveſts ſports the foxe and hare deſtroy;
But the ſubſtantial comforts of the bowl
Are thine, O winter! thine to fire the boy
With Englands cauſe, and ſwell his mightie ſoul,
Till dizzy with his peres about the flore he rowl.

Now round his dores ynail'd on cloggs of wood
Hangs many a badgers ſhout and foxes tail,
The which had he through many a hedge perſew'd, [ſand delve, and dale;
Through marſh, through meer, dyke, ditch,

To hear his hair-breadth ſcapes would make you pale; [late,
Which well the groome height Patrick can re-
Whileas on holidays he quaffs his ale;
And not one circumſtance will he forgett,
So keen the braggard chorle is on his hunting ſett.

Now on the turf the knight with ſparkling eyes
Beholds the ſpringing racers ſweep the ground:
Now lightlie by the poſt the foremoſt flies,
And thondring on, the ratling hoofs rebound;
The courſers groan, the cracking whips reſound:
And gliding with the gale they ruſh along
Right to the ſtand. The knight ſtares wildly round
And riſing on his ſell, his jocund tongue
Is heard above the noiſe of all the noiſie throng.

While thus the knight perſewd the ſhaddow joy,
As youthly ſpirits thoughtleſſe led the way,
Her gilden baits, ah, gilded to decoy!
Kathrine did eve and morn before him lay,
Watchfull to pleaſe, and ever kindlie gay;
Till, like a thing bewitchd, the careleſſe wight
Reſigns himſelf to her capricious ſway:
Then ſoon, perdie, was never charme-bound ſpright
In necromancers thrall in halfe ſuch pitteous plight.

Her end accompliſhd, and her hopes at ſtay,
What need her now, ſhe recks, one ſmyle beſtow;
Each care to pleaſe were trouble thrown away,
And thirſtleſſe waſte, with many maxims moe,
As, what were ſhe the the better did ſhe ſo?
She conns, and freely ſues her native bent:
Yet ſtill can ſhe to guard his thraldom know,
Though grim'd with ſnuff in tawdrie gown ſhe went, [ment.
Though peeviſh ere her ſpleen and rude her jolli-

As when the linnet hails the balmie morne,
And roving through the trees his mattin ſings,
Lively with joy, till on a luckleſſe thorn
He lights, where to his feet the birdlime clings;
Then all in vain he flaps his gaudy wings;
The more he flutters ſtill the more foredone:
So fares it with the knight: each morning brings
His deeper thrall; ne can he brawling ſhun,
For Kathrin was his thorne and birdlime both in one.

Or, when atop the hoary weſtern hill
The ruddie ſunne appears to reſt his chin,
When not a breeze diſturbs the murmuring rill,
And mildlie warm the falling dewes begin,
The gameſome trout then ſhows her ſilverie ſkin,
As wantonly beneath the wave ſhe glides,
Watching the buzzing flies, that never blin,
Then, dropt with pearle and golde, diſplays her ſides, [divides.
While ſhe with frequent leape the ruffled ſtreame

On the green banck a truant ſchoolboy ſtands;
Well has his urchin markt her merry play,
An alhen rod obeys his guileful hands,
And leads the mimick fly acroſs her way;
Aſkaunce, with liſtly look and coy delay,
The hungrie trout the glitteraund treachor eyes,
Semblaunt of life, with ſpeckled wings ſo gay;
Then, flylie nibbling, prudiſh from it flies,
Till with a bouncing ſtart ſhe bites the truthleſs prize.

Ah, then the younker gives the fatefull twitch;
Struck with amaze ſhe feels the hook ypight
Deepe in her gills, and, plonging where the beech
Shaddows the poole, ſhe runs in dread affright;
In vain the deepeſt rocke her late delight,
In vain the ſedgy nook for help ſhe tries;
The laughing elfe now curbs, now aids her flight,
The more entangled ſtill the more ſhe flies,
And ſoon amid the graſs the panting captive lies.

Where now, ah pity! where that ſprightly play,
That wanton bounding, and exulting joy,
That lately welcomd the retourning ray,
When by the rivletts banks, with bluſhes coy,
April walkd forth---ah! never more to toy,
In purling ſtreame, ſhe pants, ſhe gaſps, and dies!
Ah me! how like the fortune of the boy,
His days of revel, and his nights of noiſe
Have left him now involvd, his lemman's hapleſſe prize.

See now the changes that attend her ſway;
The park where rural elegance had placed
Her ſweete retreat, where cunning art did play
Her happieſt freaks, that nature undefaced
Received new charmes; ah, ſee, how foul diſgraced
Now lies thilke park ſo ſweetlie wylde afore!
Each grove and bowery walke be now laid waſte;
The bowling-greene has loſt its ſhaven flore,
And ſnowd with waſhing ſuds now yawns beſide the dore.

All round the borders where the panſie blue,
Crocus, and polyanthus ſpeckled fine,
And daffodils in fayre confuſion grew
Emong the roſe-buſh roots and eglantine;
Theſe now their place to cabbages reſign,
And tawdrie peaſe ſupply the lillys ſtead;
Rough artichokes now briſtle where the vine
Its purple cluſters round the windows ſpread,
And laiſie cucumbers on dung recline the head.

The fragrant orchard, once the ſummers pride,
Where oft, by moonſhine, on the daiſie greene,
In jovial daunce, or tripping ſide by ſide,
Pomona and her buxom nymphs were ſeene;
Or where the clear canal ſtretched out atweene,
Deftly their locks with bloſſomes would they brede;
Or reſting by the primeroſe hillocks ſheene,
Beneath the apple boughs and walnut ſhade,
They ſung their loves the while the fruitage gaily ſpread:

The fragrant orchard at her dire command
In all the pride of bloſſome ſtrewd the plain;
The hillocks gently riſing through the land
Muſt now no trace of natures ſteps retain;
The clear canal, the mirrour of the ſwain,
And bluiſh lake no more adorn the greene,
Two durty watering ponds alone remain;

And where the moſs-floord ſilbert bowres had beene, [cleane.
Is now a turnip fielde and cow yarde nothing

An auncient crone, yclepd by houſewives thrift,
All this deviſd for trim oeconomie;
But certes, ever from her birth bereft
Of elegance, ill ſitts her title high:
Coarſe were her looks, yet ſmoothe her courteſie,
Hoyden her ſhapes, but grave was her attyre,
And ever fixt on trifles was her eye;
And ſtill ſhe plodden round the kitchen fire,
To ſave the ſmalleſt crombe her pleaſure and deſyre.

Bow-bent with eld, her ſteps were ſoft and ſlow,
Faſt at her ſide a bounch of keys yhong,
Dull care ſat brooding on her jealous brow,
Sagacious proverbs dropping from her tongue:
Yet ſparing though ſhe beene her gueſtes emong,
Ought by herſelfe that ſhe mote gormandiſe,
The foul curmudgeon would have that ere long;
And hardly could her witt her guſt ſuffice;
Albee in varied ſtream, ſtill was it covetiſe.

Dear was the kindlie love which Kathrin bore
This crooked Ronion, for in ſoothly guiſe
She was her genius and her counſellor:
Now cleanly milking-pails in careful wiſe
Bedeck each room, and much can ſhe deſpiſe
The Knights complaints, and thriftleſſe judgment ill: [buys,
Eke verſd in ſales, right wondrous cheap ſhe
Parlour and bedroom too her bargains ſill;
Though uſeleſs, cheap they beene, and cheap ſhe purchaſd ſtill.

His tenants whilom been of thriftie kind,
Did like to ſing and worken all the day,
At feed time never were they left behind,
And at the harveſt feaſt ſtill firſt did play;
And ever at the terme their rents did pay,
For well they knew to guide their rural geer:
All in a row, yclad in homeſpun gray,
They marchd to church each Sunday of the year,
Their imps yode on afore, the carles brought up the rear.

Ah happy days! but now no longer found:
No more with ſocial hoſpitable glee
The village hearths at Chriſtmas-tide reſound,
No more the Whitſon gamboll may you ſee,
Nor morrice-daunce, nor May daye jollitie
When the blythe maydens foot the deawy green;
But now, in place, heart-ſinking penurie
And hopeleſſe care on every face is ſeen,
As theſe the drery times of curfeu bell had been.

For everie while, with thief-like lounging pace,
And dark of look, a tawdrie villain came,
Muttering ſome words with ſerious-meaning face, [name;
And on the church dore he would fix their
Then, nolens volens, they muſt heed the ſame,
And quight thoſe fieldes their yeomen grandfires plowd
Eer ſince black Edwards days, when, crownd with fame,
From Creſſie field the knights old grandſire prowd [allowd.
Led home his yeomandrie, and each his glebe

But now the orphan ſees his harveſt fielde
Beneath the gripe of laws ſtern rapine fall,
The friendleſſe widow, from her hearth expelld,
Withdraws to ſome poor hutt with earthen wall:
And theſe, perdie, were Kathrins projects all;
For, ſooth to tell, grievd was the Knight full ſore
Such ſinful deeds to ſee: yet ſuch his thrall,
Though he had pledged his troth, yet nathemore
It mote he keep, except ſhe willd the ſame before.

Oh wondrous powre of womans wily art,
What for thy witchcraft too ſecure may be!
Not Circes cup may ſo transform the heart,
Or bend the will, fallacious powre, like thee;
Lo, manly ſenſe, of princely dignitie,
Witchd by thy ſpells, thy crowching ſlave is ſeen; [knee,
Lo, high-browd honour bends the groveling
And every braveſt virtue, ſooth I ween,
Seems like a blighted flowre of dank unlovely mien.

Ne may grim Saracene, nor Tartar man,
Such ruthleſſe bondage on his ſlave impoſe,
As Kathrin on the Knight full deftly can;
Ne may the Knight eſcape, or cure his woes:
As he who dreams he climbs ſome mountains brows,
With painful ſtruggling up the ſteep height ſtrains,
Anxious he pants and toils, but ſtrength foregoes
His feeble limbs, and not a ſtep he gains;
So toils the powreleſſe Knight beneath his ſervile chains.

His lawyer now aſſumes the guardians place;
Learn'd was thilk clerk in deeds, and paſſing ſlie;
Slow was his ſpeeche, and ſolemn was his face
As that grave bird which Athens rankt ſo high
Pleaſd dullneſs baſking in his gloſſie eye,
The ſmyle would oft reveal through his native phlegm;
And well he guards Syr Martyns propertie,
Till not one peaſant dares invade the game:
But certes, ſeven yeares rent was ſoon his own juſt claim.

Now mortgage follows mortgage: Cold delay
Still yawns on everie long depending caſe.
The Knights gay bloome the while flid faſt away;
Kathrin the while brought bantling imps apace,
While everie day renews his vile diſgrace,
And ſtraitens ſtill the more his galling thrall:
See now what ſcenes his houſhold hours debaſe;
And riſe ſucceſſive in his cheerleſſe hall. [call.
So ſpake the ſeer, and prompt the ſcene obeyd his

See, quoth the wizard, how with foltering mien,
And diſcompoſd yon ſtranger he receives;
Lo, how with ſullkie look, and meant with ſpleen,
His frowning miſtreſſe to his friend behaves;
In vain he nods, in vain his hand he waves,
Ne will ſhe heed, ne will ſhe ſign obay,
Ner corner dark his awkward bluſhes ſaves,

Ne may the hearty laugh, ne features gay:
The hearty laugh, perdie, does but his pain betray.

A worthy wight his friend was ever known,
Some generous cauſe did ſtill his lips inſpire;
He begs the Knight by friendſhips long agone
To ſhelter from his lawyers cruel ire
An auncient hinde, arounde whoſe cheerleſſe fire
Sat grief and pale diſeaſe. The poor mans wrong
Affects the Knight: his inmoſt hearts deſire
Gleams through his eyes; yet all confuſd, and ſtung
With inward pain he looks, and ſilence guards his tongue.

See, while his friend entreats and urges ſtill,
See, how with ſidelong glaunce and haviour ſhy
He ſteals the look to read his lemmans will,
Watchfull the dawn of an aſſent to ſpy.
Look as he will, yet will ſhe not comply.
His friend with ſcorn beholds his awkward pain;
From him even pity turns her tear-dewd eye,
And hardlie can the burſting laugh reſtrain,
While manlie honour frowns on his unmanlie ſtain.

Let other ſcenes now riſe, the wizard ſaid:
He wavd his hand, and other ſcenes aroſe.
See there, quoth he, the Knight ſupinely laid
Invokes the houſehold hours of learnd repoſe;
An auncient ſong its manly joys beſtows:
The melting paſſion of the Nutt-brown Mayde
Glides through his breaſt; his wandering fancy glows,
Till into wildeſt reveries betrayd,
He hears th' imagin'd faire, and wooes the lovely ſhade.

Tranſported he repeats her conſtant vow,
How to the green wode ſhade, betide whateer,
She with her baniſhed love would fearleſſe goe,
And ſweet would be with him the hardeſt cheer.
Oh heaven! he ſighs, what bleſſings dwell ſincere
In love like this!—But inſtant as he ſigh'd,
Burſting into the room, loud in his ear
His lemman thonders, Ah! fell dole betide
The girl that truſts in man before ſhe bees his bride!

And muſt ſome lemman of a whiffling ſong
Delight your fancy ſhe diſdainful cries;
When ſtrait her imps all brawling round her throng,
And, bleard with teares, each for revenge applies:
Him chief in ſpleene the father means chaſtiſe,
But from his kindlie hand ſhe ſaves him ſtill;
Yet for no fault, anon, in furious wiſe
Yon yellow elfe ſhe little ſpares to kill;
And then, next breath, does all to coax his ſtubborn will.

Pale as the ghoſte that by the gleaming moon
Withdraws the curtain of the murderers bed,
So pale and cold at heart, as halfe aſwoon
The Knight ſtares round; yet good nor bad he ſed.
Alas! though trembling anguiſh inward bled,
His beſt reſolve ſoon as a meteor dies:
His preſent peace and eaſe mote chance have fled,
He deems; and yielding, looks moſt wondrous wiſe,
As from himſelf he hopd his grief and ſhame diſguiſe.

Woe to the wight whoſe hated home no more
The hallowd temple of Content may be!
While now his days abroad with groomes he wore,
His miſtreſſe with her lieſeſt companie,
A rude unlettered herd! with deareſt glee,
Enjoys each whiſper of her neighbours ſhame;
And ſtill anon the flaſk of rataſie
Improves their tales, till certes not a name
Eſcapes their blaſting tongue, or goody, wench, or dame.

One evening tide as with her crones ſhe ſate,
Making ſweete ſolace of ſome ſcandall new,
A boiſtrous noiſe came thondring at the gate,
And ſoon a ſturdy boy approachd in view;
With gold far glitteraund were his veſtments blue
And pye-ſhapd hat, and of the ſilver ſheen
An huge broad buckle glaunced in either ſhoe,
And round his neck an India kerchiefe clean,
And in his hand a ſwitch: a jolly wight I ween.

Farre had he ſaild, and roamd the foamy deepe,
Where ruddie Phœbus ſlacks his firie team;
(With burning golde then flames th' ethereal ſteepe,
And Oceans waves like molten ſilver ſeem)
Eke had he ſeen, with diamond glittering beam,
The ſtarre of morn awake the roſeate day,
While yet beneath the moon old Nilus ſtream
Pale through the land reflects the gleamy ray,
As through the midnight ſkyes appeares the milky way.

Through the Columbian world, and verdant iles
Unknown to Carthage, had he frequent ſped,
Eke had he beene where flowry ſommer ſmiles
At Chriſtmas tide, where other heavens are ſpred,
Beſprent with ſtarres that Newton never red,
Where in the North the ſun of noone is ſeen:
Wherever Hannos bold ambition led,
Wherever Gama ſaild, there had he beene,
Gama *, the dearling care of Beautys heavenly queene.

Eke had he plied the rivers and the coaſt
Where bold Neârch young Ammons fleet did guide;
A taſk ſo dred the world-ſubduing hoſt
Could not another for ſuch feats provide:
And often had he ſeen that ocean wide,
Which to his wearie bands thilke youth did ſay,
None but th' immortal gods had ever ſpy'd;
Which ſight, quoth he, will all your toils repay:
That none mote ſee it more als he the gods did pray †.

Through theſe outlandiſh ſhores and oceans dire
For ten long ſeaſons did the younkling toil,
Through ſtormes, through tempeſts, and the battels fire,
Through cold, through heat, cheerd by the hope the while

* *See the Luſiad.*

† *For this ſpeech to his army, and prayer of Alexander, ſee Q. Curtius.*

Of yet reviſiting his natal ſoil:
And oft, when flying in the monſoon gale,
By Æthiopias coaſt or Javas ile,
When glaunceing over Oceans boſom pale,
The ſhip hung on the winds with broad and ſteadie ſail:

Hung on the winds as from his ayrie flight,
With wide-ſpred wing unmovd, the eagle bends,
When, on old Snowdons brow prepard to light,
Sailing the liquid ſkye he ſheer deſcends:
Thus oft, when roving farre as wave extends,
The ſcenes of protniſt bliſs would warm the boy;
To meet his brother with each wiſh yblends,
And friendſhips glowing hopes each thought employ;
And now at home arrivd his heart dilates with joy.

Around the meadows and the park he looks,
To ſpy the ſtreamlett or the elm-tree ſhade,
Where oft at eve, beneath the cawing rooks,
He with his feres in merry childhoode playd:
But all was chang'd!---Unweetingly diſmayd
A cold foreboding impulſe thrills his breaſt;
And who but Kathrin now is dearnly frayd
When entering in ſhe kens the ſtranger gueſt:
Then with ſad mien ſhe roſe, and kindlie him embraſt.

Great marvell at her ſolemn cheer he made;
Then, ſobbing deepe, Glad will Syr Martyn be,
Faire Syr, of your retourne, ſhe gently ſaid;
But what miſhap! our infant familie,
The deareſt babes, though they were nought to me,
That ever breathd, are laid in deadlie plight:
What ſhall we do!---great were your courteſie
To lodge in yonder tenant's houſe to night;
The ſkilfull leache forbids that noiſe my babes ſhould fright.

Blunt was the boy, and to the farme-houſe nigh
To wait his brother, at her bidding fares,
Conducted by a goſſip pert and ſly:
Kathrin the while her malengines prepares.
Now gan the duſke ſuſpend the plowmans cares,
When from his rural ſportes arrives the Knight;
Soon with his mates the jovial bowl he ſhares,
His hall reſounds!---amazd the ſtranger wight
Arreads it all as done to him in fell deſpight.

Late was the houre whenas the Knight was tould
Of ſtranger gueſt; Go, bid him welcome here;
What ſeeks he there? quoth he, Perdie, what would
You ſeek? ſays to the boy the meſſenger.
To ſee the Knight, quoth he, I but requere.
Syr Knight, he ſcornes to come; the ſervant ſaid.
Go bid him ſtill, quoth he, to welcome cheer:
But all contrarywiſe the ſaytor made, [ſed:
Till rage enflamd the boy; and ſtill his rage they

Your brother, quoth the hoſteſſe, ſoon will waſte
His fair eſtate; and certes, well I read,
He weens to hold your patrimonie faſt.
Next morne a lawyer been ybrought with ſpeed,
And wiſe he lookt, and wiſely ſhook his hede.
Him now impowrd, the youth with rage yblent
Vows never to retourne; then mounts his ſteed,
And leaves the place in fancy hugely ſhent
All which to Kathrins mind gave wondrous great content.

## CANTO II.

In muſefull ſtownd Syr Martyn rews
His youthhedes thoughtleſſe ſtage;
But diſſipation haunts him to
The bloſſomes of old age.

With gracefull pauſe awhile the wizard ſtood,
Then thus reſumd,—As he whoſe homeward way [wood;
Lies through the windings of ſome verdant
Through many a mazy turn and arbour gay
He ſues the flowery ſteps of jollie May,
While through the openings many a lawnſkepe new
Burſts on his ſight; yet, never once aſtray,
Still home he wends: ſo we our theme purſue,
Through many a bank and bowre cloſe following ſtill our cue.

Soothd by the murmurs of a plaintive ſtreame,
A wyld romantick dell its fragrance ſhed;
Safe from the thonder ſhowre and ſcorching beame [plaid;
Their faerie charmes the ſummer bowres diſ-
Wyld by the bancks the baſhfull cowſlips ſpread,
And from the rock above each ivied ſeat
The ſpotted foxgloves hung the purple head,
And lowlie vilets knit the wanderers feet:
Sure never Hyblas bees rovd through a wild ſo ſweet.

As winds the ſtreamlett ſerpentine along,
So leads a ſolemn walk its bowry way,
The pale-leaved palms and darker limes among,
To where a grotto lone and ſecret lay;
The yellow broome, where chirp the linnets gay, [ſkyes
Waves round the cave; and to the blue-ſtreaked
A ſhatterd rock towres up in fragments gray:
The ſhee goat from its height the lanſkepe eyes,
And calls her wanderd young, the call each bancke replies.

Here oft the knight had paſt the ſommers morne
What time the wondering boy to manhood roſe,
When fancy firſt her lanſkepes gan adorne,
And reaſons folded budds their flowres diſcloſe,
What time young tranſport through the ſpirits flows
When nature ſmyles with charmes unſeen beſore,
When with unwonted hopes the boſſome glows,
While wingd with whirlwind ſpeed the thoughts explore [ſtore.
The endleſſe wylde of joys that youth beholds in

The dryads of the place, that nurſt the flowres,
And hung the dew-drop in the hyacinths bell,
For him employd their virtue breathing powres,
And Cambria genius bade his worth excell.
His youthfull breaſt conſeſt the wonderous ſpell;
His generous temper warmd with fayre deſign,
The friend and patriot now his boſome ſwell,

The lover and the father now combine, [join.
And ſmyling viſions form, where bliſs and honour

Of theſe loved ſoothings this the loved retreat
Muſt now no more with dreams of bliſs decoy;
Yet here he liken ſtill himſelf to meet, [employ:
Though woes, a gloomy train, his thoughts
Oh loſt to peace, he ſighs, unhappy boy!
Oh loſt to every worth that life adorns!—
Oh loſt to peace, to elegance, and joy!
The aërial genius of the cave returns, [mourns.
Whiles in the bubbling rill the plaintive naiade

Thus as he ſpake the magic lawnſkepe roſe,
The dell, the grotto, and the broom clad hill;
See, quoth the wizard, where the knight beſtows
An houre to thought and reaſon's whiſpers ſtill;
Whiles, as a nightly viſion boding ill,
Seen with pale glymps by lonely wandering ſwayne,
Truth, gleaming through the fogs of biaſt will,
Frowns on him ſterne, and honeſt ſhame gins fayne
In her reflective glaſs his life's ignoble ſtraine.

His earlie hopes ſhe ſhews and ſhews againe;
How oft haſt thou, ſhe cries, indignant viewd
The titled cypher and his ſolemn traine,
The buſie face, and dull ſolicitude,
That, ever plodding in important mood,
Has not a ſoul to reach one noble aim, [dewd
Nor ſoul, nor wiſh—whoſe vacant mind en-
With not one talent, yet would lewdly claim
For his vile leaden buſt the ſacred wreath of fame:

Who to the patrons lawrells would aſpire,
By labouring in the Britiſh clime to rear
Thoſe arts that quencht prowd Romes patrician fire, [ſpear;
And howd her prone beneath the Gothick
Illuſtrious cares! beſitting patriot peer!
Italian ſing-ſong and the eunuchs ſquall!
Such arts as ſoothd the baſe unmanly ear
Of Greece and Perſia bending to their fall;
When freedome bled unwept, and ſcorne was glorys call.

While theſe thy breaſt with ſcorne indignant fird,
What other views before thee would diſcloſe!
As fancy painted and thy wiſh inſpird, [roſe!
What glorious ſcenes beneath thy ſhades a-
Britannias gardens here diſpell her woes,
Forming her laws, her artes, with godlike toil;
There Albion, ſmyling on her learnd repoſe,
Sees manly genius in ther influence ſmile,
And ſpread the hallowd ſtreames of virtue round the ile.

How bleſt, ah Heaven! ſuch ſelfe-approving houres,
Such views ſtill opening, ſtill extending higher,
Cares whence the ſtate derives its firmeſt powres;
And ſcenes where friendſhip ſheds his pureſt fire? [pire
And did, ah ſhame! theſe hopes in vain ex-
A morning dreame!—As lorn the ſpendthrift ſtands, [ſire,
Who ſees the fieldes bequeathd him by his

His own no more, now reapt by ſtrangers hands;
So languid muſt I view faire honours ſertile lands.

Silence would then enſue; perhaps reclind
On the greene margin of the ſtreame he lay,
While ſoftlie ſtealing on his languid mind
Th' ideal ſcene would hold a moments ſway,
And the domeſtick houre all ſmyles diſplay,
Where fixt eſteeme the ſond diſcourſe inſpires:
Now through his heart would glide the ſprightlie ray
Where married love bids light his pureſt fires,
Where elegance preſides, and wakes the young deſires.

Strait to his brawling lemman turns his mind;
Shockd he beholds the odious colours riſe,
Where ſelfiſhneſſe, low pride and ſpleen combind,
Bid every anguiſhd thought his mate deſpiſe,
His mate unformd for ſweet affections ties:
Grovling, indelicate—Stung to the heart
His indignation heaves in ſtifled ſighs;
But ſoon his paſſion burſts with ſuddein ſtart:
His children ſtrike his thoughts with lively pierſant ſmart.

The mothers baſneſſe in their deeds he ſees,
And all the wounded father ſwells his breaſt:
Suddein he leaves the cave and mantling trees,
And up the furzie hill his footſteps haſte,
While ſullenly he ſoothes his ſoul to reſt:
Meantime the opening proſpect wide he gains,
Where, crownd with oake, with meadow flowres ydreſt,
His Britiſh chaplet, buxom ſummer reigns,
And waves his mantle greene farre round the ſmyling plains.

Still as he flow aſcends, the bounteous farms,
And old grey towres of rural churches riſe,
The fields ſtill lengthening ſhew their crowded charms
In fayre perſpective and in richeſt guiſe:
His ſweeping ſcythe the white-fleecd mower plies,
The plowman through the fallow guides his teame,
Acroſſe the wheaten fielde the milkmayde hies,
To where the kine, foreby the reedy ſtreame,
With frequent lowe to plaine of their full udders ſeeme.

See, now the knight arrives where erſt an oak
Dan Æols bluſtering ſtormes did long repell,
Till witchd it was, when by an headlong ſhock,
As the hoar fathers of the village tell,
With horrid craſh on All Saints eve it fell:
But from its trunk ſoon ſprouting ſaplings roſe,
And round the parent ſtock did ſhadowy ſwell;
Now, aged trees, they bend their twiſted boughs,
And by their moſs-greene roots invite the ſwains repoſe.

Here on a bending knare he penſive leans,
And round the various lawnſkepe range his eyes:
There ſtretch the corny fieldes in various greens,
Farre as the ſight: there, to the peaceful ſkyes
The darkning pines and dewy poplars riſe:
Behind the wood a dark and heathy lea,
With ſheep faire ſpotted, farre extended lies,

With here and there a lonlie blasted tree;
And from between two hills appears the duskie sea.

Bright through the fleeting clouds the sunny ray
Shifts o'er the fields, now glids the woody dale,
The flocks now whitten, now the ocean bay
Beneath the radiance glistens clear and pale;
And white from farre appears the frequent sail,
By traffic spread. Moord where the land divides,
The British red-cross waving in the gale,
Hulky and black, a gallant warre ship rides,
And over the greene wave with lordly port presides.

Fixt on the bulwark of the British powre [air;
Long gazd the knight, with fretful languid
Then thus, indulging the reflective houre,
Pours forth his soul: Oh, glorious happy care!
To bid Britanias navies greatly dare,
And through the vassal seas triumphant reign,
To either India waft victorious warre,
To join the Poles in trades unbounded chain,
And bid the British throne the mighty whole sustain.

With what superiour lustre and command
May stedfast zeal in Albion's senate shine!
What glorious lawrells court the patriots hand!
How base the hand that can such meed decline! [mine?
And was, kind fate! to snatch these honours
Yes! greene they spred, and faire they bloomd for me;
Thy birth and duty bade the chief be thine;
Oh lost, vain trifler, lost in each degree!
Thy country never turnd her hopefull eyes on thee.

Yet, how the fielde of worth luxurious smiles!
Nor Africk yields, nor Chilys earth contains
Such funds of wealth as crown the plowmans toils,
And tinge with waving gold Britannias plains;
Even on her mountains cheerful plenty reigns,
And wildly grand her fleecy wardrope spreads.
What noble meed the honest statesman gains,
Who through these publique nerves new vigour sheds,
And bids the useful artes exalt their drooping heads:

Who, sounding on the plough and humble loome
His countrys greatness sees, on every tide,
Her fleets the umpire of the world assume,
And spread her justice as her glories wide—
Oh wonder of the world, and fairest pride,
Britannias fleet! how long shall pity mourn
And stain thy honours! from his weeping bride
And starving babes, how long inhuman torn
Shall the bold sailor mount thy decks with heart forlorn!

Forlorn with sinking heart his task he plies,
His brides distresse his restless fancy sees,
And fixing on the land his earnest eyes,
Cold is his breast and faint his manly knees.
Ah! hither turn, ye sons of courtlie ease,
And let the brave mans wrongs, let interest plead:
Say, while his arme his countrys fate decrees,
Say, shall a fathers anguish be his meed;
His wrongs unnerve his soul, and blight each mighty deed?

Whatever party boasts thy glorious name,
O thou reservd by Heavens benign decree
To blast those arts that quench the British flame,
And bid the meanest of the land be free;
Oh, much humanity shall owe to thee!
And shall that palm unenvyd still remain!
And hear, ye lordlings, each severitie,
And every woe the labouring tribes sustain,
Upbraids the man of powre, and dims his honours vain.

While thus the knights long smotherd fires broke forth,
The rousing musicke of the horne he hears
Shrill echoing through the wold; and by the north [pears;
Where bends the hill, the sounding chace appears
The hounds with glorious peal salute his ears,
And wood and dale rebound the swelling lay;
The youths on coursers fleet as fallow deers
Pour through the downs, while, foremost of the fray; [Away!
Away! the jolly huntsman cries; and echoe sounds,

Now han the beagles scourd the bushy ground,
Till where a brooke strays hollow through the bent,
When all confusd, and snuffing wyldlie round,
In vain their fretfull haste explord the scent:
But Reynards cunning all in vain was spent;
The huntsman from his stand his arts had spyd,
Had markt his doublings and his shrewd intent, [plyd
How both the bancks he trac'd, then backward
His track some twentie roods, then bounding sprong aside.

Eke had he markt where to the broome he crept,
Where, harkening everie sound, an hare was laid;
Then from the thickest bush he slylie lept,
And wary scuds along the hawthorne shade,
Till by the hills slant foot he earths his head
Amid a briarie thicket: Emblem meet
Of wylie statesman of his foes adred;
He oft misguides the peoples rage, I weet,
On others, whilst himself winds off with slie deceit.

The cunning huntsman now cheers on his pack,
The lurking hare is in an instant slain:
Then opening loud, the beagles scent the track
Right to the hill; while thondring through the plain
With blythe huzzas advaunce the jovial train:
And now the groomes and squires, cowherds and boys,
Beat round and round the brake; but all in vain [noise,
Their poles they ply, and vain their oathes and
Till plonging in his den the terrier fiercely joys.

Expelld his hole, upstarts to open sky
The villain bold, and wildly glares around;
Now here, now there, he bends his knees to fly,
As oft recoils to guard from backward wound,

His frothie jaws he grinds—with horrid ſound
The pack attonce ruſh on him: foming ire,
Fierce at his throte and ſides hangs many a hound;
His burning eyes flaſh wylde red ſparckling fire,
Whiles weltring on the ſwaird his breath and ſtrength expire.

Straight to Syr Martyns hall the hunters bend,
The knight perceives it from his oak-crownd hill,
Down the ſteep furzie height he ſlow gan wend,
With troublous thoughts keen ruminating ſtill;
While grief and ſhame by turns his boſom fill.
And now, perchd prowdlie on the topmoſt ſpray,
The ſootie blackbird chaunts his veſpers ſhrill;
While twilight ſpreads his robe of ſober grey,
And to their bowres the rooks loud cawing wing their way:

And bright behind the Cambrian mountains hore [caſt
Flames the red beam; while on the diſtant
Led by her ſtarre, the horned moone looks o'er
The bending foreſt, and with rays increaſt
Aſcends; while trembling on the dappled weſt
The purple radiance ſhifts and dies away;
The willows with a deeper green impreſt
Nod o'er the brooks; the brooks with gleamy ray [ſway,
Glide on, and holy peace aſſumes her woodland

All was repoſe, all but Syr Martyns breſt;
There, paſſions tearing guſts tempeſtuous riſe.
Are theſe, he murmurs, theſe my friends! the beſt [noiſe,
That croud my hall! the ſonnes of madning
Whoſe warmeſt friendſhip with the revel dies?
Whoſe glee it were my deareſt peace deſtroy,
Who with my woes could ſport, my wrongs deſpiſe;
Could round my coffin pledge the cup of joy,
And on my crimes even then their baſe-tongue witt employ:

Whoſe converſe, oft as fulſom bawdrie fails,
Takes up the barkings of impiety,
The ſcepticks wild disjointed dreams retails,
Theſe modern ravings of philoſophy
Made drunk, the cavil, the detected ly,
The witt of ignorance, and gloſs unfair,
Which honeſt dullneſs would with ſhame deny;
The hope of baſeneſs vaumpt in candours air:
Good Heaven! are ſuch the friends that to my hearth repair!

The man of worth ſhuns thy reputeleſſe dore;
Even the old peaſant ſhakes his ſilverd head,
Old ſaws and ſtories babbling evermore,
And adding ſtill, alas, thoſe dayes be fled!
Here indignation pauſd, when, up the glade,
Pale through the trees his houſhold ſmoke aſcends;
Wakd at the ſight, his brothers wrongs upbraid
His melting heart, and grief his boſome rends:
And now the keen reſolve its gleaming comfort lends.

Perdie, now were I bent on legends fine
My knight ſhould riſe the flowre of chivalrie,
Brave as Syr Arthegal or Valentine,
Another ſaint George England then ſhould ſee,
Britannias genius ſhould his Sabra bee,
Chaind to the rock by dragon to be ſlain;
But he the virgin princeſſe ſoon ſhould free,
And ſtretch the monſter breathleſſe on the plain;
Bribery, the dragon huge, ſhould never riſe again.

Eke ſhould he, freed from foul enchaunters ſpell
Eſcape his falſe dueſſas magicke charms,
And ſolly quaid, yclepd an hydra fell,
Receive a beauteous lady to his arms;
While bardes and minſtrales chaunt the ſoft alarms
Of gentle love, unlike his former thrall.
Eke ſhould I ſing, in courtly cunning terms,
The gallant feaſt, ſervd up by ſeneſhall,
To knights and ladies gent in painted bowre and hall.

But certes, while my tongue fayre truth indites
And does of human frailtie ſoothly tell,
Unmeet it were indulge the damtie flights
Of phantaſie, that never yet befell:
Uneath it is long habits to expell,
Ne may the beſt good heart its bliſs ſecure,
Ne may the lively powre of judging well,
In arduous worthy deed long time endure,
Where diſſipation once has fixt her footing ſure.

Such was the powre that angry Jove beſtowed
On this faire nymph: the legend thus is told.
To Dians care her life her mother owd;
Faire Dian found her naked on the wold,
Some peaſants babe, expoſed to deadlie cold
And to a favourite ſatyr gave to rear:
Then, when the nymph was fifteen ſpring-times old,
Equipt her with the bow and huntreſſe ſpear,
And of her woodland traine her made a wellcome fere.

But ill her mind received chaſt Phœbes lore,
Fain would ſhe at the chace ſtill lag behind:
One ſultry noone, as Phœbe ſped afore,
Beneath a leafy vine the nymph reclind,
And, fan my breaſt, ſhe cried, O weſtern wind!
Soon as the wiſh-for word Favonius came.
From that day forth the conſcious nymph declind
The near inſpection of the ſovereign dame;
Till mid the chace, one morne, her throes betrayd her ſhame.

Her throes with ſcorne the taunting dryads eyd,
The nymph changd colour, and hung down her head;
Still change thy bluſhing hue, the goddeſs cry'd:
Forthwith a freezing langour gan invade
Her limbs; and now, with ſuddein leaves arrayd,
A Ruſſian poppey ſhe tranſmed remains;
The various colours ever riſe and fade,
The tints ſtill ſhifting mock the painters pains;
And ſtill her drowſie meed the beauteous nymph retains.

Meanwhile his new-born elfe Favonius bore,
Soft lapt, on balmy pinions farre away;
And with the fawns, by Peneus flowery fhore,
From earlieft youth the laughing impdid play,
For ever fluttering, debonair, and gay,
And reftleffe, as the dove Deucalion lent
To fpy if peering oake did yet bewray
Its braunching head above the flooded bent;
But ydle beating round, the day in vain was fpent.

When now the nymph to riper yeares gan rife,
To fayre Parnaffus groves fhe took her flight:
There culling flowretts of a thoufand dyes,
Still did her head with tawdry girlondsdight;
As foon the wreath ill forted would fhe quight:
Ne ever did fhe climb the twyforkt hill,
Ne could her eyen explore in lofty height,
Ne did fhe ever tafte the facred rill
From infpirations fount that ever doth diftil.

Her fprightly levitie was from her fyre,
Her drowfy dulneſs from her mother fprong;
This never would allow her mind afpyre,
That never would allow her patience long,
Thus as fhe flightly rovd the lawns among,
High Jove beheld her from his ftarry feat,
And call'd her Diffipation: wylde and young
Still fhalt thou be, he faid; and this thy fate,
On man thy fleights employ, on man that proud ingrate.

All happineffe he claims his virtues dne,
And holds him injurd when my care denies
The fondling wifh, whence forrow would enfue;
And idle ftill his prayers invade my fkies:
But bold and arduous muft that virtue rife
Which I accept, no vague inconftant blaze.
Then be it thine to fpread before his eyes
Thy changing colours, and thy wyld-fire rays,
And fruitleffe ftill fhall be that virtue thou canft daze.

So fwore the god, by gloomy Styx he fwore:
The fates aſſented, and the dæmon flew
Right to the feats of men. The robe fhe wore
Was ftarrd with dewdrops, and of paleft blue;
Faire round her head playd many a beauteous hue,
As when the rainbow through the bean-flowres plays;
The fleeting tints the fwaynes with wonder view,
And ween to fnatch a prize beneath the rays;
But through the meadows dank the beauteous meteor ſtrays.

So fhone the nymph, and prank in pleafures guiſe
With wylie traines the fonnes of earth beſet;
Goodneffe of heart before her yawns and dies,
And friendfhip ever feels the drowfie fitt
Juſt when his powre to ſerve could ſerve a whitt.
And ſtill behind her march remorſe and ſhame
That never will their yron ſcourge remitt,
Whenſo the fiend reſigns her thralls to them:
Sad caſe, I weet, where ſtill oneſelfe oneſelfe muſt blame.

Long had the knight to her his powres reſignd;
In wanton dalliance firſt her nett ſhe ſpred,
And ſoon in mirthful tumult on his mind
She ſoftlie ſtole: yet, while at times he ſped
To contemplations bowre, his ſight ſhe fled;
Ne on the mountainett with him durſt bide;
Yet homewards ſtill ſhe mett him in the glade,
And in the ſocial cup did ſlily glide,
And ſtill his beſt reſolve eftſoons ſhe ſcatterd wide.

And now, as ſlowly ſauntering up the dale
He homeward wends, in heavie muſefull ſtowre,
The ſmooth deceiver gan his heart aſſail;
His heart ſoon felt the faſcinating powre:
Old Cambrias genius markt the fatal houre,
And tore the girlond from her ſea-greene hair.
The conſcious oakes above him ruſtling lowre,
And through the branches ſighs the gloomy air.
As when indignant Jove rejects the ſlamens prayer.

The dryads of the grove, that oft had fird
His opening mind with many a raptured dream,
That oft his evening wanderings had inſpird,
All by the ſilent hill or murmuring ſtream,
Forſake him now; for all as loſt they deem:
So homeward he wends; where, wrapt in jollitie,
His hall to keepen holiday mote ſeem,
And with the hunters ſoon full blythe was he,
The blytheſt wight of all that blythſome companie.

As when th' autumnal morne with ruddy hue
Looks through the glen beſprent with ſilver hore,
Acroſs the ſtubble, bruſhing off the dew,
The younkling fowler gins the fields explore,
And, wheeling oft, his pointer veres afore,
And oft, ſagacious of the tainted gale,
The fluttering bird betrays; with thundring rore
The ſhott reſounds, loud echoing through the dale;
But ſtill the younkling kills nor partridge, ſnipe, nor quail.

Yet ſtill the queint excuſe is at command;
The dog was raſh, a ſwallow twittered by,
The gun hung fire, and keenneſs ſhook his hand,
And there the wind or buſhes hurt his eye.
So can the knight his mind ſtill ſatisfye:
A lazie fiend, ſelf impoſition hight,
Still whiſpers ſome excuſe, ſome gilden lye
Himſelf did gild to cheat himſelfe outright:
God help the man betwitchd in ſuch ungracious plight.

On diſſipation ſtill this treachor waits,
Obſequiouſly behind at diſtance due;
And ſtill to diſcontents accurſed gates,
The houſe of ſorrow, theſe ungoodlike two,
Conduct their ſamty thralls—Great things to do
The knight reſolvd, but never yet could find
The proper time, while ſtill his miſeries grew:

And now theſe demons of the captive mind
Him to the drery cave of diſcontent reſignd.

Deep in the wyldes of Faerie Lond it lay;
Wide was the mouth, the roofe all rudely rent;
Some parts receive, and ſome exclude the day,
For deep beneath the hill its caverns went:
The ragged walls with lightning ſeemd ybrent,
And loathlie vermin ever crept the flore:
Yet all in fight, with towres and caſtles gent,
A beauteous lawnſkepe roſe afore the dore,
The which to view ſo fayre the captives grieved ſore.

All by the gate, beneath a pine ſhade bare,
An owl-frequented bowre, ſome tents were ſpred;
Here ſat a throng, with eager furious ſtare
Rattling the dice; and there, with eyes half dead, [red,
Some drowſie dronkards, looking black and
Dozd out their days: and by the path-way green [ſped,
A ſprightlie troupe ſtill onward heedleſſe
In chace of butterflies alert and keen
Honours, and wealth, and powre, their butterflies I ween.

And oft, diſguſtfull of their various cares,
Into the cave they wend with ſullen pace;
Each to his meet apartment dernly fares;
Here, all in raggs, in piteous plight moſt bace, [grace.
The dronkard ſitts; there, ſhent with foul diſ-
The thriftleſſe heir; and o'er his reeking blade
Red with his friends heart gore, in woefull cace
The duelliſt raves; and there, on vetchie bed,
Crazd with his vain purſuits, the maniack bends his head.

Yet round his gloomy cell with chalk he ſcrawls
Ships, coaches, crownes, and eke the gallow tree,
All that he wiſhd or feard his ghaſtly walls
Preſent him ſtill, and mock his miſerie.
And there, ſelf-doomd, his curſed ſelf to flee,
The gameſter hangs in corner murk and dread;
Nigh to the ground bends his ungracious knee;
His drooping armes and white-reclining head
Lim ſeen, cold horror gleams athwart th' unhallowed ſhade.

Near the dreare gate, beneath the rifted rock,
The keeper of the cave all haggard ſatt,
His pining corſe a reſtleſſe ague ſhook,
And bliſtering ſores did all his carkas frett:
And with himſelfe he ſeemd in keen debate;
For ſtill the muſcles of his mouth he drew
Ghaſtly and fell; and ſtill with deepe regrate
He lookd him around, as if his heart did rew
His former deeds, and mournd full ſore his ſores to view.

Yet not himſelf, but Heavens Great King he blamd,
And dard his wiſdom and his will arraign;
For boldly he the ways of God blaſphemd,
And of blind governaunce did loudly plain,
While vild ſelf-pity would his eyes diſtrain,
As when an wolfe, entrapt on village ground,
In dread of death ygnaws his limb in twain,
And views with ſcalding tears his bleeding wound,
Such fierce ſelfe-pity ſtill this wights dire portaunce crownd.

Near by there ſtood an hamlett in the dale,
Where, in the ſilver age, content did wonne;
This now was his: yet all mote nought avail,
His loathing eyes that place did ever ſhun;
But ever through his neighbours lawns would run,
Where every goodlie fielde thrice goodlie ſeemd.
Such was this weary wight all woe-begone;
Such was his life; and thus of things he deemd;
And ſuch like was his cave that all with ſorrowes teemd.

To this fell carle gay diſſipation led,
And in his dreary purlieus left the knight.
From the dire cave fain would the knight have fled,
And fain recalld the treachrous nymph from flight,
But now the late obtruder ſhuns his ſight,
And dearly muſt be wooed: hard by the den,
Where liſtleſs Bacchus had his tents ypight,
A tranſient viſit ſometimes would he gain,
While wine and merry ſong beguild his inward pain.

Yet, ever as he reard his ſlombering head,
The ghaſtly tyrant at his couch ſtood near;
And ay with ruthleſs clamour gan upbraid,
And words that would his very heartſtrings tear:
See now, he ſayes, where ſetts thy vain career:
Approaching elde now wings its cheerleſſe way,
Thy fruitleſſe autumn gins to blaunche thy heare,
And aged winter aſks from youth its ſtay;
But thine comes poore of joy, comes with unhonoured gray.

Thou haſt no friend!—ſtill on the worthleſſe train [paid;
Thy kindneſſe flowd, and ſtill with ſcorne re-
Even ſhe on whom thy favours heapt remain,
Even ſhe regards thee with a boſome dead
To kindly paſſion, and by motives led
Such as the planter of his negroe deems;
What profit ſtill can of the wretch be made
Is all his care, of more he never dreams:
So farre remote from her, thy troubles ſhe eſteems.

Thy children too! Heavens! what a hopeleſſe ſight;
Ah, wretched ſyre!—but ever from this ſcene
The wretched ſyre precipitates his flight,
And in the bowls wyld fever ſhuns his teene,
So paſs his dayes, while what he might have been
Its beauteous views does every morne preſent:
So paſſe his dayes, while ſtill the raven ſpleen
Croaks in his eares, the brighteſt parts miſpent
Beget an hoarie age of griefe and diſcontent.

But boaſt not of ſuperior ſhrewd addreſſe,
Ye who can calmly ſpurn the ruind mayd,
Ye who unmovd can view the deepe diſtreſſe
That cruſhes to the duſt the parents head,
And rends that eaſie heart by you betrayd,

Boaſt not that ye his numerous woes eſkew;
Ye who unawd the nuptial couch invade,
Boaſt not his weakneſſe with contempt to view;
For worthy is he ſtill compard, perdie, to you.

# GLOSSARY.

A.

*ACCLOYD*, diſguſted, cloyed.
*Adred*, frightened. Anglo. Sax. *Adrædan.*
*Agone*, ago.
*Albee*, although.
*Als*, alſo.
*Arread*, interpret.
*Attonce*, at once, together.
*Atweene*, between.
*Ay*, always.

B.

*Bale*, harm, ſorrow.
*Beene*, frequently uſed by the old poets for the indicative imperfect of the verb *To be.*
*Beſeene*, becoming.
*Blin*, ceaſe, *blinnan.* Sax.
*Brede*, to knit, plait, *bredan.* Sax.

C

*Carle*, old man.
*Certes*, certainly, truly.
*Chorle*, a peaſant.
*Clept*, called, named.
*Covetiſe*, avarice.

D.

*Dan*, a prefix, *quaſi* Mr.
*Dearling*, darling.
*Deſly*, neatly, finely.
*Depeinten*, figured, diſplayed.
*Dearnly*, ſadly, ſecretly.
*Dight*, adorned, clad.
*Dreare*, diſmal, frightful.

E.

*Eftſoons*, by and bye, forthwith.
*Eke*, alſo.
*Eld*, age.
*Elfe*, young one, child.
*Erſt*, formerly.
*Eyen*, eyes.

F.

*Fay*, fairy.
*Frytor*, villain, deceiver.
*Fae*, companion.
*Forby*, beſide, near to.
*Fordone*, undone, ruined.
*Forefend*, to guard beforehand.
*Fray*, tumult, buſtle.
*Frayd*, afraid.

G.

*Geer*, furniture, tackle.
*Gent*, fine, noble.
*Gin, gan*, begin, began.
*Glen*, a dell, a hollow, between two hills.
*Goody*, a countrywoman.

H.

*Han*, preterite plural of the verb, *To have.*
*Heare*, hair. Often uſed by Spenſer.
*Hight*, called, is called, was called, or named.
*Hoyden*, ſlattern, coarſe.

I.

*Imp*, infant, child.
*Jolliment*, merriment.

K.

*Ken*, v. to ſee.
*Knare*, a knotty arm of a tree. *Dryd.*

L.

*Leach*, phyſician.
*Lemman*, miſtreſs, concubine.
*Lever*, rather.
*Lewdly*, baſely, fooliſhly.
*Liefeſt*, deareſt.

M.

*Malengines*, perſons villainouſly employed, toad-eaters.
*Meint*, mingled.
*Merrimake*, paſtime.
*Mery*, pleaſant.
*Moe*, more.
*Mote*, v. might, *mot.* Sax.
*Murk*, dark.

N.

*Nathemore*, not the more.
*Nathleſſe*, nevertheleſs, *natheles.* Sax.
*Native*, natural.
*Ne*, nor.
*Nolens volens*, willing, or unwilling.

P.

*Perdie*, an aſſervation, *quaſi* verily.
*Pierſant*, piercing.
*Portaunce*, behaviour, manner.
*Prankt*, adorned.
*Propine*, recompenſe.

Q.

*Quaid*, quelled, conquered.
*Quight*, to quit, leave.

R.

*Read*, to warn, to propheſy.
*Recks*, heeds, cares for.
*Requere*, require. Often uſed by Spenſer.
*Rew*, to repent.
*Ruth, ruthleſs*, pity, pityleſs.

S.

*Salews*, ſalutes.
*Sell*, ſaddle.
*Semblaunce*, appearance.
*Seneſchall*, maſter of ceremonies, ſteward.

*Sheen*, bright, shining, fine.
*Shent*, disgraced, *scende scendid.* Sax.
*Skyen*, adj. Sky.
*Sooth, soothly*, truth, truly.
*Stownd*, } emotion, fit, stir, *seyrian.* Sax.
*Stowre*, }
*Straine*, tenor.
*Sues*, pursues, follows.

T.

*Teen*, grief, sorrow.
*Thewes*, habits, manners.
*Thilk*, this, that.
*Traines*, devices, traps.
*Transmewd*, changed, transformed.
*Treachor*, traitor, deceiver.
*Troublous*, troublesome.

U.

*Uneath*, not easy, difficult.

V.

*Vild*, vile.

W

*Wareles*, unsuspecting.
*Wassal*, festive.
*Ween, weend*, or *wend*, think, deemed.
*Wend*, move, go.
*Weet*, much the same as *ween.*
*Weetles*, thoughtless.
*Whilom* formerly, *hwilum.* Sax.
*a Whitt*, a jot, any thing, *hwit aliquid.*
*Whileare*, erewhile, *hwilæan.* Sax.
*Wight*, person, *wiht.* Sax.
*Wilding*, the crab-tree.
*Wonne*, to dwell.
*Wreathfull*, revengeful.

Y.

*Yblends*, mixes.
*Yblent*, blinded.
*Yorent*, burnt.
*Yclept*, called, named.
*Yfere*, together.
*Ygoe*, formerly.
*Yode*, went.
*Youthhede, quasi* youthhood.
*Youthly*, lively, youthful.
*Ypight*, placed, fixed.
*Ywis*, truly, verily.

The letter *Y* in all the old English poets is frequently prefixed to verbs and verbal adjectives, but without any particular signification. The use of it is purely Saxon, though after the Conquest the *ge* gave place to the Norman *y*. It is always to be pronounced as the pronoun *ye*.

Spenser has also frequently followed the Saxon formation, in adding the letter *N* to his verbs, as *tellen, worken*, &c. When affixed to a substantive, it forms the plural number, as *eyen*, eyes, &c.

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# MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

## AN ELEGY.

Quod tibi vitæ sors detraxit,
Fama adjiciet posthuma laudi;
Nostris longum tu dolor et honor.

THE balmy zephyrs o'er the woodland stray,
And gently stir the bosom of the lake:
The fawns that panting in the covert lay,
Now through the gloomy park their revels take.

Pale rise the rugged hills that skirt the north,
The wood glows yellow'd by the evening rays,
Silent and beauteous flows the silver Forth,
And Annan murmuring through the willows strays.

But, ah! what means this silence in the grove,
Where oft the wild notes sooth'd the love-sick boy?
Why cease in Mary's bower the songs of love?
The songs of love, of innocence, of joy!

When bright the lake reflects the setting ray,
The sportive virgins tread the flowery green;
Here by the moon full oft in cheerful May,
The merry bride-maids at the dance are seen.

But who these nymphs that through the copse appear
In robes of white adorn'd with violet blue?
Fondly with purple flowers they deck yon bier,
And wave in solemn pomp the boughs of yew.

Supreme in grief, her eye confus'd with woe,
Appears the lady of the aerial train,
Tall as the sylvan goddess of the bow,
And fair as she who wept Adonis slain.

Such was the pomp when Gilead's virgin band,
Wandering by Judah's flowery mountains wept,
And with fair Iphis by the hallow'd strand
Of Siloe's brook a mournful Sabbath kept.

By the resplendent cross with thistles twin'd,
'Tis Mary's guardian genius lost in woe,
"Ah, say what deepest wrongs have thus com-
"bin'd [snow!
"To heave with restless sighs thy breast of

" Oh ſtay, ye dryads, nor unfiniſh'd fly
" Your ſolemn rites! here comes no foot pro-
" fane!
" The muſe's ſon, and hallow'd is his eye,
" Implores your ſtay, implores to join the ſtrain.

" See from her cheek the glowing life bluſh flies!
" Alas, what faultering ſounds of woe be theſe!
" Ye nymphs who fondly watch her languid eyes,
" Oh ſay what muſic will her ſoul appeaſe!

" Reſound the ſolemn dirge," the nymphs reply,
" And let the turtles moan in Mary's bower;
" Let grief indulge her grand ſublimity,
" And melancholy wake her melting power.

" For art has triumph'd---Art, that never ſtood
" On honour's ſide, or generous tranſport knew,
" Has dy'd its haggard hands in Mary's blond,
" And o'er her fame has breath'd its blighting
" dew.

" But come ye nymphs, ye woodland ſpirits
" come,
" And with funereal flowers your treſſes braid,
" While in this hallowed bower we raiſe the
" tomb,
" And conſecrate the ſong to Mary's ſhade.

" O ſing what ſmiles her youthful morning wore,
" Her's every charm, and every loveliеſt grace,
" When nature's happieſt touch could add no
" more,
" Heaven lent an angel's beauty to her face.

" O! whether by the moſs-grown buſhy dell,
" Where from the oak depends the miſletoe,
" Where creeping ivy ſhades the druids' cell,
" Where from the rock the gurgling waters
" flow:

" Or whether ſportive o'er the cowſlip beds,
" You through the fairy dales of Teviot glide,
" Or bruſh the primroſe banks, while Cynthia
" ſheds
" Her ſilv'ry light o'er Eſk's tranſcendent tide:

" Hither, ye gentle guardians of the fair,
" By virtue's tears, by weeping beauty, come;
" Unbind the feſtive robes, unbind the hair,
" And wave the Cyprus bough at Mary's tomb.

" And come, ye fleet magicians of the air,
" The mournful lady of the chorus cried;
" Your airy tints of baleful hue prepare,
" And through this grove bid Mary's fortunes
" glide:

" And let the ſongs, with ſolemn harpings join'd,
" And wailing notes, unfold the tale of woe!"
She ſpoke, and waking through the breathing
wind,
From lyres unſeen the ſolemn harpings flow.

The ſong began---" How bright her early morn!
" What laſting joys her ſmiling fate portends!
" To wield the awful Britiſh ſceptres born!
" And Gaul's young heir her bridal-bed aſ-
" cends.

" See, round her bed, light floating on the air,
" The little loves their purple wings diſplay;
" When ſudden, ſhrieking at the diſmal glare
" Of funeral torches, far they ſpeed away.

" Far with the loves each bliſsful omen ſpeeds,
" Her eighteenth April hears her widow'd
" moan,
" The bridal-bed the ſable herſe ſucceeds,
" And ſtruggling factions ſhake her native
" throne.

" No more a goddeſs in the ſwimming dance,
" May'ſt thou, O queen! thy lovely form diſ-
" play;
" No more thy beauty reign the charm of France,
" Nor in Verſailles' proud bowers outſhine the
" day.

" For the cold north the trembling ſails are ſpread;
" Ah, what drear horrors gliding through thy
" breaſt!
" While from thy weeping eyes fair Gallia fled,
" Thy future woes in boding ſighs confeſt*!

" A nation ſtern and ſtubborn to command,
" And now convuls'd with faction's fierceſt
" rage,
" Commits its ſceptre to thy gentle hand,
" And aſks a bridle from thy tender age."

As weeping thus they ſung, the omens roſe,
Her native ſhore receives the mournful queen;
November wind o'er the bare landſcape blows,
In hazy gloom the ſea-wave ſkirts the ſcene.

The houſe of Holy-Rood, in ſullen ſtate,
Bleak in the ſhade of rude pil'd rocks appears;
Cold on the mountain's ſide, the type of fate,
Its ſhattered walls a Romiſh chapel rears.

No nodding grove here waves the ſheltering
bough;
O'er the dark vale, prophetic of her reign,
Beneath the carving mountain's craggy brow
The dreary echoes to the gales complain:

Beneath the gloomy clouds of rolling ſmoke,
The high pil'd city rears her Gothic towers;
The ſtern brow'd caſtle, from his lofty rock,
Looks ſcornful down, and fix'd defiance lours †.

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* *The unhapty Mary, in her infancy, was ſent to France to the care of her mother's family, the houſe of Guiſe. The French Court was at that time the gayeſt and moſt gallant of Europe. Here the princeſs of Scotland was educated with all the diſtinction due to her high rank; and as ſoon as years would allow, ſhe was married to the Dauphin, afterwards Francis: and on the death of this monarch, which cloſed a ſhort reign, the politics of the houſe of Guiſe required the return of the young queen to Scotland. She left France with tears and the utmoſt reluctance; and on her landing in her native kingdom, the different appearance of the country awakened all her regret, and affected her with a melancholy which ſeemed to forebode her future misfortunes.*

† *Theſe circumſtances deſcriptive of the environs of Holy-Rood-Houſe, are local; yet, however dreary the unimproved November view may*

Domeſtic bliſs, that dear, that ſovereign joy,
Far from her heart was ſeen to ſpeed away;
Strait dark brow'd factions entering in, deſtroy
The ſeeds of peace, and mark her for their prey.

No more by moon-ſhine to the nuptial bower
Her Francis comes, by love's ſoft fetters led;
Far other ſpouſe now wakes her midnight hour *,
Enrag'd, and reeking from the harlot's bed.

" Ah! draw the veil!" ſhrill trembles through the air:
The veil was drawn—but darker ſcenes aroſe,
Another † nuptial couch the fates prepare,
The baleful teeming ſource of deeper woes.

The bridal torch her evil angel wav'd,
Far from the couch offended prudence fled;
Of deepeſt crimes deceitful faction rav'd,
And rous'd her trembling from the fatal bed.

The hinds are ſeen in arms, and glittering ſpears,
Inſtead of crooks, the Grampian ſhepherds wield;
Fanatic rage the ploughman's viſage wears,
And red with ſlaughter lies the harveſt field.

From Borthwick field, deſerted and forlorn,
The beauteous queen all tears is ſeen to fly;
Now ‡ through the ſtreets a weeping captive borne,
Her woe the triumph of the vulgar eye.

Again the viſion ſhifts the woeful ſcene;
Again forlorn from rebel arms ſhe flies,
And, unſuſpecting, on a ſiſter queen,
The lovely, injur'd fugitive relies.

When wiſdom, baffled, owns th' attempt in vain,
Heaven oft delights to ſet the virtuous free;
Some friend appears and breaks affliction's chain:
But ah, no generous friend appears for thee

A priſon's ghaſtly walls and grated cells
Deform'd the airy ſcenery as it paſt;
The haunt where liſtleſs melancholy dwells,
Where every genial feeling ſinks aghaſt.

No female eye her fickly bed to tend!
" Ah ceaſe to tell it in the female ear!
" A woman's ſtern command! a proffer'd friend!
" Oh generous paſſion, peace, forbear, forbear!

" And could, oh Tudor! could thy heart retain
" No ſoftening thought of what thy woes had
" been; [vain
" When thou, the heir of England's crown, in
" Didſt ſue the mercy of a tyrant queen?

" And could no pang from tender memory wake,
" And feel thoſe woes that once had been thine
" own;
" No pleading tear to drop for Mary's ſake,
" For Mary's ſake, the heir of England's throne?

" Alas! no pleading touch thy memory knew,
" Dry'd were the tears which for thyſelf had
" flow'd;
" Dark politics alone engag'd thy view;
" With female jealouſy thy boſom glow'd.

" And ſay, did wiſdom own thy ſtern command?
" Did honour wave his banner o'er the deed?
" Ah!---Mary's fate thy name ſhall ever brand,
" And ever o'er her woes ſhall pity bleed.

" The babe that prattled on his nurſe's knee,
" When firſt thy woeful captive hours began,
" Ere heaven, oh hapleſs Mary, ſet thee free,
" That babe to battle march'd in arms---a
" man."

An awful pauſe enſues---with ſpeaking eyes,
And hands half-rais'd, the guardian wood-nymphs wait;
While ſlow and ſad the airy ſcenes ariſe,
Stain'd with the laſt deep woes of Mary's fate.

With dreary black hung round the hall appears,
The thirſty ſaw-duſt ſtrews the marble floor,
Blue gleams the ax, the block its ſhoulders rears,
And pikes and halberds guard the iron door.

The clouded moon her dreary glimpſes ſhed,
And Mary's maids, a mournful train, paſs by;
Languid they walk, and penſive hang the head,
And ſilent tears pace down from every eye.

Serene and nobly mild appears the queen;
She ſmiles on Heaven, and bows the injur'd head:
The ax is lifted---from the deathful ſcene
The guardians turn'd, and all the picture fled---

It fled: the wood-nymphs o'er the diſtant lawn,
As wrapt in viſion, dart their earneſt eyes;
So when the huntſman hears the rattling fawn,
He ſtands impatient of the ſtarting prize.

The ſovereign dame her awful eye-balls roll'd,
As Cuma's maid when by the god inſpir'd;
" The depth of ages to my ſight unfold,"
She cries, and Mary's meed my breaſt has fir'd.

" On Tudor's throne her ſons ſhall ever reign,
" Age after age ſhall ſee their flag unfurl'd,
" With ſovereign pride wherever roars the main,
" Stream to the wind, and awe the trembling
" world.

" Nor Britain's ſceptre ſhall they wield alone,
" Age after age through length'ning time ſhall
" ſee
" Her branching race on Europe's every throne,
" And either India bend to them the knee.

---

*appear, the conniſſeur in gardening will perceive that plantation, and the efforts of art, could eaſily convert the proſpect into an agreeable and moſt romantic ſummer landſcape.*

* *Lord Darnley, the handſomeſt man of his age, but a worthleſs debauchee of no abilities.*

† *Her marriage with the Earl of Bothwell, an unprincipled politician of great addreſs.*

‡ *When ſhe was brought priſoner through the ſtreets of Edinburgh, ſhe ſuffered almoſt every indignity which an outrageous mob could offer. Her perſon was bedaubed with mire, and her ear inſulted with every term of vulgar abuſe. Even Buchanan ſeems to drop a tear when he relates theſe circumſtances.*

" But Tudor, as a fruitleſs gourd, ſhall die ;
" I ſee her death-ſcene on the lowly floor :
" Dreary ſhe ſits, cold grief has glaz'd her eye,
" And anguiſh gnaws her till ſhe breathes no
" more."

But hark!---loud howling through the midnight gloom,
Faction is rous'd, and ſends the baleful yell !
Oh ſave, ye generous few, your Mary's tomb !
Oh ſave her aſhes from the baleful ſpell !

" And, lo ! where time with brighten'd face ſe-
" rene
" Points to yon far, but glorious opening ſky ;
" See truth walk forth, majeſtic awful queen !
" And party's blackening miſts before her fly.

" Falſehood unmaſk'd withdraws her ugly train,
" And Mary's virtues all illuſtrious ſhine---
" Yes, thou haſt friends, the godlike and humane
" Of lateſt ages, injur'd queen, are thine."

The milky ſplendours of the dawning ray,
Now through the grove a trembling radiance ſhed ;
With ſprightly note the woodlark hail'd the day,
And with the moonſhine all the viſion fled.

## KNOWLEDGE: AN ODE.

S. ANN. ÆT. AUCT. 18.

*Ducit in errorem variorum ambage viarum.*
OVID.

HIGH on a hill's green boſom laid,
At eaſe my careleſs fancy ſtray'd,
And o'er the landſcape ran :
Reviv'd, what ſcenes the ſeaſons ſhow ;
And weigh'd, what ſhare of joy or woe
Is doom'd to toiling man.

The nibbling flocks around me bleat ;
The oxen low beneath my ſeet,
Along the clover'd dale ;

The golden ſheaves the reapers bind,
The ploughman whiſtles near behind,
And breaks the new mown vale.

" Hail knowledge ! gift of heaven !" I cried,
" E'en all the gifts of heaven beſide,
" Compar'd to thee how low !
" The bleſſings of the earth, and all
" The beaſts of fold and foreſt ſhare,
" But godlike beings know.

" How mean the ſhort-liv'd joys of ſenſe ;
" But how ſublime the excellence
" Of wiſdom's ſacred lore !
" In death's deep ſhades what nations lie,
" Yet ſtill can wiſdom's piercing eye
" Their mighty deeds explore.

" She ſees the little Spartan band,
" With great Leonidas, withſtand
" The Aſian world in arms ;
" She hears the heav'nly ſounds that hung
" On Homer's and on Plato's tongue,
" And glows at Tully's charms.

" The wonders of the ſpacious ſky,
" She penetrates with Newton's eye,
" And marks the planets' roll :
" The human mind with Locke ſhe ſcans ;
" With Cambray, virtue's fame ſhe fans,
" And lifts to heaven the ſoul.

" How matter takes ten thouſand forms
" Of metals, plants, of men and worms ;
" She joys to trace with Boyle.
" This life ſhe deems an infant ſtate,
" A gleam, that bodes a life complete,
" Beyond the mortal toil.

" What numerous ills in life befal!
" Yet wiſdom learns to ſcorn them all,
" And arms the breaſt with ſteel :
" E'en death's pale face no horror wears ;
" But ah ! what horrid pangs and fears
" Unknowing wretches feel !

" That breaſt excels proud Ophir's mines,
" And fairer than the morning ſhines,
" Where wiſdom's treaſures glow :
" But ah ! how void yon peaſant's mind,
" His thoughts how darken'd and confin'd,
" Nor cares he more to know.

" The laſt two tenants of the ground,
" Of ancient times his hiſtory bound ;
" Alas ! it ſcarce goes higher :
" In vain to him is Maro's ſtrain,
" And Shakſpeare's magic powers in vain ;
" In vain is Milton's fire.

" Nor ſun by day, nor ſtars by night,
" Can give his ſoul the grand delight
" To trace Almighty power :
" His team thinks juſt as much as he
" Of nature's vaſt variety,
" In animal and flower."

As thus I ſung, a ſolemn ſound
Accoſts mine ear ; I look'd around,
And lo ! an ancient ſage,

---

*The author of this little poem to the memory of an unhappy princeſs, is unwilling to enter into the controverſy reſpecting her guilt or her innocence. Suffice it only to obſerve, that the following facts may be proved to demonſtration:---The letters which have always been eſteemed the principal proofs of Queen Mary's guilt, are forged. Buchanan, on whoſe authority Francis, and other hiſtorians, have condemned her, has falſified ſeveral circumſtances of her hiſtory, and has cited againſt her public records which never exiſted, as has been lately proved to demonſtration. And, to add no more, the treatment ſhe received from her illuſtrious couſin was dictated by a policy truly Machiavelian,---a policy which trampled on the obligations of honour, of humanity and morality. From whence it may be inferred, that, to expreſs the indignation at the cruel treatment of Mary, which hiſtory muſt ever inſpire, and to drop a tear over her ſufferings, is not unworthy of a writer who would appear in the cauſe of virtue.*

Hard by an ivy'd oak ſtood near,
That fenc'd the cave, where many a year
Had been his hermitage.

His mantle gray flow'd looſe behind,
His ſnowy beard wav'd to the wind,
And added ſolemn grace;
His broad bald front gave dignity,
Attention mark'd his lively eye,
And peace ſmil'd in his face.

He beckon'd with his wrinkled hand;
My ear was all at his command,
And thus the ſage began:
" Godlike it is to know, I own;
" But oh! how little can be known,
" By poor ſhort-ſighted man.

" Go, mark the ſchools where letter'd pride,
" And ſtar-crown'd ſcience boaſtful guide,
" Diſplay their faireſt light;
" There, led by ſome pale meteor's ray,
" That leaves them oft, the ſages ſtray,
" And grope in endleſs night.

" Of wiſdom proud, yon ſage exclaims,
" Virtue and vice are merely names,
" And changing every hour;
" Aſhley, how loud in virtue's praiſe!
" Yet Aſhley with a kiſs betrays,
" And ſtrips her of her dower.

" Hark, Bollingbroke his God arraigns;
" Hobbes ſmiles on vice; Deſcartes maintains
" A godleſs paſſive cauſe.
" See Bayle oft ſlily ſhifting round,
" Would fondly fix on ſceptic ground,
" And change, O truth, thy laws!

" And what the joy this love beſtows,
" Alas, no joy, no hope it knows
" Above what beſtials claim:
" To quench our nobleſt native fire,
" That bids to nobler worlds aſpire,
" Is all its hope, its aim.

" Not Afric's wilds, nor Babel's waſte,
" Where ignorance her tents hath plac'd,
" More diſmal ſcene diſplay;
" A ſcene where virtue ſickening dies,
" Where vice to dark extinction flies,
" And ſpurns the future day.

" Wiſdom, you boaſt to you is given;
" At night then mark the fires of heaven,
" And let thy mind explore;
" Swift as the lightning let it fly,
" From ſtar to ſtar, from ſky to ſky,
" Still, ſtill, are millions more.

" Th' immenſe ideas ſtrike the ſoul
" With pleaſing horror, and controul
" Thy wiſdom's empty boaſt,
" What are they?—Thou canſt never ſay:
" Then ſilent adoration pay,
" And be in wonder loſt.

" Say, how the ſelf-ſame roots produce
" The wholeſome food and poiſonous juice;
" And adders balſams yield;
" How fierce the lurking tyger glares,
" How mild the heifer with thee ſhares
" The labours of the field?

" Why growling to his den retires
" The ſullen pard, while joy inſpires
" You happy ſportive lambs?
" Now ſcatter'd o'er the hill they ſtray,
" Now weary of their gambling play,
" All ſingle out their dams.

" Inſtinct directs—but what is that?
" Fond man, thou never canſt ſay what:
" Oh ſhort thy ſearches fall!
" By ſtumbling chance, and ſlow degrees,
" The uſeful arts of men increaſe,
" But this at once is all.

" A trunk firſt floats along the deep,
" Long ages ſtill improve the ſhip,
" 'Till ſhe commands the ſhore,
" But never bird improv'd her neſt,
" Each all at once of powers poſſeſt,
" Which ne'er can riſe to more.

" That down the ſteep the waters flow,
" That weight deſcends, we ſee, we know,
" But why, can ne'er explain;
" Then humbly weighing nature's laws,
" To God's high will aſcribe the cauſe,
" And own thy wiſdom vain.

" For ſtill the more thou know'ſt, the more
" Shalt thou the vanity deplore
" Of all thy ſoul can find.
" This life a ſickly woeful dream,
" A burial of the ſoul will ſeem,
" A palſy of the mind.

" Though knowledge ſcorns the peaſant's fear,
" Alas, it points the ſecret ſpear
" Of many a nameleſs woe.
" Thy delicacy dips the dart
" In rankling gall, and gives a ſmart
" Beyond what he can know.

" How happy then the ſimple mind
" Of yon unknown and labouring hind,
" Where all is ſmiling peace!
" No thoughts of more exalted joy
" His preſent bliſs one hour deſtroy,
" Nor rob one moment's eaſe.

" The ſtings neglected merit feels,
" The pangs the virtuous man conceals,
" When cruſh'd by wayward fate.
" Theſe are not found beneath his roof,
" Againſt them all ſecurely proof,
" Heaven guards his humble ſtate.

" Knowledge or wealth to few are given,
" But mark how juſt the ways of Heaven;
" True joy to all is free,
" Nor wealth nor knowledge grant the boon.
" 'Tis thine, O conſcience, thine alone,
" It all belongs to thee!

" Bleſt in thy ſmiles the ſhepherd lives;
" Gay is his morn; his evening gives
" Content and ſweet repoſe
" Without them—ever, ever cloy'd
" To ſage or chief, one weary void
" Is all that life beſtows.

" Then would'ſt thou mortal riſe divine,
" Let innocence of ſoul be thine,
" With active goodneſs join'd;

" My heart ſhall then confeſs thee bleſt,
" And ever lively, joyful taſte
" The pleaſures of the mind."

So ſpake the ſage: my heart reply'd,
" How poor, how blind is human pride,
" All joy how falſe and vain:
" But that from conſcious worth which flows,
" Which gives the death-bed ſweet repoſe,
" And hopes an after reign."

## HENGIST AND MEY.

A BALLAD.

*Hæc novimus eſſe nihil.*

In ancient days when Arthur reign'd,
Sir Elmer had no peer;
And no young knight in all the land,
The ladies lov'd ſo dear.

His ſiſter Mey, the faireſt maid
Of all the virgin train,
Won every heart at Arthur's court;
But all their love was vain.

In vain they lov'd, in vain they vow'd,
Her heart they could not move;
Yet at the evening hour of prayer,
Her mind was loſt in love.

The abbeſs ſaw---the abbeſs knew,
And urg'd her to explain;
" O name the gentle youth to me,
" And his conſent I'll gain."

Long urg'd, long tir'd, fair Mey reply'd,
" His name—how can I ſay?
" An angel from the fields above,
" Has rapt my heart away.

" But once, alas! and never more,
" His lovely form I ſpy'd;
" One evening by the ſounding ſhore,
" All by the greenwood ſide.

" His eyes to mine the love confeſt,
" That glow'd with mildeſt grace;
" His courtly mien and purple veſt,
" Beſpoke his princely race.

" But when he heard my brother's horn,
" Faſt to his ſhips he fled;
" Yet while I ſleep, his graceful form
" Still hovers round my bed.

" Sometimes all clad in armour bright,
" He ſhakes a warlike lance;
" And now in courtly garments dight,
" He leads the ſprightly dance.

" His hair, as black as raven's wing;
" His ſkin---as Chriſtmas ſnow;
" His cheeks outvie the bluſh of morn,
" His lips like roſe-buds glow.

" His limbs, his arms, his ſtature, ſhap'd
" By nature's fineſt hand;
" His ſparkling eyes declare him born
" To love, and to command."

The live-long year fair Mey bemoan'd
Her hopeleſs pining love:
But when the balmy ſpring return'd,
And ſummer cloth'd the grove;

All round by pleaſant Humber ſide,
The Saxon banners flew,
And to Sir Elmer's caſtle gates,
The ſpearmen came in view.

Fair bluſh'd the morn, when Mey look'd o'er
The caſtle walls ſo ſheen;
And lo! the warlike Saxon youth
Were ſporting on the green.

There Hengiſt, Offa's eldeſt ſon,
Lean'd on his burniſh'd lance,
And all the armed youth around,
Obey'd his manly glance.

His locks, as black as raven's wing,
Adown his ſhoulders flow'd;
His cheeks outvy'd the bluſh of morn,
His lips like roſe-buds glow'd.

And ſoon the lovely form of Mey
Has caught his piercing eyes;
He gives the ſign, the bands retire,
While big with love he ſighs.

" Oh thou, for whom I dar'd the ſeas;
" And came with peace or war!
" Oh, by that croſs that veils thy breaſt,
" Relieve thy lover's care!

" For thee I'll quit my father's throne;
" With thee the wilds explore;
" Or with thee ſhare the Britiſh crown;
" With thee the croſs adore."

Beneath the timorous virgin bluſh,
With love's ſoft warmth ſhe glows;
So, bluſhing through the dews of morn,
Appears the opening roſe.

'Twas now the hour of morning pray'r,
When men their ſins bewail,
And Elmer heard King Arthur's horn,
Shrill ſounding through the dale.

The pearly tears from Mey's bright eyes,
Like April dew-drops fell,
When with a parting dear embrace,
Her brother bade farewell.

The croſs with ſparkling diamonds bright,
That veil'd the ſnowy breaſt,
With prayers to Heaven her lily hands
Have fix'd on Elmer's veſt.

Now, with five hundred bowmen true,
He's march'd acroſs the plain;
Till with his gallant yeomandrie,
He join'd King Arthur's train.

Full forty thouſand Saxon ſpears,
Came glittering down the hill,
And with their ſhouts and clang of arms,
The diſtant valleys fill.

Old Offa, dreſs'd in Odin's garb,
Aſſum'd the hoary god;
And Hengiſt, like the warlike Thor,
Before the horſemen rode.

With dreadful rage the combat burns,
The captains ſhout amain;
And Elmer's tall victorious ſpear
Far glances o'er the plain.

To ſtop its courſe young Hengiſt flew,
Like lightning o'er the field;
And ſoon his eyes the well-known croſs
On Elmer's veſt beheld.

The ſlighted lover ſwell'd his breaſt,
His eyes ſhot living fire;
And all his martial heat before,
To this was mild deſire.

On his imagin'd rival's front,
With whirlwind ſpeed he preſt,
And glancing to the ſun, his ſword
Reſounds on Elmer's creſt.

The foe gave way, the princely youth
With heedleſs rage purſu'd,
Till trembling in his cloven helm,
Sir Elmer's javelin ſtood.

He bow'd his head---ſlow dropt his ſpear;
The reins ſlipt through his hand,
And ſtain'd with blood---his ſtately corſe
Lay breathleſs on the ſtrand.

" O bear me off," Sir Elmer cried;
" Before my painful ſight
" The combat ſwims---yet Hengiſt's veſt
" I claim as victor's right."

Brave Hengiſt's fall the Saxons ſaw,
And all in terror fled;
The bowmen to his caſtle gates
The brave Sir Elmer led.

" O waſh my wounds, my ſiſter dear;
" O pull this Saxon dart,
" That whizzing from young Hengiſt's arm
" Has almoſt pierc'd my heart.

" Yet in my hall his veſt ſhall hang;
" And Britons yet unborn,
" Shall with the the trophies of to-day
" Their ſolemn feaſts adorn."

All trembling Mey beheld the veſt;
" Oh, Merlin!" loud ſhe cried;
" Thy words are true---my ſlaughter'd love
" Shall have a breathleſs bride!

" Oh Elmer, Elmer, boaſt no more
" That low my Hengiſt lies!
" O Hengiſt, cruel was thine arm!
" My brother bleeds and dies!"

She ſpake --the roſes left her cheeks,
And life's warm ſpirit fled:
So nipt by winter's withering blaſts,
The ſnow-drop bows the head.

Yet parting life one ſtruggle gave,
She lifts her languid eyes;
" Return my Hengiſt, oh return
" My ſlaughter'd love," ſhe cries.

" Oh---ſtill he lives---he ſmiles again,
" With all his grace he moves;
" I come---I come where bow nor ſpear
" Shall more diſturb our loves."

She ſpake---ſhe dy'd. The Saxon dart
Was drawn from Elmer's ſide,
And thrice he call'd his ſiſter Mey,
And thrice he groan'd, and dy'd.

Where in the dale a moſs-grown croſs
O'erſhades an aged thorn,
Sir Elmer's and young Hengiſt's corſe
Were by the ſpearmen borne.

And there, all clad in robes of white,
With many a ſigh and tear,
The village maids to Hengiſt's grave
Did Mey's fair body bear.

And there, at dawn and fall of day,
All from the neighbouring groves,
The turtles wail, in widow'd notes,
And ſing their hapleſs loves.

## THE SORCERESS;

### OR, WOLFWOLD AND ULLA.

*An Heroic Ballad.*

——— " Priſca fides." VIRG.

" Oh, low he lies; his cold pale cheek
" Lies lifeleſs on the clay;
" Yet ſtruggling hope---O day-ſpring break,
" And lead me on my way.

" On Denmark's cruel bands, O Heaven!
" Thy red-wing'd vengeance pour;
" Before my Wolfwold's ſpear be driven---
" O riſe bright morning hour!"

Thus Ulla wail'd the faireſt maid
Of all the Saxon race;
Thus Ulla wail'd, in nightly ſhade,
While tears bedew'd her face.

When ſudden o'er the fir-crown'd hill
The full orb'd moon aroſe;
And o'er the winding dale ſo ſtill
Her ſilver radiance flows.

No more could Ulla's fearful breaſt
Her anxious care delay;
But, deep with hope and fear impreſt,
She holds the moonſhine way.

She left the bower, and all alone
She trac'd the dale ſo ſtill;
And ſought the cave with rue o'ergrown,
Beneath the fir-crown'd hill.

Black knares of blaſted oak, embound
With hemlock, fenc'd the cell:
The dreary mouth, half under ground,
Yawn'd like the gate of hell.

Soon as the gloomy den ſhe ſpy'd,
Cold horror ſhook her knee;
And hear, O propheteſs, ſhe cry'd,
A princeſs ſue to thee.

Aghaſt ſhe ſtood! athwart the air
The diſmal ſcreech-owl flew;
The fillet round her auburn hair
Aſunder burſt in two.

Her robe of ſofteſt yellow glow'd
Beneath the moon's pale beam;
And o'er the ground, with yew-boughs ſtrew'd,
Effus'd a golden gleam.

The golden gleam the ſorcereſs ſpy'd,
As in her deepeſt cell,
At midnight's magic hour ſhe try'd
A tomb o'erpowering ſpell.

When from the cavern's dreary womb
Her groaning voice aroſe,
" O come, my daughter, fearleſs come,
" And fearleſs tell thy woes."

As ſhakes the bough of trembling leaf,
When whirlwinds ſudden riſe;
As ſtands aghaſt the warrior chief,
When his baſe army flies;

So ſhook, ſo ſtood, the beauteous maid,
When from the dreary den
A wrinkled hag came forth, array'd
In matted rags obſcene.

Around her brows, with hemlock bound,
Looſe hung her aſh gray hair;
As from two dreary caves profound
Her blue flam'd eye-balls glare.

Her ſkin, of earthy red, appear'd
Clung round her ſhoulder bones,
Like wither'd bark, by lightning ſear'd,
When loud the tempeſt groans.

A robe of ſqualid green and blue
Her ghoſtly length array'd,
A gaping rent full to the view
Her furrow'd ribs betray'd.

" And tell, my daughter, fearleſs tell
" What ſorrow brought thee here?
" So may my power thy cares expel,
" And give thee ſweeteſt cheer.

" O miſtreſs of the powerful ſpell,
" King Edric's daughter ſee,
" Northumbria to my father fell,
" And ſorrow fell to me.

" My virgin heart Lord Wolfwold won;
" My father on him ſmil'd
" Soon as he gain'd Northumbria's throne,
" His pride the youth exil'd.

" Stern Denmark's ravens o'er the ſeas
" Their gloomy black wings ſpread,
" And o'er Northumbria's hills and leas
" Their dreadful ſquadrons ſped.

" Return brave Wolfwold, Edric cry'd,
" O generous warrior hear,
" My daughter's hand, thy willing bride,
" Awaits thy conquering ſpear.

" The baniſh'd youth in Scotland's court
" Had paſt the weary year;
" And ſoon he heard the glad report,
" And ſoon he graſp'd his ſpear.

" He left the Scottiſh dames to weep,
" And wing'd with true love ſpeed;
" Nor day nor night he ſtopt to ſleep,
" And ſoon he croſs'd the Tweed.

" With joyful voice, and raptur'd eyes,
" He preſs'd my willing hand;
" I go, my fair, my love, he cries,
" To guard thy father's land.

" By Eden's ſhore, in deathful fray,
" The daring foe we meet;
" Ere three ſhort days I truſt to lay
" My trophies at thy feet.

" Alas, alas, that time is o'er,
" And three long days beſide,
" Yet not a word from Eden's ſhore
" Has cheer'd his fearful bride.

" O miſtreſs of the powerful ſpell,
" His doubtful fate decide;"—
" And ceaſe, my child, for all is well,"
The grizly witch reply'd.

Approach my cave, and where I place
" The magic circle, ſtand
" And fear not ought of ghaſtly face
" That glides beneath my wand."

The grizly witch's powerful charms
Then reach'd the labouring moon,
And cloudleſs at the dire alarms
She ſhed her brighteſt noon.

The pale beam ſtruggled through the ſhade,
That black'd the cavern's womb,
And in the deepeſt nook betray'd
An altar and a tomb.

Around the tomb, in myſtic lore,
Were forms of various mien,
And efts, and foul-wing'd ſerpents, bore
The altar's baſe obſcene.

Eyeleſs a huge and ſtarv'd toad ſat
In corner murk aloof,
And many a ſnake and famiſh'd bat
Clung to the crevic'd roof.

A fox and vultures ſkeletons
A yawning rift betray'd;
And grappling ſtill each others bones,
The ſtrife of death diſplay'd.

" And now, my child, the ſorcereſs ſaid,
" Lord Wolfwold's father's grave
" To me ſhall render up the dead,
" And ſend him to my cave.

" His ſkeleton ſhall hear my ſpell,
" And to the figur'd walls
" His hand of bone ſhall point and tell
" What fate his ſon befals."

O cold down Ulla's ſnow-like face
The trembling ſweat-drops fell:
And, borne by ſprights of gliding pace,
The corſe approach'd the cell.

And thrice the witch her magic wand
Wav'd o'er the ſkeleton;
And ſlowly, at the dread command,
Up roſe the arm of bone.

A cloven ſhield, and broken ſpear,
The finger wander'd o'er,
Then reſted on a ſable bier,
Diſtain'd with drops of gore.

In ghaſtly writhes, her mouth ſo wide
And black, the ſorcereſs throws;
" And be thoſe ſigns, my child," ſhe cries,
" Fulfill'd on Wolfwold's foes.

" A happier ſpell I now ſhall try;
" Attend, my child, attend,
" And mark what flames from altar high
" And lowly floor aſcend.

" If of the roſe's ſofteſt red
" The blaze ſhines forth to view,
" Then Wolfwold lives—but hell forbid
" The glimmering flame of blue!"

The witch then rais'd her haggard arm,
And wav'd her wand on high;
And, while ſhe ſpoke the mutter'd charm,
Dark lightning fill'd her eye.

Fair Ulla's knee ſwift ſmote the ground;
Her hands aloft were ſpread;
And every joint, as marble bound,
Felt horror's darkeſt dread.

Her lips, ere while ſo like the roſe,
Were now as vi'let pale,
And, tumbling in convulſive throes,
Expreſt o'erwhelming ail.

Her eyes, ere while ſo ſtarry bright,
Where living luſtre ſhone,
Were now transform'd to ſightleſs white,
Like eyes of lifeleſs ſtone.

And ſoon the dreadful ſpell was o'er,
And glimmering to the view,
The quivering flame roſe through the floor,
A flame of ghaſtly blue.

Behind the altar's livid fire,
Low from the inmoſt cave,
Young Wolfwold roſe in pale attire,
The veſtments of the grave.

His eye to Ulla's eye he rear'd,
His cheek was wan as clay,
And half cut through his hand appear'd
That beckon'd her away.

Fair Ulla ſaw the woeful ſhade,
Her heart ſtruck at her ſide,
And burſt—low bow'd her liſtleſs head,
And down ſhe ſunk, and dy'd.

## ALMADA HILL.

### AN EPISTLE FROM LISBON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THOUGH no ſubjects are more proper for poetry than thoſe which are founded upon hiſtorical retroſpect, the author of ſuch a poem lies under very particular diſadvantages: every one can underſtand and reliſh a work merely fictitious, deſcriptive, or ſentimental; but a previous acquaintance, and even intimacy, with the hiſtory and characters upon which the other poem is founded, is abſolutely neceſſary to do juſtice to its author. Without ſuch previous knowledge, the ideas which he would convey paſs unobſerved, as in an unknown tongue; and the happieſt alluſion, if he is fortunate enough to attain any thing worthy of that name, is unfelt and unſeen. Under theſe diſadvantages, the following epiſtle is preſented to the public, whoſe indulgence and candour the author has already amply experienced.

In the twelfth century, Liſbon, and great part of Portugal and Spain, were in poſſeſſion of the Moors. Alphonſo the firſt king of Portugal, having gained ſeveral victories over that people, was laying ſiege to Liſbon, when Robert, Duke of Glouceſter, on his way to the Holy Land, appeared upon the coaſt of that kingdom. As the cauſe was the ſame, Robert was eaſily perſuaded to make his firſt cruſade in Portugal. He demanded that the ſtorming of the caſtle of Liſbon, ſituated on a conſiderable hill, and whoſe ruins ſhow it to have been of great ſtrength, ſhould be allotted to him, while Alphonſo was to aſſail the walls and the city. Both leaders were ſucceſsful; and Alphonſo, among the rewards which he beſtowed upon the Engliſh, granted to thoſe who were wounded, or unable to proceed to Paleſtine, the caſtle of Almada, and the adjoining lands.

The river Tagus, below and oppoſite to Liſbon, is edged by ſteep groteſque rocks, particularly on the ſouth ſide. Thoſe on the ſouth are generally higher and much more magnificent and picturesque than the Cliffs of Dover. Upon one of the higheſt of theſe, and directly oppoſite to Liſbon, remain the ſtately ruins of the caſtle of Almada.

In December 1779, as the author was wandering among theſe ruins, he was ſtruck with the idea, and formed the plan of the following poem; an idea which, it may be allowed, was natural to the tranſlator of the Luſiad; and the plan may, in ſome degree, be called a ſupplement to that work.

The following poem, except the corrections and a few lines, was written in Portugal. The deſcriptive parts are ſtrictly local. The fineſt proſpect of Liſbon and the Tagus (which is there about four miles broad), is from Almada, which alſo commands the adjacent country, from the rock of Cintra to the caſtle and city of Palmela, an extent of above fifty miles. This magnificent view is completed by the extenſive opening at the mouth of the Tagus, about ten miles below, which diſcovers the Atlantic Ocean.

### AN EPISTLE FROM LISBON.

WHILE you, my friend, from low'ring wint'ry plains,
Now pale with ſnows, now black with drizzling rains,
From leafleſs woodlands, and diſhonour'd bowers
Mantled by gloomy miſts, or laſh'd by ſhowers
Of hollow moan, while not a ſtruggling beam
Steals from the ſun to play on Iſis' ſtream;
While from theſe ſcenes by England's winter ſpread
Swift to the cheerful hearth your ſteps are led,
Pleas'd from the threat'ning tempeſt to retire
And join the circle round the ſocial fire;
In other climes through ſun baſk'd ſcenes I ſtray,
As the fair landſcape leads my thoughtful way,
As upland path, oft winding, bids me rove
Where orange bowers invite, or olive grove,
No ſullen phantoms brooding o'er my breaſt,
The genial influence of the clime I taſte:
Yet ſtill regardful of my native ſhore,
In every ſcene, my roaming eyes explore,
Whate'er its aſpect, ſtill by mem'ry brought,
My fading country ruſhes on my thought.

While now perhaps the claſſic page you turn,
And warm'd with honeſt indignation burn,
Till hopeleſs, ſicklied by the climate's gloom,
Your generous fears call forth Britannia's doom,
What hoſtile ſpears her ſacred lawns invade,
By friends deſerted, by her chief betray'd,
Low fall'n and vanquiſh'd!---I, with mind ſerene
As Liſboa's ſky, yet penſive as the ſcene
Around, and penſive ſeems the ſcene to me,
From other ills my country's fate foreſee.

Not from the hands that wield Iberia's ſpear,
Not from the hands that Gaul's proud thunders bear,
Nor thoſe that turn on Albion's breaſt the ſword
Feat down of late by Albion when it gor'd
Their own, who impious doom their parents's fall
Beneath the world's great foe th' inſidious Gaul;
Yes, not from theſe the immedicable wound
Of Albion---Other is the bane profound
Deſtin'd alone to touch her mortal part;
Herſelf is ſick and poiſoned at the heart.

O'er Tago's banks where'er I roll mine eyes
The gallant deeds of ancient days ariſe;
The ſcenes the Luſian Muſes fond diſplay'd
Before me oft, as oft at eve I ſtray'd

By Iſis' hallowed ſtream. Oft now the ſtrand
Where Gama march'd his death-devoted * band,
While Liſboa aw'd with horror ſaw him ſpread
The daring ſails that firſt to India led;
And oft Almada's caſtled ſteep inſpires
The penſive muſe's viſionary fires;
Almada Hill to Engliſh memory dear,
While ſhades of Engliſh heroes wander here!
To ancient Engliſh valour ſacred ſtill
Remains, and ever ſhall, Almada Hill;
The hill and lawns to Engliſh valour given
What time the Arab Moors from Spain were driven,
Before the banners of the croſs ſubdued,
When Liſboa's towers were bath'd in Mooriſh blood
By Gloſter's lance —Romantic days that yield
Of gallant deeds a wide luxuriant field
Dear to the muſe that loves the fairy plains,
Where ancient honour wild and ardent reigns.
Where high o'er Tago's flood Almada lowrs,
Amid the ſolemn pomp of mouldering towers,
Supinely ſeated, wide and far around
My eye delighted wanders.—Here the bound
Of fair Europa o'er the ocean rears
Its weſtern edge; where dimly diſappears
The Atlantic wave, the ſlow deſcending day
Mild beaming pours ſerene the gentle ray
Of Luſitania's winter, ſilvering o'er
The tower-like ſummits of the mountain ſhore;
Dappling the lofty cliffs that coldly throw
Their ſable horrors o'er the vales below.
Far round the ſtately-ſhoulder'd river bends
Its giant arms, and ſea-like wide extends
Its midland bays, with fertile iſlands crown'd,
And lawns for Engliſh valour ſtill renown'd;
Given to Cornwallia's gallant ſons of yore,
Cornwallia's name the ſmiling paſtures bore;
And ſtill their lord his Engliſh lineage boaſts
From Rolland famous in the Croiſade hoſts.
Where ſea-ward narrower rolls the ſhining tide
Through hills by hills emboſom'd on each ſide,
Monaſtic walls in every glen ariſe
In coldeſt white fair gliſtening to the ſkies
Amid the brown-brow'd rocks; and, far as ſight,
Proud domes and villages array'd in white †
Climb o'er the ſteeps, and through the duſky green
Of olive groves, and orange bowers between,
Speckled with glowing red, unnumber'd gleam—
And Liſboa towering o'er the lordly ſtream
Her marble palaces and temples ſpreads
Wildly magnific o'er the loaded heads
Of bending hills, along whoſe high-pil'd baſe
The port capacious, in a moon'd embrace,
Throws her maſt-foreſt, waving on the gale
The vanes of every ſhore that hoiſts the ſail.
Here while the ſun from Europe's breaſt retires,
Let fancy, roaming as the ſcene inſpires,
Purſue the preſent and the paſt reſtore,
And nature's purpoſe in her ſteps explore.
Nor you, my friend, admiring Rome, diſdain
Th' Iberian fields and Luſitanian Spain.
While Italy, obſcur'd in tawdry blaze,
A motley, modern character diſplays,
And languid trims her long exhauſted ſtore;
Iberia's fields with rich and genuine ore
Of ancient manners woo the traveller's eye;
And ſcenes untrac'd in every landſcape lie.
Here every various dale with leſſons fraught
Calls to the wanderer's viſionary thought
What mighty deeds the lofty hills of Spain
Of old have witneſs'd—From the evening main
Her mountain tops the Tyrian pilots ſaw
In lightnings wrapt, and thrill'd with ſacred awe
Through Greece the tales of Gorgons, Hydras ſpread,
And Geryon dreadful with the triple head;
The ſtream of * Lethe, and the dread abodes
Of forms gigantic, and infernal gods.
But ſoon, by fearleſs luſt of gold impell'd,
They min'd the mountain, and explor'd the field;
Till Rome and Carthage, fierce for empire, ſtrove,
As for their prey two famiſh'd birds of Jove.
The rapid Durius then and Bœti's flood
Were dy'd with Roman and with Punic blood,
While oft the length'ning plains and mountain ſides
Seem'd moving on, ſlow rolling tides on tides,
When from Pyrene's ſummits Afric pour'd
Her armies, and o'er Rome deſtruction lowr'd.
Here while the youth revolves ſome hero's fame,
If patriot zeal his Britiſh breaſt inflame,
Here let him trace the fields to freedom dear
Where low in duſt lay Rome's invading ſpear;
Where Viriatus † proudly trampled o'er
Faſces and Roman eagles ſteept in gore;
Or where he fell, with honeſt laurels crown'd,
The awful victim of a treacherous wound;
A wound ſtill bath'd in honour's generous tear,
While freedom's wounds the brave and good revere;

* *The expedition of Vaſco de Gama, the diſcoverer of the Eaſt Indies, was extremely unpopular, as it was eſteemed impracticable. His embarkation is ſtrongly marked by Oſorius the hiſtorian. Gama, before he went on board, ſpent the night along with the crews of his ſquadron in the chapel of our Lady at Belem, on the ſpot where the noble Gothic church now ſtands adjoining the convent of St. Jerome.*

*In the chapel they bound themſelves to obedience to Gama, and devoted themſelves to death.* "*On the next day* "*when the adventurers marched to the ſhips, the ſhore* "*of Belem preſented one of the moſt ſolemn and affecting* "*ſcenes perhaps recorded in hiſtory. The beach was* "*covered with the inhabitants of Liſbon. A numerous* "*proceſſion of prieſts in their robes ſung anthems, and* "*offered up invocations to heaven. Every one beheld* "*the adventurers as brave innocent men going to a dread-*"*ful execution, as ruſhing upon certain death.*" Introduct. to the Luſiad.

† *The houſes in Portugal are generally whitened on the outſide, white being eſteemed as repulſive of the rays of the ſun.*

* *The river of Lima, in the north of Portugal, ſaid to be the Lethe of the ancients, is thus mentioned by Cellarius in his* Geographia Antiqua; "*Fabuloſus Oblivi-*"*onis fluvius Limæas, ultra Luſitaniam in ſeptentrione.*" *It runs through a moſt romantic and beautiful diſtrict; from which circumſtance it probably received the name of the River of Oblivion, the firſt ſtrangers who viſited it, forgetting their native country, and being willing to continue on its banks. The ſame reaſon of forgetfulneſs is aſcribed to the Lotos by Homer,* Odyſ. ix. *There is another Lethe of the ancients in Africa.*

† *This great man is called by Florus the Romulus of Spain. What is here ſaid of him is agreeable to hiſtory.*

Still pouring freſh th' inexpiable ſtain
O'er Rome's patrician honour falſe and vain!
Or ſhould the pride of bold revolt inſpire,
And touch his boſom with unhallowed fire;
If merit ſpurn'd demand ſtern ſacrifice,
O'er Ev'ra's * fields let dread Sertorius riſe.
Dy'd in his country's blood, in all the pride
Of wrongs reveng'd, illuſtrious let him ride
Enſhrin'd, o'er Spain, in victory's dazzling rays,
Till Rome look pale beneath the mounting blaze.
But let the Britiſh wanderer through the dales
Of Ev'ra ſtray, while midnight tempeſt wails:
There as the hoary villagers relate
Sertorius, Sylla, Marius, weep their fate,
Their ſpectres gliding on the lightning blue,
Oft doom'd their ancient ſtations to renew;
Sertorius bleeding on Perpenna's knife,
And Marius ſinking in ambition's ſtrife;
As foreſt boars entangled in a chain,
Dragg'd on, as ſtings each leader's rage or pain;
And each the furious leader in his turn,
Till now they lie, a ghaſtly wreck forlorn.
And ſay, ye tramplers on your country's mounds,
Say who ſhall fix the ſwelling torrent's bounds?
Or who ſhall ſail the pilot of the flood?
Alas, full oft ſome worthleſs trunk of wood
Is whirl'd into the port, blind fortune's boaſt,
While nobleſt veſſels, founder'd, ſtrew the coaſt!
If wars of fairer fame and old applauſe,
That bear the title of our country's cauſe
To humanize barbarians, and to raiſe
Our country's proweſs, their aſſerted praiſe;
If theſe delight, Hiſpania's dales diſplay
The various arts and toils of Roman ſway.
Here jealous Cato † laid the cities waſte,
And Julius † here in fairer pride replac'd,
Till ages ſaw the labours of the plough
By every river, and the barren bough
Of laurel ſhaded by the olive's bloom,
And grateful Spain the ſtrength of lordly Rome;
Hers mighty bards ‡, and hers the ſacred earth
That gave the world a friend in Trajan's birth.
When Rome's wide empire, a luxurious prey,
Debas'd in falſe refinement nerveleſs lay,
The northern hordes on Europe's various climes,
Planted their ruling virtues and their crimes.
Cloiſter'd by Tyber's ſtream the ſlothful ſtaid,
To Seine and Loire the gay and friv'lous ſtray'd
A ſordid group the Belgian marſhes pleas'd,
And Saxony's wild foreſt freedom feiz'd,
There held her juries, pois'd the legal ſcales;—
And Spain's romantic hills and lonely dales
The penſive lover ſought; and Spain became
The land of gallantry and amorous flame.
Hail, favour'd clime! whoſe lone retreats inſpire
The ſofteſt dreams of languiſhing deſire,
Affections trembling with a glow all holy,
Wildly ſublime, and ſweetly melancholy;
Till rapt devotion to the fair, reſine
And bend each paſſion low at honour's ſhrine.
So felt the iron Goth when here he brought
His worſhip of the fair with valour fraught:

Soon as Iberia's mountains fix'd his home,
He roſe a character unknown to Rome;
His manners wildly colour'd as the flowers
And flaunting plumage of Brazilian bowers:
New to the world as theſe, yet poliſh'd more
Than e'er the pupil of the Attic lore
Might proudly boaſt. On man's bold arm robuſt
The tender fair reclines with fondeſt truſt:
With nature's fineſt touch exulting glows
The manly breaſt which that fond aid beſtows:
That firſt of generous joys on man beſtow'd,
In Gothic Spain in all its fervour glow'd.
Then high burn'd honour; and the dread alarms
Of danger then aſſum'd the deareſt charms.
What for the fair was dar'd or ſuffer'd, bore
A ſaint-like merit, and was envied more;
Till led by love-ſick fancy's dazzled flight,
From court to court forth roam'd adventure's knight;
And tilts and tournaments, in mimic wars,
Supplied the triumphs and the honour'd ſcars
Of arduous battles for their country fought,
Till the keen reliſh of the marvellous wrought
All wild and fever'd and each peaceful ſhade,
With batter'd armour deck'd, its knight diſplay'd,
In ſoothing tranſport, liſtening to the ſtrain
Of dwarfs and giants, and of monſters ſlain;
Of ſpells all horror, and enchanters dire,
And the ſweet banquet of the amorous fire, [thrall,
When knights and ladies chaſte, reliev'd from
Holdove's high holiday in bower and hall.
'Twas thus, all pleaſing to the languid thought,
With magic power the tales of magic wrought;
Till by the muſes arm'd, in all the ire
Of wit, reſiſtleſs as electric fire,
Forth rode La Mancha's knight; and ſudden fled
Goblins and beauteous nymphs, and pagans dread,
As the delirious dream of ſickneſs flies,
When health returning ſmiles from vernal ſkies.
But turn we now from chivalry diſeas'd,
To chivalry when honour's wreath ſhe feiz'd
From wiſdom's hand.—From Taurus' rugged ſteep,
And Caucaſus, far round with headlong ſweep,
As wolves wild howling from their famiſh'd den,
Ruſh'd the devouring bands of Sarazen:
Their ſavage genius, giant-like and blind,
Trampling with ſullen joy on human kind,
Aſſyria lay its own uncover'd grave,
And Gallia trembled to the Atlantic wave:
In awful waſte the faireſt cities moan'd,
And human liberty expiring groan'd
When chivalry aroſe:—Her ardent eye
Sublime, that fondly mingled with the ſky,
Where patience watch'd, and ſtedfaſt purpoſe frown'd,
Mix'd with devotion's fire, ſhe darted round,
Stern and indignant; on her glittering ſhield
The croſs ſhe bore, and, proudly to the field,
High plum'd ſhe ruſh'd; by honour's dazzling fir'd,
Conſcious of Heaven's own cauſe, and all inſpir'd
By holy vows, as on the frowning tower
The lightning vollies, on the creſted power
Of Sarazen ſhe wing'd her jav'lin's way,
And the wide-waſting giant proſtrate lay.
Let ſupercilious wiſdom's ſmiling pride
The paſſion wild of theſe bold days deride;

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* *Ebora, now Evora, was the principal reſidence of Sertorius.*

† *According to hiſtory, this different policy is ſtrikingly characteriſtic of thoſe celebrated names.*

‡ *Lucan, Martial, Seneca.*

But let the humbler ſage with reverence own,
That ſomething ſacred glows, of name unknown,
Glows in the deeds that Heaven delights to crown;
Something that boaſts an impulſe uncontroul'd
By ſchool-taught prudence, and its maxims cold.
Fir'd at the thought, methinks on ſacred ground
I tread; where'er I caſt mine eyes around,
Palmela's hill, * and Cintra's ſummits tell
How the grim Sarazen's dread legions fell;
Turbans and cymeters in carnage roll'd,
And their moon'd enſigns torn from every hold:—
Yes, let the youth whoſe generous ſearch explores
The various leſſons of Iberia's ſhores,
Let him as wandering at the muſe's hour
Of eve or morn where low the Mooriſh tow'r,
Fall'n from its rocky height and tyrant ſway,
Lies ſcatter'd o'er the dale in fragments gray,
Let him with joy behold the hills around
With olive foreſts, and with vineyards crown'd,
All grateful pouring on the hands that rear
Their fruit, the fruitage of the bounteous year.
Then let his mind to fair Ionia turn,——
Alas! how waſte Ionia's landſcapes mourn;
And thine, O beauteous Greece, amid the tow'rs
Where dreadful ſtill the Turkiſh banner low'rs;
Beneath whoſe gloom, unconſcious of the ſtain
That dims his ſoul, the peaſant hugs his chain.
And whence theſe woes, debaſing human kind?
Eunuchs in heart, in poliſh'd ſloth reclin'd,
Thy ſons, degenerate Greece, ignobly bled,
And fair Byzantium bow'd th' imperial head;
While Tago's iron race, in dangers ſteel'd,
All ardour, dar'd the horrors of the field.
The tow'rs of Venice trembled o'er her flood,
And Paris' gates aghaſt and open ſtood;
Low lay her peers on Fontarabia's † plains:
And Liſboa groan'd beneath ſtern Mah'met's chains:
Vain was the hope the North might reſt unſpoil'd;
When ſtern Iberia's ſpirit fierce recoil'd.
As from the toils the wounded lion bounds,
And tears the hunters and the fated hounds;
So ſmarting with his wounds th' Iberian tore,
And to his ſun-ſcorch'd regions drove the Moor:
The vengeful Moors, as maſtiffs on their prey,
Return'd; as heavy clouds their deep array
Blacken'd o'er Tago's banks.—As Sagres ‡ braves
And ſtems the furious rage of Afric's waves,
So brav'd, ſo ſtood the Luſitanian bands,
The ſouthern bulwark of Europa's lands.
Such were the foes by chivalry repell'd,
And ſuch the honours that adorn'd her ſhield.

And aſk what Chriſtian Europe owes the high
And ardent ſoul of gallant chivalry,
Aſk, and let Turkiſh Europe's groans reply!
As through the pictur'd abbey window gleams
The evening ſun, with bold though fading beams,
So through the reverend ſhade of ancient days,
Gleam theſe bold deeds with dim yet golden rays.
But let not glowing fancy as it warms
O'er theſe, high honour's youthful pride in arms,
Forget the ſtern ambition, and the worth
Of minds mature, by patriot kings call'd forth;
That worth which rous'd the nation to explore
Old ocean's wildeſt waves and fartheſt ſhore.
By human eye untempted, unexplor'd,
An awful ſolitude, old ocean roar'd:
As to the fearful dove's impatient eye,
Appears the height untry'd of upper ſky;
So ſeem'd the laſt dim wave, in boundleſs ſpace
Involv'd and loſt, when Tago's gallant race,
As eagles fixing on the ſun their eyes
Through gulfs unknown explor'd the morning ſkies;
And taught the wondering world the grand deſign
Of parent Heaven, that ſhore to ſhore ſhould join
In bands of mutual aid, from ſky to ſky,
And ocean's wildeſt waves the chain ſupply.
And here, my friend, how many a trophy woos;
The Briton's earneſt eye, and Britiſh muſe!
Here bids the youthful trav'ller's care forego,
The arts of elegance and poliſh'd ſhow;
Bids other arts his nobler thoughts engage
And wake to higheſt aim his patriot rage;
Thoſe arts which rais'd that race of men, whoſe ſhone
The heroes of their age on Liſboa's throne.
What mighty deeds in filial order flow'd,
While each ſtill brighter than its parent glow'd,
Till Henry's naval ſchool its heroes pour'd
From pole to pole, wherever ocean roar'd!
Columbus, Gama, and Magellan's name,
Its deathleſs boaſt; and all of later fame
Its offſpring—kindling o'er the view the muſe
The naval pride of thoſe bright days reviews;
Sees Gama's ſails, that firſt to India bore,
In awful hope evaniſh from the ſhore;
Sees from the ſilken regions of the morn
What fleets of gay triumphant vanes return!
What heroes, plum'd with conqueſt, proudly bring
The eaſtern ſceptres to the Luſian king!
When ſudden, riſing on the evening gale,
Methinks I hear the oceans murmurs wail,
And every breeze repeat the woeful tale.
How bow'd, how fell proud Liſboa's naval throne—
Ah Heaven, how cold the bodding thoughts ruſh on!
Methinks I hear the ſhades that hover round
Of Engliſh heroes heave the ſigh profound,
Prophetic of the kindred fate that lowers,
O'er Albion's fleets and London's proudeſt towers.
Broad was the firm-bas'd ſtructure and ſublime,
That Gama fondly rear'd on India's clime:
On juſtice and benevolence he plac'd
Its ponderous weight, and warlike trophies grac'd
Its mounting turrets; and o'er Aſia wide
Great Albuquerk * renown'd its generous pride.

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* Palmela's hill and Cintra's ſummits—*are both ſeen from Almada, and were principal forts of the Moors. They were ſtormed by Alphonſo the Firſt, about the time of the conqueſt of Liſbon.*

† *The irruption of the Mahommedans into Europe gave riſe to that ſpecies of poetry called Romance. The Orlando Furioſa is founded upon the invaſion of France,*

When Charlemaigne with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia——

MILTON.

‡ *The promontory of Sagrez, where Henry Duke of Viſeo reſided and eſtabliſhed his naval ſchool, is on the ſouthern part of Portugal oppoſite to Africa.*

* *Albuquerk, Sampayo, Nunio, Caſtro, are diſtinguiſhed characters in the Luſiad, and in the Hiſtory of Portugueſe Aſia.*

The injur'd native fought its friendly ſhade,
And India's princes bleſt its powerful aid:
Till from corrupted paſſion's baſeſt hour
Roſe the dread demon of tyrannic power.
Sampayo's heart, where dauntleſs valour reign'd,
And counſel deep, ſhe ſeiz'd and ſoul profan'd.
Then the ſtraight road where ſacred juſtice leads,
Where for its plighted compact honour bleeds,
Was left, and holy patriot zeal gave place
To luſt of gold and ſelf-devotion baſe:
Deceitful art the chief's ſole guide became,
And breach of faith was wiſdom; ſlaughter, fame.
Yet though from far his hawk eye mark'd its prey,
Soon through the rocks that croſt his crooked way,
As a toil'd bull, fiercely he ſtumbled on,
Till low he lay diſhonour'd and o'erthrown.
Others, without his valour or his art,
With all his intereſted rage of heart,
Follow'd, as blighting miſts on Gama's toil,
And undermin'd and rend the mighty pile;
Convulſions dread its deep foundations tore,
Its bending head the ſcath of lightning bore:
Its falling turrets deſolation ſpread;
And from its faithleſs ſhade in horror fled
The native tribes—yet not at once ſubdu'd;
Its priſtine ſtrength long ſtorms on ſtorms withſtood;
A Nunio's juſtice, and a Caſtro's ſword,
Oft rais'd its turrets, and its dread reſtor'd.
Yet, like the ſunſhine of a winter day
On Norway's coaſt, ſoon died the tranſient ray.
A tyrant race who own'd no country*, came,
Deep to entrench themſelves, their only aim;
With luſt of rapine fever'd and athirſt,
With the unhallow'd rage of game accurſt;
Againſt each ſpring of action, on the breaſt
For wiſeſt ends, by nature's hand impreſt,
Stern war they wag'd; and blindly ween'd, alone
On brutal dread, to fix their cruel throne.
The wiſe and good, with indignation fir'd,
Silent from their unhallow'd board retir'd;
The baſe and cunning ſtaid, and, ſlaves avow'd,
Submiſs to every inſult ſmiling bow'd.
Yet while they ſmil'd and bow'd the abject head,
In chains unfelt their tyrant lords they led;
Their avarice, watching as a bird of prey,
O'er every weakneſs, o'er each vice held ſway;
Till ſecret art aſſum'd the thwarting face,
And dictate bold; and ruin and diſgrace
Clos'd the unworthy ſcene. Now trampled low
Beneath the injur'd native, and the foe
From Belgia lur'd by India's coſtly prey,
Thy glorious ſtructure, Gama, proſtrate lay,
And lies in deſolated awful gloom,
Dread and inſtructive as a ruin'd tomb.
Nor leſs on Tago's than on India's coaſt
Was ancient Luſian virtue ſtain'd and loſt:
On Tago's banks, heroic ardour's foes,
A ſoft, luxurious, tinſel'd race, aroſe;
Of lofty boaſtful look and pompous ſhow,
Triumphant tyrants o'er the weak and low:
Yet wildly ſtarting from the gaming board
At every diſtant brandiſh of the ſword;
Already conquer'd by uncertain dread,
Imploring peace with feeble hands outſpread;—
Such peace as trembling ſuppliants ſtill obtain,
Such peace they found beneath the yoke of Spain;
And the wide empires of the eaſt no more
Pour'd their redundant horns on Liſboa's ſhore.
Alas, my friend, how vain the faireſt boaſt
Of human pride! how ſoon is empire loſt!
The pile by ages rear'd to awe the world,
By one degenerate race to ruin hurl'd!
And ſhall the Briton view that downward race
With eye unmov'd, and no ſad likeneſs trace!
Ah Heaven! in every ſcene, by memory brought,
My fading country ruſhes on my thought.
From Liſboa now the frequent veſper bell
Vibrates o'er Tago's ſtream with ſolemn knell.
Turn'd by the call my penſive eye ſurveys
That mighty ſcene of hiſt'ry's ſhame and praiſe.
Methinks I hear the yells of horror riſe
From ſlaughter'd thouſands ſhrieking * to the ſkies,
As factious rage or blinded zeal of yore [gore.
Roll'd their dire chariot wheels though ſtreams of
Now throbs of other glow my ſoul employ;
I hear the triumph of a nation's joy †,
From bondage reſcu'd and the foreign ſword,
And independence and the throne reſtor'd!
Hark, what low ſound from Cintra rock! the air
Trembles with horror; fainting lightnings glare:
Shrill crows the cock, the dogs give diſmal yell;
And with the whirlwind's roar full comes the ſwell;
Convulſive ſtaggers rock th' eternal ground,
And heave the Tagus from his bed profound;
A dark red cloud the towers of Liſboa veils;
Ah Heaven, what dreadful groan! the riſing gales
Bright light; and Liſboa ſmoaking in the duſt
Lies fall'n.—The wide-ſpread ruins, ſtill auguſt,
Still ſhow the footſteps where the dreadful God
Of earthquake, cloth'd in howling darkneſs, trod;

* *Before the total declenſion of the Portugueſe in Aſia; and while they were ſubject to Spain, the principal people, ſays the hiſtorian Faria, who were moſtly a mixed race born in India, loſt all affection for the mother country, nor had any regard for any of the provinces where they were only the ſons of ſtrangers: and preſent emolument became their ſole object.*

* *Beſides the total ſlaughter of the Moors at the taking of Liſbon, other maſſacres have bathed the ſtreets of that city in blood. King Fernando, ſurnamed the Careleſs, was driven from Liſbon by a bloody inſurrection, headed by one Velaſquez a taylor. Some time after, on the death of Fernando, Adeyro, the Queen's favourite, was ſtabbed in her preſence, the Biſhop of Liſbon was thrown from the tower of his own cathedral, and the maſſacre of all the Queen's adherents became general; and many were murdered under that pretence, by thoſe who had an enmity againſt them. In 1505, between two and three thouſand Jews were maſſacred in Liſbon in the ſpace of three days, and many Chriſtians were alſo murdered by their private enemies under a ſimilar pretence that they were of the Hebrew race. Thouſands flocked in from the country to aſſiſt in their deſtruction, and the crews of ſome French and Dutch ſhips then in the river, ſays Oſorius, were particularly active in murdering and plundering.*

† *When the Spaniſh yoke was thrown off, and the Duke of Braganza aſcended the throne under the title of John IV. This is one of the moſt remarkable events in hiſtory, and does the Portugueſe nation infinite honour.*

Where mid foul weeds the heaps of marble tell
From what proud height the ſpacious temples fell;
And penury and ſloth of ſqualid mien
Beneath the roofleſs palace walls * are ſeen
In ſavage hovels, where the tap'ſtried floor
Was trod by nobles and by kings before;
How like, alas, her Indian empire's ſtate!
How like the city's and the nation's fate!
Yet time points forward to a brighter day;
Points to the domes that ſtretch their fair array
Through the brown ruins, lifting to the ſky
A loftier brow and mien of promiſe high;
Points to the river-ſhore where wide and grand
The courts of commerce and her walks expand,
As an imperial palace † to retain
The univerſal queen, and fix her reign;
Where pleas'd ſhe hears the groaning oar reſound;
By magazines and arſenals mounded round.
Whoſe yet unfiniſh'd grandeur proudly boaſts
The faireſt hope of either India's coaſts,
And bids the muſe's eye in viſion roam
Through mighty ſcenes in ages long to come.
Forgive, fair Thames, the ſong of truth that pays
To Tago's empreſs-ſtream ſuperior praiſe;
O'er every vauntful river be it thine
To boaſt the guardian ſhield of laws divine;
But yield to Tagus all the ſovereign ſtate
By nature's gift beſtow'd and partial fate,
The ſea-like port and central ſway to pour
Her fleets, by happieſt courſe, on every ſhore.
When from the ſleep of ages dark and dead,
Thy genius, commerce, rear'd her infant head,
Her cradle bland on Tago's lap ſhe choſe,
And ſoon to wandering childhood ſprightly roſe,
And when to green and youthful vigour grown
On Tago's breaſt ſhe fix'd her central throne;
Far from the hurricane's reſiſtleſs ſweep
That tears with thundering rage the Carib deep;
Far from the foul-wing'd winter that deforms
And rolls the northern main with ſtorms on ſtorms;
Beneath ſalubrious ſkies, to ſummer gales
She gives the ventrous and returning ſails:
The ſmiling iſles, nam'd Fortunate of old,
Firſt on her ocean's boſom fair unfold;
Thy world, Columbus, ſpreads its various breaſt,
Proud to be firſt by Liſboa's waves careſt;
And Afric wooes and leads her eaſy way
To the fair regions of the riſing day.
If Turkey's drugs invite or ſilken pride,
Thy ſtraits, Alcides, give the ready tide;
And turn the prow, and ſoon each ſhore expands
From Gallia's coaſt to Europe's northern lands.

When Heaven decreed low to duſt to bring
That lofty oak *, Aſſyria's boaſtful king.
Deep, ſaid the angel voice, the roots ſecure
With bands of braſs, and let the life endure,
For yet his head ſhall riſe.—And deep remain
The living roots of Liſboa's ancient reign;
Deep in the caſtel'd iſles on Aſia's ſtrand,
And firm in fair Brazilia's wealthy land.
And ſay, while ages roll their length'ning train,
Shall nature's gifts to Tagus ſtill prove vain,
An idle waſte!—A dawn of brighteſt ray
Has boldly promis'd the returning day
Of Liſboa's honours, fairer than her prime
Loſt by a rude unletter'd age's crime—
Now heaven-taught ſcience and her liberal band
Of arts, and dictates by experience plann'd,
Beneath the ſmiles of a benignant queen
Boaſt the fair opening of a reign † ſerene,
Of omen high.—And Camoen's ghoſt no more
Wails the neglected muſe on Tago's ſhore;
No more his tears the barbarous age ‡ upbraid
His griefs and wrongs all ſooth'd, his happy ſhade
Beheld th' Ulyſſes § of his age return
To Tago's banks; and earneſt to adorn
The hero's brows, he waves the Elyſian crown,
What time the letter'd chiefs of old renown,
And patriot heroes, in the Elyſian bowers
Shall hail Braganza of the fair ſt flowers
Of Helicon, entwin'd with laurel leaves
From Maxen field, the deathleſs wreath he waves;

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* *This deſcription is literally juſt. Whole families, of all ages, are every where ſeen among the ruins, the only covering of their habitations being ragged fragments of ſail cloth; and their common bed dirty ſtraw. The magnificent and extenſive ruins of the palace of Braganza contain ſeveral hundreds of theſe idle people, much more wretched in their appearance than the gypſies of England.*

† *The* Praça de commercio, *or forum of Commerce, is one of the largeſt and moſt magnificent ſquares in Europe. Three ſides conſiſt of the Exchange and the public offices; the fourth is formed by the Tagus, which is here edged by an extenſive and noble wharf, built of coarſe marble.*

* *See Daniel*, c. iv.

† *Alludes to the eſtabliſhment of the Royal Academy of Liſbon in July* 1780, *under the preſidency of the moſt illuſtrious Prince Don John of Braganza, Duke of Lafoens, &c. &c. &c. The author was preſent at the ceremony of its commencement, and had the honour to be admitted a member.*

‡ *Camoens the firſt poet of Portugal, publiſhed his Luſiad at a time of the deepeſt declenſion of public virtue, when the Portugueſe empire in India was falling into rapid decay, when literature was totally neglected, and all was luxury and imbecility at home. At the end of Books V. and VII. of his Luſiad, he ſeverely upbraids the nobility for their barbarous ignorance. He died neglected in a workhouſe, a few months before his country fell under the yoke of Philip II. of Spain, whoſe policy in Portugal was of the ſame kind with that which he exerciſed in the Netherlands, endeavouring to ſecure ſubmiſſion by ſeverity, with the view of reducing them beneath the poſſibility of a ſucceſsful revolt.*

§ *This title is given by the Portugueſe hiſtorians to Don John, one of the younger ſons of John I. of Portugal, who had viſited every court of Europe. The ſame title is no leſs due to the preſent illuſtrious deſcendant of his family, the Duke of Lafoens. His Grace, who has within theſe few years returned to his native country, was about twenty-two years abſent from it. During the late war, he was a volunteer in the army of the Empreſs Queen, in which he ſerved as lieutenant-general, and particularly diſtinguiſhed himſelf at the battle of Maxen, where the Pruſſians were defeated. After the peace, he not only viſited every court of Europe, moſt of whoſe languages he ſpeaks fluently, but alſo travelled to Turkey and Egypt, and even to Lapland. His Grace is no leſs diſtinguiſhed by his taſte for the* Belles Lettres, *than for his extenſive knowledge of hiſtory and ſcience.*

Anxious alone, nor be his vows in vain!
That long his toil unfiniſh'd may remain!
The view how grateful to the liberal mind,
Whoſe glow of heart embraces human kind,
To ſee a nation riſe! But ah. my friend,
How dire the pangs to mark our own deſcend!
With ample powers from ruin ſtill to ſave,
Yet as a veſſel on the furious wave, [toſt,
Through ſunken rocks and rav'nous whirlpools
Each power to ſave in counter-action loſt,
Where, while combining ſtorms the decks o'erwhelm,
Timidity flow faulters at the helm,
The crew, in mutiny, from every maſt
Tearing its ſtrength, and yielding to the blaſt;
By factions ſtern and gloomy luſt of change,
And ſelfiſh rage inſpir'd and dark revenge—
Nor ween, my friend, that favouring fate forebodes
That Albion's ſtate, the toil of demigods,
From ancient manners pure, through ages long,
And from unnumber'd friendly aſpects ſprung;
When poiſon'd at the heart its ſoul expires,
Shall e'er again reſume its generous fires:
No future day may ſuch fair frame reſtore;
When Albion falls, ſhe falls to riſe no more.

## STANZAS.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY STUDIOUS OF BOTANY.

Say, gentle lady of the bower,
For thou, though young, art wiſe,
And known to thee is every flower
Beneath our milder ſkies:

Say, which the plant of modeſt dye,
And lovely mien combin'd,
That fitteſt to the penſive eye
Diſplays the virtuous mind.

I ſought the groves where innocence
Methought might long reſide;
But April's bloſſom's baniſh'd thence,
Gave ſummer, Flora's pride.

I ſought the garden's boaſted haunt,
But on the gay partere
Carnations glow, and tulips flaunt,
No humble flow'ret there.

The flower you ſeek, the nymph replies,
Has bow'd the languid head;
For on its bloom the blazing ſkies
Their ſultry rage have ſhed.

'Tis now the downward withering day,
Of winter's dull preſage,
That ſeeks not where the dog-ſtars ray,
Has ſhed his fierceſt rage.

Yet ſearch yon ſhade obſcure forlorn
Where rude the bramble grows;
There, ſhaded by the humble thorn,
The lingering primroſe blows.

## SACRED TO THE HEIRS OF —— CASTLE.

Oh thou whoſe hopes theſe fair domains inſpire,
The awful leſſon here beſtow'd attend,
With penſive eye here let thy ſteps retire,
What time rapt fancy's ſhadowy forms deſcend.

Hark! from yon hall as headlong waſte purveys,
What Bacchanalian revels loud reſound,
With feſtive fires the midnight windows blaze,
And ſever'd tumult reels his giddy round.

'Tis paſt—the manſion owns another lord,
The ouſted heir ſo riotous ere while,
Now ſits a ſuppliant at his wonted board,
Inſulted by the baſe-born menial's ſmile.

By the baſe menials taunted from the door,
With anguiſh'd heart reſiſtleſs of his woe,
Forlorn he ſtrays thoſe lawns, his own no more,
Unknowing where, on trembling knees and flow.

'Till here beneath an aged elm's bleak ſhade,
Fainting he ſinks—Ah! let thy mind deſcry,
On the cold turf how low his humbled head,
On yon fair dome how fix'd his ghaſtly eye.

By his mad revels, by his laſt heart-ſigh,
Oh thou of theſe proud towers the promis'd heir,
By every manly virtue's holy tie,
By honour's faireſt bloom, Oh fortune's child, beware!

## FRAGMENT.

Tell me gentle echo, tell,
Where and how my lover fell?
On the cold graſs did he lie,
Crown'd with laurels did he die?
Echo twice gave ſwift reply, [die.
Crown'd with laurels, crown'd with laurels, he did
His ſnow-white breaſt was ſtain'd with gore,
A cruel ſword his boſom tore.
Say with his parting vital flame,
Did he ſigh Ophelia's name,
Was he conſtant ſtill the ſame?
Echo ſigh'd Ophelia's name.
When in honour's bed he lay,
And breath'd his gallant ſoul away,
Ye gentler ſpirits of the air,
Why was not Ophelia there?
Echo anſwer'd her deſpair,
Why was not Ophelia there?
While the full moon's paly ray
Sleeping on the hill ſide lay,
Thus to echo, through the glade,
The lovely maniac talk'd and ſtray'd;
Straight on fancy's wild wings borne,
By the glimpſe of opening morn,
She ſaw—or thought ſhe ſaw, her love
Lie bleeding * * * * *

## FRAGMENT.

Come gentle peace on every breathing gale,
O come and guard the ſlumbers of the vale,
Awake gay mirth and glee, with playful wile,
Wake with the morn, and o'er the landſcape ſmile.

## STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS DOWAGER OF WALES.

Aspers'd by malice and unmanly rage,
Diſgraceful ſtamp to this flagitious age,

In conſcious innocence ſecur'd from blame,
She ſigh'd—but only ſigh'd o'er Britain's ſhame;
She ſaw her children throng their early tomb,
Diſeaſe, flow-waſting, ſade her Gloſters' bloom;
She ſaw—but death appear'd a friendly gueſt,
His arrow pointing to the realms of reſt!
Calmly ſhe views him, dauntleſs and reſign'd,
Yet drops one tear for thoſe ſhe leaves behind.
Warm from the heart theſe honeſt numbers flow,
Which honour, truth, and gratitude, beſtow.

## EPITAPH ON MR. MORTIMER.

O'er Angelo's proud tomb no tear was ſhed;
Pleas'd was each muſe, for full his honours ſpread;
To bear his genius to its utmoſt ſhore,
The length of human days could give no more.
Oh Mortimer, o'er thy untimely urn
The arts and all the gentle muſes mourn;
And ſhades of Engliſh heroes gliding by,
Heave o'er thy ſhrine the languid hopeleſs ſigh!
Thine all the breathing rage of bold deſign,
And all the poetry of painting thine;
Oh, long had thy meridian ſun to blaze!
And onward hov'ring in its magic rays,
What viſions roſe!—Fair England's patriots old,
Monarchs of proudeſt fame, and barons bold,
In the fir'd moments of their braveſt ſtrife,
Burſting beneath thy hand again to life!
So ſhone thy noon—when one dim void profound,
Ruſh'd on, and ſhapeleſs darkneſs clos'd around.
Alas! while ghoſts of heroes round thy tomb,
Robb'd of their hope, bewail the artiſt's doom;
Thy friend, Oh Mortimer, in grief ſincere,
Pours o'er the man ſad memory's ſilent tear;
And in the fond remembrance of thy heart,
Forgets the honours of thy wond'rous art.

TO THE

## MEMORY OF COM. GEO. JOHNSTONE.

Through life's tempeſtuous ſea to thee 'twas given
Thy courſe to ſteer, yet ſtill preſerv'd by Heaven;
As childhood clos'd, thy ceaſeleſs toils began,
And toils and dangers ripen'd thee to man:
Thy country's cauſe thy ardent youth inſpir'd,
Thy ripen'd years thy country's dangers fir'd;
All life to trace the councils of the foe,
All zealous life to ward the lifted blow *.
When dubious peace, in gilded clouds array'd,
Fair o'er Britannia threw her painted ſhade,
Thy active mind illiberal eaſe diſdain'd;
Forth burſt the ſenator unaw'd, unſtain'd!
By private aim unwrapt as generous youth,
Thy ear ſtill liſtening to the voice of truth,

That ſacred power thy burſting warmth controul'd,
And bade thee at her ſide be only bold.
Nor toils of ſtate alone thy cares employ'd;
The muſes in thy ſunſhine glow'd and joy'd.
When filial ſtrife unſheath'd the ruthleſs brand,
And diſcord rioted on Salem's ſtrand,
Thy hands to Salem's ſtrand the olive bore *,
Alas, denied!——and liberal peace no more
Smil'd on the creſt of hope; thy country's weal
Again to action wak'd thy patriot zeal;
Old Tagus ſaw the Britiſh red croſs ſtream
O'er Gallia's lilies and the tawny gleam
Of proud Iberia's caſtles: Belgia mourn'd
Her broken faith, and Afric's ſhores return'd †
Her Liſboan groans for Britiſh friendſhip ſpurn'd.
Again life's tempeſt beaten ocean roar'd,
And round thy head the miſts of faction pour'd;
Dark lowr'd the ſtorm; but heaven's own light roſe mild,
And reſcued honour on thy death-bed ſmil'd ‡,
Soft ſhedding peaceful joy; the bliſsful ſign,
That Heaven's forgiveneſs and its balm were thine.
All hail, ſooth'd ſhade! The muſe that own'd thy care
Hails thee, and bleſſes Heaven that heard her prayer.
For ever green the laurel o'er thy tomb
Shall flouriſh, ever white its flowery bloom;
And gratitude, Oh Johnſtone, round thy ſhrine,
And friendſhip, heave the ſigh, and thy fair wreath entwine.

## STANZAS ON MR. GARRICK.

Fair was the graceful form Prometheus made,
Its front the image of the god diſplay'd·
All heaven approv'd it e'er Minerva ſtole
The fire of Jove, and kindled up the ſoul.

So Shakſpeare's page, the flower of poeſy,
Ere Garrick roſe had charms for every eye;
'Twas nature's genuine image wild and grand,
The ſtrong-mark'd picture of a maſter's hand.

But when his Garrick, nature's Pallas, came,
The bard's bold painting burſt into a flame:
Each part new force and vital warmth receiv'd,
As touch'd by heaven—and all the picture liv'd.

*On paſſing through the Parliament-Cloſe of Edinburgh at Midnight.*

So now the doors are ſhut, the buſy hand
Of induſtry ſuſpends her toil a while,
And ſolemn ſilence reigns: the men of law
Throng not the paſſage to the auguſt court;
Nor clients, walking o'er the pavement, curſe
Their cauſe's long delay; the labourer
Lies wrapt in ſleep, his brawny nerves unbrac'd,
Gath'ring new vigour for to-morrow's toil.
Now o'er their cups immoderate, the rout

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* *The Commodore was remarkably happy in procuring intelligence. He ſent the firſt notice of the Spaniſh declaration of war in 1761 to Admiral Rodney, then commanding in the Weſt Indies; in conſequence of which the Havannah was taken. He ſent alſo the firſt account of the ſailing and deſtination for the Weſt Indies of the Grand Spaniſh Fleet in 1760 to Admiral Rodney, then alſo commander on that ſtation. Both meſſages were carried from Liſbon by the ſame perſon, Capt. M'Laurin. In conſequence of this intelligence, many of the Spaniſh tranſports were taken, and the operations of the combined force of France and Spain in the Weſt Indies retarded for that ſeaſon.*

* *He was one of the commiſſioners ſent to America in 1778.*

† *Alluding to the French and Dutch prizes he ſent into the Tagus in 1779 and 1780, and to his capture of four Dutch Indiamen in Saldanha Bay in 1781.*

‡ *Alluding to the ſentence againſt him in the cauſe of Captain Sutton, being reverſed by the Houſe of Lords; the account of which he received about twenty-four hours before his death.*

Of Bacchanalians, with impetuous laugh,
Applaud the witleſs, but invenom'd jeſt.
At yon dim taper, poring on his bonds,
Or ledger, crooked av'rice keenly ſits;
Or ſleepleſs on his tawdry bed, ſums up
His rents and int'reſts. O thrice dire diſeaſe!
Oh doleful madneſs! Wherefore all this care,
This ſinful care, that from the mind excludes
All thought of duty toward God or man!
An heir debauch'd, who wiſhes nothing more
Than the old dotard dead, will throw it all
On whores and dogs away; then, curſing life,
That nothing gives but ſcoundrel poverty,
By his own hand a mangled carcaſe falls.
Now ſmoking with unhallow'd fires, the ſons
Of curs'd Gomorrha ſtroll along the ſtreets,
Scenting the proſtitutes: perhaps the ſon
Of ſome well-meaning countryman, entic'd
By lewd companions, midnight orgies holds,
Kennels with ſome abominable wretch,
Contracting foul diſeaſe, one day to ſmart
His pious parents ſouls with bitter grief,
And o'er their rev'rend hoary cheeks to pour
The ſad parental tear.——

Behold how grand the lady of the night,
The ſilver moon, with majeſty divine,
Emerges from behind yon ſable cloud;
Around her all the ſpacious heavens glow
With living fires. In the pale air ſublime,
St. Giles's column rears its ancient head;
Whoſe builders many a century ago
Were moulder'd into duſt. Now, O my ſoul,
Be fill'd with ſacred awe——I tread above
Our brave forgotten anceſtors. Here * lie
Thoſe who in ancient days the kingdom rul'd,
The counſellors and favourites of kings,
High lords and courtly dames, the valiant chiefs,
Whoſe manly harneſs'd breaſts, and mighty arms,
Stood as the brazen bulwarks of the land,
Mingling their duſt with thoſe of loweſt rank,
And baſeſt deeds, and now unknown as they.——
Hark! 'twas the clock ſtruck One---the ſolemn
found
Yet vibrates in my ear: Such is the life,
The tranſient life of man: a while he breathes,
Then in a little with his mother earth [race
Lies mix'd, and known no more; even his own
Forget his name. And if his name remains,
What is it but an empty, airy ſound?
Cæſar, and Ammon's ſon, high-ſounding air,
Founders of ſtates, their country's ſaviours, lie
In dark oblivion; others only live
In fables wild and vague: yea, this fame age,
That ſaw the wave of Marlb'ro's ſword decide
The fate of Europe, and her trembling kings,
Relate his actions paſt as an old tale,
Without concern: and ſoon the days ſhall come,
When Pruſſian peaſants ſhall ſtrange ſtories tell
Of Fred'ric and his brothers; ſuch as oft
The Britiſh labourer, by winter's fire,
Tells to his wond'ring children, of the feats
Of Arthur and his knights: a few years more
Shall ſee great Fred'ric and his glorious bands,
And all the millions of his raging foes,
All ſilent duſt, and lodging with the hoſts
(Down in the dreary manſions of the dead),
That fought at Cannæ or Thermopylæ,
And thoſe of later name, that ſtood beneath
The banners of Godfredo or Guſtave.

Say, ye immortal ſons of heav'n, who rule
This nether world, who, from old Nimrod's days
Down to the preſent, have beheld the fate
Of emperors and kings; ſay, which the life
That the immortal ſhade will like to own?
Does Cæſar boaſt of his eternal name,
How, wading through the blood of millions, he
Enſlav'd his country? No, he droops his head,
And imprecates oblivion to o'erſhade
The horrid tale. Not ſo poor Socrates:
With everlaſting ſmiles he humbly owns
The life that was a bleſſing to mankind.
The heroes, whoſe unconquerable ſouls
Would from their country's int'reſt never flinch,
Look down with ſweet complacence on th' realms
Their valour ſav'd. O Wallace, wond'rous chief!
Who durſt alone thy country's rights aſſert,
Betray'd and ſworn away by all but thee;
And thou, great Bruce, who many a doleful day,
For thy enſlav'd and groaning country's ſake,
Stray'd o'er the ſolitary hills of Lorn;
With what ecſtatic raptures do you ſee
A nation to this day bleſs'd by your arms!
Such ſhall thy happineſs, O Fred'ric! be,
Thou glorious pattern of a perfect king;
And ſuch the recompenſing heaven of thoſe,
The happy few, in bleſs'd obſcurity
Who paſs their days; whom Gabriel pointing out,
When in his ſilent rounds, unto his mates
Will ſay, "There is the man, who at all times
"Acts as becometh an immortal ſpirit."
Such is the life that's worthy of a man,
And ſuch the life that God himſelf applauds.

* *This was once a burial-place.*

## ON THE NEGLECT OF POETRY.

A FRAGMENT. IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

(*From the Introduction to the Engliſh Luſiad* *.)

Hence, vagrant minſtrel, from my thriving farm,
Far hence, nor ween to ſhed thy poiſon here:
My hinds deſpiſe thy lyre's ignoble charm;
Seek in the ſloggard's bowers thy ill-earn'd cheer:
There, while thy idle chaunting ſoothes thine ear,
The noxious thiſtle choaks their ſickly corn;
Their apple boughs, ungraff'd, four wildings bear,
And o'er the ill-fenced dales with fleeces torn,
Unguarded from the fox, their lambkins ſtray forlorn.

Such ruin wthiers the neglected ſoil,
When to the ſong the ill-ſtarr'd ſwain attends.
And well thy meed repays thy worthleſs toil;
Upon thy houſeleſs head pale want deſcends

* *A work which claims poetical merit, while its reputation is uneſtabliſhed, is beheld, by the great majority, with a cold and a jealous eye. The preſent age, indeed, is happily auſpicious to ſcience and the arts; but poetry is neither the general teſte, nor the faſhionable favourite of theſe times. Often, in the diſpirited hour, have theſe views obtruded upon the tranſlator. While he has left his author upon the table, and wandered in the fields, theſe views have clothed themſelves almoſt imperceptibly in the ſtanza and allegory of Spenſer.*

In bitter ſhower: and taunting ſcorn ſtill rends,
And wakes thee trembling from thy golden dream:
In vetchy bed, or loathly dungeon ends
Thy idled life——What fitter may beſeem,
Who poiſons thus the fount, ſhould drink the poiſon'd ſtream.

And is it thus, the heart-ſtung minſtrel cry'd,
While indignation ſhook his ſilver'd head;
And is it thus, the groſs-fed lordling's pride,
And hind's baſe tongue the gentle bard upbraid!
And muſt the holy ſong be thus repaid
By ſun-baſk'd ignorance, and chorliſh ſcorn!
While liſtleſs drooping in the languid ſhade
Of cold neglect, the ſacred bard muſt mourn,
Though in his hallowed breaſt heaven's pureſt ardours burn!

Yet how ſublime, O bard, the dread beheſt,
The awful truſt to thee by Heaven aſſign'd!
'Tis thine to humaniſe the ſavage breaſt,
And form in virtue's mould the youthful mind;
Where lurks the latent ſpark of generous kind,
'Tis thine to bid the dormant ember blaze:
Heroic rage with gentleſt worth combin'd,
Wide through the land thy forming power diſplays. [rays.
So ſpread the olive boughs beneath Dan Phœbus

When Heaven decreed to ſoothe the feuds that tore
The wolf-eyed barons, whoſe unletter'd rage
Spurn'd the fair muſe; Heaven bade on Avon's ſhore
A Shakſpeare riſe, and ſooth the barbarous age:
A Shakſpeare roſe; the barbarous heats aſwage——
At diſtance due how many bards attend!
Enlarged and liberal from the narrow cage
Of blinded zeal, new manners wide extend,
And o'er the generous breaſt the dews of heaven deſcend.

And fits it you, ye ſons of hallowed power,
To hear, unmov'd, the tongue of ſcorn upbraid
The muſe, neglected in her wintery bower;
While proudly flouriſhing in princely ſhade
Her younger ſiſters lift the laurell'd head.——
And ſhall the pencil's boldeſt mimic rage,
Or ſofteſt charms, foredoom'd in time to fade,
Shall theſe be vaunted o'er th' immortal page,
Where paſſion's living fires burn unimpair'd by age!

And ſhall the warbled ſtrain, or ſweeteſt lyre,
Thrilling the palace roof at night's deep hour;
And ſhall the nightingales in woodland choir
The voice of heaven in ſweeter raptures pour!
Ah no! their ſong is tranſient as the flower
Of April morn: In vain the ſhepherd boy
Sits liſtening in the ſilent autumn bower;
The year no more reſtores the ſhort lived joy;
And never more his harp ſhall Orpheus' hands employ.

Eternal ſilence in her cold deaf ear
Has cloſed his ſtrain; and deep eternal night
Has o'er Apelles' tints, ſo bright while ere,
Drawn her blank curtains—never to the ſight
More to be given——But cloath'd in heaven's own light,
Homer's bold painting ſhall immortal ſhine;
Wide o'er the world ſhall ever ſound the might,
The raptured muſic of each deathleſs line: [divine.
For death nor time may touch their living ſoul

And what the ſtrain, though Perez ſwell the note,
High though its rapture, to the muſe of fire!
Ah! what the tranſient ſounds, devoid of thought,
To Shakſpeare's flame of ever-burning ire,
Or Milton's flood of mind, till time expire
Foredoom'd to flow; as heaven's dread energy
Unconſcious of the bounds of place——

## TRANSLATION OF TASSO'S SONNET.

"Vaſco, le cui felici, &c."

Vasco, whoſe bold and happy bowſprit bore
Againſt the riſing morn; and, homeward fraught,
Whoſe ſails came weſtward with the day, and brought
The wealth of India to thy native ſhore;

Ne'er did the Greek ſuch length of ſeas explore,
The Greek, who ſorrow to the Cyclop wrought;
And he who, victor, with the harpies fought,
Never ſuch pomp of naval honours wore.

Great as thou art, and peerleſs in renown,
Yet thou to Camoens ow'ſt thy nobleſt fame;
Farther than thou didſt fail, his deathleſs ſong
Shall bear the dazzling ſplendour of thy name;
And under many a ſky thy actions crown,
While time and fame together glide along.

## AN INSCRIPTION

*On an Obeliſk at Langford, in Wiltſhire, the ſeat of the Earl of Radnor, commemorating the unfortunate fate of Mr. Servinton, who was formerly in poſſeſſion of that eſtate.*

While o'er theſe lawns thine eye delighted ſtrays,
Allow a pauſe to hear the tale of woe;
Here ſtood the parent elm in elder days,
Here o'er its lord flow wav'd the wither'd bough.
While pale and cold his famiſh'd cheek full low,
On the rude turf in death's laſt ſwooning lay.

Even now, methinks, his anguiſh'd look I ſee,
As by the menials taunted from the door;
Fainting, he wander'd—then beneath the tree
Sunk down—ſweet heaven, what pangs his boſom tore.
When o'er yon lordly dome, his own no more
He roll'd his dying eyes—Ah! what compare
To this the leſſons taught of ſages hoar?
By his mad revels, by the gilded ſnare,
By all the hopes of joy, *Oh! fortune's child beware.*

## TRANSLATION OF AN EPITHALAMIUM,

*Written in Hebrew, by Abraam Depas, on the marriage of Jacob Franco, Eſq. to Miſs Abigail D'Aguilar, daughter of the late Baron D'Aguilar.*

The voice of joy this happy *day* demands;
Reſound the ſong, and in our God confide:
Beneath his canopy the bridegroom ſtands,
In all her beauty ſhines the lovely bride.
O may their joys ſtill bloſſom ever new,
Fair as a garden to the raviſh'd view!

Rejoice, O youth! and if thy thoughts aſpire;
To Heaven's pure bleſs, the ſacred law revere;

The ſtranger's wants, the needy ſoul's deſire
Supply, and humbly with thy neighbour bear,
So ſhall thy father's grateful heart rejoice,
And thy fair deeds inſpire thy people's voice.

Sing from your bowers ye daughters of the ſong,
Behold the bride with ſtar-light glory ſhine!
May each ſucceeding day ſtill glide along,
Fair as the firſt, begirt with grace divine:
Far from her tent may care and ſorrow fly,
While ſhe o'erjoy'd beholds her numerous progeny.

Ye happy parents, ſhout with cheerful voice,
See o'er your ſon the canopy unfolds,
And thou, O hoary reverend ſire! rejoice,
May thy glad eyes thy grandſon's ſon behold:
The ſong of joy, ye youthful kindred raiſe
And let the people join the living God to praiſe.

## ESKDALE BRAES.

By the banks of the cryſtal-ſtream'd Eſk,
Where the Wauchope her yellow wave joins *,
Where the lambkins on ſunny braes baſk,
And wild woodbine the ſhepherd's bower twines.

Maria, diſconſolate maid,
Oft ſigh'd the ſtill noontide away,
Or, by moonlight all deſolate ſtray'd,
While woeful ſhe tun'd her love-lay.

Ah! no more from the banks of the Ewes,
My ſhepherd comes cheerly along,
Broomholm †, and the Deanſbanks refuſe
To echo the plaints of his ſong.

No more from the echoes of Ewes,
His dog fondly barking I hear,
No more the tir'd lark he purſues,
And tells me his maſter draws near.

Ah! woe to the wars, and the pride
That my heroes, Oh Eſk! could diſplay,
When with laurels they planted thy ſide,
From France and from Spain borne away.

Oh! why did their honours decoy
My poor ſhepherd lad from the ſhore,
Ambition bewitch'd the vain boy,
And oceans between us now roar!

Ah! methinks his pale corſe floating by,
I behold on the rude billows toſt;
Unburied his ſcatter'd bones lie,
Lie bleaching on ſome deſert coaſt!

By this ſtream, and the May-bloſſom'd thorn,
That firſt heard his love-tale and his vows,
My pale ghoſt ſhall wander forlorn,
And the willow ſhall weep o'er my brows.

With the ghoſts of the Waas will I wail,
In Warblaw * woods join the ſad throng,
To *hallow-ee'ns* blaſt tell my tale,
As the ſpectres, ungrav'd, glide along.

Still the Ewes rolls her paly blue ſtream,
Old Eſk, ſtill his cryſtal tide pours,
Still golden the Wauchope waves gleam,
And, ſtill green, Oh! Broomholm, are thy bowers!

No—blaſted they ſeem to my view,
The rivers in red floods combine!
The turtles their widow'd notes coo,
And mix their ſad ditties with mine.

Diſcover'd in ſorrow's dim ſhade,
All nature ſeems with me to mourn—
Strait the village bells merrily play'd,
And announc'd her dear Jamie's return.

The woodlands all May-blown appear,
The ſilver ſtreams murmur new charms;
As ſmiling her Jamie drew near,
And, all eager, ſprung into her arms.

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* *The ſcene is laid on the banks where the two rivers of the Wauchope and Ewes join the Eſk: On the banks of the former, was anciently a caſtle belonging to the Knights Templers, on the ruins of which was built the manſe or parſonage houſe, called the Waas (Walls), at which Mickle's father reſided, and where the poet was born.*

† *The ſeat of John Maxwell, Eſq. author of the celebrated "Eſſay on Tune:" Deanſbanks, ſo called from the Dean of the Knights Templars.*

* *The ſkirts of this very pictureſque mountain form a bank for the Eſk and the Wauchope, and are covered with a beautiful and romantic wood.*

THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# RICHARD JAGO.

Containing

EDGE-HILL,
LABOUR AND GENIUS,
ELEGIES,

ECLOGUES,
EPISTLES,
IMITATIONS,

*&c. &c. &c.*

To which is prefixed,

*THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.*

---

——————— a theme
Unknown to fame, the passion of the groves.

THOMSON'S SPRING.

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# THE LIFE OF JAGO.

Richard Jago was born October 1. 1715. His family was of Corniſh extraction; but his father, the Rev. Richard Jago, was Rector of Beaudeſert, near Henley in Arden, in Warwickſhire. He married Margaret, the daughter of William Parker, Gent. of Henley, 1711, by whom he had ſeveral children. The poet was his third ſon.

He received a good claſſical education under the Rev. Mr. Crumpton, an excellent country ſchool-maſter at Solihull, near Birmingham in Warwickſhire; where he formed an acquaintance with ſeveral gentlemen who were his ſchool-fellows; among others with Shenſtone. A ſimilarity of taſte and of purſuits ſoon brought on an intimacy between theſe two poets, which continued without abatement till the death of Shenſtone.

"From the acquaintance," ſays Mr. Graves, in his "Recollection of ſome particulars in the Life of Shenſtone," "which I had with Mr. Jago, and ſome others who were bred under Mr. Crumpton, he ſeems to have given his pupils a more early taſte for the Engliſh claſſics, than was commonly done in grammar ſchools at that time."

About 1732, he was removed from the ſchool of Solihull, and entered as a ſervitor, of Univerſity College, Oxford; where he was privately viſited by his ſchool-fellow Shenſtone, then a commoner of Pembroke College, who introduced him to the acquaintance of his fellow collegians, Anthony Whiſtler, Eſq. of Whitchurch, Oxfordſhire, author of the "Shuttle-cock," and ſeveral original poems in "Dodſley's Collection," Mr. Robert Binnel, author of ſome learned notes in Grainger's "Tibullus," and Mr. Richard Graves, the preſent rector of Claverton in Somerſetſhire, author of "The Spiritual Quixote," "Euphroſyne," "Columella," "Peter of Pontefract," and other ingenious performances.

On the humiliating ſituation in which he was placed at Univerſity College, his friend Mr. Graves makes the following liberal and indignant reflections, in his "Recollection, &c."

"Mr. Shenſtone had one ingenious and much valued friend in Oxford, Mr. Jago, his ſchool-fellow, whom he could only viſit in private, as he wore a ſervitor's gown; it being then deemed a great diſparagement for a commoner to appear in public with one in that ſituation; which, by the way, would make one wiſh with Dr. Johnſon, that there were no young people admitted in that ſervile ſtate in a place of liberal education.

"Servitors, or Sizers as they are called in Cambridge, were probably appointed when colleges were firſt eſtabliſhed, and when there was a ſcarcity of fit perſons to ſupply the learned profeſſions, that a greater number might have the advantage of literary inſtruction, by the poorer waiting on the more affluent ſtudents.

"But what good end can it anſwer in theſe times, when every genteel profeſſion is overſtocked, to rob our agriculture or our manufactures of ſo many uſeful hands, by encouraging every ſubſtantial farmer or mechanical tradeſman, to breed his ſon to the church?

"If now and then a very uncommon genius in thoſe walks of life diſcovers itſelf, there are ſeldom wanting gentlemen in the neighbourhood, who are proud of calling forth, and if *neceſſary*, of ſupporting, by a ſubſcription, ſuch extraordinary talents.

"Mr. Jago, however, who was the ſon of a clergyman in Warwickſhire, with a large family, and who could not otherwiſe have given his ſon a liberal education, may be thought an inſtance in favour of this inſtitution.

"But I make no doubt, that a reſpectable clergyman, as Mr. Jago's father was, might, by a very ſlight application to the head, or fellows of almoſt any college, have procured ſome ſcholarſhip or exhibition, for a youth of genius, and properly qualified; which, with a very ſmall additional expence, might have ſupported him in the univerſity, without placing him in ſo humiliating a ſituation, which in ſome future period of his life (when, perhaps, his parts might have raiſed him to ſome eminence in the world), might put it in the power of any purſe-proud fellow collegian, to boaſt that he had waited on him in the college; though, perhaps, all the obligation he had lain under to ſuch a patron, was the receiving ſixpence a week, not as an act of generoſity, but as a tribute impoſed upon him by the ſtanding rules of the ſociety."

He took his degree of Maſter of Arts, July 9. 1738, having taken orders the year before, and ſerved the curacy of Snitterfield, near Stratford upon Avon.

In 1744, he married Dorothea Sufanna Fancourt, a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Fancourt, of Kilmcote in Leiceſterſhire.

For ſeveral years after his marriage, he reſided at Harbury; to which living he was inſtituted in 1746. At a ſmall diſtance lay Cheſterton, given him about the ſame time by Lord Willoughby de Broke; the two together amounting to about 100l. a-year.

Before his removal from Harbury, he had the misfortune to loſe his amiable companion, who died in 1751, leaving him a numerous family of ſmall children, and from ſuch a loſs the moſt inconſolable widower.

In 1754, Lord Clare, afterwards Earl Nugent, who had a great regard for him, by his intereſt with Dr. Madox, Biſhop of Worceſter, procured him the Vicarage of Snitterfield, where he had formerly been curate, worth about 140l. a-year; whither he removed, and where he reſided the remainder of his life.

In 1759, he married a ſecond wife, Margaret, the daughter of James Underwood, Eſq. of Budgely in Staffordſhire.

While he was engaged in the duties of his profeſſion as a country clergyman, which he performed with exemplary diligence, he found leiſure to indulge his early propenſity to the ſtudy of poetry; and carried on a conſtant correſpondence with his friend Shenſtone, on the ſubject of their literary ſtudies and poetical compoſitions.

It appears from Shenſtone's "Letters," publiſhed in 1769, that he communicated from time to time to Mr. Jago and Mr. Graves, the detail of his improvements at the Leaſowes, an account of the viſits he received from people of rank, and the ordinary occurrences of his life. His eleventh "Elegy" is addreſſed to Jago. He appears alſo to have lived in intimacy with Somervile, Mr. Hylton, Lady Luxborough, and other friends of Shenſtone.

In 1752, his *Elegy on the Blackbirds* was publiſhed by Dr. Hawkeſworth in the "Adventurer," and attributed to Weſt. It was afterwards inſerted in "Dodſley's Collection," with his name.

When it firſt appeared with his name in Dodſley's Collection, a manager of the Bath theatre boaſted in the circle of his acquaintance, that he was the author of it, and that *Jago* was a fictitious name which he had adopted from the celebrated tragedy of "Othello."

It is remarkable, that Dr. Johnſon, in his "Life of Weſt," ſhould leave this affair ſtill dubious; when it is demonſtrable, from the very letters of Shenſtone to which he refers, that Jago was the real author.

The caſe ſeems to have been thus: As Shenſtone was fond of communicating any poetical productions of his friends, which he thought would do them credit, he probably gave a copy of Jago's elegy to the Lyttleton family at Hagley, where Weſt frequently viſited. And as Weſt thought it worthy to appear in the "Adventurer," he might ſend it to Dr. Hawkeſworth without mentioning Jago's name, which was then very little known in the world. So that Dr. Hawkeſworth might well imagine that Weſt himſelf was the author of it, as Dr. Johnſon has hinted.

However this may be, there is a living evidence, Mr. Hylton, the editor of his poems, who is able and ready to ſupport indiſputably, Jago's claim to this beautiful elegy, as well as to the others of the *Swallows* and *Goldfinches*.

In 1767, he publiſhed his *Edge-Hill, or the rural proſpect delineated and moralized*, a poem, in four books, 4to, which completely eſtabliſhed his poetical reputation.

In 1768, he publiſhed his *Labour and Genius, or the Mill-Stream and the Caſcade, a Fable, written in the year 1762, and inſcribed to the late William Shenſtone, Eſq.*, 4to. It conſiſts chiefly of encomiums on the genius and taſte of Shenſtone.

In 1771 he was preſented by Lord Willoughby de Broke, to the living of Kilmcote, before mentioned, with near 300l. a-year, and reſigned the vicarage of Harbury.

During the latter part of his life, as the infirmities of age came upon him, he ſeldom went far from home. He amuſed himſelf at his leiſure, in improving his vicarage-houſe, and ornamenting his grounds, which were agreeably ſituated, and had many natural beauties.

After a ſhort illneſs, he died on the 8th of May 1781, in the 66th year of his age; and was buried according to his deſire, in a vault which he had made for his family in the church at Snitterfield.

He had children only by his firſt wife; three ſons, who died before him, and four daughters, three of whom were living in 1784.

His poem of *Edge-Hill, Labour and Genius, Elegies*, &c. were reprinted, as they were corrected, improved, and enlarged by him, a ſhort time before his death, with *Adam*, or *the Fatal Diſobedience, an*

*Oratorio, compiled from the Paradiſe Loſt of Milton, and adapted to muſic*; and ſome additional pieces, never before printed, in one volume 8vo., under the title of *Poems, Moral and Deſcriptive, by the late Richard Jago, M. A.* with a preface, containing an account of his life and character, by his friend Mr. Hylton, which has been chiefly followed in this account. They are now, reprinted from the edition 1784, for the firſt time received into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry. The *Oratorio* is omitted in this edition; becauſe it is merely a compilation from the "Paradiſe Loſt," in the language of Milton, adapted to repreſentation. An Oratorio, on a ſimilar plan, intituled, "Paradiſe Loſt," was preſented to the world, by the amiable and ingenious naturaliſt and poet Mr. Stillingfleet, in 1760.

The character of Jago appears to have been truly amiable and reſpectable. To his learning, taſte, and good ſenſe, Shenſtone, Graves, &c. bear ample teſtimony. His moral and intellectual character has been ſo accurately delineated by the friendly pencil of Mr. Hylton, as to render the after-ſtrokes of a caſual hand unneceſſary.

"Mr. Jago in his perſon," ſays Mr. Hylton, who knew him well, "was about the middle ſtature. In his manner, like moſt people of ſenſibility, he appeared reſerved amongſt ſtrangers; amongſt his friends he was free and eaſy, and his converſation ſprightly and entertaining. In domeſtic life, he was the affectionate huſband, the tender parent, the kind maſter, the hoſpitable neighbour, and ſincere friend, and both by his doctrine and example, a faithful and worthy miniſter of the pariſh over which he preſided.

"To do juſtice to Mr. Jago's character as a poet, would require the pen of a more able writer. It may ſafely be aſſerted, however, on the authority of the public approbation which they have already met with, that the pieces on which we reſt his poetical fame, viz. his poem of *Edge-Hill*, his fable of *Labour and Genius*, and his *Elegies* on the *Blackbirds*, &c. are all excellent in their kind.

"The poem of *Edge-Hill*, though the ſubject is local and chiefly deſcriptive, yet he has contrived to make it *generally* intereſting, by his hiſtorical narrations and digreſſive epiſodes; and by his philoſophical diſquiſitions or moral reflections; particularly the philoſophical account of the *Origin of Mountains*, which is equally curious and poetical. His deſcription of the Earl of Leiceſter's Entertainment of Queen Elizabeth, at Kenelworth Caſtle, which is truly characteriſtic of that pedantic age; as the moral reflections on the ruins and departed grandeur of that ſuperb ſtructure, is in the beſt manner of Young, in his "Night Thoughts." The ſtory of the youth reſtored to ſight, from the "Tatler," is told with ſo many natural and affecting circumſtances, as makes Mr. Jago's *poetical* much ſuperior to Sir Richard Steele's *proſe* narration. The hiſtorical account of the important battle of Kineton or *Edge-Hill*, contains ſome curious facts not generally known, as well as very ſuitable reflections, religious and moral, on the fatal effects of civil diſcord.

"The fable of *Labour and Genius*, the ſubject of which was ſuggeſted by Mr. Shenſtone, is told with ſome humour, and great clearneſs and preciſion, with a very uſeful moral forcibly inculcated.

"In the beautiful elegy on the *Blackbirds*, as well as in the others of the *Swallows* and *Goldfinches*, Mr. Jago's original genius appears, and as Thomſon ſays, he has

——————— touch'd a theme
Unknown to fame, the paſſion of the groves.

"Among the additional pieces, which now make their firſt appearance, the *Roundelay* for the Stratford Jubilee, in particular, is beautifully expreſſive and characteriſtic of Shakſpeare's verſatile genius and multifarious excellence."

Theſe obſervations might be ſtill augmented, by a more minute examination and developement of the beauties in his *Edge-Hill* and *Elegies*, which, if he had written nothing elſe, are ſufficient to entitle him to a claſſical diſtinction among the poets of our country.

As a deſcriptive poet, he evinces a picturesque imagination, a correct judgment, and a delicate taſte, refined by a careful peruſal of the ancient claſſics. His *Edge-Hill* ranks with the "Cooper's Hill" of Denham, the "Grongar Hill" of Dyer, and ſimilar compoſitions of other writers, who have proved their powers in loco-deſcriptive poetry. It is written in blank verſe, and exhibits a ſpecimen of great ſtrength and harmony in that metre. The diction is elegant and poetical. He diſcovers no want of eaſe or fancy; and ſhows a goodneſs of diſpoſition in every part of his work.

"The title is *Edge-Hill*," he informs us, in his introduction, "a place taken notice of by all the topographical writers who have had occaſion to mention it; for its extenſive and agreeable proſpect, and farther, unhappily diſtinguiſhed by being the ſcene of the firſt battle between the forces of King

Charles and thoſe of the Parliament, under the command of the Earl of Eſſex, in the year 1642. Theſe two circumſtances of natural beauty and hiſtorical importance, coinciding with the affection of the writer for his native country, lying at the foot of this celebrated mountain, preſented to his mind a theme for poetical imagery too pleaſing to be reſiſted by him. His buſineſs, therefore, was firſt to ſelect a ſtock of materials fit for his purpoſe, and then to arrange them in the beſt manner he could. Both theſe points he endeavoured to effect, not only by conſulting his eye, but alſo by conſidering the character, natural hiſtory, and other circumſtances of ſuch places as were moſt likely to afford matter for ornament or inſtruction of this kind; forming from the whole, by an imaginary line, a number of diſtant ſcenes, placed in the moſt advantageous light, and correſponding with the different times of the day, each exhibiting an entire picture, and containing its due proportion of objects and colouring.

" In the execution of this deſign, he endeavoured to make it as extenſively intereſting as he could, by the frequent introduction of general ſentiments, and moral reflections; and to enliven the deſcriptive part by digreſſions and epiſodes belonging to, or deducible from the ſubject; diveſting himſelf as much as poſſible of all partiality in matters of a public concernment; in private ones, following with more freedom, the ſentiments and dictates of his own mind."

That poetry which is employed in rural deſcription, lies under many diſadvantages. Though there is a variety, there is likewiſe an uniformity in the works of nature, which renders it difficult to embelliſh ſuch ſubjects that have not been exhibited by former writers. Hence it ariſes, that he who has peruſed one deſcriptive poem of this kind, is often ſtruck with a ſeeming repetition of ideas; and more ſenſibly ſo, where the places deſcribed have no previous ſeat in his own imagination. The poet who deſcribes, or the reader who peruſes deſcriptions of ſcenes familiar to him, will eaſily find the diſtinct images awakened by general terms; but he who is to impreſs a local picture in his fancy, merely from the combination of words, will find little novelty in theſe reiterated deſcriptions of country proſpects. The poem of *Edge-Hill* is local; and though it is embelliſhed with ſtrong painting, apt alluſions, hiſtorical incidents, and moral reflections, yet its deſcriptions are not always adapted excluſively to the place it profeſſes to celebrate. Like the deſcriptions of Thomſon, they do not always apply to any particular ſpot, or raiſe any ideas of locality, but more frequently pleaſe, by exhibiting the general views and effects of nature. The different times of the day, *Morning*, *Noon*, *Afternoon*, and *Night*, produce an agreeable diverſity of deſcription. Pathetic reflections, and moral inſtructions, are often happily introduced, in places where one expects only painting and amuſement. Through the whole poem, the deſcriptions of places, and images raiſed by the poet, are ſtill tending to ſome hint, or leading to ſome reflection upon moral life or political inſtitution, that have a relation to the object. But the moralizing of his rural paintings, is ſometimes attended with quaintneſs, and a forced manner. Nor is it difficult to inveſtigate the cauſe: All moral truths are of an abſtracted nature; and when we attempt to illuſtrate them by objects of the ſenſes, the tranſition from the natural ſimplicity of the latter, to the refinement of the former, is incompatible with that eaſe which we expect to find in poetical deſcriptions, and interrupts that attention which we are always inclined to afford. The digreſſions and epiſodes ariſe naturally from the ſubject, and enliven the deſcription; but the epiſode of the *blind youth* in the third book, is perhaps too long. Where epiſodes are introduced, in works of this kind, they ſhould be related in no very tedious or circumſtantial manner; becauſe we are not willing to be long detained from the principal ſubject. The famous ſtory of the *Lady Godiva* of Coventry, will be read with pleaſure. The rules he lays down for the ſituation and conſtruction of a rural ſeat, are worthy of the genius and taſte of Shenſtone. They ſhow him to have been a man of true taſte and good obſervation.

Of his *Elegies* on the *Blackbirds*, *Goldfinches*, and *Swallows*, the extenſive popularity is the beſt eulogium. They are characterized by an amiable humanity, and tender ſimplicity of thought and expreſſion, which juſtly entitle him to the excluſive diſtinction of the " poet of the birds." They have received the higheſt applauſe from Dr. Aikin, in his ingenious and entertaining " Eſſay on the application of Natural Hiſtory to poetry." Græme, Mr. Pratt, and other poets, have ſucceſsfully employed ſimilar circumſtances of fictitious diſtreſs in their compoſitions; but the praiſe of invention, and the palm of merit, in this ſpecies of elegy, belong to Jago. Reſpecting his fable of *Labour and Genius*, the preſent writer is happy to coincide with the judgment of Mr. Hylton.

His *Eclogues* and ſmaller pieces, have conſiderable merit; but they require no diſtinct examination, or particular criticiſm.

# THE WORKS OF JAGO.

## HINTS FOR A PREFACE

FOR

## ANY AUTHOR, AND FOR ANY BOOK.

The following ſheets were fairly tranſcribed, the title page was adjuſted, and every thing, as the writer thought, in readineſs for the preſs, when, upon caſting his eyes over them for the laſt time, with more than uſual attention, ſomething ſeemed wanting, which, after a ſhort pauſe, he perceived to be the preface. Now, it is fit the reader ſhould know, as an apology for this ſeeming inattention, that he had formerly rejected this article under a notion of its being ſuperfluous, and unintereſting to the reader; but now when matters were come to a criſis, and it was almoſt too late, he changed his mind, and thought a preface as eſſential to the figure of a book, as a portico is to that of a building.

Not that the author would inſinuate by this compariſon, that his paper edifice was entitled to any thing ſuperb and pompous of this ſort; but only that it wanted ſomething plain and decent, between the beggarly ſtyle of Quarles, or Ogilby, and the magnificence of the profuſe Dryden. Far be it from him, by calling this ſmall appendage to his work by the name of a portico, or an anti-chamber, or a veſtibule, or the like, to raiſe the reader's expectations, or to encourage any ideas but thoſe of the moſt ſimple kind, as introductory to his ſubſequent entertainment: neither would he, like ſome undertakers in literary architecture, beſtow as much expence on the entrance, as, prudently managed, might furniſh the lofty town apartments, or paſtoral villa of a modern poet. On the contrary, he reſerves all his finery of carving and gilding, as well as his pictures, and cabinets for their proper places within.

But for the further illuſtration of his meaning, he chooſes to have recourſe to alluſions more nearly related to his ſubject, ſuch as the prelude to a ſong, or the prologue to a play, there being evidently a great affinity between rhiming and fidling, writing verſes, and playing the fool.

Another conſideration which greatly influenced the author in this point, was, the reſpect which he bears to the public. For, conceiving himſelf now in the very act of making his appearance before every circle of the polite, and learned world, he was ſtruck with awe, and felt as if he had been guilty of ſome indecorum, like a perſon abruptly breaking into good company with his hat on, or without making a bow. For though, by his ſituation in life, he is happily relieved from any perſonal embarraſſment of this kind, yet he conſiders his book as his proxy, and he would by no means have his proxy guilty of ſuch an impropriety as to keep his hat on before all the learned men of Europe, or to omit making his bow upon being admitted to an audience, or preſented in the drawing-room.

Great is the force of this little article of geſticulation, from the loweſt claſs of orators in the ſtreet, to thoſe in the higheſt departments in life; inſomuch that it has been thought a prudent, attentive, and ſkilful manager, either on the ſtage, or at the bar, as well as the bowing Dean in his walk, may acquire as much ſucceſs, amongſt polite and well-bred people, and particularly the ladies, who are the beſt judges, by the magic of his bow, as by any other part of his action, or oratory.

Yet, notwithſtanding all that the author has ſaid concerning this external mark of reverence, he is ſenſible that there is a ſet of cynical philoſophers, who are ſo far from paying it due regard, that they count it no better than a refined ſpecies of idolatry, and an abomination utterly

unbecoming ſo noble and erect a creature as man. Upon theſe gentlemen it is not to be expected that the beſt bow which the author, or his book could make, would have any effect; and therefore he ſhall decline that ceremony with them, to take them by the hand in a friendly manner, hoping that they will make ſome allowance for his having been taught againſt his own conſent to dance, and ſcribble from his infancy.

He is aware, likewiſe, that there is another ſect of philoſophers, whom his ingenious friend Mr. Graves, author of the Spiritual Quixotte, diſtinguiſhes by the name of cenſorious Chriſtians, "who," as he expreſſes it, "will not ſuffer a man to nod in his elbow-chair, or to talk nonſenſe without contradicting or ridiculing him."—But as the writer of this admirable work has ſhown himſelf ſo able, and ſucceſsful a caſuiſt in a ſimilar inſtance of a petulant, and over-officious zeal, he hopes theſe gentlemen will, in imitation of Mr. Wildgooſe, for the future refrain from a practice ſo injurious to their neighbours repoſe, and ſo contrary to all the laws of civility and good manners.

It is true, ſome of theſe literati may be conſidered under a more formidable character, from their cuſtom of holding a monthly meeting, or office for arraigning the conduct of all whom they ſuſpect of maintaining heretical opinions contrary to their juriſdiction. In this view, theſe good fathers ſcruple not to put an author upon the rack for the ſlighteſt offence, and not content with their claims of inſpiration and infallibility, will torture his own words to prove his guilt. In the execution of this office, they judge all men by their own ſtandard, and like the tyrant Procruſtes, regardleſs of the acute pain they inflict at every ſtroke, will lop off a foot, or any other portion of an author's matter, or lengthen it out, as beſt ſuits their purpoſe, to bring him to their meaſure.

But, to the inexpreſſible comfort of himſelf, and of every free-born Engliſh writer, the author reflects that the competence of ſuch a court cannot be admitted in a Proteſtant country; and to ſpeak the truth, from experience, its power, as exerciſed amongſt us, though ſtill very tremendous, is tempered with a gentleneſs and moderation unknown to thoſe of Spain and Portugal.

But though the author is not without hopes, by his complaiſance, and condeſcenſion, to conciliate the affections of all thoſe various ſects of the learned in every part of the world, yet his principal dependance is upon the gentle and humane, whoſe minds are always open to the feelings of others, as well as to the gratification of their own refined taſte and ſentiments; and to theſe he makes his appeal, which he hopes they will accept as a tribute due to their ſuperior merit, and a teſtimony of the profound reſpect, with which he is their

Moſt obedient,

Humble ſervant,

The AUTHOR.

6

# EDGE-HILL: A POEM.

## IN FOUR BOOKS.

" Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
" Magna virum! tibi res antiquæ laudis, et artes
" Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes." VIRG.

" Our sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses. It fills the mind with the " largest variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the " longest in action without being tired, or satiated with its proper enjoyment."

*Spectator*, No. 411, *On the Pleasures of Imagination.*

## PREFACE.

THE following poem takes its name from a ridge of hills, which is the boundary between the counties of Oxford and Warwick, and remarkable for its beautiful and extensive prospect, of which the latter forms a considerable part. This circumstance afforded the writer an opportunity, very agreeable to him, of paying a tribute to his native country, by exhibiting its beauties to the public in a poetical delineation; divided, by an imaginary line, into a number of distinct scenes, corresponding with the different times of the day, each forming an entire picture, and containing its due proportion of objects and colouring.

In the execution of this design, he endeavoured to make it as extensively interesting as he could, by the frequent introduction of general reflections, historical, philosophical, and moral; and to enliven the description by digressions and episodes, naturally arising from the subject.

## BOOK I.

### *MORNING.*

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address. Ascent to the Hill. General View. Comparison. Philosophical Account of the Origin and formation of Mountains, &c. Morning View, comprehending the South-West Part of the Scene, interspersed with Elements and Examples of rural Taste; showing, at the same Time, its Connexion with, and Dependence upon Civil Government; and concluding with an Historical Episode of the Red-Horse.

BRITANNIA's rural charms, and tranquil scenes,
Far from the circling ocean, where her fleets,
Like * Eden's nightly guards, majestic ride,
I sing; O may the theme and kindred soil
Propitious prove, and to th' appointed hill
Invite the muses from their cloister'd shades,
With me to rove, and harmonize the strain!
Nor shall they, for a time, regret the loss
Of their lov'd Isis, and fair Cherwel's stream,
While to the north of their own beauteous fields
The pictur'd scene they view, where Avon shapes
His winding way, enlarging as it flows,
Nor hastes to join Sabrina's prouder wave.

* *Milton. Paradise Lost, Book iv.*

Like a tall rampart, here the mountain rears
Its verdant edge; and, if the tuneful maids
Their presence deign, shall with Parnassus vie.
Level, and smooth the track, which thither leads!
Of champaign bold and fair! Its adverse side
Abrupt, and steep! Thanks, Miller †! to thy paths,
That ease our winding steps! Thanks to the fount
The trees, the flow'rs, imparting to the sense
Fragrance or dulcet sound of murm'ring rill,
And stilling ev'ry tumult in the breast!
And oft the stately tow'rs, that overtop
The rising wood, and oft the broken arch,
Or mould'ring wall, well taught to counterfeit
The waste of time, to solemn thought excite,
And crown with graceful pomp the shaggy hill.
† So virtue paints the steep ascent to fame:
So her aerial residence displays.

Still let thy friendship, which prepar'd the way,
Attend, and guide me, as my ravish'd sight
O'er the bleak hill, or shelter'd valley roves.
Teach me with just observance to remark
Their various charms, their storied fame record,
And to the visual join the mental search.

The summit's gain'd! and, from its airy height
The late-trod plain looks like an inland sea,
View'd from some promontory's hoary head,

* *Sanderson Miller, Esq. of Radway.*

† *See Lord Shaftesbury's Judgment of Hercules.*

With distant shores environ'd; not with face
Glassy, and uniform, but when its waves
Are gently ruffled by the southern gale,
And the tall masts like waving forests rise.
Such is the scene, that from the terrac'd hill,
Displays its graces; intermixture sweet
Of lawns and groves, of open and retir'd.
Vales, farms, towns, villas, castles, distant spires,
And hills on hills, with ambient clouds enrob'd,
In long succession court the lab'ring sight,
Lost in the bright confusion. Thus the youth,
Escap'd from painful drudgery of words,
Views the fair fields of science wide display'd;
Where Phœbus dwells, and all the tuneful nine;
Perplex'd awhile he stands, and now to this,
Now that bless'd seat of harmony divine
Explores his way, with giddy rapture tir'd:
Till some sage Mentor, whose experienc'd feet
Have trod the mazy path, directs his search,
And leads him wond'ring to their bright abodes.
Come then, my friend! guide thou th' advent'rous muse,
And with thy counsel regulate her flight.
Yet, ere the sweet excursion she begins,
O! listen, while, from sacred records drawn,
My daring song unfolds the cause, whence rose
This various face of things—of high, and low—
Of rough and smooth. For with its parent earth
Coeval not prevail'd what now appears
Of hill and dale; nor was its new-form'd shape,
Like a smooth, polish'd orb, a surface plain,
Wanting the sweet variety of change,
Concave, convex, the deep, and the sublime:
Nor, from old ocean's wat'ry bed, were scoop'd
Its neighb'ring shores; nor were they now depress'd,
Now rais'd by sudden shocks; but fashion'd all
In perfect harmony, by * laws divine,
On passive matter, at its birth impress'd.
When now two days, as mortals count their time,
Th' Almighty had employ'd on man's abode;
To motion rous'd the dead, inactive mass,
The dark illumin'd, and the parts terrene
Impelling each to each the circle form'd,
Compact, and firm, of earth's stupendous orb,
With boundless seas, as with a garment cloth'd,
On the third morn he bade the waters flow
Down to their place, and let dry land appear;
And it was so. Strait to their destin'd bed,
From every part, th' obedient waters ran,
Shaping their downward course; and, as they found
Resistance varying with the varying soil,
In their retreat they form'd the gentle slope,
Or headlong precipice, or deep-worn dale,
Or valley, stretching far its winding maze,
As farther still their humid train they led,
By heav'n directed to the * realms below.
Now first was seen the variegated face
Of earth's fair orb shap'd by the plastic flood:
Now smooth and level like its liquid plains,
Now, like its ruffled waves, sweet interchange
Of hill and dale, and now a rougher scene,
Mountains on mountains lifted to the sky.
Such was her infant form, yet unadorn'd!
And in the naked soil the subtle † stream
Fretted its winding track. So he ordain'd!
Who form'd the fluid mass of atoms small,
The principles of things! who moist from dry,
From heavy sever'd light, compacting close
The solid glebe, stratum of rock, or ore,
Or crumbly marl, or close tenacious clay,
Or what beside, in wond'rous order rang'd,
Orb within orb, earth's secret depths contains.
So was the shapely sphere, on ev'ry side,
With equal pressure of surrounding air
Sustain'd, of sea and land harmonious form'd.
Nor beauteous cov'ring was withheld, for strait,
At the divine command, the verd'rous grass
Upsprang unsown, with ev'ry seedful herb,
Fruit, plant, or tree, pregnant with future store;
God saw the whole—And lo! 'twas very good.
But man, ungrateful man! to deadly ill
Soon turn'd the good bestow'd with horrid crimes
Polluting earth's fair seat, his Maker's gift!
Till mercy could no more with justice strive.
Then wrath divine unbarr'd heav'n's wat'ry gates,
And loos'd the fountains of the great abyss.
Again the waters o'er the earth prevail'd.
Hills rear'd their heads in vain. Full forty days
The flood increas'd, nor, till seven moons had wan'd,
Appear'd the mountain-tops. Perish'd all flesh,
One family except! and all the works
Of art were swept into th' oblivious pool.
In that dread time what change th' avenging flood
Might cause in earth's devoted fabric, who
Of mortal birth can tell? Whether again
'Twas to its first chaotic ‡ mass reduc'd,
To be reform'd anew? or, in its orb,
What violence, what § disruptions it endur'd?
What ancient mountains stood the furious shock?
What new arose? For doubtless new there are,
If all are not; strong proof exhibiting
Of later rise, and their once fluid state,

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* *Amongst the many fanciful conceits of writers on the subject, a learned divine, in his confutation of Dr. Burnett's theory, supposes that hills and mountains might be occasioned by fermentation, after the manner of leaven in dough; while others have attributed their production to the several different causes mentioned above.*

*The following solution, by the descent of water from the surface of the earth to the centre, seemed most easy, and natural to the author, and is therefore adopted.* Vid. Warren's Geologiæ, 1698.

* *Called in scripture, the deep, the great deep, the deep that lieth under, or beneath the earth—the Tartarus or Erebus of the heathens.*

† ——————" So the wat'ry throng
" With serpent error wand'ring found their way,
" And on the washy ooze deep channels wore.
" Easy! ere God had bid the ground be dry,
" All but within those banks, where rivers now
" Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train."
*Milton. Paradise Lost, Book vii.*

‡ *According to Mr. Hutchinson and his followers.*

§ *According to Dr. Burnett's Theory.*

By ſtranger foſſils, in their inmoſt bed
Of looſer mould, or marble rock entomb'd,
Or ſhell marine, incorp'rate with themſelves:
Nor leſs the * conic hill, with ample baſe,
Or ſcarry * ſlope by ruſhing billows torn,
Or * fiſſure deep, in the late delug'd ſoil
Cleft by ſucceeding drought, ſide anſwering ſide,
And curve to adverſe curve exact oppos'd,
Confeſs the wat'ry pow'r; while ſcatter'd trains,
Or rocky fragments, waſh'd from broken hills,
Take up the tale, and ſpread it round the globe.
Then, as the flood retir'd, another face
Of things appear'd, another, and the ſame!
Taurus, and Libanus, and Atlas feign'd
To prop the ſkies! and that fam'd Alpine ridge,
Or Appenine, or ſnow-clad Caucaſus,
Or Ararat on whoſe emergent top
Firſt moor'd that precious bark, whoſe choſen crew
Again o'erſpread earth's univerſal orb.
For now, as at the firſt, from ev'ry ſide
Haſted the waters to their ancient bounds,
The vaſt abyſs! perhaps from thence aſcend,
Urg'd by th' incumbent air, through mazy clefts
Beneath the deep, or riſe in vapours warm,
Piercing the vaulted earth, anon condens'd
Within the lofty mountains' ſecret cells,
Ere they their ſummit gain, down their ſteep ſides
To trickle in a never-ceaſing † round.
So up the porous ſtone, or cryſtal tube
The philoſophic eye with wonder views
The tinctur'd fluid riſe; ſo tepid dews
From chymic founts in copious ſtreams diſtil.
Such is the ſtructure, ſuch the wave-worn face
Of earth's huge fabric! beauteous to the ſight,
‡ And ſtor'd with wonders, to th' attentive mind
Confirming, with perſuaſive eloquence
Drawn from the rocky mount, or wat'ry ſen,
Thoſe ſacred pages, which record the paſt,
And awfully predict its future doom.
Now, while the ſun its heav'nly radiance ſheds
Acroſs the vale, diſcloſing all its charms,
Emblem of that fair light, at whoſe approach
The Gentile darkneſs fled! ye nymphs, and ſwains!
Come haſte with me, while now 'tis early morn,
Through Upton's * airy fields, to where yon' point
Projecting hides Northampton's ancient ſeat †
Retir'd, and hid amidſt ſurrounding ſhades:
Counting a length of honourable years,
And ſolid worth; while painted Belvideres,
Naked, aloft, and built but to be ſeen,
Shrink at the ſun, and totter to the wind.
So ſober ſenſe oft ſhuns the public view,
In privacy conceal'd, while the pert ſons
Of folly flutter in the glare of day.
Hence, o'er the plain, where ſtrip'd with alleys green,
The golden harveſt nods, let me your view
Progreſſive lead to ‡ Verney's ſiſter walls,
Alike in honour, as in name allied!
Alike her walls a noble maſter own,
Studious of elegance. At his command,
New pillars grace the dome with Grecian pomp
Of Corinth's gay deſign. At his command,
On hill, or plain, new culture clothes the ſcene
With verdant graſs, or variegated grove;
And bubbling rills in ſweeter notes diſcharge
Their liquid ſtores. Along the winding vale,
At his command, obſervant of the ſhore,
The glitt'ring ſtream, with correſpondent grace,
Its courſe purſues, and o'er th' exulting wave
The ſtately bridge a beauteous form diſplays.
On either ſide, rich as th' embroider'd floor
From Perſia's gaudy looms, and firm as fair,
The chequer'd lawns with count'nance blithe proclaim
The graces reign. Plains, hills, and woods reply
The graces reign, and nature ſmiles applauſe.
Smile on, fair ſource of beauty, ſource of bliſs!
To crown the maſter's coſt, and deck her path
Who ſhares his joy, of gentleſt manners join'd
With manly ſenſe, train'd to the love refin'd
Of nature's charms in ‖ Wroxton's beauteous groves.
Thy neighb'ring villa's ever open gate,
And feſtive board, O § Walton! next invite

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** There are ſome remarkable traces of the great event here treated of, in each of theſe kinds, at Welcombe, near Stratford upon Avon, formerly a ſeat of the Combe family, the whole ſcene bearing the ſtrongeſt marks of ſome violent conflict of nature, and particularly of the agency of water.*

*† May not the ebbing and flowing of the ſea, to whatever cauſe it is owing, tend to aſſiſt this operation as the pulſation of the heart accelerates the circulation of the blood in animal bodies?*

*The reader may ſee this hypotheſis very ably ſupported by Mr. Catcot, in his Eſſay on the Deluge, 2d edit. together with many reſpectable names, ancient and modern, by whom it is patronized. The following paſſage from Lucretius is quoted by him, as well expreſſing their general meaning.*

" Partim quod ſubter per terras diditur omnes.
" Percolatur enim virus, retroque remanat
" Materies humoris, et ad caput amnibus
" omnis
" Convenit, unde ſuper terras fluit agmine dulci,
" Quà via ſecta ſemel liquido pede detulit
" undas."

*‡ Trees of a very large ſize, torn up by the roots, and other vegetable and animal bodies, the ſpoils of the deluge, are found in every part of the earth, but chiefly in fens, or bogs, or amongſt peat-earth, which is an aſſemblage of decayed vegetables.*

See Woodward's Nat. Hiſt. of the earth, &c.

** Upton, the ſeat of Robert Child, Eſq.*

*† Compton-Winyate a ſeat of the Right Hon. the Earl of Northampton, at the foot of Edge-Hill.*

*‡ Compton-Verney, a ſeat of the Right Hon. Lord Willoughby de Brooke*

*‖ Wroxton, the ſeat of the Right Hon the Earl of Guildford, father of Lady Willoughby de Broke.*

*§ Walton, the ſeat of Sir Charles Mordaunt, Bart. many years a Member of Parliament for the county of Warwick.*

The pleaſing toil. Unwilling who can pay
To thee the votive ſtrain? For ſcience here,
And candour dwell, prepar'd alike to cheer
The ſtranger-gueſt, or for the nation's weal
To pour the ſtores mature of wiſdom forth,
In ſenatorial councils often prov'd,
And, by the public voice atteſted long,
Long may it be! with well-deſerv'd applauſe.
And ſee, beneath the ſhade of full-grown elm,
Or near the border of the winding brook,
Skirting the graſſy lawn, her poliſh'd train
Walks forth to taſte the fragrance of the grove,
Woodbine, or roſe, or to the upland ſcene
Of wildly-planted hill, or trickling ſtream
From the pure rock, or moſs-lin'd grottos cool,
The naiads' humid cell! protract the way
With learned converſe, or ingenuous ſong.
The ſearch purſue to * Charlecote's fair domain,
Where Avon's ſportive ſtream delighted ſtrays
Through the gay ſmiling meads, and to his bed,
Hele's gentle current woos, by Lucy's hand
In ev'ry graceful ornament attir'd,
And worthier, ſuch, to ſhare his liquid realms!
Near, nor unmindful of th' increaſing flood,
Stratford her ſpacious magazines unfolds,
And hails th' unwieldy barge from weſtern ſhores,
With foreign dainties fraught, or native ore
Of pitchy hue, to pile the teuell'd grate
In woolly ſtores, or huſky grain repay'd.
To ſpeed her wealth, lo! the proud bridge † extends
His num'rous arches, ſtately monument
Of old munificence, and pious love
Of native ſoil! there Stower exulting pays
His tributary ſtream, well pleas'd with wave
Auxiliary her pond'rous ſtores to waft;
And boaſting, as he flows, of growing fame,
And wond'rous beauties on his banks diſplay'd—
Of Alſcot's ‡ ſwelling lawns, and fretted ſpires
Of faireſt model, Gothic, or Chineſe—
Of Eatington's ‖, and Tolton's § verdant meads,
And groves of various leaf, and Honington ¶,
Profuſe of charms, and Attic elegance;
Nor fails he to relate, in jocund mood,
How liberally the maſters of the ſcene
Enlarge his current, and direct his courſe
With winding grace—and how his cryſtal wave
Reflects th' inverted ſpires, and pillar'd domes—
And how the friſking deer play on his ſides,
Pict'ring their branched heads, with wanton ſport,
In his clear face. Pleas'd with the vaunting tale,
Nor jealous of his fame, Avon receives
The prattling ſtream, and, towards thy nobler flood,
Sabrina fair, purſues his length'ning way.
Hail, beauteous Avon, hail! on whoſe fair banks
The ſmiling daiſies, and their ſiſter tribes,
Violets, and cuckow-buds, and lady-ſmocks,
A brighter dye diſcloſe, and proudly tell
That Shakſpeare, as he ſtray'd theſe meads along,
Their ſimple charms admir'd, and in his verſe
Preſerv'd, in never-fading bloom to live.
And thou, whoſe birth theſe walls unrival'd boaſt,
That mock'ſt the rules of the proud Stagyrite,
And learning's tedious toil, hail mighty bard!
Thou great magician hail! thy piercing thought
Unaided ſaw each movement of the mind,
As ſkilful artiſts view the ſmall machine,
The ſecret ſprings and nice dependencies,
And to thy mimic ſcenes, by fancy wrought
To ſuch a wond'rous ſhape, th' impaſſion'd breaſt
In floods of grief, or peals of laughter bow'd,
Obedient to the wonder-working ſtrain,
Like the tun'd ſtring reſponſive to the touch,
Or to the wizzard's charm, the paſſive ſtorm.
Humour and wit, the tragic pomp, or phraſe
Familiar flow'd, ſpontaneous from thy tongue,
As flowers from nature's lap.—Thy potent ſpells
From their bright ſeats aerial ſprites detain'd,
Or from their unſeen haunts, and flumb'ring ſhades
Awak'd the fairy tribes, with jocund ſtep
The circled green, and leafy hall to tread:
While, from his dripping caves, old Avon ſent
His willing naiads to their harmleſs rout.
Alas! how languid is the labour'd ſong,
The ſlow reſult of rules, and tortur'd ſenſe,
Compar'd with thine! thy animated thought,
And glowing phraſe! which art in vain eſſays,
And ſchools can never teach. Yet, though deny'd
Thy pow'rs, by ſituation more allied,
I court the genius of thy ſportive muſe
On Avon's bank, her ſacred haunts explore,
And hear in ev'ry breeze her charming notes.
Beyond theſe ſlow'ry meads, with claſſic ſtreams
Enrich'd, two ſiſter rills their currents join,
And Ikenild diſplays his Roman pride.
There Alceſter * her ancient honour boaſts.
But fairer fame, and far more happy lot
She boaſts, O Ragley †! in thy courtly train
Of Hertford's ſplendid line! lo! from theſe ſhades,
Ev'n now his ſov'reign, ſtudious of her weal,
Calls him to bear his delegated rule
To Britain's ſiſter iſle. Hibernia's ſons
Applaud the choice, and hail him to their ſhore
With cordial gratulation. Him, well-pleas'd
With more than filial rev'rence to obey,
Beauchamp attends. What ſon, but would rejoice
The deeds of ſuch a father to record!
What father, but were bleſt in ſuch a ſon!
Nor may the muſe omit with Conway's ‡ name
To grace her ſong. O! might it worthy flow

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* *Charlecote, the ſeat of George Lucy, Eſq.*

† *This bridge was built in the reign of K. Henry VII. at the ſole coſt and charge of Sir Hugh Clopton, Knt. Lord Mayor of the city of London, and a native of this place.*

‡ *The ſeat of James Weſt, Eſq.*

‖ *The ſeat of the Hon. George Shirley, Eſq.*

§ *The ſeat of Sir Henry Parker, Bart.*

¶ *The ſeat of Joſeph Townſhend, Eſq.*

* *So called from its ſituation on the river Alenus, or Alne, and from its being a Roman ſtation on the Ikenild-Street.*

† *A ſeat of the Right Hon. the Earl of Hertford.*

‡ *The Right Hon. Henry Seymour Conway, Eſq. one of his Majeſty's principal ſecretaries of ſtate, and brother to the Right Hon. the Earl of Hertford.*

Of thoſe her theme involves! The cyder-land,
In Georgic ſtrains, by her own Philips ſung,
Shou'd boaſt no brighter fame, though proudly grac'd
With loftieſt-titled names—The Cecil line,
Or Beaufort's, or, O Chandois! thine, or his
In Anna's councils high, her fav'rite peer,
Harley! by me ſtill honour'd in his race.
See, how the pillar'd iſles and ſtately dome
Brighten the woodland-ſhade! while ſcatter'd hill,
Airy, and light, in many a conic form,
A theatre compoſe, groteſque and wild,
And, with their ſhaggy ſides, contract the vale
Winding, in ſtraiten'd circuit, round their baſe.
Beneath their waving umbrage Flora ſpreads
Her ſpotted couch, primroſe, and hyacinth
Profuſe, with ev'ry ſimpler bud that blows
On hill or dale. Such too thy ſtow'ry pride
O Hewel *! by thy maſter's lib'ral hand
Advanc'd to rural fame! Such Umberſlade †!
In the ſweet labour join'd, with culture fair,
And ſplendid arts, from Arden's ‡ woodland ſhades
The pois'nous damps, and ſavage gloom to chaſe.
What happy lot attends your calm retreats,
By no ſcant bound'ry, nor obſtructing fence,
Immur'd, or circumſcrib'd; but ſpread at large
In open day: ſave what to cool receſs
Is deſtin'd voluntary, not conſtrain'd
By ſad neceſſity, and caſual ſtate
Of ſickly peace! Such as the moated hall,
With cloſe circumference of wat'ry guard,
And penſile bridge proclaim! or, rear'd aloft,
And inacceſſible the maſſy tow'rs,
And narrow circuit of embattled walls,
Rais'd on the mountain-precipice! Such thine
O Beaudeſert ‖! old Montfort's lofty ſeat!
Haunt of my youthful ſteps! where I was wont
To range, chaunting my rude notes to the wind,
While Somerville diſdain'd not to regard
With candid ear, and regulate the ſtrain.
Such was the genius of the Gothic age,
And Norman policy! Such the retreats
Of Britain's ancient nobles! leſs intent
On rural beauty, and ſweet patronage
Of gentle arts, than ſtudious to reſtrain,
With ſervile awe, barbarian multitudes:
Or, with confed'rate force, the regal pow'r
Controul. Hence proudly they their vaſſal troops
Aſſembling, now the fate of empire plann'd:
Now o'er defenceleſs tribes, with wanton rage,
Tyrannic rul'd; and, in their caſtled halls
Secure, with wild exceſs their revels kept,
While many a ſturdy youth, or beauteous maid,
Sole ſolace of their parents' drooping age!
Bewail'd their wretched fate, by force compell'd
To theſe abhorr'd abodes! Hence frequent §wars,
In ancient annals fam'd! Hence haply feign'd
Th' enchanted caſtle, and its curſed train
Of giants, ſpectres, and magicians dire!
Hence gen'rous minds, with indignation fir'd,
And threat'ning fierce revenge, were character'd
By gallant knights on bold achievments bent,
Subduing monſters, and diſſolving ſpells.

Thus, from the rural landſcape, learn to know
The various characters of time and place.
To hail, from open ſcenes, and cultur'd fields,
Fair liberty, and freedom's gen'rous reign,
With guardian laws, and poliſh'd arts adorn'd,
While the portcullis huge, or moated fence
The ſad reverſe of ſavage times betray—
Diſtruſt, barbarity, and Gothic rule.
Would ye, with faultleſs judgment, learn to plan
The rural ſeat? To copy, as ye rove,
The well-form'd picture, and correct deſign?
Firſt ſhun the falſe extremes of high and low.
With wat'ry vapours this your fretted walls
Will ſoon deface; and that, with rough aſſault,
And frequent tempeſts, ſhake your tott'ring roof.
Me moſt the gentle eminence delights
Of healthy champaign, to the ſunny ſouth
Fair op'ning, and with woods, and circling hills,
Nor too remote, nor, with too cloſe embrace,
Stopping the buxom air, behind encloſ'd.
But if your lot hath fall'n in fields leſs fair,
Conſult their genius, and, with due regard
To nature's clear directions, ſhape your plan.
The ſite too lofty ſhelter, and the low
With ſunny lawns and open areas cheer.
The mariſh drain, and, with capacious urns,
And well-conducted ſtreams, refreſh the dry.
So ſhall your lawns with healthful verdure ſmile,
While others, ſick'ning at the ſultry blaze,
A ruſſet wild diſplay, or the rank blade,
And matted tufts the careleſs owner ſhame.
Seek not, with fruitleſs coſt, the level plain
To raiſe aloft, nor ſink the riſing hill.
Each has its charms, though diff'rent; each in kind
Improve, not alter. Art with art conceal.
Let no ſtrait terrac'd lines your ſlopes deform;
No barb'rous walls reſtrain the bounded ſight;
But to the diſtant fields the cloſer ſcene
Connect. The ſpacious lawn with ſcatter'd trees
Irregular, in beauteous negligence,
Clothe bountiful. Your unimpriſon'd eye,
With pleaſing freedom, through the lofty maze
Shall rove, and find no dull fatiety.
The ſportive ſtream with ſtiffen'd line avoid
To torture, nor prefer the long canal
Or labour'd fount to nature's eaſy flow.
Your winding paths, now to the ſunny * gleam
Directed, now with high embow'ring trees
Or fragrant ſhrubs conceal'd, with frequent ſeat
And rural ſtructure deck. Their pleaſing form
To fancy's eye ſuggeſts inhabitants
Of more than mortal make, and their cool ſhade,
And friendly ſhelter to refreſhment ſweet,
And wholeſome meditation, ſhall invite.
To ev'ry ſtructure give its proper ſite.
Nor, on the dreary heath, the gay alcove,
Nor the lone hermit's cell, or mournful urn
Build on the ſprightly lawn. The graſſy ſlope
And ſhelter'd border for the cool arcade
Or Tuſcan porch reſerve. To the chaſte dome
And fair rotunda give the ſwelling mount
Of freſheſt green. If to the Gothic ſcene
Your taſte incline, in the well-water'd vale,
With lofty pines embrown'd, the mimic fane

* *The ſeat of the Right Hon. the Earl of Plymouth.*
† *The ſeat of the Right Hon. Lord Archer.*
‡ *The foreſt, or woodland part of Warwickſhire.*
‖ *So called, from its pleaſant rural ſituation.*
§ *Called the Barons wars.*

* "Hæc amat obſcurum, volet hæc ſub luce videri." HOR.

And mould'ring abbey's fretted windows place.
The craggy rock, or precipitious hill,
Shall well become the caſtle's maſſy walls.
In royal villas the Palladian arch
And Grecian portico with dignity
Their pride diſplay: ill ſuits their lofty rank
The ſimpler ſcene. If chance hiſtoric deeds
Your fields diſtinguiſh, count them doubly fair,
And ſtudious aid, with monumental ſtone,
And faithful comment, fancy's fond review.
Now other hills, with other wonders ſtor'd,
Invite the ſearch. In vain! unleſs the muſe
The landſcape order. Nor will ſhe decline
The pleaſing taſk. For not to her 'tis hard
To ſoar above the mountain's airy height,
With tow'ring pinions, or, with gentler wing,
T' explore the cool receſſes of the vale.
Her piercing eye extends beyond the reach
Of optic tube, levell'd by midnight ſage,
At the moon's diſk, or other diſtant ſun,
And planetary worlds beyond the orb
Of Saturn. Nor can intervening rocks
Impede her ſearch. Alike the ſylvan gloom
Or earth's profoundeſt caverns ſhe pervades,
And to her fav'rite ſons makes viſible
All that may grace or dignify the ſong,
Howe'er envelop'd from their mortal ken.
So Uriel, winged regent of the ſun!
Upon its evening beam to Paradiſe
Came gliding down; ſo, on its ſloping ray,
To his bright charge return'd. So th' heav'nly gueſt
From Adam's eyes the carnal film remov'd,
On Eden's hill, and purg'd his viſual nerve
To ſee things yet unform'd, and future deeds.
Lo! where the ſouthern hill with winding courſe
Bends tow'rd the weſt, and from his airy ſeat
Views four fair provinces in union join'd;
Beneath his feet, conſpicuous rais'd, and rude,
A maſſy pillar rears its ſhapeleſs head.
Others in ſtature leſs, an area ſmooth
Encloſe, like that on * Sarum's ancient plain.
And ſome of middle rank apart are ſeen:
Diſtinguiſh'd thoſe by courtly character
Of knights, while that the regal † title bears.
What now the circle drear, and ſtiffen'd maſs
Compoſe, like us were animated forms,
With vital warmth, and ſenſe, and thought endu'd;
A band of warriors brave! Effect accurs'd
Of necromantic art and ſpells impure.
So vulgar fame. But clerks, in antique lore
Profoundly ſkill'd, far other ſtory tell;
And, in its myſtic form, temple or court
Eſpy, to fabled gods or throned kings
Devote; or fabric monumental, rais'd
By Saxon hands, or by that Daniſh chief
Rollo‡! the builder in the name imply'd.
Yet to the weſt the pleaſing ſearch purſue,
Where from the vale Brails lifts his ſcarry ſides,
And Ilmington, and Campden's hoary hills,
(By Lyttleton's ſweet plaint, and thy abode
His matchleſs Lucia! to the muſe endear'd)
Impreſs new grandeur on the ſpreading ſcene,
With champaign fields, broad plain, and covert vale

* *Stone-henge.*
† *Called the King's-ſtone, or Koning-ſtone.*
‡ *Called Roll-rich-Stones.*

Diverſify'd: By Ceres ſome adorn'd
With rich luxuriance of golden grain,
And ſome in Flora's liv'ry gaily dight,
And ſome with ſylvan honours graceful crown'd.
Witneſs the foreſt glades, with ſtately pride,
Surrounding Sheldon's * venerable dome!
Witneſs the ſloping lawns of Idlicot †!
And Honington's irriguous meads! Some wind
Meand'ring round the hills disjoin'd, remote,
Giving full licence to their ſportive range;
While diſtant, but diſtinct, his Alpine ridge
Malvern erects o'er Eſham's vale ſublime,
And boldly terminates the finiſh'd ſcene.
Still are the praiſes of the Red-Horſe Vale
Unſung; as oft it happens to the mind
Intent on diſtant themes, while what's more near,
And nearer, more important, 'ſcapes its note.
From yonder far-known hill, where the thin turf
But ill conceals the ruddy glebe, a form
On the bare ſoil pourtray'd, like that fam'd ſteed
Which in its womb the fate of Troy conceal'd,
O'erlooks the vale.—Ye ſwains, that wiſh to learn
Whence roſe the ſtrange phenomenon, attend!
Britannia's ſons, though now for arts renown'd,
A race of anceſtors untaught, and rude,
Acknowledge, like thoſe naked Indian tribes,
Which firſt Columbus in the Atlantic iſles
With wonder ſaw. Alike their early fate
To yield to conquering arms! Imperial Rome
Was then to them what Britain is to theſe,
And through the ſubject-land her trophies rear'd.
But haughty Rome, her ancient manners flown,
Stoop'd to barbaric rage. O'er her proud walls
The Goths prevail, which erſt the Punic bands
Affail'd in vain, though Cannæ's bloody field
Their valour own'd, and Hannibal their guide!
Such is the fate, which mightieſt empires prove,
Unleſs the virtues of the ſon preſerve
What his forefather's ruder courage won!
‡ No Cato now the liſt'ning ſenate warm'd
To love of virtuous deeds, and public weal.
No Scipios led her hardy ſons to war,
With ſenſe of glory fir'd. Through all her realms
Or hoſtile arms invade, or factions ſhake
Her tott'ring ſtate. From her proud capitol
Her tutelary gods retire, and Rome,
Imperial Rome, once miſtreſs of the world,
A victim falls, ſo righteous Heav'n ordains,
To pride and luxury's all-conquering charms.
Meantime her ancient foes, erewhile reſtrain'd
By Roman arms, from Caledonia's hills
Ruſh like a torrent, with reſiſtleſs force,
O'er Britain's fenceleſs bounds, and through her fields
Pour the full tide of deſolating war.
Ætius, thrice conſul! now an empty name,
In vain her ſons invoke. In vain they ſeek
Relief in ſervitude. Ev'n ſervitude
Its miſerable comforts now denies;
From ſhore to ſhore they fly. The briny flood,

* *Weſton, the ſeat of William Sheldon, Eſq.*
† *The ſeat of the late Baron Legge, now belonging to Robert Ladbroke, Eſq.*
‡ "Non his juventus orta parentibus
"Infecit æquor ſanguine Punico,
"Pyrrhumque, et ingentem cecidit
"Antilochum, Hannibalemque dirum."
Hor.

A guardian once, their further flight reſtrains.
Some court the boiſt'rous deep, a milder foe;
Some gain the diſtant ſhores, and fondly hope
In each to find a more indulgent home.
The reſt, protracting ſtill a wretched life,
From Belgia's coaſt in wild deſpair invite
Its new inhabitants, a Saxon race,
On enterpriſe and martial conqueſt bent.
With joy the Saxons to their aid repair,
And ſoon revenge them on their northern foes.
Revenge too dearly bought! Theſe courted gueſts
Give them ſhort ſpace for joy. A hoſtile look
On their fair fields they caſt (for feeble hands
Alas! too fair), and ſeize them for their own.
And now again the conquer'd iſle aſſumes
Another form; on ev'ry plain and hill
New marks exhibiting of ſervile ſtate,
The maſſy ſtone with figures quaint inſcrib'd—
Or dyke by * Woden, or the Mercian king †,
Vaſt bound'ry made—or thine, O Aſhbury ‡!
And Tyſoe's ‖ wond'rous theme, the martial horſe,
Carv'd on the yielding turf, armorial ſign
Of Hengiſt, Saxon chief! of Brunſwick now,
And with the Britiſh lion join'd, the bird
Of Rome ſurpaſſing. Studious to preſerve
The fav'rite form, the treach'rous conquerors
Their vaſſal tribes compel, with feſtive rites,
Its fading figure yearly to renew,
And to the neighb'ring § vale impart its name.

## BOOK. II.

### *NOON.*

ARGUMENT.

NOON. The mid ſcene from the caſtle on Ratley-Hill. More particular account of the ſeveral parts of this ſcene, and of whatever is moſt remarkable in it. Warwick. Its antiquity. Hiſtorical account of the Earls of Warwick. Story of Guy. Guy's-Cliffe. Kenelworth. Its caſtle. Hiſtory of it. Balſal. Wroxal. Coventry. Its environs. Manufactures. Story of Godiva. Peroration.

THE ſun, whoſe eaſtern ray had ſcarcely gilt
The mountain's brow, while up the ſteep aſcent
With early ſtep we climb'd, now wide diſplays
His radiant orb, and half his daily ſtage
Hath nearly meaſur'd. From th' illumin'd vale
The ſoaring miſts are drain'd, and o'er the hill
No more breathes grateful the cool balmy air,
Cheering our ſearch, and urging on our ſteps
Delightful. See, the languid herds forſake
The burning mead, and creep beneath the ſhade
Of ſpreading tree, or ſhelt'ring hedge-row tall:
Or, in the mantling pool, rude reſervoir
Of wint'ry rains, and the ſlow thrifty ſpring,
Cool their parch'd limbs, and lave their panting ſides.
Let us too ſeek the ſhade. Yon airy dome,
Beneath whoſe lofty battlements we found
A covert paſſage to theſe ſultry realms,
Invites our drooping ſtrength, and well befriends
The pleaſing comment on fair nature's book,
In ſumptuous volume, open'd to our view.
Ye ſportive nymphs, that o'er the rural ſcene
Preſide; you chief, that haunt the ſlow'ry banks
Of Avon, where, with more majeſtic wave,
Warwick's illuſtrious lord through the gay meads
His dancing current guides, or round the lawn
Directs th' embroider'd verge of various dyes,
O! teach me all its graces to unfold,
And with your praiſe join his attendant fame.
'Tis well! Here ſhelter'd from the ſcorching heat,
At large we view the ſubject vale ſublime
And unimpeded. Hence its limits trace
Stretching, in wanton bound'ry, from the foot
Of this green mountain, far as human ken
Can reach, a theatre immenſe! adorn'd
With ornaments of ſweet variety,
By nature's pencil drawn—the level meads,
A verdant floor! with brighteſt gems inlaid,
And richly-painted flow'rs—the tillag'd plain,
Wide-waving to the ſun a rival blaze
Of gold, beſt ſource of wealth!—the prouder hills,
With outline fair, in naked pomp diſplay'd,
Round, angular, oblong; and others crown'd
With graceful foliage. Over all her horn
Fair plenty pours, and cultivation ſpreads
Her height'ning luſtre. See, beneath her touch
The ſmiling harveſts riſe, with bending line,
And wavy ridge, along the dappled glebe
Stretching their lengthen'd beds. Her careful hand
Piles up the yellow grain, or ruſtling hay
Aduſt for wint'ry ſtore—the long-ridg'd mow,
Or ſhapely pyramid, with conic roof,
Dreſſing the landſcape. She the thick-wove fence
Nurſes, and adds with care the hedge-row elm.
Around her farms and villages ſhe plans
The rural garden, yielding wholeſome food
Of ſimple viands, and the fragrant herb
Medicinal. The well-rang'd orchard now
She orders, or the ſhelt'ring clump, or tuft
Of hardy trees, the wint'ry ſtorms to curb,
Or guard the ſweet retreat of village ſwain,
With health and plenty crown'd. Fair ſcience next,
Her offſpring, adds towns, cities, vaulted domes,
And ſplendid palaces, and chaſes large,
With lake and planted grove. Hence Warwick, fair
With riſing buildings, Coventry's tall ſpires,
And Kenelworth! thy ſtately caſtle roſe,
Which ſtill in ruin charms th' aſtoniſh'd ſight.
To crown the beauteous ſcene, the curtain'd ſky,
Its canopy divine of azure tint,
Spreads heav'nly fair, and ſoftens ev'ry charm.
Now yet again, with accurate ſurvey,
The level plain, hills riſing various, woods,
And meadows green, the ſimple cot, and towns,
Nurs'ries of arts, and commerce! Warwick, fair
With riſing buildings, Coventry's tall ſpires,

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* *Wanſdyke, or Wodenſdyke, a boundary of the kingdom of the Weſt Saxons, in Wiltſhire.*

† *Offa, from whom the boundary between the kingdom of the Mercians and the Britons in Wales, took its name.*

‡ *Aſhbury, in Berkſhire, near which is the figure of a horſe cut on the ſide of a hill, in whitiſh earth, which gives name to the neighbouring valley.*

‖ *The figure of the red horſe here deſcribed is in the pariſh of Tyſoe.*

§ *Called, from this figure, the Vale of Red-Horſe.*

Magnificent in ruin Kenelworth!
And ſtill more diſtant ſcenes, with legends ſtrange,
And ſmoky arts, taught in the duſky ſchools
Of Tubal's ſons, attentive let us ſcan,
And all their charms and myſteries explore.
Firſt view, but cautious, the vaſt precipice;
Leſt, ſtartled at the giddy height, thy ſenſe
Swimming forſake thee, and thy trembling limbs,
Unnerv'd and fault'ring, threaten dang'rous lapſe.
Along th' indented bank, the foreſt tribes,
The thin-leav'd aſh, dark oak, and gloſſy beech,
Of poliſh'd rind, their branching boughs extend,
With blended tints, and amicable ſtrife,
Forming a checker'd ſhade. Below, the lawns,
With ſpacious ſweep, and wild declivity,
To yellow plains their ſloping verdure join.
There, white with flocks, and, in her num'rous herds
Exulting, Chadſunt's * paſtures, large and fair,
Salute the ſight, and witneſs to the fame
Of Lichfield's mitred ſaint †. The furzy heaths
Succeed, cloſe refuge of the tim'rous hare,
Or prowling fox, but refuge inſecure!
From their dark covert oft the hunter train
Rouſe them unwilling, and o'er hill and dale
With wild tumultuous joy their ſteps purſue.
Juſt vengeance on the midnight thief! and life
With life aton'd! But that poor, trembling wretch!
" Who doubts if now ſhe lives," what hath ſhe done;
Guiltleſs of blood, and impotent of wrong?
How num'rous, how inſatiate yet her foes!
Ev'n in theſe thickets, where ſhe vainly ſought
A ſafe retreat from man's unfeeling race,
The buſy hound, to blood and ſlaughter train'd,
Snuffs her ſweet vapour, and to murd'rous rage,
By madd'ning ſounds impell'd, in her cloſe ſeat
With fury tears her, and her corſe devours;
Or ſcares her o'er the fields, and by the ſcent,
With keen deſire of reeking gore inflam'd,
Loud-bellowing tortures her with dreadful cries.
Nor more ſecure her path! Man even there,
Watching with foul intent her ſecret haunts,
Plants inſtruments of death, and round her neck
The fatal ſnare entwines. Thus innocence,
In human things, by wily fraud enſnar'd,
Oft helpleſs falls, while the bold plund'rer 'ſcapes.
Next the wide champaign, and the cheerful downs
Claim notice; chiefly thine, O Cheſterton ‡!
Pre-eminent. Nor 'ſcape the roving eye
Thy ſolemn wood, and Roman veſtiges,
Encampment green, or military road!
Amuſive to the grave, hiſtoric mind.
Thee ‖ Tachbroke joins with venerable ſhade.
Nor diſtant far, in Saxon annals fam'd,
The rural court § of Offa, Mercian king!
Where, ſever'd from its trunk, low lies the head
Of brave Fermundus, ſlain by coward hands,
As on the turf ſupine in ſleep he lay,
Nor wiſt it ſleep from which to wake no more!

Now Warwick claims the ſong; ſupremely fair
In this fair realm; conſpicuous rais'd to view
On the firm rock, a beauteous eminence,
For health, and pleaſure form'd. Full to the ſouth
A ſtately range of high, embattled walls
And lofty tow'rs, and precipices vaſt,
* Its guardian worth, and ancient pomp confeſs.
† The northern hills, where ſuperſtition long
Her gloomy rites maintain'd, a tranquil ſcene
Of gentler arts, and pleaſures more refin'd
Diſplays. Lawns, parks, and meadows fair,
And groves around their mingled graces join,
And Avon pours his tributary ſtream.
‡ On thee contending kings their bounty pour'd,
And call'd the favour'd city by their names.
‖ Thy worth the Romans publiſh'd, when to thee
Their legions they conſign'd. Thee Ethelflede §,
Thy guardian fair! with royal grace reſtor'd,
When pagan foes had raz'd thy goodly ſtreets.
A monarch's care, thoſe walls ¶ to learning rais'd,
** Theſe an aſylum to declining age
A Leiceſter's love proclaim. Nor paſs unſung
The train of gallant chiefs, by thy lov'd name
Diſtinguiſh'd, and by deeds of high renown
Gracing the lofty title. †† Arthgal firſt,
And brave Morvidus, fam'd in druid ſong,
And Britiſh annals. Fair Felicia's ſire,
Rohand! and with her join'd in wedded love,
Immortal Guy! who near Wintonia's walls
With that gigantic braggard Colebrand hight!
For a long ſummer's day ſole fight maintain'd.
But huge gigantic ſize, and braggart oaths,
And ſword, or maſſy club diſmay'd thee not.
Thy ſkill the ſtroke eluded, or thy ſhield
Harmleſs receiv'd, while on his batter'd ſides
Fell thick thy galling blows, till from his hands
Down dropp'd the pond'rous weapon, and himſelf
Proſtrate, to thy keen blade his griſly head
Reluctant yielded. Lamentations loud,
And ſhouts victorious, in ſtrange concert join'd,
Proclaim the champion's fall. Thee Athelſtan
His great deliverer owns, and meditates
With honours fair, and feſtive pomp to crown.
But other meed thy thoughtful mind employ'd,
Intent in heav'nly ſolitude to ſpend
The precious eve of life. Yet ſhall the muſe
Thy deed record, and on her patriot liſt
Enrol thy name, though many a Saxon chief
She leaves unſung. A Norman race ſucceeds,
To thee, fair town ‡‡! by charitable deeds,
And pious gifts endear'd. The Beauchamps too
Thou claim'ſt, for arms and courtly manners fam'd!

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* *The ſeat of James Newſam Craggs, Eſq.*

† *St. Chadd.*

‡ *A ſeat of the Right Honourable Lord Willoughby de Broke, ſo called from its being a Roman ſtation on the Foſs-Way.*

‖ *A ſeat of Sir Walter Bagot, Bart.*

§ *Offchurch, the ſeat of Whitwick Knightley, Eſq.*

* *The Caſtle.*

† *The Priory, now the ſeat of Henry Wiſe, Eſq.*

‡ *Called Caer-Leon from Guth-Leon, alſo Caer-Gwayr, or Guaric, from Gwar, two Britiſh kings. Its preſent name is ſaid to be taken from Warremund, a Saxon.*

‖ *It was the Præſidium of the Romans.*

§ *She rebuilt it when it had been deſtroyed by the Danes.*

¶ *The Free-School.*

** *The Hoſpital.*

†† *The firſt Earl of Warwick, and one of the knights of King Arthur's round table.*

‡‡ *Henry de Novo Burgo, the firſt Norman Earl, founded the priory at Warwick, and Roger his ſon built and endowed the church of St. Mary.*

* Him chief, whom three imperial Henrys crown'd
With envied honours. Mirror fair was he
Of valour, and of knightly feats achiev'd
In tilt and tournament. Thee † Nevil boasts
For bold exploits renown'd, with civil strife
When Britain's bleeding realm her weakness mourn'd,
And half her nobles in the conteſt slain
Of York and Lancaster. He, sworn to both,
As int'rest tempted, or resentment fir'd,
To Henry now, and now to Edward join'd,
His pow'rful aid; now both to empire rais'd.
Now from their summit pluck'd, till in the strife
By Edward's conquering arms at length he fell.
Thou, ‡ Clarence, next, and next thy hapleſs son,
The last § Plantagenet awhile appears
To dignify the list; both sacrific'd
To barb'rous policy! Proud ‖ Dudley now
From Edward's hand the bright distinction bore,
But soon to Mary paid his forfeit head,
And in his fate a wretched race involv'd:
Thee chief, thee wept by ev'ry gentle muſe,
Fair ¶ Jane! untimely doom'd to bloody death,
For treaſon not thy own. To ** Rich's line
Was then transferr'd th' illustrious name, to thine
O †† Greville! last. Late may it there remain!
With promise fair, as now, (more fair what heart
Parental craves)? of long, transmissive worth,
Proud Warwick's name, with growing fame to grace,
And crown, with lasting joy, her castled hill.
Hail, stately pile; fit mansion for the great!
Worthy the lofty title; Worthy him ‡‡,
To Beauchamp's gallant race allied! the friend
Of gentle Sidney! to whoſe long deſert,
In royal councils prov'd, his sov'reign's gift
Consign'd the lofty structure: Worthy he!
The lofty structure's splendour to restore.
Nor less intent, who now by lineal right,
His place sustains, with reparations bold,
And well-attemper'd dignity to grace
Th' embattled walls. Nor spares his gen'rous mind
The cost of rural work, plantation large,
Forest, or fragrant shrub; or shelter'd walks,
Or ample verdant lawns, where the sleek deer
Sport on the brink of Avon's flood, or graze
Beneath the rising walls; magnificence
With grace uniting, and enlarg'd delight
Of prospect fair, and nature's smiling scenes!
Still is the colouring faint. O! could my verſe,
Like their * Louisa's pencil'd shades describe
The tow'rs, the woods, the lawns, the winding stream,
Fair like her form, and like her birth sublime!
Not Windsor's royal scenes by Denham sung,
Or that more tuneful bard on Twick'nam's shore
Should boast a loftier strain, but in my verſe
Their fame should live, as lives proportion'd true,
Their beauteous image in her graven lines.
Transporting theme! on which I still could waſte
The ling'ring hours, and still protract the song
With new delight: but thy example, Guy!
Calls me from scenes of pomp and earthly pride,
To muſe with thee in thy sequeſter'd cell †.
Here the calm scene lulls the tumultuous breaſt
To sweet compoſure. Here the gliding stream,
That winds its wat'ry path in many a maze,
As loth to leave th' enchanted spot, invites
To moralize on fleeting time, and life,
With all its treach'rous sweets and fading joys,
In emblem shown, by many a short-liv'd flow'r,
That on its margin smiles, and smiling falls
To join its parent earth. Here let me delve,
Near thine, my chamber in the peaceful rock,
And think no more of gilded palaces,
And luxury of sense. From the till'd glebe,
Or ever-teeming brook, my frugal meal
I'll gain, and slake my thirst at yonder spring.
Like thee, I'll climb the steep, and mark the scene
How fair! how passing fair! in grateful strains
Singing the praiſes of creative love.
Like thee, I'll tend the call of matin bell ‡
To early orisons, and lateſt tune
My evening song to that more wond'rous love,
Which sav'd us from the grand apoſtate's wiles,
And righteous vengeance of Almighty ire,
Justly incens'd. O pow'r of grace divine!
When mercy met with truth, with juſtice, peace.
Thou, holy hermit! in this league secure,
Did'ſt wait death's vanquish'd spectre as a friend,
To change thy mortal coil for heav'nly bliſs.
Next, Kenelworth! thy fame invites the song,
Aſſemblage sweet of social, and serene!
But chiefly two fair streets, in adverſe rows,
Their lengthen'd fronts extend, reflecting each
Beauty on each reciprocal. Between

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* *Richard Earl of Warwick, in the reigns of King Henry IV. V. and VI. was Governor of Calais, and Lieutenant-General of France. He founded the Lady's Chapel, and lies interred there under a very magnificent monument.*

† *Called Make-King. He was killed at the battle of Barnet.*

‡ *He married the Earl of Warwick's daughter, and was put to death by his brother Edward IV.*

§ *Beheaded in the Tower by Henry VII. under a pretence of favouring the escape of Peter Warbeck.*

‖ *Made Earl of Warwick by Edward VI. and afterwards Duke of Northumberland.*

¶ *Lady Jane Grey, married to a son of the Earl of Warwick.*

** *Robert Lord Rich, created Earl of Warwick by James I.*

†† *Greville Lord Brook, first created Earl Brook of Warwick Caſtle, and afterwards Earl of Warwick, by King George II.*

‡‡ *Sir Fulke Greville, made Baron Brook of Beauchamp's-court by James I., had the Caſtle of Warwick, then in a ruinous condition, granted to him; upon which he laid out 20,000l. He lies buried in a neat octagon building, on the north side of the chancel at Warwick, under a fine marble monument, on which is the following very significant, laconic inscription:*

"TROPHOEVM PECCATI!
"Fulke Greville, Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Coun-
"sellor to King James, and Friend to Sir Philip Sid-
"ney."

* *The Right Hon. Lady Louisa Greville, daughter to the Right Hon. the Earl of Warwick.*

† *Called Guy's Cliff, the seat of the Right Hon. Lady Mary Greatheed.*

‡ *Here was anciently an oratory, where tradition says Guy spent the latter part of his life in devotional exercises.*

A verdant valley, flop'd from either fide,
Forms the mid fpace, where gently-gliding flows
A cryftal ftream, beneath the mould'ring bafe
Of an old abbey's venerable walls.
Still further in the vale her caftle lifts
Its ftately tow'rs, and tott'ring battlements,
Dreft with the rampant ivy's unchock'd growth
Luxuriant. Here let us pauſe a while,
To read the melancholy tale of pomp
Laid low in duſt, and from hiſtoric page,
Compoſe its epitaph. Hail, * Clinton! hail!
Thy Norman founder ſtill yon neighb'ring † green,
And maſſy walls, with ſtyle ‡ Imperial grac'd,
Record. The § Montforts thee with hardy deeds,
And memorable ſiege by || Henry's arms,
And ſenatorial acts, that bear thy name
Diſtinguiſh. Thee the bold Lancaſtrian ¶ line,
A royal train! from valiant Gaunt deriv'd,
Grace with new luſtre; till Eliza's hand
Transferr'd thy walls to Leiceſter's** favour'd earl.
He long, beneath thy roof, the maiden queen,
And all her courtly gueſts, with rare device
Of maſk, and emblematic ſcenery,
Tritons, and ſea-nymphs, and the floating iſle,
Detain'd. Nor feats of prowefs, jouſt, or tilt
Of harneſs'd knights, nor ruſtic revelry
Were wanting; nor the dance and ſprightly mirth
Beneath the feſtive walls, with regal ſtate,
And choiceſt luxury ſerv'd. But regal ſtate
And ſprightly mirth, beneath the feſtive roof,
Are now no more. No more aſſembled crowds
At the ſtern porter's lodge admittance crave.
No more, with plaint, or ſuit importunate,
The thronged lobby echoes, nor with ſtaff
Or gaudy badge, the buſy purſuivants
Lead to wiſh'd audience. All, alas! is gone,
And ſilence keeps her melancholy court
Throughout the walls; ſave, where in rooms of ſtate,
Kings once repos'd! chatter the wrangling daws,
Or ſcreechowls hoot along the vaulted iſles.
No more the trumpet calls the martial band,
With ſprightly ſummons to the guarded liſts;
Nor lofty galleries their pride diſcloſe
Of beauteous nymphs in courtly pomp attir'd,
Watching, with trembling hearts, the doubtful ſtrife,
And with their looks inſpiring wond'rous deeds.
No more the lake diſplays its pageant ſhows,
And emblematic forms. Alike the lake,
And all its emblematic forms are flown,
And in their place mute flocks and heifers graze,
Or buxom damſels ted the new-mown hay.
What are thou, grandeur! with thy flatt'ring train
Of pompous lies, and boaſtful promiſes?
Where are they now, and what's their mighty ſum?
All, all are vaniſh'd! like the fleeting forms
Drawn in an evening cloud. Nought now remains,
Save theſe ſad relics of departed pomp,
Theſe ſpoils of time, a monumental pile!
Which to the vain its mournful tale relates,
And warns them not to truſt to fleeting dreams.
Theſe too, though boaſting not a royal train,
The muſe, O * Balſhal! in her faithful page
Shall celebrate: for long beneath thy roof
A band of warriors bold, of high renown,
To martial deeds, and hazardous emprize
Sworn, for defence of Salem's ſacred walls,
From Paynim foes, and holy pilgrimage.
Now other gueſts thou entertain'ſt,
A female band, by female charity
Suſtain'd. Thee, † Wroxal! too, in fame ally'd,
Seat of the poet's, and the muſe's friend!
My verſe ſhall ſing, with thy long-exil'd knight,
To theſe brown thickets, and his mournful mate,
By Leonard's pray'rs, from diſtant ſervitude,
Inviſibly convey'd. Yet doubted ſhe
His ſpeech, and alter'd form, and better proof
Impatient urg'd. (So Ithaca's chaſte queen
Her much-wiſh'd lord, by twice ten abſent years
And wiſe Minerva's guardian care diſguis'd
Acknowledg'd not: ſo, with ſuſpended faith,
His bridal claim repreſs'd.) Straight he diſplays
Part of the nuptial ring between them ſhar'd,
When in the bold cruſade his ſhield he bore.
The twin memorial of their plighted love
Within her faithful boſom ſhe retain'd.
Quick from its ſhrine the hallow'd pledge ſhe drew,
To match it with its mate, when, ſtrange to tell!
No ſooner had the ſeparated curves
Approach'd each other, but, with ſudden ſpring,
They join'd again, and the ſmall circle clos'd.
So they, long ſever'd, met in cloſe embrace.
At length, O Coventry! thy neigh'bring fields,
And fair ſurrounding villas we attend,
That views with laſting joy thy green domains,
‡ Allefly, and || Whitley's paſtures, § Stivichale,
And ¶ Bagington's fair walls, and ** Stonely! thine,
And †† Combe's majeſtic pile, both boaſting once,
Monaſtic pomp, ſtill equal in renown!
And, as their kindred fortunes they compare,
Applauding more the preſent, than the paſt.
Ev'n now the pencil'd ſheets, unroll'd, diſplay

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* *Geoffrey de Clinton, who built both the Caſtle, and the adjoining Monaſtery, Temp. Hen. I.*

† *Clinton Green.*

‡ *Cæſar's Tower.*

§ *The Montforts, Earls of Leiceſter, of which Simon de Montfort, and his ſon Henry, were killed at the battle of Eveſham.*

|| *Henry III. who beſieged this Caſtle, and called a convention here, which paſſed an act for redeeming forfeited eſtates, called Dictum de Kenelworth.*

¶ *From whom a part of this ſtructure is called Lancaſter's Buildings.*

** *Granted by Queen Elizabeth to Dudley Earl of Leiceſter.*

* *Formerly a ſeat of the Knights Templars, now an Almſ-houſe for poor widows, founded by the Lady Katharine Leviſon, a deſcendent of Robert Dudley Earl of Leiceſter.*

† *The ſeat of Chriſtopher Wren, Eſq. once a nunnery, dedicated to St. Leonard.—See Dugdale's Antiquities.*

‡ *The ſeat of M. Neale, Eſq.*

|| *The ſeat of Ed. Bowater, Eſq. now belonging to Francis Wheeler, Eſq.*

§ *The ſeat of Arthur Gregory, Eſq. commanding a pleaſant view of Coventry park, &c.*

¶ *The ſeat of William Bromley, Eſq. one of the repreſentatives in Parliament for the county of Warwick.*

** *The ſeat of the Right Hon. Lord Leigh.*

†† *The ſeat of the Right Hon. Lord Craven,*

More ſprightly charms of beauteous lawn, and grove,
And ſweetly-wandring paths, and ambient ſtream,
To cheer with laſting ſhow th' enamell'd ſcene,
And themes of ſong for future bards prepare.
Fair city! thus environ'd! and thyſelf
For royal grants, and ſilken arts renown'd!
To thee the docile youth repair, and learn,
With ſidelong glance, and nimble ſtroke to ply
The flitting ſhuttle, while their active feet,
In myſtic movements, preſs the ſubtle ſtops
Of the loom's complicated frame, contriv'd, [art,
From the looſe thread, to form, with wond'rous
A texture cloſe, inwrought with choice device
Of flow'r, or foliage gay, to the rich ſtuff,
Or ſilky web, imparting fairer worth.
Nor ſhall the muſe, in her deſcriptive ſong,
Neglect from dark oblivion to preſerve
Thy mould'ring * croſs, with ornament profuſe
Of pinnacles, and niches, proudly rais'd,
Height above height, a ſculptur'd chronicle!
Leſs laſting than the monumental verſe.
Nor ſcornful will ſhe flout thy cavalcade,
Made yearly to Godiva's deathleſs praiſe,
While gaping crowds around her pageant throng,
With prying look, and ſtupid wonderment.
Not ſo the muſe! who, with her virtue fir'd,
And love of thy renown, in notes as chaſte
As her fair purpoſe, from memorials dark,
Shall, to the liſt'ning ear, her tale explain.
When † Edward, laſt of Egbert's royal race,
O'er ſev'n united realms the ſceptre ſway'd,
Proud Leofric, with truſt of ſov'reign pow'r,
The ſubject Mercians rul'd. His lofty ſtate
The loveliеſt of her ſex! a noble dame
Of Thorald's ancient line, Godiva ſhar'd.
But pageant pomp charm'd not her ſaintly mind
Like virtuous deeds, and care of others weal.
Such tender paſſions in his haughty breaſt
He cheriſh'd not, but with deſpotic ſway,
Controul'd his vaſſal tribes, and, from their toil,
His luxury maintain'd. Godiva ſaw
Their plaintive looks; with grief ſhe ſaw thy ſons,
O Coventry! by tyrant laws oppreſs'd,
And urg'd her haughty lord, but urg'd in vain!
With patriot-rule, thy drooping arts to cheer.
Yet, though forbidden e'er again to move
In what ſo much his lofty ſtate concern'd,
Not ſo from thought of charitable deed
Deſiſted ſhe, but amiably perverſe
Her hopeleſs ſuit renew'd. Bold was th' attempt!
Yet not more bold than fair, if pitying ſighs
Be fair, and charity which knows no bounds.
What had'ſt thou then to fear from wrath inflam'd
At ſuch tranſcendent guilt, rebellion join'd
With female weakneſs, and officious zeal?
So thy ſtern lord might call the gen'rous deed;
Perhaps might puniſh as befitted deed
So call'd, if love reſtrain'd not: yet though love
O'er anger triumph'd, and imperious rule,
Not o'er his pride; which better to maintain,
His anſwer thus he artfully return'd.
Why will the lovely partner of my joys,
Forbidden, thus her wild petition urge?
Think not my breaſt is ſteel'd againſt the claims
Of ſweet humanity. Think not I hear
Regardleſs thy requeſt. If piety,
Or other motive, with miſtaken zeal,
Call'd to thy aid, pierc'd not my ſtubborn frame,
Yet to the pleader's worth, and modeſt charms,
Wou'd my fond love no trivial gift impart.
But pomp and fame forbid. That vaſſalage,
Which, thoughtleſs, thou wou'dſt tempt me to diſſolve,
Exalts our ſplendour, and augments my pow'r.
With tender boſoms form'd, and yielding hearts,
Your ſex ſoon melts at ſights of vulgar woe;
Heedleſs how glory fires the manly breaſt
With love of rank ſublime. This principle
In female minds a feebler empire holds,
Oppoſing leſs the ſpecious arguments
For milder rule, and freedom's popular theme.
But plant ſome gentler paſſion in its room,
Some virtuous inſtinct ſuited to your make,
As glory is to ours, alike requir'd
A ranſom for the vulgar's vaſſal ſtate,
Then wou'dſt thou ſoon the ſtrong contention own,
And juſtify my conduct. Thou art fair,
And chaſte as fair; with niceſt ſenſe of ſhame,
And ſanctity of thought. Thy boſom thou
Did'ſt ne'er expoſe to ſhameleſs dalliance
Of wanton eyes; nor, ill-concealing it
Beneath the treach'rous cov'ring, tempt aſide
The ſecret glance, wi‡. meditated fraud.
Go now, and lay thy modeſt garments by:
In naked beauty, mount thy milk-white ſteed,
And through the ſtreets, in face of open day,
And gazing ſlaves, their fair deliv'rer ride:
Then will I own thy pity was ſincere,
Applaud thy virtue, and confirm thy ſuit.
But if thou lik'ſt not ſuch ungentle terms,
And ſure thy ſoul the guilty thought abhors!
Know then, that Leofric, like thee, can feel,
Like thee, may pity, while he ſeems ſevere,
And urge thy ſuit no more. His ſpeech he cloſ'd,
And, with ſtrange oaths, confirm'd the ſad decree.
Again, within Godiva's gentle breaſt
New tumults roſe. At length her female fears
Gave way, and ſweet humanity prevail'd.
Reluctant, but reſolv'd, the matchleſs fair
Gives all her naked beauty to the ſun:
Then mounts her milk-white ſteed, and, through the ſtreets,
Rides fearleſs; her diſhevell'd hair a veil!
That o'er her beauteous limbs luxuriant flow'd,
Nurs'd long by fate for this important day!
Proſtrate to earth th' aſtoniſh'd vaſſals bow,
Or to their inmoſt privacies retire.
All, but one prying ſlave! who fondly hop'd,
With venial curioſity, to gaze
On ſuch a wond'rous dame. But ſoul diſgrace
O'ertook the bold offender, and he ſtands,
By juſt decree, a ſpectacle abhorr'd,
And laſting monument of ſwift revenge
For thoughts impure, and beauty's injur'd charms.
Ye guardians of her rights, ſo nobly won!
Cheriſh the muſe, who firſt in modern ſtrains
Eſſay'd to ſing your lovely * patriot's fame,

* *Built by Sir William Hollies, Lord Mayor of London, in the reign of King Henry VIII.*

† *Edward the Confeſſor.*

* *See Dugdale's Antiquities of Warwickſhire.*

*It is pleaſant enough to obſerve, with what gravity the above-mentioned learned writer dwells on this praiſe-*

Anxious to refcue from oblivious time
Such matchleſs virtue, her heroic deed
Illuſtrate, and your gay proceſſion grace.

## BOOK III.

## *AFTERNOON.*

ARGUMENT.

ADDRESS to the Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon. Metaphyſical ſubtleties exploded. Philoſophical account of viſion, and optic glaſſes. Objects of ſight not ſufficiently regarded on account of their being common. Story relative thereto. Return to the mid-ſcene. Solihul. School-ſcene. Bremicham. Its manufactures. Coal-mines. Iron-ore. Proceſs of it. Panegyric upon iron.

AGAIN, the muſe her airy flight eſſays.
Will Villers, ſkill'd alike in claſſic ſong,
Or, with a critic's eye, to trace the charms
Of nature's beauteous ſcenes, attend the lay?
Will he, accuſtom'd to ſoft Latian climes,
As to their ſofter numbers, deign a while
To quit the Mantuan bard's harmonious ſtrain,
By ſweet attraction of the theme allur'd?
The Latian poet's ſong is ſtill the ſame.
Not ſo the Latian fields. The Gentle arts
That made thoſe fields ſo fair, when Gothic rule,
And ſuperſtition, with her bigot train,
Fixt there their gloomy ſeat, to this fair iſle
Retir'd, with freedom's gen'rous ſons to dwell,
To grace her cities, and her ſmiling plains
With plenty clothe, and crown the rural toil.
Nor hath he found, throughout thoſe ſpacious realms
Where Albis flows, and Iſter's ſtately flood,
More verdant meads, or more ſuperb remains
Of old magnificence, than his own fields
Diſplay, where * Clinton's venerable walls
In ruin, ſtill their ancient grandeur tell.
Requires there aught of learning's pompous aid
To prove that all this outward frame of things
Is what it ſeems, not unſubſtantial air,
Ideal viſion, or a waking dream,
Without exiſtence, ſave what fancy gives?
Shall we, becauſe we ſtrive in vain to tell
How matter acts on incorporeal mind,
Or how, when ſleep has lock'd up ev'ry ſenſe,
Or fevers rage, imagination paints
Unreal ſcenes, reject what ſober ſenſe,
And calmeſt thought atteſt? Shall we confound
States wholly diff'rent? Sleep with wakeful life?
Diſeaſe with health? This were to quit the day,
And ſeek our path at midnight. To renounce
Man's ſureſt evidence, and idolize
Imagination. Hence then baniſh we
Theſe metaphyſic ſubtleties, and mark
The curious ſtructure of theſe viſual orbs,
The windows of the mind; ſubſtance how clear,
Aqueous, or cryſtaline! through which the ſoul,
As through a glaſs, all outward things ſurveys.
See, while the ſun gilds, with his golden beam,
Yon diſtant pile, which Hyde, with care refin'd,
From plunder guards, its form how beautiful!
Anon ſome cloud his radiance intercepts,
And all the ſplendid object fades away.
Or, if ſome incruſtation o'er the ſight
Its baleful texture ſpread, like a clear lens,
With filth obſcur'd! no more the ſenſory,
Through the thick film, imbibes the cheerful day,
'But cloud inſtead, and ever-during night
Surround it.' So, when on ſome weighty truth
A beam of heav'nly light its luſtre ſheds,
To reaſon's eye it looks ſupremely fair.
But if foul paſſion, or diſtemper'd pride,
Impede its ſearch, or phrenzy ſeize the brain,
Then ignorance a gloomy darkneſs ſpreads,
Or ſuperſtition, with miſhapen forms,
Erects its ſavage empire in the mind.
The vulgar race of men, like herds that graze,
On inſtinct live, not knowing how they live;
While reaſon ſleeps, or waking ſtoops to ſenſe.
But ſage philoſophy explores the cauſe
Of each phænomenon of ſight, or ſound,
Taſte, touch, or ſmell; each organ's inmoſt frame,
And correſpondence with external things:
Explains how diff'rent texture of their parts
Excites ſenſations diff'rent, rough, or ſmooth,
Bitter, or ſweet, fragrance, or noiſome ſcent:
How various ſtreams of undulating air,
Through the ear's winding labyrinth convey'd,
Cauſe all the vaſt variety of ſounds.
Hence too the ſubtle properties of light,
And ſev'n-fold colour are diſtinctly view'd
In the priſmatic glaſs, and outward forms
Shown fairly drawn, in miniature divine,
On the tranſparent eye's membraneous cell.
By combination hence of diff'rent orbs,
Convex, or concave, through their cryſtal pores,
Tranſmitting variouſly the ſolar ray,
With line oblique, the teleſcopic tube
Reveals the wonders of the ſtarry ſphere,
Worlds above worlds; or, in a ſingle grain,
Or wat'ry drop, the penetrative eye
Diſcerns innumerable inhabitants
Of perfect ſtructure, imperceptible
To naked view. Hence each defect of ſenſe
Obtains relief; hence to the palſy'd ear
New impulſe, viſion new to languid ſight,
Surpriſe to both, and youthful joys reſtor'd!
Cheap is the bliſs we never knew to want!
So graceleſs ſpendthrifts waſte unthankfully
Thoſe ſums, which merit often ſeeks in vain,
And poverty wou'd kneel to call its own.
So objects, hourly ſeen, unheeded paſs,
At which the new-created ſight would gaze
With exquiſite delight. Doubt ye this truth?
A tale ſhall place it fairer to your view.

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*of this renowned lady.* " *And now, before I proceed,*" *ſays he,* " *I have a word more to ſay of the noble Counteſs Godeva, which is, that beſides her devout advancement of that pious work of his,* i. e. *her huſband Leofric, in this magnificent monaſtery, viz. of monks at Coventry, ſhe gave her whole treaſure thereto, and ſent for ſkilful goldſmiths, who, with all the gold and ſilver ſhe had, made croſſes, images of ſaints, and other curious ornaments.*" *Which paſſages may ſerve as a ſpecimen of the devotion and patriotiſm of thoſe times.*

* *The magnificent ruins of Kenelworth Caſtle, built by Geoffry de Clinton, and more particularly deſcribed in the preceding book, belong to the Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon, many years reſident in Italy, and Envoy to moſt of the Courts in Germany.*

A youth * there was, a youth of lib'ral mind,
And fair proportion in each lineament
Of outward form: but dim suffusion veil'd
His sightless orbs, which roll'd, and roll'd in vain
To find the blaze of day. From infancy,
Till full maturity glow'd on his cheek,
The long, long night its gloomy empire held,
And mock'd each gentle effort, lotions,
Or cataplasms, by parental hands,
With fruitless care employ'd. At length a leech,
Of skill profound, well-vers'd in optic lore,
An arduous task devis'd aside to draw
The veil, which, like a cloud, hung o'er his sight,
And ope a lucid passage to the sun.
Instant the youth the promis'd blessing craves.
But first his parents, with uplifted hands,
The healing pow'rs invoke, and pitying friends
With sympathizing heart, the rites prepare:
'Mongst these, who well deserv'd the important trust,
A gentle maid there was, that long had wail'd
His hapless fate. Full many a tedious hour
Had she, with converse, and instructive song,
Beguil'd. Full many a step darkling her arm
Sustain'd him; and, as they their youthful days
In friendly deeds, and mutual intercourse
Of sweet endearment pass'd, love in each breast
His empire fix'd; in hers with pity join'd,
In his with gratitude, and deep regard.
The friendly wound was giv'n; th' obstructing film
Drawn artfully aside; and, on his sight
Burst the full tide of day. Surpris'd he stood,
Not knowing where he was, nor what he saw!
The skilful artist, first as first in place
He view'd, then seiz'd his hand, then felt his own,
Then mark'd their near resemblance, much perplex'd,
And still the more perplex'd, the more he saw.
Now silence first th' impatient mother broke,
And, as her eager looks on him she bent, gaz'd
"My son," she cried, "My son!" On her he
With fresh surprise. And, what? he cried, art thou
My mother? for thy voice bespeaks thee such,
Though to my sight unknown. Thy mother! She quick reply'd, thy sister, brother these.—
O! 'tis too much, he said; too soon to part,
Ere well we meet! But this new flood of day
O'erpow'rs me, and I fell a death-like damp
Chill all my frame, and stop my fault'ring tongue.
Now Lydia, so they call'd his gentle friend,
Who, with averted eye, but in her soul,
Had felt the lancing steel, her aid apply'd,
And stay, dear youth, she said, or with thee take
Thy Lydia, thine alike in life, or death.
At Lydia's name, at Lydia's well known voice,
He strove again to raise his drooping head,
And ope his closing eye, but strove in vain,
And on her trembling bosom sunk away.
Now other fears distract his weeping friends.
But short this grief! for soon his life return'd,
And, with return of life, return'd their peace.
Yet, for his safety, they resolve a while
His infant sense from days bright beams to guard,
Ere yet again they tempt such dang'rous joy.

As, when from some transporting dream awak'd
We fondly on the sweet delusion dwell,
And, with intense reflection, to our minds
Picture th' enchanted scene—angelic forms—
Converse sublime—and more than waking bliss!
Till the coy vision, as the more we strive
To paint it livelier on th' enraptur'd sense,
Still fainter grows, and dies at last away:
So dwelt the youth on his late transient joy,
So long'd the dear remembrance to renew.
At length, again the wish'd-for day arriv'd.
The task was Lydia's! hers the charge, alone
From dangers new to guard the dear delight;
But first th' impatient youth she thus address'd:
Dear youth! my trembling hands but ill essay
This tender task, and, with unusual fear,
My flutt'ring heart forebodes some danger nigh.
Dismiss thy fears, he cried, nor think so ill
I con thy lessons, as still need be taught
To hail, with caution, the new-coming day.
Then loose these envious folds, and teach my sight,
If more can be, to make thee more belov'd.
Ah! there's my grief, she cried: 'tis true our hearts
With mutual passion burn, but then 'tis true
Thou ne'er hast known me by that subtle sense
Through which love most an easy passage finds;
That sense! which soon may show thee many a maid
Fairer than Lydia, though more faithful none.
And may she not cease then to be belov'd?
May she not then, when less thou need'st her care,
Give place to some new charmer? 'Tis for this
I sigh; for this my sad foreboding fears
New terrors form. And can'st thou then, he cried,
Want aught that might endear thee to my soul?
Art thou not excellence? Art thou not all
That man cou'd wish? Goodness, and gentlest love?
Can I forget thy long assiduous care?
Thy morning-tendance, surest mark to me
Of day's return, of night thy late adieu?
Do I need aught to make my bless complete,
When thou art by me? when I press thy hand?
When I breath fragrance at thy near approach;
And hear the sweetest music in thy voice?
Can that, which to each other sense is dear,
So wond'rous dear, be otherwise to sight?
Or can sight make, what is to reason good,
And lovely, seem less lovely, and less good?
Perish the sense, that wou'd make Lydia such!
Perish its joys, those joys however great!
If to be purchas'd with the loss of thee.
O my dear Lydia! if there be indeed
The danger thou report'st, O! by our love,
Our mutual love, I charge thee, ne'er unbind
These hapless orbs, or tear them from their seat,
Ere they betray me thus to worse than death.
No, Heav'n forbid! she cried, for Heav'n hath heard
Thy parents pray'rs, and many a friend now waits
To mingle looks of cordial love with thine.
And shou'd I rob them of the sacred bless?
Shou'd I deprive thee of the rapt'rous sight?
No! be thou happy; happy be thy friends;
Whatever fate attend thy Lydia's love;
Thy hapless Lydia! Hapless did I say?
Ah! wherefore? wherefore wrong I thus thy worth?

* *For the general subject of the following story, see the Tatler, No. 55. and Smith's Optics.*

Why doubt the well-known truth, and conſtant mind?
No, happieſt ſhe of all the happy train,
In mutual vows, and plighted faith ſecure!
So ſaying, ſhe the ſilken bandage loos'd,
Nor added further ſpeech, prepar'd to watch
The new ſurpriſe, and guide the doubtful ſcene,
By ſilence more than tenfold night conceal'd.
When thus the youth: And is this then the world
In which I am to live? Am I awake?
Or do I dream? Or hath ſome pow'r unknown,
Far from my friends, far from my native home;
Convey'd me to theſe radiant ſeats? O thou!
Inhabitant of this enlightened world!
Whoſe heav'nly ſoftneſs far tranſcends his ſhape,
By whom this miracle was firſt achiev'd,
O! deign thou to inſtruct me where I am;
And how to name thee by true character,
Angel, or mortal! Once I had a friend,
Who, but till now, ne'er left me in diſtreſs.
Her ſpeech was harmony, at which my heart
With tranſport flutter'd; and her gracious hand
Supplied me with whate'er my wiſh could form;
Supply, and tranſport ne'er ſo wiſh'd before!
Never, when wanted, yet, ſo long denied!
Why is ſhe ſilent now, when moſt I long
To hear her heavenly voice? why flies ſhe not
With more than uſual ſpeed to crown my bliſs?
Ah! did I leave her in that darkſome world?
Or rather dwells ſhe not in theſe bright realms,
Companion fit for ſuch fair forms as thine?
O! teach me, if thou canſt, how I may find
This gentle counſellor; when found, how know
By this new ſenſe, which, better ſtill to rate
Her worth, I chiefly wiſh'd. This lovely form
Replied, In me behold that gentle friend,
If ſtill thou own'ſt me ſuch. O! yes, 'tis ſhe,
He cried; 'tis Lydia! 'tis her charming voice!
O! ſpeak again; O! let me preſs thy hand:
On theſe I can rely. This new-born ſenſe
May cheat me. Yet ſo much I prize thy form,
I willingly would think it tells me true—
Ha! what are theſe? Are they not they of whom
Thou warn'dſt me? Yes—true—they are beautiful.
But have they lov'd like thee, like thee convers'd?
They move not as we move, they bear no part
In my new bliſs. And yet methinks in one,
Her form I can deſcry, though now ſo calm!
Who call'd me ſon. Miſtaken youth! ſhe cried,
Theſe are not what they ſeem; are not as we,
Not living ſubſtances, but pictur'd ſhapes,
Reſemblances of life! by mixture form'd
Of light and ſhade, in ſweet proportion join'd.
But hark! I hear, without, thy longing friends,
Who wait my ſummons, and reprove my ſtay.
To thy direction, cried th' enraptur'd youth,
To thy direction I commit my ſteps.
Lead on, be thou my guide, as late, ſo now,
In this new world, and teach me how to uſe
This wond'rous faculty; which thus, ſo ſoon
Mocks me with phantoms. Yet enough for me!
That all my paſt experience joins with this
To tell me I am happier than I know.
To tell me thou art Lydia! From whoſe ſide
I never more will part! with whom compar'd,
All others of her ſex, however fair,
Shall be like painted unſubſtantial forms.
So when the ſoul, inflam'd with ſtrong deſire
Of purer bliſs, its earthly manſion leaves,
Perhaps ſome friendly genius, wont to ſteer
With miniſterial charge, his dang'rous ſteps;
Perhaps ſome gentle partner of his toil,
More early bleſt, in radiant luſtre clad,
And form celeſtial, meets his dazzled ſight; ſmiles,
And guides his way, through trackleſs fields of air,
To join with rapt'rous joy, th' ethereal train.
Now to the midland ſearch the muſe returns.
For more, and ſtill more buſy ſcenes remain;
The promis'd ſchools of wiſe artificers
In braſs and iron. But another ſchool
Of gentler arts demands the muſe's ſong,
Where firſt ſhe learn'd to ſcan the meaſur'd verſe,
And awkwardly her infant notes eſſay'd.
Hail, Solihul! reſpectful I ſalute
Thy walls; more awful once! when, from the ſweets
Of feſtive freedom, and domeſtic eaſe,
With throbbing heart, to the ſtern diſcipline
Of pedagogue moroſe I ſad return'd.
But though no more his brow ſevere, nor dread
Of birchen ſceptre awes my riper age,
A ſterner tyrant riſes to my view,
With deadlier weapon arm'd. Ah! critic! ſpare,
O! ſpare the muſe, who feels her youthful fears
On thee transferr'd, and trembles at thy laſh.
Againſt the venal tribe, that proſtitutes
The tuneful art, to ſooth the villain's breaſt,
To blazon fools, or feed the pamper'd luſt
Of bloated vanity; againſt the tribe
Which caſts its wanton jeſts at holy truths,
Or clothes, with virtue's garb, th' accurſed train
Of lothſome vices, lift thy vengeful arm,
And all thy juſt ſeverity exert.
Enough to venial faults, and ſpotleſs want
Of animated numbers, ſuch as breathe
The ſoul of epic ſong, hath erſt been paid
Within theſe walls, ſtill ſtain'd with infant blood.
Yet may I not forget the pious care
Of love parental, anxious to improve
My youthful mind. Nor yet the debt diſown
Due to ſevere reſtraint, and rigid laws,
The wholeſome curb of paſſion's headſtrong reign.
To them I owe that ere with painful toil,
Through Priſcian's crabbed rules, laborious taſk!
I held my courſe, till the dull tireſome road
Plac'd me on claſſic ground, that well repaid
The labours of the way. To them I owe
The pleaſing knowledge of my youthful mates
Matur'd in age and honours. Theſe among,
I gratulate whom Auguſta's ſenate hails
Father! and, in each charge and high employ,
Found worthy all her love, with ampleſt truſt,
And dignity inveſts. And well I ween,
Her tribunitial power, and purple pomp
On thee confers, in living manners ſchool'd
To guard her weal, and vindicate her rights,
O Ladbroke! once in the ſame fortunes claſs'd
Of early life; with count'nance unreſtrain'd,
For ev'ry friendly deed ſtill vacant found!
Nor can the muſe, while ſhe theſe ſcenes ſurveys,
Forget her Shenſtone, in the youthful toil

Aſſociate; whoſe bright dawn of genius oft
Smooth'd my incondite verſe; whoſe friendly voice
Call'd me from giddy ſports to follow him
Intent on better themes—call'd me to taſte
The charms of Britiſh ſong, the pictur'd page
Admire, or mark his imitative ſkill;
Or with him range in ſolitary ſhades,
And ſcoop rude grottos in the ſhelving bank.
Such were the joys that cheer'd life's early morn!
Such the ſtrong ſympathy of ſoul, that knit
Our hearts congenial in ſweet amity!
On Cherwel's banks, by kindred ſcience nurs'd;
And well matur'd in life's advancing ſtage,
When, on Ardenna's plain, we fondly ſtray'd,
With mutual truſt, and amicable thought;
Or in the ſocial circle gaily join'd:
Or round his Leaſowe's happy circuit rov'd;
On hill, and dale invoking ev'ry muſe,
Nor Tempe's ſhade, nor Aganippe's fount
Envied; ſo willingly the dryads nurs'd
His groves; ſo lib'rally their cryſtal urns
The naïads pour'd, enchanted with their ſpells;
And pleas'd to ſee their overflowing ſtreams
Led by his hand, in many a mazy line;
Or, in the copious tide, collected large,
Or tumbling from the rock, in ſportive falls,
Now, from the lofty bank, precipitate;
And now, in gentler courſe, with murmurs ſoft
Soothing the ear; and now, in concert join'd,
Fall above fall, oblique and intricate,
Among the twiſted roots. Ah! whilſt I write,
In deeper murmur flows the ſadd'ning ſtream;
Wither the groves; and from the beauteous ſcene,
Its ſoft enchantments fly. No more for me
A charm it wears, ſince he alas! is gone,
Whoſe genius plann'd it, and whoſe ſpirit grac'd.
Ah! hourly does the fatal doom pronounc'd
Againſt rebellious ſin, ſome ſocial band
Diſſolve, and leave a thouſand friends to weep,
Soon ſuch themſelves, as thoſe they now lament!
This mournful tribute to thy mem'ry paid!
The muſe purſues her ſolitary way;
But heavily purſues, ſince thou art gone,
Whoſe counſel brighten'd, and whoſe friendſhip ſhar'd
The pleaſing taſk. Now Bremicham! to thee
She ſteers her flight, and, in thy buſy ſcenes,
Seeks to reſtrain a while the ſtarting tear.
Yet ere her ſong deſcribes the ſmoky forge,
Or ſounding anvil, to the duſky heath,
Her gentle train ſhe leads. What, though no grain
Or herbage ſweet, or waving woods adorn
Its dreary ſurface, yet it bears within
A richer treaſury. So worthy minds
Oft lurk beneath a rude unſightly form.
More hapleſs they! that few obſervers ſearch,
Studious to find this intellectual ore,
And ſtamp with gen'rous deed its current worth.
Here many a merchant turns adventurer,
Encourag'd, not diſguſted. Intereſt thus,
On ſordid minds, with ſtronger impulſe works,
Than virtue's heav'nly flame. Yet Providence
Converts to gen'ral uſe man's ſelfiſh ends.
Hence are the hungry fed, the naked cloth'd,
The wint'ry damps diſpell'd, and ſocial mirth
Exults, and glows before the blazing hearth.
When likely ſigns th' advent'rous ſearch invite,
A cunning artiſt tries the latent ſoil:
And if his ſubtle engine, in return,
A brittle mals contains of ſable hue,
Strait he prepares th' obſtructing earth to clear,
And raiſe the crumbling rock. A narrow paſs
Once made, wide, and more wide the gloomy cave
Stretches its vaulted iſles, by num'rous hands
Hourly extended. Some the pick-axe ply,
Loos'ning the quarry from its native bed.
Some watt it into light. Thus the grim ore,
Here uſeleſs, like the miſer's brighter hoard,
Is from its priſon brought, and ſent abroad,
The frozen hours to cheer, to miniſter
To needful ſuſtenance and poliſh'd arts.
Meanwhile the ſubterraneous city ſpreads
Its covert ſtreets, and echoes with the noiſe
Of ſwarthy ſlaves, and inſtruments of toil.
They, ſuch the force of cuſtom's pow'rful laws!
Purſue their ſooty labours, deſtitute
Of the ſun's cheering light and genial warmth.
And oft a chilling damp, or unctuous miſt,
Loos'd from the crumbly caverns, iſſues forth,
Stopping the ſprings of life. And oft the flood,
Diverted from its courſe, in torrents pours,
Drowning the nether world. To cure theſe ills
Philoſophy two curious arts ſupplies,
To drain th' impriſon'd air, and, in its place,
More pure convey, or, with impetuous force,
To raiſe the gath'ring torrents from the deep.
One from the * wind its ſalutary pow'r
Derives, thy charity to ſick'ning crowds,
From cheerful haunts, and nature's balmy draughts
Conſin'd; O friend of man, illuſtrious † Hales!
That, ſtranger ſtill! its influence owes to air ‡,
By cold and heat alternate now condens'd,
Now rarified ‖. Agent! to vulgar thought
How ſeeming weak, in act how pow'rful ſeen!
So Providence, by inſtruments deſpis'd,
All human force, and policy confounds.
But who that fiercer element can rule?
When, in the nitrous cave, the kindling flame,
By pitchy vapours fed, from cell to cell,
With fury ſpreads, and the wide fuell'd earth,
Around with greedy joy, receives the blaze.
By its own entrails nouriſh'd, like thoſe mounts
Veſuvian, or Ætnean, ſtill it waſtes,
And ſtill new fuel for its rapine finds
Exhauſtleſs. Wretched he! who journeying late,
O'er the parch'd heath, bewilder'd, ſeeks his way.
Oft will his ſnorting ſteed, with terror ſtruck,
His wonted ſpeed refuſe, or ſtart aſide,
With riſing ſmoke, and ruddy flame annoy'd.
While, at each ſtep, his trembling rider quakes,
Appall'd with thoughts of bog, or cavern'd pit,
Or treach'rous earth, ſubſiding where they tread,
Tremendous paſſage to the realms of death!
Yet want there not ev'n here ſome lucid ſpots
The ſmoky ſcene to cheer, and by contraſt,

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* *The ventilator.*
† *Dr. Stephen Hales.*
‡ *The fire-engine.*
‖ "Denſat erant quæ rara modo, et quæ denſa relaxat."

More fair. Such Dartmouth's cultivated * lawns!
Himself, distinguish'd more with ornament
Of cultur'd manners, and supernal light!
Such † thine, O Bridgman! such—but envious time
Forbids the muse to these fair scenes to rove,
Still minding her of her unfinish'd theme,
From russet heaths, and smould'ring furnaces,
To trace the progress of thy steely arts.
‡ Queen of the founding anvil! Aston ‖, thee,
And § Edgbaston, with hospitable shade,
And rural pomp invest. O! warn thy sons;
When, for a time their labours they forget,
Not to molest these peaceful solitudes.
So may the masters of the beauteous scene,
Protect thy commerce, and their toil reward.
Nor does the barren soil conceal alone
The sable rock inflammable. Oft-times
More pond'rous ore beneath its surface lies,
Compact, metallic, but with earthy parts
Incrusted. These the smoky kiln consumes,
And to the furnace's impetuous rage
Consigns the solid ore. In the fierce heat
The pure dissolves, the dross remains behind.
This puff'd aside, the trickling metal flows
Through secret valves along the channell'd floor,
Where in the mazy moulds of figur'd sand,
Anon it hardens. Now the busy forge
Reiterates its blows, to form the bar
Large, massy, strong. Another art expands,
Another yet divides the yielding mass
To many a taper length, fit to receive
The artist's will, and take its destin'd form.
Soon o'er thy furrow'd pavement, Bremicham!
Ride the loose bars obstrep'rous; to the sons
Of languid sense, and frame too delicate,
Harsh noise perchance, but harmony to thine.
Instant innumerable hands prepare
To shape, and mould the malleable ore.
Their heavy sides th' inflated bellows heave.
Tugg'd by the pulley'd line, and, with their blast
Continuous, the sleeping embers rouse,
And kindle into life. Strait the rough mass,
Plung'd in the blazing hearth, its heat contracts,
And glows transparent. Now, Cyclopean chief!
Quick on the anvil lay the burning bar,
And with thy lusty fellows, on its sides
Impress the weighty stroke. See, how they strain
The swelling nerve, and lift the sinewy ¶ arm
In measur'd time; while with their clatt'ring blows,
From street to street the propagated sound
Increasing echoes, and, on ev'ry side,
The tortur'd metal spreads a radiant show'r.
'Tis noise, and hurry all! The thronged street,
The close-pil'd warehouse, and the busy shop!
With nimble stroke the tinkling hammers move;
While slow, and weighty the vast sledge descends,
In solemn bass responsive, or apart,
Or socially conjoin'd in tuneful peal.
The rough file * grates; yet useful is its touch,
As sharp corrosives to the schirrous flesh,
Or, to the stubborn temper, keen rebuke.
How the coarse metal brightens into fame
Shap'd by their plastic hands! what ornament!
What various use! See there the glitt'ring knife
Of temper'd edge! The scissars' double shaft,
Useless apart, in social union join'd,
Each aiding each! Emblem how beautiful
Of happy nuptial leagues! The button round,
Plain or imbost, or bright with steely rays!
Or oblong buckle, on the lacker'd shoe,
With polish'd lustre, bending elegant
Its shapely rim. But who can count the forms
That hourly from the glowing embers rise,
Or shine attractive through the glitt'ring pane,
And emulate their parent fires? what art
† Can, in the scanty bounds of measur'd verse,
Display the treasure of a thousand mines
To wond'rous shapes by stubborn labour wrought?
Nor this alone thy praise. Of various grains
Thy sons a compound form, and to the fire
Commit the precious mixture, if perchance
Some glitt'ring mass may bless their midnight toil,
Or glossy varnish, or enamel fair,
To shame the pride of China or Japan.
Nor wanting is the graver's pointed steel,
Nor pencil, wand'ring o'er the polish'd plate,
With glowing tints, and mimic life endued.
Thine too, of graceful form, the letter'd type!
The friend of learning, and the poet's pride!
Without thee what avail his splendid aims,
And midnight labours? Painful drudgery!
And pow'rless effort! But the thought of thee
Imprints fresh vigour on his panting breast,
As thou ere long shalt on his work impress;
And, with immortal fame, his praise repay.
Hail, native British ore! of thee possess'd,
We envy not Golconda's sparkling mines,
Nor thine, Potosi! nor thy kindred hills,
Teeming with gold. What? though in outward form
Less fair? not less thy worth. To thee we owe
More riches than Peruvian mines can yield,
Or Montezuma's crowded magazines,
And palaces could boast, though roof'd with gold.
Splendid barbarity! and rich distress!
Without the social arts and useful toil;
That polish life, and civilize the mind!
These are thy gifts, which gold can never buy.
Thine is the praise to cultivate the soil;
To bare its inmost strata to the sun;
To break and meliorate the stiffen'd clay,
And from its close confinement, set at large
Its vegetative virtue. Thine it is

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* *Sandwell, the seat of the Right Hon. the Earl of Dartmouth.*

† *Castle-Bromwick, the seat of Sir Henry Bridgman, Bart.*

‡ *Bremicham, alia sBirmingham.*

‖ *The seat of Sir Lister Holt, Bart.*

§ *The seat of Sir Henry Gough, Bart.*

¶ " Illi inter sese magnâ vi brachia tollunt
" In numerum, versantque tenaci forcipe ferrum."
VIRG.

* " Tum ferri rigor, et argutæ lamina serræ,
" Tum variæ venere artes, &c."
VIRG.

† " Sed neque quàm multæ species, nec nomina
" quæ sint,
" Est numerus: neque enim numero comprên-
" dere refert."
VIRG.

The with'ring hay, and ripen'd grain to sheer,
And waft the joyous harvest round the land.
Go now, and see, if, to the Silver's edge,
The reedy stalk will yield its bearded store,
In weighty sheafs. Or if the stubborn marle,
In sidelong rows, with easy force will rise
Before the silver plowshare's glitt'ring point.
Or wou'd your gen'rous horses tread more safe
On plated gold? Your wheels, with swifter force
On golden axles move? Then grateful own,
Britannia's sons! Heav'n's providential love,
That gave you real wealth, not wealth in show,
Whose price in bare imagination lies,
And artificial compact. Thankful ply
Your iron arts, and rule the vanquish'd world.
Hail, native ore! without thy pow'rful aid,
We still had liv'd in huts, with the green sod,
And broken branches roof'd. Thine is the plane,
The chissel thine; which shape the well-arch'd dome,
The graceful portico; and sculptur'd walls.
Wou'd ye your coarse, unsightly mines exchange
For Mexicanian hills? to tread on gold,
As vulgar sand? with naked limbs to brave
The cold, bleak air? to urge the tedious chase,
By painful hunger stung, with artless toil,
Through gloomy forests, where the sounding axe,
To the sun's beam, ne'er op'd the cheerful glade,
Nor culture's healthful face was ever seen!
In squalid huts to lay your weary limbs,
Bleeding, and faint, and strangers to the bliss
Of home-felt ease, which British swains can earn,
With a bare spade; but ill alas! cou'd earn,
With spades of gold? Such the poor Indian's lot!
Who starves 'midst gold, like misers o'er their bags;
Not with like guilt! Hail, native British ore!
For thine is trade, that with its various stores,
Sails round the world, and visits ev'ry clime,
And makes the treasures of each clime her own,
By gainful commerce of her woolly vests,
Wrought by the spiky comb; or steely wares,
From the coarse mass, by stubborn toil, refin'd.
Such are thy peaceful gifts! And war to thee
Its best support, and deadliest horror owes,
The glitt'ring faulchion, and the thund'ring tube!
At whose tremendous gleam, and volley'd fire,
Barbarian kings fly from their useless hoards,
And yield them all to thy superior pow'r.

## BOOK IV.

## *EVENING.*

### ARGUMENT.

Evening walk along the hill to the N. E. point. Scene from thence. Dasset Hills. Farnborough. Wormleighton. Shuckburg. Leame and Ichene. Places near those two rivers. Bennones, or High-Cross. Foss-Way. Watling-Street. Inland navigation. Places of note. Return. Panegyric on the country. The scene moralized. Though beautiful, yet transient. Change by approach of winter. Of storms and pestilential seasons. Murrain. Rot amongst the sheep. General thoughts on the vanity and disorders of human life. Battle of Edge-Hill. Reflections. Conclusion.

In purple vestments clad, the temper'd sky
Invites us from our hospitable roof,
To taste her influence mild; while to the west
The jocund sun his radiant chariot drives,
With rapid course, untir'd. Ye nymphs and swains!
Now quit the shade, and, with recruited strength,
Along the yet untrodden terrace urge
Your vig'rous steps. With moderated heat,
And ray oblique, the sun shall not o'erpow'r,
But kindly aid your yet unfinish'd search.
Not after sable night, in silence hush'd,
More welcome is th' approach of op'ning morn,
"With song of early birds," than the fresh breeze
Of soften'd air succeeding sultry heat,
And the wild tumult of the buzzing day.
Nor think, though much is past, that nought remains,
Or nought of beauty, or attractive worth,
Save what the morning-sun, or noon-tide ray,
Hath, with his rising beam, distinctly mark'd,
Or more confus'dly, with meridian blaze,
Dazz'ling display'd imperfect. Downward he
Shall other hills illumine opposite,
And other vales as beauteous as the past;
Suggesting to the muse new argument,
And fresh instruction for her closing lay.
There Dasset's ridgy mountain courts the song,
Scarce Malvern boasts his adverse boundary
More graceful. Like the tempest-driven wave,
Irregularly great, his bare tops brave
The winds, and, on his sides, the fatt'ning ox
Crops the rich verdure. When at Hasting's field,
The Norman conqueror a kingdom won
In this fair isle, and to another race
The Saxon pow'r transferr'd; an alien * lord,
Companion of his toil! by sov'reign grant,
These airy fields obtain'd. Now the tall mount,
By claim more just, a nobler master owns;
To tyrant force, and slavish laws a foe.
But happier land, near Ouse's reedy shore,
(What leisure ardent love of public weal
Permits his care employ; where nature's charms
With learned art combin'd; the richest domes,
And fairest lawns, adorn'd with ev'ry grace
Of beauty, or magnificent design,
By Cobham's eye approv'd, or Grenville plann'd,
The villas of imperial Rome outvie;
And form a scene of statelier pomp—a Stowe.
Her walls the living boast, these boast the dead,
Beneath their roof, in sacred dust entomb'd.
Lie light, O earth! on that illustrious Dame †,
Who, from her own prolific womb deriv'd,
To people thy green orb, successive saw
Sev'n times an hundred births. A goodlier train!
Than that, with which the patriarch journey'd erst
From Padan-Aram, to the Mamrean plains:
Or that more num'rous, which with large increase,
At Joseph's call, in wond'rous caravans,
Reviving sight! by Heaven's decree prepar'd,
He led to Gosnen, Egypt's fruitful soil.
Where the tall pillar lifts its taper head,

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* *The Earl of Mellent.*

† *Dame Hester Temple, of whom this is recorded by Fuller, in his account of Buckinghamshire, and who lies buried, with many of that ancient family, in the parish-church of Burton-Dasset.*

Her ſpacious terrace, and ſurrounding lawns,
Deckt with no ſparing coſt of planted tufts,
Or ornamented building, * Farnborough boaſts.
Hear they her maſter's call? in ſturdy troops,
The jocund labourers hie, and, at his nod,
A thouſand hands or ſmooth the ſlanting hill,
Or ſcoop new channels for the gath'ring flood,
And, in his pleaſures, find ſubſtantial bliſs.
Nor ſhall thy verdant paſtures be unſung
† Wormleighton! erſt th' abode of Spenſer's race,
Their title now! What? though in height thou
To Daſſet, not in ſweet luxuriance [yield'ſt
Of fatt'ning herbage, or of riſing groves;
Beneath whoſe ſhade the luſty ſteers repoſe
Their cumbrous limbs, mixt with the woolly tribes,
And leiſurely concoct their graſſy meal. [plays;
Her wood-capt ſummit ‡ Shuckburgh there diſ-
Nor fears neglect, in her own worth ſecure,
And glorying in the name her maſter bears.
Nor will her ſcenes, with cloſer eye, ſurvey'd,
Fruſtrate the ſearcher's toil, if ſteepy hills,
By frequent chaſms disjoin'd, and glens profound,
And broken precipices, vaſt, and rude
Delight the ſenſe; or nature's leſſer works,
Though leſſer, not leſs fair! or native ſtone,
Or fiſh, the little ‖ Aſtroit's doubtful race,
For ſtarry rays, and pencil'd ſhades admir'd!
Invite him to theſe fields, their airy bed.
Where Leame and Ichene own a kindred riſe,
And haſte their neighb'ring currents to unite,
New hills ariſe, new paſtures green, and fields
With other harveſts crown'd; with other charms
Villas, and towns with other arts adorn'd.
There Ichington its downward ſtructures views
In Ichene's paſſing wave, which, like the mole,
Her ſubterraneous journey long purſues,
Ere to the ſun ſhe gives her lucid ſtream.
Thy villa, § Leamington! her ſiſter nymph
In her fair boſom ſhows; while on her banks,
As further ſhe her liquid courſe purſues,
Amidſt ſurrounding woods his ancient walls
¶ Birb'ry conceals, and triumphs in the ſhade.
Not ſuch thy lot, O ** Bourton! Nor from ſight
Retireſt thou, but with complacent ſmile,
Thy ſocial aſpect courts the diſtant eye,
And views the diſtant ſcene reciprocal,
Delighting, and delighted. Duſky heaths
Succeed, as oft to mirth, the gloomy hour!
Leading th' unfiniſh'd ſearch to thy fam'd ſeat
†† Bennones! where two military ways
Each other croſs, tranſverſe from ſea to ſea,
The Roman's hoſtile paths! There ‡‡ Newnham's walls
With graceful pride aſcend, th' inverted pile
In her clear ſtream, with flow'ry margin grac'd,
Admiring. * Newbold there her modeſt charms
More baſhfully unveils, with ſolemn woods,
And verdant glades enamour'd. Here her lawns,
And riſing groves for future ſhelter form'd,
Fair † Coton wide diſplays. There Addiſon,
With mind ſerene, his moral theme revolv'd,
Inſtruction dreſs'd in learning's faireſt form!
The graveſt wiſdom with the liveliеſt wit
Attemper'd! or, beneath thy roof retir'd
Q ‡ Bilton much of peace, and liberty
Sublimely mus'd, on Britain's weal intent,
Or in thy ſhade the coy Pierians woo'd.
Another theme demands the varying ſong.
Lo! where but late the flocks, and heifers graz'd,
Or yellow harveſts wav'd, now through the vale,
Or o'er the plain, or round the ſlanting hill
A glitt'ring path attracts the gazer's eye,
Where ſooty barques purſue their liquid track
Through lawns, and woods, and villages remote
From public haunt, which wonder as they paſs.
The channell'd road ſtill onward moves, and ſtill
With level courſe, the flood attendant leads.
Hills, dales oppoſe in vain. A thouſand hands
Now through the mountain's ſide a paſſage ope,
Now with ſtupendous arches bridge the vale,
Now over paths, and rivers urge their way
Aloft in air. Again the Roman pride
Beneath thy ſpacious camp embattell'd hill,
O ‖ Brinklow! ſeems with gentler arts return'd.
But Britain now no bold invader fears,
No foreign aid invokes. Alike in arts
Of peace, or war renown'd. Alike in both
She rivals ancient Rome's immortal fame.
Still villas fair, and populous towns remain—
Poleſworth, and Atherſtone, and Eaton's walls
To charity devote! and Tamworth, thine
To martial fame! and thine, O § Merival!
Boaſting thy beauteous woods, and lofty ſcite!
And ¶ Coleſhill! long for momentary date
Of human life, though for our wiſhes ſhort,
Repoſe of Digby's honourable age! [way
Nor may the muſe, though on her homeward
Intent, ſhort ſpace refuſe his alleys green,
And decent walls with due reſpect to greet
** On Blythe's fair ſtream, to whoſe laborious toil
She many a leſſon owes, his painful ſearch
Enjoying without pain, and, at her eaſe,
With equal love of native ſoil inſpir'd,
Singing in meaſur'd phraſe her country's fame.
†† Nor, Arbury! may we thy ſcenes forget,
Haunt of the naiads, and each woodland nymph!

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* *The ſeat of William Hotbech, Eſq.*

† *An eſtate, and ancient ſeat, belonging to the Right Hon. Earl Spenſer.*

‡ *The ſeat of Sir Ch. Shuckburgh, Bart.*

‖ *The Aſtroits, or Star-ſtones, found here.*

§ *The ſeat of Sir William Wheeler, Bart.*

¶ *The ſeat of Sir Theophilus Biddulph, Bart.*

** *The ſeat of John Shuckburgh, Eſq.*

†† *A Roman ſtation, where the Foſs-way and Watling-ſtreet croſs each other.*

‡‡ *The ſeat of the Right Hon. the Earl of Denbeigh.*

* *The ſeat of Sir Frances Skipwith, Bart.*

† *The ſeat of Dixwell Grimes, Eſq.*

‡ *The ſeat of the Right Hon. Joſeph Addiſon, Eſq.*

‖ *The canal deſigned for a communication between the cities of Oxford and Coventry, paſſes through Brinklow, where is a magnificent aqueduct, conſiſting of twelve arches, with a high bank of earth at each end, croſſing a valley beneath the veſtiges of a Roman camp, and tumulus on the Foſs-Way.*

§ *The ſeat of the late Edward Stratford, Eſq. an extenſive view to Charley Foreſt and Boſworth Field.*

¶ *Seat of the late Right Hon. Lord Digby, commonly called the good Lord Digby.*

** *Blythe Hall, the ſeat of Sir William Dugdale, now belonging to Richard Geaſt, Eſq.*

†† *The ſeat of Sir Roger Newdigate, Bart. member of Parliament for the Univerſity of Oxford.*

Rejoicing in his care, to whom adorn'd
With all the graces which her ſchools expound,
The gowny ſon's of Iſis truſt their own,
And Britain's weal. Nor ſhall thy ſplendid walls,
O * Packington! allure the muſe in vain.
The Goths no longer here their empire hold.
The ſhaven-terrac'd hill, ſlope above ſlope,
And high impris'ning walls to Belgia's coaſt
Their native clime retire.—In formal bounds
The long canal no more confines the ſtream
Reluctant.—Trees no more their tortur'd limbs
Lament—no more the long-neglected fields,
Like outlaws baniſh'd for ſome vile offence,
Are hid from ſight—from its proud reſervoir
Of ampleſt ſize, and fair indented form,
Along the channell'd lawn the copious ſtream
With winding grace the ſtately current leads.
The channell'd lawn its bounteous ſtream repays,
With ever-verdant banks, and cooling ſhades,
And wand'ring paths, that emulate its courſe.
On ev'ry ſide ſpreads wide the beauteous ſcene,
Aſſemblage fair of plains, and hills, and woods,
And plants, of od'rous ſcent—plains, hills, and woods,
And od'rous plants rejoice, and ſmiling hail
The reign of nature, while attendant art
Submiſſive waits to cultivate her charms.
Hail happy land! which nature's partial ſmile
Hath rob'd profuſely gay! whoſe champaigns wide [ſwarm
With plenteous harveſts wave; whoſe paſtures
With horned tribes, or the ſheep's fleecy race;
To the throng'd ſhambles yielding wholeſome food,
And various labour to man's active powers,
Not leſs benign than to the weary reſt.
Nor deſtitute thy woodland ſcenes of wealth,
Or ſylvan beauty! there the lordly ſwain
His ſcantier fields improves; o'er his own realms
Supreme, at will to ſow his well-ſenc'd glebe,
With grain ſucceſſive; or with juicy herbs,
To ſwell his milky kine; or feed, at eaſe,
His flock in paſtures warm. His blazing hearth,
With copious fuel heap'd, defies the cold;
And houſewife-arts or teaze the tangl'd wool,
Or, from the diſtaff's hoard, the ductile thread,
With ſportive hand entice; while to the wheel
The ſprightly carol join'd, or plaintive ſong
Diffuſe, and artleſs ſooths th' untutor'd ear
With heart-felt ſtrains, and the ſlow taſk beguiles.
Nor hath the ſun, with leſs propitious ray,
Shone on the maſters of the various ſcene.
Witneſs the ſplendid train! illuſtrious names,
That claim precedence on the liſts of fame,
Nor fear oblivious time! enraptur'd bards!
Or learned ſages! gracing, with their fame,
Their native ſoil, and my aſpiring verſe.
Say, now my dear companions! for enough
Of leiſure to deſcriptive ſong is giv'n;
Say, ſhall we, ere we part, with moral eye,
The ſcene review, and the gay proſpect cloſe
With obſervation grave, as ſober eve
Haſtes now to wrap in ſhades the cloſing day?
Perhaps the moral ſtrain delights you not!
Perhaps you blame the muſe's quick retreat;
Intent to wander ſtill along the plain,
In coverts cool, lull'd by the murm'ring ſtream,
Or gentle breeze; while playful fancy ſkims,
With careleſs wing, the ſurfaces of things:
For deep reſearch too indolent, too light
For grave reflection. So the Syren queen
Tempted Alcides, on a flow'ry plain,
With am'rous blandiſhment, and urg'd to waſte
His prime inglorious: but fair virtue's form
Reſcu'd the yielding youth, and fir'd his breaſt
To manly toil, and glory's well-earn'd prize.
O! in that dang'rous ſeaſon, O! beware
Of vice, envenom'd weed! and plant betimes
The ſeeds of virtue in th' untainted heart.
So on its fruit th' enraptur'd mind ſhall feaſt,
When, to the ſmiling day, and mirthful ſcene
Night's ſolemn gloom, cold winter's chilling blaſts,
And pain, and ſickneſs, and old age ſucceed.
Nor ſlight your faithful guide, my gentle train;
But, with a curious eye, expatiate free [theme,
O'er nature's moral plan. Though dark the
Though formidable to the ſenſual mind;
Yet ſhall the muſe, with no fictitious aid,
Inſpir'd, ſtill guide you with her friendly voice,
And to each ſeeming ill ſome greater good
Oppoſe, and calm your lab'ring thoughts to reſt.
Nature herſelf bids us be ſerious,
Bids us be wiſe; and all her works rebuke
The ever-thoughtleſs, ever-titt'ring tribe.
What though her lovely hills, and valleys ſmile
To-day, in beauty dreſt? yet ere three moons
Renew their orb, and to their wane decline,
Ere then the beauteous landſcape all will fade;
The genial airs retire; and ſhiv'ring ſwains
Shall, from the whiten'd plain, and driving ſtorm,
Avert the ſmarting cheek, and humid eye.
So ſome fair maid to time's devouring rage
Her bloom reſigns, and, with a faded look,
Diſguſts her paramour; unleſs thy charms,
O virtue! with more laſting beauty grace
Her lovelier mind, and through declining age,
Fair deeds of piety, and modeſt worth,
Still flouriſh, and endear her ſtill the more.
Nor always laſts the landſcape's gay attire
Till ſurly winter with his ruffian blaſts,
Benumbs her tribes, and diſſipates her charms,
As ſickneſs oft the virgin's early bloom
Spoils immature, preventing hoary age,
So blaſts and mildews oft invade the fields
In all their beauty, and their ſummer's pride.
And oft the ſudden ſhow'r, or ſweeping * ſtorm
O'erflows the meads, and to the miry glebe
Lays cloſe the matted grain; with awful peal
While the loud thunder ſhakes a guilty world,
And forked lightnings cleave the ſultry ſkies.
Nor does the verdant mead, or bearded field
Alone the rage of angry ſkies ſuſtain.
Oft-times their influence dire the bleating flock,
Or lowing herd aſſails, and mocks the force
Of coſtly med'cine, or attendant care.
Such late the wrathful peſtilence, that ſeiz'd
In paſtures far retir'd, or guarded ſtalls,
The dew-lap'd race! with plaintive lowings they,

* *The ſeat of the Right Hon. the Earl of Aylesford.*

* " Sæpe etiam immenſum cœlo venit agnem
" aquarum,
" Et fœdam glomerant tempeſtatem imbribus atris
" Collectæ ex alto nubes; ruit arduus æther,
" Et pluviâ ingenti ſata læta, boumque labores
" Diluit." VIRG.

And heavy eyes, confeſs'd the pois'nous gale,
And drank infection in each breath they drew.
Quick through their veins the burning fever ran,
And from their noſtrils ſtream'd the putrid rheum
Malignant; o'er their limbs faint languors crept,
And ſtupefaction all their ſenſes bound.
In vain their maſter, with officious hand,
From the pil'd mow the ſweeteſt lock preſents;
Or anxiouſly prepares the tepid draught
Balſamic; they the proffer'd dainty lothe,
And * death exulting claims his deſtin'd prey.
Nor ſeldom † coughs, and wat'ry rheums afflict
The woolly tribes, and on their vitals ſeize;
Thinning their folds; and, with their mangled limbs,
And tatter'd fleeces, the averted eye
Diſguſting, as the ſqueamiſh traveller,
With long-ſuſpended breath, hies o'er the plain.
And is their lord, proud man! more ſafe than they?
More privileg'd from the deſtroying breath,
That, through the ſecret ſhade, in darkneſs walks,
Or ſmites whole paſtures at the noon of day?
Ah! no, death mark'd him from his infant birth:
Mark'd for his own, and with envenom'd touch,
His vital blood defil'd. Through all his veins
The ſubtle poiſon creeps; compounded joins
Its kindred maſs to his increaſing bulk;
And, to the rage of angry elements,
Betrays his victim, poor ill-fated man;
Not furer born to live, than born to die!
In what a ſad variety of forms
Clothes he his meſſengers? Deliriums wild!
Inflated dropſy! flow conſuming cough!
Jaundice, and gout, and ſtone; convulſive ſpaſms;
The ſhaking head, and the contracted limb;
And ling'ring atrophy, and hoary age;
And ſecond childhood, ſlack'ning ev'ry nerve,
To joy, to reaſon, and to duty dead!
I know thee, who thou art, offſpring of Sin,
And Satan! nurs'd in hell, and then let looſe
To range, with thy accurſed train, on earth,
When man, apoſtate man! by Satan's wiles,
From life, from bliſs, from God, and goodneſs fell!
Who knows thee not? who feels thee not within,
Plucking his heart-ſtrings? whom haſt thou not robb'd
Of parent, wife, or friend, as thou haſt me?
Glutting the grave with ever-crowding gueſts,
And, with their image, ſadd'ning ev'ry ſcene,
Leſs peopled with the living than the dead!
Through populous ſtreets the never-ceaſing bell
Proclaims, with ſolemn ſound, the parting breath;
Nor ſeldom from the village-tow'r is heard
The mournful knell. Alike the graſſy ridge,
With oſiers bound, and vaulted catacomb,
His ſpoils encloſe. Alike the ſimple ſtone,
And mauſoleum proud, his pow'r atteſt,

In wretched doggrel, or elab'rate verſe.
Perhaps the peaſant's humble obſequies;
The flowing ſheet, and pall of ruſty hue,
Alarm you not. You ſlight the ſimple throng;
And for the nodding plumes, and ſcutcheon'd herſe,
Your tears reſerve. Then mark, o'er yonder plain,
The grand proceſſion ſuited to your taſte.
I mock you not. The fable purſuivants
Proclaim th' approaching ſtate. Lo! now the plumes! [pear!
The nodding plumes, and ſcutcheon'd herſe ap-
And clad in mournful weeds, a long ſad train
Of ſlowly-moving pomp, that waits on death!
Nay—yet another melancholy train!
Another triumph of the ghaſtly fiend
Succeeds! 'Tis ſo. Perhaps ye have not heard
The mournful tale. Perhaps no meſſenger
Hath warn'd you to attend the ſolemn deed!
Then from the muſe the piteous ſtory learn;
And, with her, on the grave proceſſion wait,
That to their early tomb, to mould'ring duſt
Of anceſtors, that crowd the ſcanty vault,
Near which our ſong began, * Northampton bears,
The gay Northampton, and his beauteous † bride!
Far other pageants in his youthful breaſt
He cheriſh'd, while, with delegated truſt,
On ſtately ceremonials, to the ſhore,
Where Adria's waves the ſea-girt city lave,
He went; and with him, join'd in recent love,
His blooming bride, of Beaufort's royal line,
The charming Somerſet! But royal blood,
Nor youth, nor beauty, nor employment high,
Could grant protection from the rude aſſault
Of that barbarian death; who, without form,
To courts and cottages unbidden comes;
And his unwelcome embaſſy fulfils,
Without diſtinction, to the lofty peer,
The graceful bride, or peaſant's homely race,
Ere from her native foil ſhe ſaw the ſun
Run half his annual courſe, in Latian climes,
She breath'd her laſt; him, ere that courſe was done,
Death met returning on the Gallic plains,
And ſent to join her yet unburied duſt:
Who but this youthful pair's untimely fate
Muſt weep, who but in theirs may read their own?
Another leſſon ſeek ye, other proof
Of vanity, and lamentable woe
Befalling man? Another ſcene to grace
With troops of victims the terrific king,
And humble wanton folly's laughing ſons?
The muſe ſhall from her faithful memory
A tale ſelect; a tale big with the fate
Of kings, and heroes on this now fair field
Embattled! but her ſong ſhall to your view
Their ranks embody, and to future peace
Their fierce deſigns and hoſtile rage convert.
Not on Pharſalia's plain a bolder ſtrife
Was held, though twice with Roman blood diſtain'd,
Than when thy ſubjects, firſt imperial Charles!

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* "Hinc lætis vituli vulgo moriuntur in herbis,
"Et dulces animas plena ad præſepia reddunt."
VIRG.

† "Non tam creber agens hyemem ruit æthere turbo,
"Quam multæ pecudum peſtes, nec ſingula morbi
"Corpora corripiunt, ſed tota æſtiva repentè
"Spemque, gregemque ſimul, cunctamque ab origine gentem."
VIRG.

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* *The Right Hon. the Earl of Northampton, who died on his return from an embaſſy to Venice, while the author was writing this poem.*

† *The Right Hon. the Counteſs of Northampton, daughter to the Duke of Beaufort.*

Dar'd in theſe fields with arms their cauſe to plead.
* Where once the Romans pitch'd their hoſtile tents,
Other Campanias fair, and milder Alps
Exploring, now a nobler warrior ſtood,
His country's ſov'reign liege! Around his camp
A gallant train of loftieſt rank attend,
By loyalty and love of regal ſway
To mighty deeds impell'd. Meanwhile below
Others no leſs intrepid courage boaſt,
From ſource as fair, the love of liberty!
Dear liberty! when rightly underſtood,
Prime ſocial bliſs! Oh! may no fraud
Uſurp thy name, to veil their dark deſigns
Of vile ambition, or licentious rage!
Long time had they, with charge of mutual blame,
And fierce debate of ſpeech, diſcordant minds
Avow'd, yet not to deſp'rate chance of war
Till now their cauſe referr'd: rude arbiter
Of fit and right! Unhappy native land!
Nought then avail'd that nature form'd thy fields
So fair, and with her wat'ry barrier fenc'd!
Nought then avail'd thy forms of guardian laws,
The work of ages, in a moment loſt,
And ev'ry ſocial tie at once diſſolv'd!
For now no more ſweet peace, and order fair,
And kindred love remain'd, but hoſtile rage
Inſtead, and mutual jealouſy, and hate,
And tumult loud! nor, hadſt thou then been there,
† O Talbot! could thy voice, ſo often heard
On heav'nly themes! nor ‡ his fraternal! ſkill'd
In ſocial claims, the limits to define
Of law and right, have calm'd the furious ſtrife,
Or ſtill'd the rattling thunder of the field.
Acroſs the plain, where the ſlight eminence
And ſcatter'd hedge-rows mark a midway ſpace
To yonder ‖ town, once deem'd a royal court,
Now harbouring no friends to royalty!
The popular troops their martial lines extend.
High on the hill the royal banners wave
Their faithful ſignals. Rang'd along the ſteep,
The glitt'ring files, in burniſh'd armour clad,
Reflect the downward ſun, and with its gleam
The diſtant crowds affright, who trembling wait
For the dire onſet, and the dubious fight.
As pent-up waters, ſwell'd by ſudden rains,
Their former bounds diſdain, and foam, and rage,
Impatient of reſtraint, till at ſome breach
Outward they burſt impetuous, and mock
The peaſant's feeble toil, which ſtrives to check
Their headlong torrent; ſo the royal troops,
With martial rage inflam'd, impatient wait
The trumpet's ſummons. At its ſprightly call
The airy ſeat they leave, and down the ſteep,
Rank following rank, like wave ſucceeding wave,
Ruſh on the hoſtile wings. Dire was the ſhock,
Dire was the claſh of arms! The hoſtile wings
Give way, and ſoon in flight their ſafety ſeek.

They with augmented force and growing rage
The flying foe purſue. But too ſecure,
And counting of cheap conqueſt quickly gain'd
O'er daſtard minds, in wordy quarrels bold,
But ſlack by deeds to vindicate their claim,
In chaſe and plunder long they waſte the day,
And late return, of order negligent.
Meanwhile the battle in the centre rag'd
With diff'rent fortune, by bold Eſſex led,
Experienc'd chief! and to the monarch's cauſe,
And youthful race, for martial deeds unripe,
Menac'd deſtruction. In the royal breaſt
High paſſions roſe, by native dignity
Made more ſublime, and urg'd to pow'rful act
By ſtrong, * paternal love, and proud diſdain
Of vulgar minds, arraigning in his race
The rights of ſov'reignty, from ancient kings
In order fair deriv'd. Amidſt his troops
With haſte he flies, their broken ranks reforms,
To bold revenge reanimates their rage,
And from the foe his ſhort-liv'd honour wreſts.
Now death, with haſty ſtride, ſtalks o'er the field,
Grimly exulting in the bloody fray.
Now on the creſted helm or burning ſhield
He ſtamps new horrors; now the levell'd ſword
With weightier force impels, with iron hoof
Now tramples on th' expiring ranks, or gores
The foaming ſteed againſt th' oppoſing ſpear.
But chiefly on the cannon's brazen orb
He ſits triumphant, and with fatal aim
Involves whole ſquadrons in the ſulph'rous ſtorm.
Then † Lindſey fell, nor from the ſhelt'ring ſtraw
Ceas'd he to plead his ſov'reign's ſlighted cauſe
Amidſt ſurrounding foes, nor but with life
Expir'd his loyalty. His valiant ſon ‡
Attempts his reſcue, but attempts in vain!
Then ‖ Verney too, with many a gallant knight,
And faithful courtier, anxious for thy weal,
Unhappy prince! but mindleſs of their own,
Pour'd out his life upon the crimſon plain.
Then fell the gallant § Stewart, ¶ Aubigny,
** And Kingſmill! He whoſe monumental ſtone
Protects his neighb'ring aſhes and his fame.
The cloſing day compos'd the furious ſtrife;
But for ſhort time compos'd! anon to wake
With tenfold rage, and ſpread a wider ſcene
Of terror and deſtruction o'er the land!
Now mark the glories of the great debate!
Yon graſs-green mount, where waves the planted pine,
And whiſpers to the winds the mournful tale,

---

* *A Roman camp at Warmington, on the top of Edge-Hill.*

† *The Rev. Mr. Talbot, of Kineton.*

‡ *Ch. Henry Talbot, Eſq. of Marſton, at the bottom of Edge-Hill.*

‖ *Kin-ton, alias Kington. So called, as ſome conjecture, from a caſtle on a neighbouring hill, ſaid to have been a palace belonging to King John.*

* *Prince Charles, afterwards King Charles II. and his brother the Duke of York, afterwards King James II. were then in the field, the former being in the 13th, and the latter juſt entered into the 10th year of his age.*

† *Earl of Lindſey, the King's general.*

‡ *Lord Willoughby, ſon to the Earl of Lindſey.*

§ *Sir Edmund Verney, ſtandard-bearer to the king.*

‖ *Lord Stewart.*

¶ *Lord Aubigny, ſon to the Duke of Lenox.*

** *Captain Kingſmill, buried at Radway.*

Contains them in its monumental mould;
A ſlaughter'd crew, promiſcuous lodg'd below!
Still as the ploughman breaks the clotted glebe,
He ever and anon ſome trophy finds,
The * relics of the war—or ruſty ſpear,
Or canker'd ball; but from ſepulchral ſoil
Cautious he turns aſide the ſhining ſteel,
Leſt haply at its touch uncover'd bones
Should ſtart to view, and blaſt his rural toil.
Such were the fruits of paſſion, froward will,
And unſubmitting pride! Worſe ſtorms than thoſe
That rend the ſky, and waſte our cultur'd fields!
Strangers alike to man's primeval ſtate,
Ere evil entrance found to this fair world,
Permitted, not ordain'd, whatever pride
May dream of order in a world of ſin,
Or pre-exiſtent foul, and penal doom
For crimes unknown. More wiſe, more happy he!
Who in his breaſt oft pond'ring, and perplex'd
With endleſs doubt, and learning's fruitleſs toil,
His weary mind at length repoſes ſure
On Heav'n's atteſted oracles. To them
Submiſs he bows, convinc'd, however weak
His reaſon the myſterious plan to ſolve,
That all he wills is right, who, ere the worlds
Were form'd, in his all-comprehenſive mind
Saw all that was, or is, or e'er ſhall be.
Who to whate'er exiſts, or lives, or moves,
Throughout creation's wide extent, gave life,
Gave being, pow'r, and thought to act, to move
Impelling, or impell'd, to all ordain'd
Their ranks, relations, and dependencies,
And can direct, ſuſpend, controul their pow'rs,
Elſe were he not ſupreme! Who bids the winds
Be ſtill, and they obey; who to the ſea
Aſſigns its bounds, and calms its boiſterous waves;
Who, with like eaſe, can moral diſcord rule,
And all apparent evil turn to good.
Hail then, ye ſons of Eve! th' unerring guide,
The ſovereign grant receive, ſin's antidote!
A cure for all our griefs! So heav'nly truth
Shall wide diſplay her captivating charms,
And peace her dwelling fix with human race.
So love through ev'ry clime his gentle reign
Shall ſpread, and at his call diſcordant realms
Shall beat their ſwords to ploughſhares, and their ſpears
To pruning-hooks, nor more learn murd'rous war.
So when revolving years, by Heav'n's decree,
Their circling courſe have run, new firmaments,
With bleſſings fraught, ſhall fill the bright expanſe,
Of tempeſts void, and thunder's angry voice.
New verdure ſhall ariſe to clothe the fields;
New Edens, teeming with immortal fruit.
No more the wing'd inhabitants of air,
Or thoſe that range the fields, or ſkim the flood,
Their fierceneſs ſhall retain, but brute with brute,
And all with man in amicable league
Shall join, and enmity for ever ceaſe.

* " Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis,
" Agricola incurvo terram molitus aratro,
" Exeſa inveniet ſcabrâ rubigine pila,
" Aut gravibus raſtris galeas pulſabit inanes,
" Grandiaque effoſſis mirabitur oſſa ſepulchris." VIRG.

Remains there aught to crown the rapt'rous theme?
'Tis this, unfading joy beyond the reach
Of elemental worlds and ſhort-liv'd time.
This too is yours—from outward ſenſe conceal'd,
But, by reſemblance of external things,
Inward diſplay'd, to elevate the ſoul
To thoughts ſublime, and point her way to heav'n.
So, from the top of Nebo's lofty mount,
The patriot leader of Jehovah's ſons
The promis'd land ſurvey'd; to Canaan's race
A ſplendid theatre of frantic joys,
And fatal mirth, beyond whoſe ſcanty bounds
Darkneſs and horror dwell! Emblem to him
Of fairer fields and happier ſeats above!
Then clos'd his eyes to mortal ſcenes, to wake
In the bright regions of eternal day.

## LABOUR AND GENIUS;

### OR, THE MILL-STREAM AND THE CASCADE.

A FABLE.

*Inſcribed to William Shenſtone, Eſq.*

—— " diſcordia ſemina rerum." OVID.

NATURE with lib'ral hand diſpenſes
Her apparatus of the ſenſes,
In articles of gen'ral uſe,
Nerves, ſinews, muſcles, bones profuſe.
Diſtinguiſhing her fav'rite race
With form erect, and featur'd face;
The flowing hair, the poliſh'd ſkin—
But, for the furniture within,
Whether it be of brains or lead,
What matters it, ſo there's a head?
For wiſeſt noddle ſeldom goes,
But as 'tis led by corp'ral noſe.
Nor is it thinking much, but doing,
That keeps our tenements from ruin.
And hundreds eat, who ſpin or knit,
For one that lives by dint of wit.
The ſturdy threſher plies his flail,
And what to this doth wit avail?
Who learns from wit to preſs the ſpade?
Or thinks 'twould mend the cobler's trade?
The pedlar, with his cumb'rous pack,
Carries his brains upon his back.
Some wear them in full-bottom'd wig,
Or hang them by with queue or pig.
Reduc'd, till they return again
In diſhabille, to common men.
Then why, my friend, is wit ſo rare?
That ſudden flaſh, that makes one ſtare!
A meteor's blaze, a dazzling ſhow!
Say what it is, for well you know:
Or, if you can with patience hear
A witleſs fable, lend an ear.

BETWIXT two ſloping verdant hills
A current pour'd its careleſs rills,
Which unambitious crept along,
With weeds and matted graſs o'erhung.
Till rural genius, on a day,
Chancing along its banks to ſtray,
Remark'd, with penetrating look,
The latent merits of the brook,

Much griev'd to ſee ſuch talents hid,
And thus the dull by-ſtanders chid.
How blind is man's incurious race
The ſcope of nature's plans to trace?
How do ye mangle half her charms,
And fright her hourly with alarms?
Diſfigure now her ſwelling mounds,
And now contract her ſpacious bounds?
Fritter her faireſt lawns to alleys,
Bare her green hills, and hide her valleys?
Confine her ſtreams with rule and line,
And counteract her whole deſign?
Neglecting, where ſhe points the way,
Her eaſy dictates to obey?
To bring her hidden worth to ſight,
And place her charms in faireſt light?
Alike to intellectuals blind,
'Tis thus you treat the youthful mind;
Miſtaking gravity for ſenſe,
For dawn of wit, impertinence.
The boy of genuine parts and merit,
For ſome unlucky prank of ſpirit,
With frantic rage is ſcourg'd from ſchool,
And branded with the name of fool,
Becauſe his active blood flow'd faſter
Than the dull puddle of his maſter.
While the ſlow plodder trots along
Through thick and thin, through proſe and ſong,
Inſenſible of all their graces,
But learn'd in words and common phraſes;
Till in due time he's mov'd to college,
To ripen theſe choice ſeeds of knowledge.
So ſome taſte-pedant, wond'rous wiſe,
Exerts his genius in dirt-pies.
Delights the tonſile yew to raiſe,
But hates your laurels and your bays,
Becauſe too rambling and luxuriant,
Like forward youths, of brain too prurient.
Makes puns and anagrams in box,
And turns his trees to bears and cocks.
Excels in quaint jette-d'eau or fountain,
Or leads his ſtream acroſs a mountain,
To ſhow its ſhallowneſs and pride,
In a broad grin, on t'other ſide.
Perverting all the rules of ſenſe,
Which never offers violence,
But gently leads where nature tends,
Sure with applauſe to gain its ends.
But one example may teach more
Than precepts hackney'd o'er and o'er.
Then mark this rill, with weeds o'erhung,
Unnotic'd by the vulgar throng!
Ev'n this, conducted by my laws,
Shall riſe to fame, attract applauſe;
Inſtruct in * fable, ſhine in ſong,
And be the theme of ev'ry tongue.
He ſaid: and to his fav'rite ſon
Conſign'd the taſk, and will'd it done.
Damon his counſel wiſely weigh'd,
And carefully the ſcene ſurvey'd.
And, though it ſeems he ſaid but little,
He took his meaning to a tittle.

And firſt, his purpoſe to befriend.
A bank he rais'd at th' upper end:
Compact and cloſe its outward ſide,
To ſtay and ſwell the gath'ring tide:
But on its inner, rough and tall,
A ragged cliff, a rocky wall.
The channel next he op'd to view,
And from its courſe the rubbiſh drew.
Enlarg'd it now, and now with line
Oblique, purſu'd his fair deſign.
Preparing here the mazy way;
And there the fall for ſportive play;
The precipice abrupt and ſteep,
The pebbled road, and cavern deep;
The rooty ſeat, where beſt to view
The fairy ſcene, at diſtance due.
He laſt invok'd the dryads aid,
And ſring'd the borders round with ſhade.
Tap'ſtry, by nature's fingers wove,
No mimic, but a real grove:
Part hiding, part admitting day,
The ſcene to grace the future play.
Damon perceives, with raviſh'd eyes,
The beautiful enchantment riſe.
Sees ſweetly blended ſhade and light;
Sees ev'ry part with each unite;
Sees each, as he directs, aſſume
A livelier dye, or deeper gloom:
So faſhion'd by the painter's ſkill,
New forms the glowing canvas fill:
So to the ſummer's ſun the roſe
And jeſſamin their charms diſcloſe.
While, all intent on this retreat,
He ſaw his fav'rite work complete,
Divine enthuſiaſm ſeiz'd his breaſt,
And thus his tranſport he expreſs'd:
"Let others toil for wealth or pow'r,
I court the ſweetly-vacant hour:
Down life's ſmooth current calmly glide,
Nor vex'd with cares, nor rack'd with pride.
Give me, O nature! to explore
Thy lovely charms, I aſk no more.
For thee I fly from vulgar eyes;
For thee I vulgar cares deſpiſe;
For thee ambition's charms reſign;
Accept a vot'ry wholly thine.
Yet ſtill let friendſhip's joys be near,
Still on theſe plains her train appear.
By learning's ſons my haunts be trod,
And Stamford's feet imprint my ſod.
For Stamford oft hath deign'd to ſtray
Around my Leaſows' flow'ry way.
And, where his honour'd ſteps have rov'd,
Oft have his gifts thoſe ſcenes improv'd.
To him I'll dedicate my cell,
To him ſuſpend the votive ſpell.
His name ſhall heighten ev'ry charm,
His name protect my groves from harm,
Protect my harmleſs ſport from blame,
And turn obſcurity to fame."
He ſpake. His hand the pencil guides,
And * Stamford o'er the ſcene preſides.
The proud device, with borrow'd grace,
Conferr'd new luſtre on the place:

* *See Fable XLI. and LI. in Dodſley's new invented Fables, and many little pieces printed in the public papers.*

* *The ſcene here referred to, was inſcribed to the Right Hon. the Earl of Stamford, but ſince to William Shenſtone, Eſq.*

As books, by dint of dedication,
Enjoy their patron's reputation.
Now, launching from its lofty ſhore,
The looſen'd ſtream began to roar:
As headlong, from the rocky mound,
It ruſh'd into the vaſt profound.
There check'd awhile, again it flow'd
Glitt'ring along the channell'd road:
From ſteep to ſteep, a frequent fall,
Each diff'rent, and each natural.
Obſtructing roots and rocks between,
Diverſify th' enchanted ſcene;
While winding now, and intricate,
Now more develop'd, and in ſtate,
Th' united ſtream, with rapid force,
Purſues amain its downward courſe,
Till at your feet abſorb'd, it hides
Beneath the ground its buſtling tides.
With prancing ſteeds and liv'ried trains,
Soon daily ſhone the bord'ring plains.
And diſtant ſounds foretold th' approach
Of frequent chaiſe, and crowded coach.
For ſons of taſte, and daughters fair,
Haſted the ſweet ſurpriſe to ſhare:
While * Hagley wonder'd at their ſtay,
And hardly brook'd the long delay.
Not diſtant far below, a mill
Was built upon a neighb'ring rill:
Whoſe pent-up ſtream, whene'er let looſe,
Impell'd a wheel, cloſe at its ſluice,
So ſtrongly, that by friction's pow'r,
'Twould grind the firmeſt grain to flour.
Or, by a correſpondence new,
With hammers, and their clatt'ring crew,
Would ſo beſtir her active ſtumps,
On iron blocks, though arrant lumps,
That in a trice ſhe'd manage matters,
To make 'em all as ſmooth as platters.
Or ſlit a bar to rods quite taper,
With as much eaſe as you'd cut paper.
For, though the lever gave the blow,
Yet it was lifted from below;
And would for ever have lain ſtill,
But for the buſtling of the rill;
Who, from her ſtately pool or ocean,
Put all the wheels and logs in motion;
Things in their nature very quiet,
Though making all this noiſe and riot.
This ſtream that could in toil excel,
Began with fooliſh pride to ſwell:
Piqu'd at her neighbour's reputation,
And thus expreſs'd her indignation:
" Madam! methinks you're vaſtly proud,
You wasn't us'd to talk ſo loud.

Nor cut ſuch capers in your pace,
Marry! what antics, what grimace!
For ſhame! don't give yourſelf ſuch airs,
In ſtaunting down thoſe hideous ſtairs.
Nor put yourſelf in ſuch a flutter,
Whate'er you do, you dirty gutter!
I'd have you know, you upſtart minx!
Ere you were form'd, with all your ſinks,
A lake I was, compar'd with which,
Your ſtream is but a paltry ditch:
And ſtill, on honeſt labour bent,
I ne'er a ſingle ſtaff miſpent.
And yet no folks of high degree,
Would e'er vouchſafe to viſit me,
As in their coaches by they rattle,
Forſooth! to hear your idle prattle.
Though half the buſineſs of my flooding
Is to provide them cakes and pudding:
Or furniſh ſtuff for many a trinket,
Which, though ſo fine, you ſcarce would think it,
When † Boulton's ſkill has fix'd their beauty,
To my rough toil firſt ow'd their duty.
But I'm plain Goody of the mill,
And you are—Madam Caſcadille!"
" Dear Coz," reply'd the beauteous torrent,
" Pray do not diſcompoſe your current.
That we all from one fountain flow,
Hath been agreed on long ago.
Varying our talents and our tides,
As chance, or education guides.
That I have either note, or name,
I owe to him who gives me fame.
Who teaches all our kind to flow,
Or gaily ſwift, or gravely flow.
Now in the lake, with glaſſy face,
Now moving light, with dimpled grace.
Now gleaming from the rocky height,
Now, in rough eddies, foaming white.
Nor envy me the gay, or great,
That viſit my obſcure retreat.
None wonders that a clown can dig,
But 'tis ſome art to dance a jig.
Your talents are employ'd for uſe,
Mine to give pleaſure, and amuſe.
And though, dear Coz, no folks of taſte
Their idle hours with you will waſte,
Yet many a grift comes to your mill,
Which helps your maſter's bags to fill.
While I, with all my notes and trilling,
For Damon never got a ſhilling.
Then, gentle Coz, forbear your clamours,
Enjoy your hoppers, and your hammers:
We gain our ends by diff'rent ways,
And you get bread, and I get—praiſe.

* *The ſeat of the Right Hon. Lord Lyttleton, diſtant but a few miles from the Leaſowes.*

† *An eminent merchant, and very ingenious mechanis, at the Soho manufactory, near Birmingham.*

# MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

## ARDENNA.

A PASTORAL-ECLOGUE. TO A LADY.

*Damon and Lycidas.*

When o'er the weſtern world fair ſcience ſpread
Her genial ray, and Gothic darkneſs fled,
To Britain's iſle the muſes took their way,
And taught her liſt'ning groves the tuneful lay.
'Twas then two ſwains the Doric reed eſſay'd
To ſing the praiſes of a peerleſs maid.
On Arden's bliſsful plain her ſeat ſhe choſe,
And hence her rural name Ardenna roſe.
In ſportive verſe alternately they vied,
Thus Damon ſang, and Lycidas replied.

*Damon.*

Here, gentle ſwain, beneath the ſhade reclin'd,
Remit thy labours, and unbend thy mind.
Well with the ſhepherd's ſtate our cares agree,
For nature prompts to pleaſing induſtry.
'Tis this to all her gifts freſh beauty yields,
Health to our flocks, and plenty to our fields.
Yet hath ſhe not impos'd unceaſing toil,
Not reſtleſs plowſhares always vex the ſoil.
Then, ſhepherd, take the bleſſings Heav'n beſtows,
Aſſiſt the ſong, and ſweeten our repoſe.

*Lycidas.*

While others, ſunk in ſleep, or live in vain,
Or, ſlaves of indolence, but wake to pain,
Me let the call of earlieſt birds invite
To hail th' approaches of returning light;
To taſte the freſhneſs of the cheerful morn,
While glift'ring dew-drops hang on ev'ry thorn.
Hence all the bliſs that centers in our kind,
Health to the blood, and vigour to the mind.
Hence ev'ry taſk its meet attendance gains,
And leiſure hence to liſten to thy ſtrains.

*Damon.*

Thrice happy ſwain, ſo fitly form'd to ſhare
The ſhepherd's labour, and Ardenna's care!
To tell Ardenna's praiſe the rural train
Inſcribe the verſe, or chant it o'er the plain.
Plains, hills, and woods return the well-known ſound,
And the ſmooth beech records the ſportive wound.
Then, Lycidas, let us the chorus join,
So bright a theme our muſic ſhall refine.
Eſcap'd from all the buſy world admires,
Hither the philoſophic dame retires:
For in the buſy world, or poets feign,
Intemp'rate vice, and giddy pleaſures reign;
Then, when from crowds the loves, and graces flew,
To theſe lone ſhades the beauteous maid withdrew,
To ſtudy nature in this calm retreat,
And with conſed'rate art her charms complete.
How ſweet their union is, ye ſhepherds, ſay,
And thou who form'dſt the reed inſpire my lay.

Her praiſe I ſing by whom our flocks are freed
From the rough bramble, and envenom'd weed;
Who to green paſtures turns the dreary waſte,
With ſcatter'd woods in careleſs beauty grac'd.
'Tis ſhe, Ardenna! guardian of the ſcene,
Who bids the mount to ſwell, who ſmooths the green,
Who drains the marſh, and frees the ſtruggling flood
From its divided rule, and ſtrife with mud.
She winds its courſe the copious ſtream to ſhow,
And ſhe in ſwifter currents bids it flow;
Now ſmoothly gliding with an even pace,
Now dimpling o'er the ſtones with roughen'd grace:
With glaſſy ſurface now ſerenely bright,
Now foaming from the rock all ſilver white.
'Tis ſhe the riſing bank with beeches crowns,
Now ſpreads the ſcene, and now contracts its bounds.
Clothes the bleak hill with verdure ever gay,
And bids our feet through myrtle-valleys ſtray.
She for her ſhepherds rears the rooty ſhed,
The chequer'd pavement, and the ſtraw-wove bed.
For them ſhe ſcoops the grotto's cool retreat,
From ſtorms a ſhelter, and a ſhade in heat.
Directs their hands the verdant arch to bend,
And with the leafy roof its gloom extend.
Shells, flint, and ore their mingled graces join,
And rocky fragments aid the chaſte deſign.

*Lycidas.*

Hail happy lawns! where'er we turn our eyes,
Freſh beauties bloom, and opening wonders riſe.
Whilome theſe charming ſcenes with grief I view'd
A barren waſte, a dreary ſolitude!
My drooping flocks their ruſſet paſtures mourn'd,
And lowing herds the plaintive moan return'd.
With weary feet from field to field they ſtray'd,
Nor found their hunger's painful ſenſe allay'd,
But now no more a dreary ſcene appears,
No more its prickly boughs the bramble rears,
No more my flocks lament th' unfruitful ſoil,
Nor mourn their ragged fleece, or fruitleſs toil.

*Damon.*

As this fair lawn excels the ruſhy mead,
As firs the thorn, and flow'rs the poiſ'nous weed,
Far as the warbling ſky-larks ſoar on high,
Above the clumſy bat, or buzzing fly;
So matchleſs moves Ardenna o'er the green,
In mind alike excelling as in mien.

*Lycidas.*

Sweet is the fragrance of the damaſk roſe,
And bright the dye that on its ſurface glows,
Fair is the poplar riſing on the plain,
Of ſhapely trunk, and lofty branches vain;

But neither ſweet the roſe, nor bright its dye,
Nor poplar fair, if with her charms they vie.

*Damon.*

Grateful is ſunſhine to the ſportive lambs,
The balmy dews delight the nibbling dams;
But kindlier warmth Ardenna's ſmiles impart,
A balm more rich her leſſons to the heart.

*Lycidas.*

No more Pomona's guiding hand we need,
Nor Flora's help to paint th' enamell'd mead,
Nor Ceres' care to guard the riſing grain,
And ſpread the yellow plenty o'er the plain;
Ardenna's precepts ev'ry want ſupply,
The grateful lay what ſhepherd can deny?

*Damon.*

A theme ſo pleaſing, with the day begun,
Too ſoon were ended with the ſetting ſun.
But ſee o'er yonder hill the parting ray,
And hark! our bleating flocks reprove our ſtay.

## THE SCAVENGERS.

A TOWN-ECLOGUE.

*Dulcis odor lucri ex re quâlibet.*

AWAKE, my muſe, prepare a loftier theme.
The winding valley, and the dimpled ſtream
Delight not all: quit, quit the verdant field,
And try what duſty ſtreets, and alleys yield.
Where Avon wider flows, and gathers fame,
Stands a fair town, and Warwick is its name.
For uſeful arts entitled once to ſhare
The gentle Ethelfleda's guardian care.
Nor leſs for deeds of chivalry renown'd,
When her own Guy was with her laureis crown'd.
Now Syren ſloth holds here her tranquil reign,
And binds in ſilken bonds the feeble train.
No frowning knights in uncouth armour lac'd,
Seek now for monſters on the dreary waſte:
In theſe ſoft ſcenes they chaſe a gentler prey,
No monſters! but as dangerous as they.
In diff'rent forms as ſure deſtruction lies,
They have no claws 'tis true—but they have eyes.
Laſt of the toiling race there liv'd a pair,
Bred up in labour, and inur'd to care!
To ſweep the ſtreets their taſk from ſun to ſun,
And ſeek the naſtineſs which others ſhun.
More plodding wight, or dame you ne'er ſhall ſee,
He Gaffer Peſtel hight, and Gammer ſhe.
As at their door they ſate one ſummer's day,
Old Peſtel firſt eſſay'd the plaintive lay:
His gentle mate the plaintive lay return'd,
And thus alternately their cares they mourn'd.

*Old Peſtel.*

Alas! was ever ſuch fine weather ſeen,
How duſty are the roads, the ſtreets how clean!
How long, ye almanacks! will it be dry?
Empty my cart how long, and idle I!
Ev'n at the beſt the times are not ſo good,
But 'tis hard work to ſcrape a livelihood.
The cattle in the ſtalls reſign their life,
And baulk the ſhambles, and th' unbloody knife.
While farmers ſit at home in penſive gloom,
And turnpikes threaten to complete my doom.

*Wife.*

Well! for the turnpike that will do no hurt,
Some ſay the managers are friends to dirt.
But much I fear this murrain where 'twill end,
For ſure the cattle did our door befriend.
Oft have I hail'd 'em, as they ſtalk'd along,
Their fat the butchers pleas'd, but me their dung.

*Old Peſtel.*

See what a little dab of dirt is here!
But yields all Warwick more, O tell me where!
Yet, on this ſpot, though now ſo naked ſeen,
Heaps upon heaps, and loads on loads have been.
Bigger, and bigger, the proud dunghill grew,
Till my diminiſh'd houſe was hid from view.

*Wife.*

Ah! Gaffer Peſtel, what brave days were thoſe,
When higher than our houſe our muckhill roſe!
The growing mount I view'd with joyful eyes,
And mark'd what each load added to its ſize.
Wrapt in its fragrant ſteam we often ſat,
And to its praiſes held delightful chat.
Nor did I e'er neglect my mite to pay,
To ſwell the goodly heap from day to day.
A cabbage once I bought; but ſmall the coſt—
Nor do I think the farthing all was loſt.
Again you ſold its well-digeſted ſtore,
To dung the garden where it grew before.

*Old Peſtel.*

What though the beaus, and powder'd coxcombs jeer'd,
And at the ſcavenger's employment ſneer'd,
Yet then at night content I told my gains,
And thought well paid their malice, and my pains.
Why toils the tradeſman, but to ſwell his ſtore?
Why craves the wealthy landlord ſtill for more?
Why will our gentry flatter, fawn, and lie?
Why pack the cards, and what d'ye call't—the die?
All, all the pleaſing paths of gain purſue,
And wade through thick, and thin, as we folks do.
Sweet is the ſcent that from advantage ſprings,
And nothing dirty which good int'reſt brings.

*Wife.*

When goody Dobbins call'd me naſty bear,
And talk'd of kennels, and the ducking-chair,
With patience I could hear the ſcolding queen,
For ſure 'twas dirtineſs that kept me clean.
Clean was my gown on Sundays, if not fine,
Nor Mrs. ———'s cap ſo white as mine.
A ſlut in ſilk, or kerſey is the ſame,
Nor ſweeteſt always is the fineſt dame.
Thus wail'd they pleaſure paſt, and preſent cares,
While the ſtarv'd hog join'd his complaint with theirs.
To ſtill his grunting diff'rent ways they tend,
To * Weſt-ſtreet he, and ſhe to * Cotton-end.

## ABSENCE.

WITH leaden foot time creeps along
While Delia is away,
With her, nor plaintive was the ſong,
Nor tedious was the day.

Ah! envious pow'r! reverſe my doom,
Now double thy career,
Strain ev'ry nerve, ſtretch ev'ry plume,
And reſt them when ſhe's here.

---

* *Names of the moſt remote, and oppoſite parts of the town.*

## TO A LADY.

When nature joins a beauteous face
With ſhape, and air, and life, and grace,
To ev'ry imperfection blind,
I ſpy no blemiſh in the mind.

When wit flows pure from Stella's tongue,
Or animates the ſprightly ſong,
Our hearts confeſs the pow'r divine,
Nor lightly prize its mortal ſhrine.

Good-nature will a conqueſt gain,
Though wit, and beauty ſigh in vain.
When gen'rous thoughts the breaſt inſpire,
I wiſh its rank, and fortunes higher.

When Sidney's charms again unite
To win the ſoul, and bleſs the ſight,
Fair, and learn'd, and good, and great!
An earthly goddeſs is complete.

But when I ſee a ſordid mind
With affluence, and ill-nature join'd,
And pride without a grain of ſenſe,
And without beauty inſolence,
The creature with contempt I view,
And ſure 'tis like Miſs——you know who.

## TO A LADY WORKING A PAIR OF RUFFLES.

What means this uſeleſs coſt, this wanton pride?
To purchaſe fopp'ry from yon' foreign ſtrand!
To ſpurn our native ſtores, and arts aſide,
And drain the riches of a needy land!

Pleas'd I ſurvey, fair nymph, your happy ſkill,
Yet view it by no vulgar critic's laws:
With nobler aim I draw my ſober quill,
Anxious to liſt each art in virtue's cauſe.

Go on, dear maid, your utmoſt pow'r eſſay,
And if for fame your little boſom heave,
Know, patriot *hands* your merit ſhall diſplay,
And amply pay the graces they receive.

Let ev'ry nymph like you the gift prepare,
And baniſh foreign pomp, and coſtly ſhow;
What lover but would burn the prize to wear,
Or bluſh, by you pronounc'd his country's foe?

Your ſmiles can win when patriot-ſpeeches fail,
Your frowns controul when juſtice threats in vain,
O'er ſtubborn minds your ſoftneſs can prevail,
And placemen drop the bribe if you complain.

Then riſe the guardians of your country's fame:
Or wherefore were ye form'd like angels fair?
By beauty's force our venal hearts reclaim,
And ſave the drooping virtues from deſpair.

## FEMALE EMPIRE.

### A TRUE HISTORY.

Like Bruin's was Avaro's breaſt,
No ſoftneſs harbour'd there;
While Sylvio ſome concern expreſs'd,
When beauty ſhed a tear.

In Hymen's bands they both were tied,
As* Cupid's archives ſhow ye;
Proud Celia was Avaro's bride,
And Sylvio's gentle Chloe.

Like other nymphs, at church they ſwore,
To honour and obey,
Which, with each learned nymph before,
They ſoon explain'd away.

If Chloe now would have her will,
Her ſtreaming eyes prevail'd,
Or if her ſwain prov'd cruel ſtill,
Hyſterics never fail'd.

But Celia ſcorn'd the plaintive moan,
And heart-diſſolving ſhow'r;
With flaſhing eye, and angry tone,
She beſt maintain'd her pow'r.

Yet once the mandates of his Turk
Avaro durſt refuſe;
For why? important was his work,
"To regiſter old ſhoes!"

And does, ſaid ſhe, the wretch diſpute
My claim ſuch clowns to rule?
If Celia cannot charm a brute,
She can chaſtiſe a fool.

Then ſtrait ſhe to his cloſet flew,
His private thoughts ſhe tore,
And from its place the poker drew,
That fell'd him on the floor.

Henceforth, ſaid ſhe, my calls regard,
Own mine the ſtronger plea,
Nor let thy vulgar cares retard
The female rites of tea.

Victorious ſex! alike your art,
And puiſſance we dread;
For if you cannot break our heart,
'Tis plain you'll break our head.

Place me, ye gods, beneath the throne
Which gentle ſmiles environ,
And I'll ſubmiſſion glady own,
Without a rod of iron.

## ON MR. SAMUEL COOKE'S POEMS,

### WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1749.

Indeed, Maſter Cooke!
You have made ſuch a book,
As the learned in paſtry admire:
But other wits joke
To ſee ſuch a ſmoke
Without any viſible fire.

What a nice bill of fare,
Of whatever is rare,
And approv'd by the critics of taſte!
Not a claſſical bit,
I'v'ry fancy to hit,
But here in due order is plac'd.

* *The pariſh-regiſter.*

Yet, for all this parade,
You are but a dull blade,
And your lines are all ſcragged, and raw;
And though you've hack'd, and have hew'd,
And have ſqueez'd, and have ſtew'd,
Your forc'd-meat isn't all worth a ſtraw.

Though your ſatire you ſpit,
'Tisn't ſeaſon'd a bit,
And your puffs are as heavy as lead;
Call each diſh what you will,
Boil, roaſt, haſh, or grill,
Yet ſtill it is all a calve's head.

I don't mind your huffing,
For you've put ſuch vile ſtuff in,
I proteſt I'm as ſick as a dog;
Were you leaner, or fatter,
I'd not mince the matter,
You're not fit to dreſs Æſop a frog.

Then, good maſter Slice!
Shut up ſhop, if your wife,
And th' unwary no longer trepan;
Such advice indeed is hard,
And may ſtick in your gizzard,
But digeſt it as well as you can.

## THE MISTAKE.

ON CAPTAIN BLUFF. 1750.

Says a goſling, almoſt frighten'd out of her wits,
Help mother, or elſe I ſhall go into fits.
I have had ſuch a fright, I ſhall never recover,
O! that *hawke*, that you've told us of over and over.
See, there, where he ſits, with his terrible face,
And his coat how it glitters all over with lace.
With his ſharp hooked noſe, and his ſword at his heel,
How my heart it goes pit-a-pat, pray, mother, feel.
Says the gooſe, very gravely; pray don't talk ſo wild,
Thoſe looks are as harmleſs as mine are, my child.
And as for his ſword there, ſo bright, and ſo nice,
I'll be ſworn 'twill hurt nothing beſides frogs, and mice.
Nay, prithee don't hang ſo about me, let looſe,
I tell thee he dares not ſay—bo to a gooſe.
In ſhort there is not a more innocent fowl,
Why, inſtead of a *hawke*, look ye, child 'tis an *owl*.

## TO A LADY,

WITH A BASKET OF FRUIT.

Once of forbidden fruit the mortal taſte
Chang'd beauteous Eden to a dreary waſte.
Here you may freely eat, ſecure the while
From latent poiſon, or inſidious guile.
Yet O! could I but happily infuſe
Some ſecret charm into the ſav'ry juice,
Of pow'r to tempt your gentle breaſt to ſhare
With me the peaceful cot, and rural fare:
A diff'rent fate ſhould crown the bleſt device,
And change my deſart to a paradiſe.

## PEYTOE'S GHOST *.

To Craven's health, and ſocial joy,
The feſtive night was kept,
While mirth and patriot ſpirit flow'd,
And dulneſs only ſlept.

When from the jovial crowd I ſtole,
And homeward ſhap'd my way;
And paſs'd along by Cheſterton,
All at the cloſe of day.

The ſky with clouds was overcaſt:
An hollow tempeſt blow'd,
And rains and foaming cataracts
Had delug'd all the road.

When through the dark and loncſome ſhade,
Shone forth a ſudden light;
And ſoon diſtinct an human form,
Engag'd my wondering ſight.

Onward it mov'd with graceful port,
And ſoon o'ertook my ſpeed;
Then thrice I lifted up my hands,
And thrice I check'd my ſteed.

Who art thou, paſſenger, it cry'd,
From yonder mirth retir'd?
That here purſu'ſt thy cheerleſs way,
Benighted, and bemir'd.

I am, ſaid I, a country clerk,
A clerk of low degree,
And yonder gay and gallant ſcene,
Suits not a curacy.

But I have ſeen ſuch ſights to-day,
As make my heart full glad,
Although it is but dark, 'tis true,
And eke—my road is bad.

For I have ſeen lords, knights, and ſquires,
Of great and high renown,
To chooſe a knight for this fair ſhire,
All met at Warwick town.

A wight of ſkill to ken our laws,
Of courage to defend,
Of worth to ſerve the public cauſe,
Before a private end.

And ſuch they found, if right I gueſs —
Of gentle blood he came;
Of morals firm, of manners mild,
And † Craven is his name.

Did half the Britiſh tribunes ſhare
Experience'd ‡ Mordaunt's truth,
Another half, like Craven, boaſt
A free unbiaſs'd youth:

The ſun I trow, in all his race,
No happier realm ſhould find;
Nor Britons hope for aught in vain,
From warmth with prudence join'd.

---

* *Was the late Lord Willoughby de Broke.*

† *Hon. William Craven, of Wykin; he was afterwards Lord Craven.*

‡ *The late Sir Charles Mordaunt, Bart.*

" Go on, my country, favour'd ſoil,
Such patriots to produce!
Go on, my countrymen, he cry'd,
Such patriots ſtill to chooſe "

This ſaid, the placid form retir'd,
Behind the veil of night:
Yet bade me, for my country's good,
The ſolemn tale recite.

## TO A LADY,

FURNISHING HER LIBRARY, AT ****, IN WARWICKSHIRE.

When juſt proportion in each part,
And colours mix'd with niceſt art,
Conſpire to ſhow the grace and mien
Of Cloe, or the Cyprian queen:
With elegance throughout refin'd,
That ſpeaks the paſſions of the mind,
The glowing canvas will proclaim,
A Raphael's, or a Titian's name.
So where through ev'ry learned page,
Each diſtant clime, each diſtant age
Diſplay a rich variety,
Of wiſdom in epitome;
Such elegance and taſte will tell
The hand, that could ſelect ſo well.
But when we all their beauties view,
United and improv'd by you,
We needs muſt own an emblem faint,
T' expreſs thoſe charms no art can paint.
Books muſt, with ſuch correctneſs writ,
Refine another's taſte and wit;
'Tis to your merit only due,
That theirs can be refin'd by you.

## TO WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

ON RECEIVING A GILT POCKET-BOOK. 1751.

These ſpotleſs leaves, this neat array,
Might well invite your charming quill,
In fair aſſemblage to diſplay
The power of learning, wit, and ſkill.

But ſince you careleſsly refuſe,
And to my pen the taſk aſſign;
O! let your genius guide my muſe,
And every vulgar thought refine.

Teach me your beſt, your beſt lov'd art,
With frugal care to ſtore my mind;
In this to play the miſer's part,
And give mean lucre to the wind:

To ſhun the coxcomb's empty noiſe,
To ſcorn the villain's artful maſk;
Nor truſt gay pleaſure's fleeting joys
Nor urge ambition's endleſs taſk.

Teach me to ſtem youth's boiſterous tide,
To regulate its giddy rage;
By reaſon's aid my bark to guide,
Into the friendly port of age:

To ſhare what claſſic culture yields,
Through rhet'ric's painted meads to roam;
With you to reap hiſtoric fields,
And bring the golden harveſt home.

To taſte the genuine ſweets of wit;
To quaff in humour's ſprightly bowl;
The philoſophic mean to hit,
And prize the dignity of ſoul.

Teach me to read fair nature's book,
Wide opening in each flow'ry plain;
And with judicious eye to look
On all the glories of her reign;

To hail her, ſeated on her throne,
By awful woods encompaſs'd round,
Or her divine extraction own,
Though with a wreath of ruſhes crown'd.

Through arched walks, o'er ſpreading lawns,
Near ſolemn rocks, with her to rove;
Or court her, 'mid her gentle fawns,
In moſſy cell, or maple grove.

Whether the proſpect ſtrain the ſight,
Or in the nearer landſcapes charm,
Where hills, vales, fountains, woods unite,
To grace your ſweet Arcadian farm:

There let me ſit, and gaze with you,
On nature's works by art refin'd:
And own, while we their contraſt view,
Both fair, but faireſt, thus combin'd!

## AN ELEGY ON MAN.

WRITTEN JANUARY, 1752.

Behold earth's lord, imperial man,
In ripen'd vigour gay;
His outward form attentive ſcan,
And all within ſurvey.

Behold his plans of future life,
His care, his hope, his love,
Relations dear of child, and wife,
The dome, the lawn, the grove.

Now ſee within his active mind,
More gen'rous paſſions ſhare,
Friend, neighbour, country, all his kind,
By turns engage his care.

Behold him range with curious eye,
O'er earth from pole to pole,
And through th' illimitable ſky
Explore with daring ſoul.

Yet paſs ſome twenty fleeting years,
And all his glory flies,
His languid eye is bath'd in tears,
He ſickens, groans, and dies.

And is this all his deſtin'd lot,
This all his boaſted ſway?
For ever now to be forgot,
Amid the mould'ring clay!

Ah gloomy thought! ah worſe than death!
Life ſickens at the ſound;
Better it were not draw our breath,
Than run this empty round.

Hence, cheating fancy, then, away
O let us better try,

By reaſon's more enlighten'd ray,
What 'tis indeed to die.

Obſerve yon maſs of putrid earth,
It holds an embryo-brood,
Ev'n now the reptiles crawl to birth,
And ſeek their leafy food.

Yet ſtay til' ſome few ſuns are paſt,
Each forms a ſilken tomb,
And ſeems, like man, impriſon'd faſt,
To meet his final doom.

Yet from this ſilent manſion too
Anon you ſee him riſe,
No more a crawling worm to view,
But tenant of the ſkies.

And what forbids that man ſhould ſhare,
Some more auſpicious day,
To range at large in open air,
As light and free as they?

There was a time when life firſt warm'd
Our fleſh in ſhades of night,
Then was th' imperfect ſubſtance form'd,
And ſent to view this light.

There was a time, when ev'ry ſenſe
In ſtraiter limits dwelt,
Yet each its taſk could then diſpenſe,
We ſaw, we heard, we felt.

And times there are, when through the veins
The blood forgets to flow,
Yet then a living pow'r remains,
Though not in active ſhow.

Times too there be, when friendly ſleep's
Soft charms the ſenſes bind,
Yet fancy then her vigils keeps,
And ranges unconfin'd.

And reaſon holds her ſep'rate ſway,
Though all the ſenſes wake.
And forms in mem'ry's ſtorehouſe play,
Of no material make.

What are theſe then, this eye, this ear,
But nicer organs found,
A glaſs to read, a trump to hear,
The modes of ſhape, or ſound?

And blows may maim, or time impair
Theſe inſtruments of clay,
And death may raviſh what they ſpare,
Completing their decay.

But are theſe then that living pow'r
That thinks, compares, and rules?
Then ſay a ſcaffold is a tow'r,
A workman is his tools.

For aught appears that death can do,
That ſtill ſurvives his ſtroke,
Its workings plac'd beyond our view,
Its preſent commerce broke.

But what connections it may find,
* Boot much to hope, and fear,

* *Vid. Butler's Analogy.*

And if inſtruction courts the mind,
'Tis madneſs not to hear.

## ON RECEIVING A LITTLE IVORY BOX FROM A LADY,

CURIOUSLY WROUGHT BY HER OWN HANDS.

Little box of matchleſs grace!
Fairer than the faireſt face,
Smooth as was her parent-hand,
That did thy wond'rous form command.
Spotleſs as her infant mind,
As her riper age refin'd,
Beauty with the graces join'd.
Let me clothe the lovely ſtranger,
Let me lodge thee ſafe from danger,
Let me guard thy ſoft repoſe,
From giddy fortune's random blows.
From thoughtleſs mirth, barbaric hate,
From the iron-hand of fate,
And oppreſſion's deadly weight.
Thou art not of a ſort, or number
Faſhion'd for a poet's lumber;
Though more capacious than his purſe,
Too ſmall to hold his ſtore of verſe.
Too delicate for homely toil,
Too neat for vulgar hands to ſoil.
O! would the fates permit the muſe,
Thy future deſtiny to chooſe!
In thy circle's fairy round,
With a golden fillet bound:
Like the ſnow-drop ſilver white,
Like the glow worm's humid light,
Like the dew at early dawn,
Like the moon-light on the lawn,
Lucid rows of pearls ſhou'd dwell,
Pleas'd as in their native ſhell;
Or the brilliant's ſparkling rays,
Shou'd emit a ſtarry blaze.
And if the fair whoſe magic ſkill,
Wrought thee paſſive to her will,
Deign to regard thy poet's love,
Nor his aſpiring ſuit reprove,
Her form ſhould crown the fair deſign,
Goddeſs fit for ſuch a ſhrine!

## VALENTINE'S DAY.

The tuneful choir in amorous ſtrains,
Accoſt their feather'd loves;
While each fond mate with equal pains,
The tender ſuit approves.

With cheerful hop from ſpray to ſpray,
They ſport along the meads;
In ſocial bliſs together ſtray,
Where love or fancy leads.

Through ſpring's gay ſcenes each happy pair
Their fluttering joys purſue;
Its various charms and produce ſhare,
For ever kind and true.

Their ſprightly notes from every ſhade,
Their mutual loves proclaim;
Till winter's chilling blaſts invade,
And damp th' enlivening flame.

Then all the jocund ſcene declines,
Nor woods nor meads delight;
The drooping tribe in ſecret pines,
And mourns th' unwelcome light.

Go, bliſsful warblers! timely wiſe,
Th' inſtructive moral tell!
Nor thou their meaning lays deſpiſe,
My charming Annabelle!

## HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY,

IMITATED.

To print, or not to print—that is the queſtion.
Whether 'tis better in a trunk to bury
The quirks and crotchets of outrageous fancy,
Or ſend a well-wrote copy to the preſs,
And by diſcloſing, end them? To print, to doubt
No more; and by one act to ſay we end
The headach, and a thouſand natural ſhocks
Of ſcribbling frenzy—'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To print—to beam
From the fame ſhelf with Pope in calf well bound!
To ſleep, perchance, with Quarles—Ay, there's
the rub—
For to what claſs a writer may be doom'd,
When he hath ſhuffled off ſome paltry ſtuff,
Muſt give us pauſe.—There's the reſpect that
makes
Th' unwilling poet keep his piece nine years.
For who would bear th' impatient thirſt of fame,
The pride of conſcious merit, and 'bove all,
The tedious importunity of friends,
When as himſelf might his quietus make
With a bare inkhorn? Who would fardles bear?
To groan and ſweat under a load of wit?
But that the tread of ſteep Parnaſſus' hill,
That undiſcover'd country, with whoſe bays
Few travellers return, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear to live unknown,
Than run the hazard to be known, and damn'd.
Thus critics do make cowards of us all.
And thus the healthful face of many a poem,
Is ſickly'd o'er with a pale manuſcript;
And enterpriſers of great fire, and ſpirit,
With this regard from Dodſley turn away,
And loſe the name of authors.

## ROUNDELAY,

*Written for the Jubilee at Stratford upon Avon, Celebrated by Mr. Garrick in honour of Shakſpeare, September* 1769.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. DIBDIN.

SISTERS of the tuneful train,
Attend your parent's jocund ſtrain,
'Tis fancy calls you; follow me
To celebrate the jubilee.

On Avon's banks, where Shakſpeare's buſt
Points out, and guards his ſleeping duſt;
The ſons of ſcenic mirth agree,
To celebrate the jubilee.

Come, daughters, come, and bring with you
Th' aerial ſprites and fairy crew,
And the ſiſter graces three,
To celebrate the jubilee.

Hang around the ſculptur'd tomb
The 'broider'd veſt, the nodding plume,
And the maſk of comic glee,
To celebrate the jubilee.

From Birnam wood, and Boſworth field,
Bring the ſtandard, bring the ſhield,
With drums, and martial ſymphony,
To celebrate the jubilee.

In mournful numbers now relate
Poor Deſdemona's hapleſs fate,
With frantic deeds of jealouſy,
To celebrate the jubilee.

Nor be Windſor's wives forgot,
With their harmleſs merry plot,
The whitening mead, and haunted tree,
To celebrate the jubilee.

Now in jocund ſtrains recite
The humours of the braggard knight,
Fat knight, and ancient Piſtol he,
To celebrate the jubilee.

But ſee in crowds the gay, the fair,
To the ſplendid ſcene repair,
A ſcene as fine, as fine can be,
To celebrate the jubilee.

## THE BLACKBIRDS.

AN ELEGY.

THE ſun had chas'd the mountain-ſnow,
His beams had pierc'd the ſtubborn ſoil,
The melting ſtreams began to flow,
And plowmen urg'd their annual toil.

'Twas then, amidſt the vocal throng,
Whom nature wak'd to mirth, and love,
A blackbird rais'd his am'rous ſong,
And thus it echo'd through the grove:

O faireſt of the feather'd train!
For whom I ſing, for whom I burn,
Attend with pity to my ſtrain,
And grant my love a kind return.

For ſee, the wint'ry ſtorms are flown,
And zephyrs gently fan the air;
Let us the genial influence own,
Let us the vernal paſtime ſhare.

The raven plumes his jetty wing,
To pleaſe his croaking paramour,
The larks reſponſive carols ſing,
And tell their paſſion as they ſoar:

But does the raven's ſable wing
Excel the gloſſy jet of mine?
Or can the lark more ſweetly ſing,
Than we, who ſtrength with ſoftneſs join?

O let me then thy ſteps attend!
I'll point new treaſures to thy ſight:
Whether the grove thy wiſh befriend,
Or hedge-rows green, or meadows bright;

I'll guide thee to the cleareſt rill,
Whoſe ſtreams among the pebbles ſtray;
There will we ſip, and ſip our fill,
Or on the flow'ry margin play.

I'll lead thee to the thickeſt brake,
Impervious to the ſchool-boy's eye;
For thee the plaſter'd neſt I'll make,
And to thy downy boſom fly.

When, prompted by a mother's care,
Thy warmth ſha l form th' impriſon'd young,
The pleaſing taſk I'll gladly ſhare,
Or cheer thy labours with a ſong.

To bring thee food I'll range the fields,
And cull the beſt of ev'ry kind,
Whatever nature's bounty yields,
And love's aſſiduous care can find.

And when my lovely mate would ſtray,
To taſte the ſummer ſweets at large,
I'll wait at home the live-long day,
And fondly tend our little charge.

Then prove with me the ſweets of love,
With me divide the cares of life,
No buſh ſhall boaſt in all the grove,
A mate ſo fond, ſo bleſt a wife.

He ceas'd his ſong—the plumy dame
Heard with delight the love-ſick ſtrain,
Nor long conceal'd a mutual flame,
Nor long repreſs'd his am'rous pain.

He led her to the nuptial bow'r,
And perch'd with triumph by her ſide;
What gilded roof could boaſt that hour
A fonder mate, or happier bride?

Next morn he wak'd her with a ſong;
Behold, he ſaid, the new-born day,
The lark his mattin-peal has rung,
Ariſe, my love, and come away.

Together through the fields they ſtray'd,
And to the murm'ring riv'let's ſide,
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd, and play'd
With artleſs joy, and decent pride.

When O! with grief my muſe relates
What dire misfortune clos'd the tale,
Sent by an order from the fates,
A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd, the lover cried, my dear,
Haſte, haſte away, from danger fly;
Here, gunner, point thy thunder here,
O ſpare my love, and let me die.

At him the gunner took his aim,
Too ſure the volley'd thunder flew;
O had he choſe ſome other game,
Or ſhot—as he was wont to do!

Divided pair! forgive the wrong,
While I with tears your fate rehearſe,
I'll join the widow's plaintive ſong,
And ſave the lover in my verſe.

## THE GOLDFINCHES.

### AN ELEGY.

*To William Shenſtone, Eſq.*

" Ingenuas didiciſſe fideliter artes
" Emollit mores, nec ſinit eſſe feros.

To you, whoſe groves protect the feather'd choirs,
Who lend their artleſs notes a willing ear,
To you, whom pity moves, and taſte inſpires,
The Doric ſtrain belongs, O Shenſtone, hear.

'Twas gentle Spring, when all the plumy race,
By nature taught, in nuptial leagues combine;
A goldfinch joy'd to meet the warm embrace,
And with her mate in love's delights to join.

All in a garden, on a currant buſh,
With wond'rous art they built their airy ſeat;
In the next orchard liv'd a friendly thruſh,
Nor diſtant far a woodlark's ſoft retreat.

Here bleſt with eaſe, and in each other bleſt,
With early ſongs they wak'd the neighb'ring groves,
Till time matur'd their joys, and crown'd their neſt
With infant pledges of their faithful loves.

And now what tranſport glow'd in either's eye!
What equal fondneſs dealt th' allotted food?
What joy each other's likeneſs to deſcry,
And future ſonnets in the chirping brood!

But ah! what earthly happineſs can laſt?
How does the faireſt purpoſe often fail?
A truant ſchoolboy's wantonneſs could blaſt
Their flatt'ring hopes, and leave them both to wail.

The moſt ungentle of his tribe was he,
No gen'rous precept ever touch'd his heart,
With concord falſe, and hideous proſody
He ſcrawl'd his taſk, and blunder'd o'er his part.

On miſchief bent, he mark'd, with rav'nous eyes,
Where wrapt in down the callow ſongſters lay,
Then ruſhing, rudely ſeiz'd the glitt'ring prize,
And bore it in his impious hands away!

But how ſhall I deſcribe, in numbers rude,
The pangs for poor Chryſomitris decreed,
When from her ſecret ſtand aghaſt ſhe view'd
The cruel ſpoiler perpetrate the deed?

O grief of griefs! with ſhrieking voice ſhe cried,
What ſight is this that I have liv'd to ſee!
O! that I had in youth's fair ſeaſon died,
From love's falſe joys, and bitter ſorrows free.

Was it for this, alas! with weary bill,
Was it for this I pois'd th' unwieldy ſtraw?
For this I bore the moſs from yonder hill,
Nor ſhunn'd the pond'rous ſtick along to draw?

Was it for this I pick'd the wool with care,
Intent with nicer ſkill our work to crown;

For this, with pain, I bent the ſtubborn hair,
And liu'd our craddle with the thiſtle's down?

Was it for this my freedom I reſign'd,
And ceas'd to rove at large from plain to plain;
For this I ſat at home whole days confin'd,
To bear the ſcorching heat, and pealing rain?

Was it for this my watchful eyes grow dim?
For this the roſes on my cheek turn pale?
Pale is my golden plumage, once ſo trim!
And all my wonted mirth and ſpirits fail!

O plund'rer vile! O more than adders fell!
More murd'rous than the cat, with prudiſh face!
Fiercer than kites in whom the furies dwell,
And thieviſh as the cuckow's pill'ring race!

May juicy plumbs for thee forbear to grow,
For thee no flow'r unveil its charming dies;
May birch trees thrive to work thee ſharper woe,
And liſt'ning ſtarlings mock thy frantic cries.

Thus ſang the mournful bird her piteous tale,
The piteous tale her mourful mate return'd,
Then ſide by ſide they ſought the diſtant vale,
And there in ſecret ſadneſs inly mourn'd.

## THE SWALLOWS.

### AN ELEGY.

### PART I.

ERE yellow Autumn from our plains retir'd,
And gave to wint'ry ſtorms the varied year,
The ſwallow-race with preſcient gift inſpir'd,
To ſouthern climes prepar'd their courſe to ſteer.

On Damon's roof a large aſſembly ſate,
His roof a refuge to the feather'd kind!
With ſerious look he mark'd the grave debate,
And to his Delia thus addreſs'd his mind:

Obſerve yon twitt'ring flock, my gentle maid!
Obſerve, and read the wond'rous ways of Heav'n!
With us through Summer's genial reign they ſtay'd,
And food, and ſunſhine to their wants were giv'n.

But now, by ſecret inſtinct taught, they know
The near approach of elemental ſtrife,
Of bluſt'ring tempeſts, and of chilling ſnow,
With ev'ry pang, and ſcourge of tender life.

Thus warn'd they meditate a ſpeedy flight,
From this ev'n now they prune their vig'rous wing.
For this each other to the toil excite,
And prove their ſtrength in many a ſportive ring.

No ſorrow loads their breaſts, or dims their eye,
To quit their wonted haunts, or native home,
Nor fear they launching on the boundleſs ſky,
In ſearch of future ſettlements to roam.

They feel a pow'r, an impulſe all divine,
That warns them hence, they feel it, and obey,
To this direction all their cares reſign,
Unknown their deſtin'd ſtage, unmark'd their way.

Peace to your flight! ye mild domeſtic race!
O! for your wings to travel with the ſun!
Health brace your nerves, and zephyrs aid your pace,
Till your long voyage happily be done.

See, Delia, on my roof your gueſts to-day,
To-morrow on my roof your gueſts no more,
Ere yet 'tis night with haſte they wing away,
To-morrow lands them on ſome happier ſhore.

How juſt the moral in this ſcene convey'd!
And what without a moral? would we read!
Then mark what Damon tells his gentle maid,
And with his leſſon regiſter the deed.

So youthful joys fly like the Summer's gale,
So threats the winter of inclement age,
Life's buſy plot a ſhort, fantaſtic tale!
And nature's changeful ſcenes the ſhifting ſtage!

And does no friendly pow'r to man diſpenſe
The joyful tidings of ſome happier clime?
Find we no guide in gracious Providence
Beyond the gloomy grave, and ſhort-liv'd time?

Yes, yes the ſacred oracles we hear,
That point the path to realms of endleſs joy,
That bid our trembling hearts no danger fear,
Though clouds ſurround, and angry ſkies annoy.

Then let us wiſely for our flight prepare,
Nor count this ſtormy world our fix'd abode,
Obey the call, and truſt our Leader's care,
To ſmooth the rough, and light the darkſome road.

Moſes, by grant divine, led Iſrael's hoſt
Through dreary paths to Jordan's fruitful ſide;
But we a loftier theme than theirs can boaſt,
A better promiſe, and a nobler guide.

### PART II.

AT length Winter's howling blaſts are o'er,
Array'd in ſmiles the lovely Spring returns,
Now fuell'd hearths attractive blaze no more,
And ev'ry breaſt with inward fervour burns.

Again the daiſies peep, the violets blow,
Again the vocal tenants of the grove
Forgot the patt'ring hail, or driving ſnow,
Renew the lay to melody, and love.

And ſee, my Delia, ſee o'er yonder ſtream,
Where, on the bank, the lambs in gambols play,
Alike attracted by the ſunny gleam,
Again the ſwallows take their wonted way.

Welcome, ye gentle tribe, your ſports purſue,
Welcome again to Delia, and to me,
Your peaceful councils on my roof renew,
And plan new ſettlements from danger free.

Again I'll liſten to your grave debates,
Again I'll hear your twitt'ring ſongs unfold

What policy directs your wand'ring ſtates,
What bounds are ſettled and what tribes enroll'd.

Again I'll hear you tell of diſtant lands,
What inſect nations riſe from Egypt's mud,
What painted ſwarms ſubſiſt on Lybia's ſands,
What Ganges yields, and what th' Euphratean flood.

Thrice happy race! whom nature's call invites
To travel o'er her realms with active wing,
To taſte her various ſtores, her beſt delights,
The Summer's radiance, and the ſweets of Spring.

While we are doom'd to bear the reſtleſs change
Of varying ſeaſons, vapours dank, and dry,
Forbid like you in milder climes to range,
When wint'ry ſtorms uſurp the low'ring ſky.

Yet know the period to your joys aſſign'd,
Know ruin hovers o'er this earthly ball,
As lofty tow'rs ſtoop proſtrate to the wind,
Its ſecret props of adamant ſhall fall.

But when yon radiant ſun ſhall ſhine no more,
The ſpirit, freed from ſin's tyrannic ſway,
On lighter pinions borne than yours ſhall ſoar
To fairer realms beneath a brighter ray.

To plains ethereal, and celeſtial bow'rs,
Where wint'ry ſtorms no rude acceſs obtain,
Where blaſts no lightning, and no tempeſt low'rs,
But ever-ſmiling Spring and pleaſure reign.

THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# JOHN SCOTT, ESQ.

Containing

MORAL ECLOGUES,
ELEGIES,
AMWELL,
AMOEBAEAN ECLOGUES,
ORIENTAL ECLOGUES,

ESSAY ON PAINTING,
MEXICAN PROPHECY,
ODES,
EPISTLES,
SONNETS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

*THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.*

---

Accept then this, nor more require;
The muſe no farther taſk eſſays;
But, 'midſt the ſylvan ſcenes, ſhe loves
The falling rills, and whiſpering groves;
With ſmiles her labours paſt ſurveys,
And quits the ſyrinx and the lyre.

CONCLUSION. TO A FRIEND.

---

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# THE LIFE OF SCOTT.

For the life of Scott, "the poet of Amwell," the world is obliged to John Hoole, Esq., the translator of "Taſſo," and editor of his *Critical Eſſays*, who was his intimate friend, and wrote from perſonal knowledge.

The facts ſtated in the preſent account, are chiefly taken from Mr. Hoole's narrative, with ſuch additional information as the "European Magazine" for 1782, the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1783, and ſubſequent publications, have ſupplied.

John Scott was born in the Grange-Walk, in the pariſh of St. Bermondſey, Southwark, Jan. 9. 1730. He was deſcended from two ancient and reſpectable families in the counties of York and Warwick. His father, Mr. Samuel Scott, was a linen-draper and citizen of London; a man of plain and irreproachable manners, and one of the ſociety of the people called Quakers; among whom he was eſteemed as an eminent preacher. His mother's maiden name was Martha Wilkins. He was the youngeſt of two ſons, their only children that lived to be brought up, the reſt dying very ſoon.

At about ſeven years of age, he was put under the tuition of one John Clarke, who kept a little ſchool in Barnaby Street, and uſed to come home to his father's houſe, to inſtruct him in the rudiments of the Latin tongue.

He himſelf gives the following account of his tutor:—"My Caledonian tutor's name was John Clarke; he was, I believe, a native of the Shetland iſlands; he was ingenious and learned, but rather a ſevere pedagogue; yet, ſpite of the domination which he exerciſed over his pupils, I reſpected him: and there was ſomething in the man, and in his manner, that I even now faintly recollect with pleaſure."

In 1740, being then only ten years of age, his father removing to Amwell, near Ware in Hertfordſhire, he was deprived of the benefit that might have ariſen to him from the ſkill and attention of ſo able a maſter as Clarke; who continued to teach ſchool in the ſame place, till death carried him off, probably as little known as he had lived.

Soon after the removal of the family to Amwell, he was ſent to a private day-ſchool kept at Ware; the maſter of which was named Hall, who is ſaid to have been an admirable penman; but does not appear to have afforded, in his ſchool, any opportunities of claſſical improvement.

He continued with him but a ſhort time, and purſued his education in a lax and deſultory manner; for, not having had the ſmall pox, he was frequently kept at home, through fear of that diſtemper, and never perſiſted in a regular ſyſtem of education.

Whatever diſadvantages might reſult from theſe circumſtances, he muſt have repaired by his own application, as no mark of it is viſible in his writings.

He is ſaid to have applied himſelf to reading about the age of ſeventeen, when he diſcovered an ardent propenſity to the ſtudy of poetry; in which he was greatly encouraged by an acquaintance which he contracted about 1747 or 1748, with Charles Frogley, a man of ſtrong parts, but without education, who had improved his mind by ſolitary reading and reflection; and had a peculiar predilection for that branch of ſtudy which ſoon became the favourite purſuit of Scott.

Frogley was by trade a bricklayer: His occupation in life firſt introduced him into the family. A ſimilarity of diſpoſition ſoon brought on an intimacy between them, and Frogley gave his young friend the firſt perception of good poetry, by putting into his hands the "Paradiſe Loſt" of Milton.

His father carried on, for ſome time, the malting trade; but lived in a very retired manner, having little intercourſe with any but thoſe of his own perſuaſion; who, though not without frequent in-

ſtances of great ingenuity and ability among individuals, are not often much connected with the literary part of mankind.

The neighbourhood of Amwell affording little of ſuch ſociety, his converſations and reflections on his favourite ſtudies, muſt have been therefore chiefly confined to his communications with Frogley, whoſe critical diſcernment was ſo accurate, that he ſeldom found reaſon, in his advancing ſtate of judgment, to diſſent from the opinion of his friend.

Beſides the advantage of ſo ſincere an adviſer as Frogley, he had formed an acquaintance with Mr. John Turner, who reſided at Ware, and who ſeems firſt to have been introduced to him by Frogley, in 1753 or 1754.

Mr. Turner was born at Hertford in 1734; and was removed to Ware at about three years old, where he received the rudiments of his education. At about ſixteen years of age he was ſent to London, to continue his ſtudies at a diſſenting academy, under the care of Dr. Jennings. He, however, made occaſional viſits to his friends at Ware, and neglected no opportunity of improving his intimacy with Scott. He paſſed many hours with him and Frogley; and during his abſence, continued to correſpond with him by letter.

It appears from his letters, that he ſupplied him from time to time with books; among which are particularly mentioned, Glover's "Leonidas," Thomſon's "Seaſons," and Pope's original works and tranſlations. He likewiſe ſent him a teleſcope, with directions to uſe it; for the curioſity and deſire of knowledge in Scott now grew every day more general.

In the company of Frogley, who was accuſtomed to viſit him when the buſineſs of the day was over, he paſſed moſt of his evenings; and to him and his friend Turner, from time to time, he communicated his performances, receiving from them ſuch advice as tended greatly to ripen his judgment; but he was always diſſuaded from too early publication; by which many have precluded themſelves from that reputation which they might otherwiſe have obtained.

"It has been aſſerted by ſome," ſays Mr. Hoole, "that his early poetical eſſays were made in conſequence of a tender paſſion, and that love firſt taught him to cultivate the muſes; which opinion may not only have ſome countenance from the ſmaller poems at the end of his poetical volume, but may be farther ſtrengthened from the correſpondence between him and his friend Turner, during the reſidence of the latter in London and Devonſhire."

His firſt poetical eſſays appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine," to which he was afterwards a frequent contributor. His verſion of the 12th chapter of Eccleſiaſtes, intituled, *Epidemic Mortality*, in December Magazine 1753; *Verſes occaſioned by the deſcription of the Æolian Harp*, in November Magazine 1754; and verſes *on Fear*, in July Magazine 1758,—are all that can be traced with certainty. He likewiſe wrote ſeveral *Paſtorals* about the ſame time; but it cannot be known if any, or what uſe was made of them in his laſt publications.

In 1754, his elder brother Samuel, who till then had made one of the family at Amwell, was married, and went to ſettle at Hertford, "in which town," ſays Mr. Hoole, "he now [1785] reſides, beloved and eſteemed by all, for his manly ſenſe, unbiaſſed integrity, and univerſal philanthropy."

In 1757, his friend Turner, who had been ſome time preparing for the miniſtry, left Dr. Jennings, on account of ſome difference of opinion in matters of religion, and removed to Taunton in Somerſetſhire, where he finiſhed his ſtudies. About 1758, he became paſtor of a diſſenting congregation at Lympſtone in Devonſhire; and about 1762, he engaged with the Rev. Mr. Hogg and another gentleman, as tutor and manager of an academy at Exeter; but he continued ſtill to correſpond with Scott, and in time of vacation paid ſeveral viſits to Ware. The verſes *To an Abſent Friend*, are ſuppoſed to have been addreſſed to Turner.

> While thou far hence, on Albion's ſouthern ſhore,
> View'ſt her white rocks, and hear'ſt her ocean roar;
> Through ſcenes where we together ſtray'd, I ſtray,
> And think o'er talk of many a long paſt day.

He alſo addreſſed to him, *Winter Amuſements in the Country*, an epiſtle, which was intended for the "Gentleman's Magazine," but appeared in "Pearch's Collection of Poems," 1770.

For about twenty years after the removal of the family to Amwell, he led a very retired life; for his father and mother being very apprehenſive of the danger that might be incurred from the

infection of the ſmall-pox, he ſeldom went from home; and, however extraordinary it may appear, though only at the diſtance of twenty miles, he is ſaid to have viſited London but once during ſo long a period.

Though he very early acquired the friendſhip and eſteem of a large circle of acquaintance, yet he does not appear to have been known to any literary characters till 1760; after which he began to make occaſional, though cautious and ſhort viſits to London.

In the ſpring 1760, being then thirty years of age, after many repeated reviſals and corrections, he publiſhed his four *Elegies, Deſcriptive and Moral*, 4to, which were honoured with a very particular and liberal approbation, and publicly praiſed and recommended by Young, Mrs. Talbot, Mrs. Carter, and other eminent characters.

When the author of the "Night Thoughts" received a copy of the *Elegies* from his bookſeller, he returned his acknowledgment in theſe words: "Sir, I thank you for your preſent; I admire the poetry and piety of the author, and ſhall do myſelf the credit to recommend it to all my friends." This praiſe was truly valuable, as it was not the voice of adulation to greatneſs, of ignorance to celebrity, or of partiality to friendſhip; but the ſanction of learning, taſte, and genius, given to modeſt and retired merit.

His acquaintance was now conſiderably enlarged, and he was introduced to ſeveral of the literati, with whom he had little or no connection before the appearance of his *Elegies*. But the praiſe which he received upon this occaſion, did not in the leaſt excite his vanity to claim again the attention of the public. He wrote little, and printed nothing till 1768. His natural caution and diffidence ſeemed to increaſe: he always expreſſed the ſtrongeſt ſenſe of the neceſſity of frequent reviſal before publication; and no writer adhered more ſtrictly than himſelf, to the well-known precept of Horace—*nonum prematur in annum*.

In 1761, the ſmall-pox being prevalent in the town of Ware, he removed for ſome time to St. Margarets, a ſmall hamlet, at the diſtance of about two miles from Amwell, where Mr. Hoole was introduced to his acquaintance by Mr. Bennet, then maſter of the grammar ſchool at Hoddeſon, where they accidentally met.

"I ſhall always recollect with pleaſure," ſays Mr. Hoole, "my firſt converſation with Mr. Scott at St. Margarets, where he ſhowed me the early ſketch of his poem of *Amwell*, which he then called a *Proſpect of Ware, and the Country adjacent*. This ſketch was afterwards greatly enlarged before its appearance in 1776; and in the courſe of our converſation, he ſhowed me ſeveral manuſcript pieces, ſome of which were made part of his poetical volume."

Having found the frequent diſadvantages and inconveniencies ariſing from his apprehenſion of the ſmall-pox, which prevented him from mixing frequently with the world, and improving that acquaintance at London, of which his increaſing reputation and love of knowledge made him now more deſirous, he reſolved at once to remove every fear of that diſtemper, by ſubmitting to the operation of inoculation, which he accordingly did, under the care of Dr. Dimſdale, in 1776, with Mr. Joſeph Cockfield, a gentleman with whom he had lived for ſome years in great intimacy, and to whom he addreſſed his 12th *Ode*. He writes to a friend, that "they had not one day's confinement, though ſufficient tokens to ſecure them from future fear or danger."

About this time, Mr. Hoole introduced him to the acquaintance of his friend Dr. Johnſon; "and notwithſtanding," ſays his biographer, "the great difference of their political principles, Scott had too much love for goodneſs and genius, not to be highly gratified in the opportunity of cultivating a friendſhip with that great exemplar of human virtues, and that great veteran of human learning; while the Doctor, with a mind ſuperior to the diſtinction of party, delighted with equal complacency in the amiable qualities of Scott, of whom he always ſpoke with feeling regard."

He had a very early paſſion for gardening; and in 1765 and 1766, he amuſed himſelf in laying out and embelliſhing a few acres of his own ground, which are thought not unworthy the attention of ſtrangers who come accidentally into that neighbourhood. In theſe plantations is a grotto, of his own deſign, conſidered as one of the curioſities of the country. His friend Turner, procured him foſſils and ſhells for the completion of this work, in which he frequently exerted his own manual labour; and he told Mr. Hoole that, in making the excavation under the hill for the ſubterraneous

paſſage, he marched firſt, like a pioneer, with his pick-ax in his hand, to encourage his ruſtic aſſiſtants. Theſe pleaſure grounds have given riſe to an epiſtle intituled *The Garden*.

In 1766, he loſt his mother, who died on the 14th of December, aged eighty years. *A Sonnet* to her is ſaid to have been found among his manuſcripts.

In 1767, he was married to Sarah Frogley, the daughter of his friend Frogley, of whom ſuch deſerved and honourable mention has been made. The bride was, previous to her nuptials, admitted a member of the ſociety to which he belonged; and the nuptials were celebrated at the Quaker's meeting-houſe at Cheſhunt, in Hertfordſhire.

The connection between Scott and Frogley being ſtrengthened by this marriage, Scott ſhowed many acts of kindneſs to the companion of his early ſtudies, to whom he always continued firmly attached; of which attachment he has left a public teſtimony in his 11th *Ode*, addreſſed to a friend apprehenſive of declining friendſhip; which ſeems to have been written in order to diſſipate ſome little uneaſineſs that might have ariſen in the mind of Frogley, from a fear of being neglected by Scott.

Too much in man's imperfect ſtate,
Miſtake produces uſeleſs pain;
Methinks on friendſhip's frequent fate,
I hear my Frogley's voice complain.—
Deem not that Time's oblivious hand
From Memory's page has raz'd the days,
By Lee's green verge we wont to ſtand,
And on his cryſtal current gaze.

He was now to experience the moſt ſevere ſtroke he had ever met with; after having loſt his father, who died in February 1768, in the 84th year of his age, he was deprived of his wife, who died in childbed in the ſame year, leaving behind her a child of which ſhe had been delivered, that died the following Auguſt.

Till the death of his mother, his life ſeems to have run in one even tenor, calm and unruffled; but he was now called to an exertion of that philoſophy, which made no inconſiderable part of his character. For ſome time after the death of his wife, he retired to the houſe of his friend Cockfield, at Upton, that, removed from thoſe ſcenes which perpetually awakened every tender idea, his mind might, by degrees, recover its tranquillity. Of this circumſtance he ſpeaks in his 12th *Ode*, addreſſed to him.

'Twas when Misfortune's ſtroke ſevere,
And Melancholy's preſence drear,
Had made my Amwell's groves diſpleaſe,
That thine my weary ſteps receiv'd,
And much the change my mind reliev'd,
And much thy kindneſs gave me eaſe, &c.

When the firſt violence of his grief began to ſettle into a ſedate and gentle ſorrow, he ſolaced his lonely hours by compoſing an *Elegy* to the memory of one who had been ſo dear to him. If we were to eſtimate the poignancy of his grief by this pathetic performance, we cannot doubt the ardour of a paſſion which is, of all others, the moſt tender and ſympathetic.

The *Elegy* was written at Amwell, in 1768; a few copies only were printed, and privately diſtributed among his friends. At his deſire, Mr. Hoole preſented a copy to Dr. Hawkeſworth, who ſpoke of it in the higheſt terms of commendation. A copy alſo was ſent to Langhorne, whoſe firſt wife died in childbed in the ſame month that proved fatal to the wife of Scott; a ſimilarity of circumſtance to which he alludes, and to his pathetic "Verſes written at Sandgate Caſtle, in memory of a Lady," in the following ſtanzas.

Nor mine alone to bear this painful doom;
Nor ſhe alone the tear of ſong obtains:
The *Muſe of Blagdon* o'er *Conſtantia's* tomb,
In all the eloquence of grief complains.
My friend's fair hope, like mine, ſo lately gain'd,
His heart, like mine, in its true partner bleſt;
Both from one cauſe the ſame diſtreſs ſuſtain'd;
The ſame ſad hours beheld us both diſtreſt.

This ſimilarity of circumſtance and congenial affliction, gave riſe to a friendſhip between theſe two poets, which was only interrupted by the death of the amiable Langhorne.

In 1769, he met with another loſs, in the death of his friend Turner, the companion and aſſociate of his early ſtudies with Frogley. This amiable and ingenious man died, univerſally lamented, at Colliton in Devonſhire, on the 30th of June, in the 35th year of his age. He poſſeſſed conſiderable natural abilities, and much acquired knowledge, with a candid diſpoſition and elegant taſte; and by the general tenor of his correſpondence with Scott, appears to have been always of a religious and ſtudious turn. A pathetic tribute is paid to his memory by Scott, in his poem of *Amwell*, ſpeaking of the ſeveral loſſes which he had experienced in the death of his friends.

Of thee, my Turner, who, in vacant youth,
Here oft in converſe free, or ſtudious ſearch
Of claſſic lore, accompany'd my walk!
From Ware's green bowers to Devon's myrtle vales,
He mov'd a while with proſpect op'ning fair,
Of uſeful life, and honour in his view;
As falls the vernal bloom before the breath
Of blaſting Eurus, immature he fell!
The tidings reach'd my ear, and in my breaſt,
Aching with recent wounds, new anguiſh wak'd.

On the 1ſt of November 1770, he was married at the Quaker meeting-houſe at Ratcliffe, to his ſecond wife, Mary De Horne, daughter of the late Abraham De Horne; a lady whoſe amiable qualities promiſed him many years of uninterrupted happineſs.

About the year 1771, he became acquainted with Dr. Beattie, who paid him two viſits at his houſe at Amwell, one in 1773, and the other in 1781. A ſimilarity of taſte and of purſuits ſoon brought on an intimacy between theſe two poets, which continued without abatement till the death of Scott.

His ſettled reſidence was at Amwell, in the ſame houſe where his father reſided, when he firſt retired from London, and which he afterwards greatly enlarged; but he every year ſpent a conſiderable part of the winter, and ſometimes a week in ſummer, at a houſe which he had at Ratcliffe Croſs. By his viſits to London, the number of his literary friends had been conſiderably increaſed. He was introduced to the elegant Mrs. Montague, at whoſe houſe he became firſt acquainted with Lyttleton; and whoſe defence of "Shakſpeare's injur'd page" from "Gallic rage," he has praiſed in his *Ode to Criticiſm*. He had been viſited at Amwell by the celebrated Mrs. Macaulay, the "faithful advocate for freedom;" to whom he addreſſed *Stanzas on reading her Hiſtory of England*, 1766; firſt printed with five *Sonnets* in Pearch's "Collection of Poems," 1770. He was known to Dr. Hawkeſworth, Sir William Jones, James Boſwell, Eſq. and to the Rev. Mr. Potter, the excellent tranſlator of "Æſchylus and Euripides;" and Mickle, whoſe "well-known maſterly tranſlation of the Luſiad of Camoens, the epic poet of Portugal," he has praiſed in his *Ode on Poetical Enthuſiaſm*.

While he reſided in the country, he divided his time between the improvement of his pleaſure grounds, the occupations of ſtudy, and the public buſineſs in the vicinity of his reſidence. He was very conſtant in his attendance at turnpike meetings, navigation truſts, and Commiſſioners of Land Tax. He took the lead in ſeveral undertakings, in which his plans proved ſucceſsful. Ware and Hertford are indebted to him for opening a ſpacious road between thoſe towns, which was undertaken in 1768, and is juſtly eſteemed one of the greateſt conveniencies in that part of the country; and, by his attention and diligence, alterations have been made in the principal ſtreets of Ware, to the great improvement of that town.

In 1733, he ſhowed the world that his ſtudies were not confined to ornamental and elegant literature; but that many of his hours had been ſpent in ſuch uſeful inquiries, as might tend to the general benefit of mankind. He publiſhed a pamphlet full of good ſenſe and philanthropy, intituled, *Obſervations on the preſent State of the Parochial and Vagrant Poor*, 8vo; in which the cauſe of that unhappy part of the community is pleaded with much perſpicacity of obſervation, and perſuaſive energy, againſt oppreſſive, or defective laws, and avaricious pariſh officers. Mr. Gilbert, in a bill brought into the Houſe of Commons, in 1782, ſeems to have offered expedients for the prevention of impoſition on the one hand, and of tyranny on the other, in ſome caſes very ſimilar to thoſe propoſed by Scott.

In the ſummer 1775, Mr. Hoole paid a family viſit at Amwell, accompanied with Dr. Johnſon and Miſs Williams. They ſtaid at Amwell ſome days, to the mutual ſatisfaction of Dr. Johnſon and Scott; whoſe kindneſs for each other was not a little ſtrengthened by this domeſtic intercourſe. Scott led Dr. Johnſon to take a view of his gardens, which were then completed; who, with great plea-

fantry, termed the grotto *Fairy Hall*, and ſaid, with a ſmile, that "none but a poet could have made ſuch a garden." It appears from the epiſtle intituled *The Garden*, that the taſte of Scott, afterwards more cultivated, would not ſuffer him always to view his improved grounds with the ſame complacency.

He had long determined to prove his powers in deſcriptive poetry, and to celebrate the beauties of his favourite village. He now greatly enlarged the firſt plan of his *Proſpect of Ware*, and rendered it intereſting by the introduction of hiſtorical alluſions and moral reflections, with the addition of explanatory notes. In 1776, he publiſhed his performance, under the title of *Amwell, a deſcriptive Poem*, 4to, with his name. He had beſtowed much attention on this poem; and its reception by the critics in general, and by poetical readers, was ſuch as, from its merit, might be expected.

He employed his pen, at times, on various anonymous pamphlets, and eſſays on miſcellaneous ſubjects; and particularly in vindication of the principles of political freedom, which he had invariably eſpouſed. His peculiar attachment to the popular part of our conſtitution, made him regard with jealouſy, the influence of the Crown and of the Ariſtocracy. His active and public ſpirit would not permit him to remain an unintereſted ſpectator, when any occaſion offered for ſhowing his exertions for the good of the community. The calm and diſpaſſionate temper of the man of ſtudy and retirement, was loſt in the ſeaſon of party and turbulence, when it may reaſonably be imputed as a crime for any member of ſociety to obſerve a frigid neutrality. He diſapproved of the conduct of Government in the American war; and notwithſtanding his unfeigned veneration for the character of Dr. Johnſon, he publiſhed two pamphlets in anſwer to his "Patriot" and "Falſe Alarm;" and is ſaid to have prepared an anſwer to "Taxation no Tyranny." On theſe ſubjects the writings of Scott have much clearneſs of argument, ſtrength of ſtyle, and warmth of zeal for that cauſe which he had eſpouſed, upon generous and deliberate principles.

When the poems attributed to Rowley were publiſhed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, in 1777, Scott openly pronounced them the forgeries of Chatterton, and diſputed their authenticity in two judicious and well written letters in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for July and Auguſt 1777, and produced the firſt arguments on that ſide, except what are contained in a letter in the ſame magazine for May 1777.

In 1778, he undertook, with a friendly zeal, the defence of his friend Dr. Beattie, from an anonymous attack in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for January, for not continuing his "Eſſay on Truth," in a letter in the ſame Magazine for March following, to which he ſigned his name; and received Dr. Beattie's acknowledgment upon the occaſion.

The ſame year, he favoured the public with a work of great labour and utility, intituled *Digeſts of the General Highway and Turnpike Laws, with the ſchedule of forms, as directed by Act of Parliament, with remarks. Alſo an Appendix on the conſtruction and preſervation of Roads*, 8vo. In this compilation, all the Acts of Parliament in force are collected together, and placed in one point of view; and their contents are arranged under diſtinct heads. The *Appendix* on the conſtruction and preſervation of Roads, is perhaps the only ſcientific treatiſe on the ſubject. Nothing more diſtinguiſhes this work, than the humane and benevolent ſpirit that breathes through all his obſervations. The firſt ſketch of this work appeared in 1773, under the title of *A Digeſt of the Highway Laws*, 8vo.

The ſame year he publiſhed, without his name, four *Moral Eclogues*, 4to; in which he profeſſed to have endeavoured to exhibit a ſpecimen of genuine and ſimple paſtoral. But it was now no time for paſtoral poetry to attract curioſity, when probably the merits of Theocritus and Virgil infuſed into an Engliſh Muſe, could have been little attended to.

The Latin motto from Virgil, prefixed to theſe eclogues, was given him by Dr. Beattie; who, in one of his letters, ſpeaks highly of the eclogue intituled *Armyn*, which he appears to have ſeen in manuſcript; and he expreſſes himſelf, reſpecting the variety of Scott's publications, in the following manner:

"I am aſtoniſhed at the activity of your friend, and the verſatility of your genius. It is truly amazing, that one and the ſame perſon ſhould, in one and the ſame year, publiſh the moſt elegant poems, and *A Digeſt of the Laws relating to the Highways*. Go on, Sir, in your laudable reſolution of delighting and inſtructing mankind, of patronizing the poor, and promoting the public weal."

He had long deſired to be known to the Wartons, of whoſe critical and poetical abilities he was a great admirer; and about Chriſtmas 1781, he was introduced by Mr. Hoole to the two brothers,

who were highly pleaſed with his unaffected frankneſs and amiable ſimplicity. He expreſſed the warmeſt wiſhes to cultivate their acquaintance, which they were no leſs deſirous to improve; but they parted, to meet no more!

In the Spring 1782, he publiſhed a collection of his poems, which he had long projected, under the title of *The Poetical Works of John Scott, Eſq.* in one volume, 8vo; which, beſides what had been formerly printed, was enriched by the addition of *Amœbæan Eclogues, Oriental Eclogues, Odes, Epiſtles, Sonnets, and Miſcellaneous Pieces.*

The public gave a very favourable reception to this collection, which he had ſpared no pains to render as correct as poſſible; and the volume was very elegantly printed, and embelliſhed by a variety of beautiful engravings, particularly a frontiſpiece by Bartolozzi, from a deſign of Angelica Kauffman; and a head of the author by Hall, from a painting by Townſend.

The remarks on this article in the "Critical Review," for July 1782, were introduced by ſome triſling witticiſms, and ill-placed raillery, highly reprehenſible in a literary cenſor, whoſe duty it is to deliver his ſentiments with impartiality. Speaking of the plates with which the volume is decorated, the Reviewer obſerves: "To ſay the truth, there is a profuſion of ornament and finery about this book, not quite ſuitable to the plainneſs and ſimplicity of the Barclean ſyſtem; but Mr. Scott is fond of the Muſes, and wiſhes, we ſuppoſe, like Captain Macheath, to ſee his ladies well dreſſed."

Scott, juſtly offended at this indecent behaviour, and little accuſtomed to diſguiſe his ſentiments, was induced, with inconſiderate warmth, to publiſh *A Letter to the Critical Reviewers, &c.* 8vo, 1782. in which he expoſtulated with them on their conduct. This letter produced a ſecond article in the next Review; and to this Scott replied again, by a letter inſerted in one of the newſpapers, which cloſed this unpleaſant controverſy, in which he had engaged, contrary to the opinion of his friends.

The ſame year, he addreſſed an amicable *Letter to the Editor of the European Magazine*, objecting to the account of his *Poetical Works* in their September Magazine, which he thought degrading, not "on account of the manner, but the matter of it." "The gentleman," he ſays, "who wrote the article, has treated me civilly; his ſtrictures, therefore, ſeem to be the reſult of incompetent judgment or ſuperficial examination. To the memoirs you have given of my life, I have nothing to object; the information obtained is authentic, and expreſſed in a liberal and courteous manner." This correſpondence has eſcaped the notice of Mr. Hoole; but it deſerves attention, as it contains his opinion of his own compoſitions, and as it ſerves to authenticate the particulars of his life, recorded in the "European Magazine."

From the time of his ſecond marriage till his death, he ſeems to have enjoyed a life of great tranquillity, gratified with the elegant and unblameable pleaſures reſulting from a well-cultivated mind, and poſſeſſed of a wife, whoſe diſpoſition enſured to him a perpetual ſource of domeſtic peace. He mentions her with unaffected tenderneſs in his poem of *Amwell*; and addreſſes a copy of verſes to her, written in the ſame year, and inſerted in his *Poetical Works*, twelve years after his marriage.

He commenced a critic on Denham, Pope, and Thomſon, in his correſpondence with his friends, Cockfield and Turner, in 1756 and 1761. He had afterwards minutely examined ſome of the productions of Milton, Dyer, Collins, Gray, and Goldſmith, and had long deſigned to impart his ſtrictures to the world. He corrected this work for the preſs, under the title of *Critical Eſſays on ſome of the Poems of ſeveral Engliſh Poets*, in 1783; but did not live to ſuperintend the publication.

His wife having lately laboured under a very ſerious complaint, for which he was anxious to have the beſt advice, he accompanied her to London, Oct. 25. 1783; and on the 1ſt of December following, was attacked with a putrid fever, the ſymptoms of which, from the beginning, were judged to be dangerous. On the 12th of December, eleven days after he was ſeized, having retained his ſenſes to the laſt, with his underſtanding at all times clear and unimpaired, he died at his houſe in Ratcliffe, in the 54th year of his age. He was buried in the Quaker burying-ground at Ratcliffe, on the 18th of the ſame month, his funeral being attended by a ſelect number of relations and friends. He left behind him a widow and daughter, their only child, about ſix years old.

After his death, his *Critical Eſſays* being nearly ready for publication, it was thought adviſable to prefix ſome account of his life to the poſthumous volume. Mr. David Barclay, grandſon of the great Apologiſt, applied to Dr. Johnſon, to undertake the arrangement of the materials he would endeavour

to furniſh. To this application Dr. Johnſon returned the following anſwer, dated Aſhbourn, Sept. 16. 1784.

" As I have made ſome advances towards recovery, and loved Scott, I am willing to do juſtice to his memory. You will be pleaſed to get what account you can of his life, with dates, where they can be had; and when I return, we will contrive how our materials can be beſt employed."

The death of Dr. Johnſon, which happened Dec. 13. having fruſtrated the kind intentions of Mr. Barclay, and put an end to his expectations of procuring to him ſo honourable a teſtimony to the merits of his deceaſed friend, he prevailed upon Mr. Hoole to become his biographer; who executed the taſk in a manner that reflects much credit on his candour, modeſty, and judgment.

A ſecond edition of his *Poetical Works* was printed in 8vo, 1786. They are now, reprinted from the edition 1786, with the *Deſcription of the Æolian Harp*, and the *Verſes on Fear*, reprinted from the " Gentleman's Magazine," for the firſt time, received into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry.

The character of the amiable and benevolent " poet of Amwell," as delineated by Mr. Hoole, who knew him well, ſeems to be a powerful rival, in point of philanthropy, to that of the worthy and public-ſpirited " Man of Roſs."

" In his perſon he was tall and ſlender, but his limbs were remarkably ſtrong and muſcular; he was very active, and delighted much in walking; his countenance was cheerful and animated The active member of ſociety, the public-ſpirited man, and contemplative ſtudent, were all united in Scott. He was not only a lover and cultivator of polite literature, but, though not uſed to any profeſſion, was no idle member of the community; he buſied himſelf in many concerns that tended to the good of his neighbourhood. He knew how to blend the elegant with the uſeful; and ſuch as had little predilection for the author of the *Elegies*, were forward enough to give their ſuffrage to thoſe merits that promoted the good of general life. As he was well informed in the laws of his country, he was ever diſpoſed to ſtand forward in the arbitration of any differences between his neighbours; he frequently interfered in the leſſer quarrels and diſtreſſes of the poor inhabitants; and, to apply his own emphatical words in the *Vicar* of Amwell,

> ——— Oft heard and oft reliev'd
> Their little wants; oft heard and oft compos'd,
> Sole arbiter, their little broils———

" He is reported to have been at one time a ſportſman; but in conſequence of a humane and rational opinion, that men had no right to deſtroy or torment any of the animal creation for mere diverſion, he, for many years before his death, totally relinquiſhed the diverſions of ſhooting and fiſhing.

" He certainly poſſeſſed a general knowledge in, and acquaintance with books. That he made any great progreſs in the languages, there is little reaſon to ſuppoſe; he, indeed, might attain ſome knowledge of the Latin; but that knowledge was very ſlender. From his inclination to know ſomething of the excellencies of thoſe poets who have ſo long held their claim to admiration, he ſeems, by a few remarks and references, to have looked into ſome of the Auguſtan writers, particularly Virgil, whoſe ſpirit would have been highly congenial to one whoſe profeſſed aim was purity and correctneſs; but I think there is little room to believe, that thoſe occaſional reſearches were ever improved into any thing like the familiar peruſal of a Latin claſſic. He had no acquaintance with the French or Italian.

" He had a conſtant deſire to be acquainted with every character of learning or genius. He often regretted that he had not known the late Mr. Garrick; of whom, though he never went to the theatres, he had conceived a high idea; and, indeed, he has frequently expreſſed to me a ſtrong curioſity to have ſeen him act.

" He imparted, without any diſguiſe, his real feeling and ſentiments on his own works, or on the works of others. His manner of reading verſe was very peculiar, yet ſuch as ſeemed to give him a ſtrong perception of harmony; at the ſame time he frequently confeſſed to me, that he read ill, and was well pleaſed to have his lines repeated by another. This is a defect very common in authors; Goldſmith, one of the moſt harmonious and eaſy poets, was a very unſkilful reader.

" He was a great lover of muſic, but had no practical knowledge of it. He preferred the time for poetical compoſition, when the reſt of the family were in bed; and it was frequently his cuſtom to ſit in a dark room, and when he had compoſed a number of lines, he would go into another room, where a candle was burning, in order to commit them to paper. Though in general very regular in

his hour of retiring to reſt, he would ſometimes be up great part of the night, when he was engaged in any literary work."

On the poetical character of Scott, it is unneceſſary to enlarge, as it has been illuſtrated by Mr. Hoole, with a minuteneſs of examination, and a juſtneſs of diſcrimination, that leaves little to be ſupplied.

" The greater part of Mr. Scott's poems, are turned on rural imagery; in which it will be found, that his principal merit is novelty in deſcription, and a laudable endeavour to introduce an occaſional ſimplicity of ſtyle, perhaps too much rejected by the preſent faſtidious readers of poetry. He was certainly no ſervile copyiſt of the thoughts of others; for, living in the country, and being a cloſe and accurate obſerver, he painted what he ſaw, though he muſt, unavoidably, ſometimes fall on ideas and expreſſions common to all paſtoral writers.

" He cultivated the knowledge of natural hiſtory and botany, which enabled him to preſerve the truth of nature with many diſcriminating touches, perhaps not excelled by any deſcriptive poet ſince the days of Thomſon.

" Perhaps it muſt be granted, that his firſt avowed poetical production, intituled *Elegies, Moral and Deſcriptive*, has not been excelled by any of his ſubſequent works, whether we conſider the livelineſs of the painting, the harmony of the verſe, or the amiable ſtrain of benevolence and piety that runs through the whole.

" His *Amwell, a deſcriptive poem*, is written in blank verſe, the genius of which he profeſſed to have particularly ſtudied; and I think he exhibits a ſpecimen of great ſtrength and harmony in that metre. The face of the country here is very picturеſque; but perhaps it will be found, that local deſcription is far more adapted to the powers of the pencil than the pen. Thoſe marking and peculiar features which the painter gives, with a few ſtrokes, to the eye, will loſe almoſt all their diſcrimination in the words of the poet; a hill, a valé, a foreſt, a rivulet, and a cataract, can be deſcribed only by general terms; the hill muſt ſwell, the vale ſink, the rivulet murmur, and the cataract foam. On the great defect of words to diſcriminate material objects, Dr. Johnſon once obſerved to me, that no deſcription, however accurately given, could impreſs any determinate idea of the different ſhapes of animals on the mind of one who had never ſeen thoſe animals. Hence, it muſt be concluded, that the appearance of nature at large may be the province of poetry, but that the form of particular objects muſt belong to the painter. Scott has availed himſelf of every circumſtance that could with propriety be introduced to decorate his poem; but nothing ſhows his taſte and judgment more than the tribute paid by him to the memory of Thomas Haſſal, the venerable miniſter of Amwell, which furniſhes a paſſage at once ſo pathetic and poetical. Though Scott's poem will not raiſe in the mind of a ſtranger any ſtrong idea of the place meant to be deſcribed, yet it will always be peruſed with delight by poetical lovers of rural imagery.

" His *Moral Eclogues* undoubtedly deſerve praiſe, for eaſy verſification and good painting, and for ſeveral natural obſervations of the poet. Several new images may be collected from theſe poems. In ſome places, the poet has not unſkilfully introduced the names of wild plants and flowers, which, when they are marked with picturеſque epithets, have a good effect. I am ſenſible that ſome perſons have affected to hold mere deſcriptive poetry in little eſtimation, but, ſurely, not to mention that deſcription, muſt neceſſarily make great part of every narrative poem, and has ever been conſidered as a material talent in the poet; a poem conſiſting of rural painting, may, at leaſt to the ear, have the ſame merit that landſcape-painting has to the eye. But few poems of this kind were ever known to come from the pen of a good writer, without a mixture of moral reflections; and in this, the poetry of Scott, is entitled to no little approbation. But whatever praiſe is due to the harmony of his numbers, I cannot paſs over a peculiarity in his predilection for ſometimes laying an uncommon accent on words or ſyllables, which he thought gave ſtrength to the line. This liberty ſhould, in my opinion, be very ſparingly uſed. Roughneſs of verſe may indeed be emphatical where the image requires it, of which a forcible example is given in the following line:

The ſlow wain grating bore its cumbrous load.

" The *Amœbæan Eclogues* ſeems to me the leaſt happy of Mr. Scott's productions; for in his attempt at novelty, he has admitted ſuch names and circumſtances, as, in my opinion, no verſification, however harmonious, can make poetical; theſe lines may, in ſome meaſure, ſhow the force of my objections,

Old oaken ſtubs, tough ſaplings there adorn,
There hedge-row plaſhes yield the knotty thorn,
The ſwain for different uſes theſe avail,
And form the traveller's ſtaff, the threſher's flail.

" In his *Oriental Eclogues*, he has, with judgment, made uſe of ſuch circumſtances as might give them an air of local truth. The Eclogue of *Serim*, or the *Artificial Famine*, has much poetical merit. The Chineſe Eclogue, called *Li-po*, or the *Good Governor*, has picturesque touches of the country, and contains many amiable reflections, political and moral. The viſion of *Confucius* is very poetical.

" The *Odes*, as he informs us, were written at very different periods, and ſome appear to be his earlieſt effuſions in poetry. The ſtyle of theſe odes is various, gay and familiar, pathetic and ſublime. In the odes on *Recruiting* and *Privateering*, the thoughts are new, and ſingularly characteriſtic of Mr. Scott's religious tenets, and which ought to reflect no ſmall honour on theſe tenets, ſtrictly conformable to the dictates of every feeling mind, uncorrupted with the maxims of human policy. The *Mexican Ode* may admit of much praiſe. It opens with a ſpirited abruptneſs; it ends with equal dignity, after the prophecy of the Mexican idol. The vaniſhing of the demon is attended with circumſtances not very diſſimilar from the diſappearance of the " Spirit of the Cape," in Camoens.

" The two *Epiſtles* that follow the odes, are written in a very familiar and eaſy ſtrain of verſification. The ſecond *Epiſtle* deſcribes the occupations and amuſements of a contemplative mind in the country, and may be conſidered as a picture of the author's own manner of living.

" The *Eſſay on Painting* is an elegant piece of verſification, and ſhows, in the fulleſt light, Mr. Scott's turn for the polite arts. He was always a great admirer of painting, and for many years never miſſed an annual exhibition. The poem is ſaid to be addreſſed to a young painter, but has no reference to any particular perſon. It will perhaps be found, that not any very new remarks are introduced on a ſubject relative to which ſo much has been written; but the rules and obſervations are at leaſt delivered with taſte and propriety."

Of his ſucceſs as a critic, in his poſthumous volume, Mr. Hoole thinks no leſs favourably than of his poetical pretenſions.

" This volume diſplays an open, manly ſpirit of criticiſm, and may be peruſed by all lovers of poetry with advantage. He ſeems, with reaſon, to have diſputed the claim of Denham to the reputation which he has ſo long enjoyed, and ſeveral of the paſſages adduced by him from *Cooper's Hill*, very well ſupport his aſſertions. He has ſkilfully defended Milton's *Lycidas* againſt ſome of Dr. Johnſon's objections, and has well apologiſed for the profuſion of imagery admitted into a poem expreſſive of grief. He has judiciouſly pointed out ſeveral inaccuracies in the *Windſor Foreſt* of Pope, one of the correcteſt of our poets. His remarks on *Gronger Hill*, and the *Ruins of Rome* of Dyer, and the *Oriental Eclogues* of Collins, are replete with taſte, the defects and beauties of each poem being ſingled out with great diſcernment. The *Elegy* of Gray ſeems to have given him little room for objection, but I think that he has indulged himſelf too much in his propoſed tranſpoſition of ſeveral paſſages in that poem. Amidſt all the beauties of Goldſmith's *Deſerted Village*, he has very clearly diſcovered redundancy and incorrectneſs. His ſtrictures on Thomſon are generally juſt, and ſeveral examples are given of falſe figures, and confuſed metaphors, wherein the poet's fancy has carried away his judgment."

Such are the criticiſms of Mr. Hoole, which, with a few exceptions, will be generally allowed to be the reſult of a competent judgment, a candid diſpoſition, and an elegant taſte. He has eſtimated the moral and intellectual character of Scott with impartiality, and diſcriminated the beauties and defects of his compoſitions with accuracy.

In ſuch an age as this, " when diſſipation reigns, and prudence ſleeps," too much cannot be ſaid in favour of a man who was not leſs diſtinguiſhed by the blameleſs ſimplicity of his manners, than the warmth of his friendſhip, and the activity of his benevolence. But his amiable worth and poetical genius, may be better known from his works, that truly reflect their author's mind, than any formal comments. Though a diſciple of Barclay, he is alſo a legitimate ſon of Apollo. The preſent writer is happy to agree with Mr. Hoole, in aſſigning him a reſpectable rank among the poets of our nation. His compoſitions are characterized by elegance, ſimplicity, and harmony, more than invention or ſublimity; neither of which are wanting. They breathe a ſpirit of tenderneſs and philanthropy, and

diſplay an amiable and virtuous mind. In natural enthuſiaſm and fire, they are by no means deficient. The ſubjects on which choice or accident has induced him to write, afford no great room for invention to be exerciſed. His *third* and *fourth eclogues*, and the *ſecond* and *third Oriental* ones, and ſome other poems, have, however, a diſpoſition of conduct not very frequently met with. All his pieces ſhow a propriety of plan, and regularity of connection; their component parts are homogenous and concordant, and cloſe in an eaſy and agreeable manner. They are diſtinguiſhed by correctneſs and neatneſs of expreſſion; a ſtyle free from eliptical abruptneſs, violent tranſpoſitions, or a ſlovenly recurrence of the ſame words in one ſentence. His lines are ſeldom cold or proſaic, though ſometimes a verſe may be found purpoſely varied from the common ſtructure by trochaic accents, or otherwiſe. In ſome inſtances the *limæ labor et mora* are too viſible, and ſeem to have deſtroyed the characteriſtic relief, the glowing thought, and the ardent language. But his poems have a merit of no common kind; they have no poetical common-places; the ſentiments and diction are unborrowed; and his ſtyle of compoſition, as well as his modes of thinking, are entirely his own.

His *Elegies, Deſcriptive and Moral*, are characterized by a natural enthuſiaſm, harmony, and ſimplicity. The deſcriptions are truly poetical, and the morality ſo happily interwoven with them, as to ſeem almoſt neceſſarily connected with the ſubject; while the melodious gravity of the verſe, and the agreeable melancholy ſpirit of the ſentiments and expreſſion, compoſe a very decent and ſuitable garb for the elegiac Muſe.

His *Elegy written at Amwell*, 1768, at a time when he was ſuffering the greateſt of human calamities, the death of the object whom he mourns, is fraught with fine poetical feeling, that entitles it to rank with the "Monodies" of Shaw and Lyttleton, and the "Verſes," &c. of Langhorne; the moſt pathetic funeral elegies in the Engliſh language.

His *Amwell* is an eaſy and melodious deſcriptive poem; the objects of which are thoſe rural ſcenes and images that ſtrike upon a young mind impregnated with the ſeeds of poetry, of courſe, with an ardent love of nature—that ſtrike with a degree of enthuſiaſm, which ſeems, like other generous paſſions, to have its empire in youth, but can never be divided from memory. He begins with invoking the deſcriptive Muſe, who inſpired Thomſon, Dyer, and Shenſtone; invites his *Maria*, the ſecond *fair partner of his joys*, to accompany him in his walk; directs our eye to *Hertford's gray towers*—which introduces a ſhort epiſode of the defeat of the Danes by Alfred, in 879; to Berleo and Ware-Park, once the reſidence of Sir Richard Fanſhaw, the tranſlator of the "Luſiad" of Camoens, who is elegantly commemorated; to the New River, brought to London by Sir Hugh Middleton; to Ware, once famous for its tournaments, in one of which an Earl of Pembroke was ſlain, 25th Hen. III.; to Langley-bottom, an Elyſian ſcene, on which he ſeriouſly moralizes. After lamenting, in the cloſe of theſe melancholy ideas, the death of his friends Turner and De Horne, he proceeds in his paſtoral landſcape, near and remote, till he reſts at laſt on *Amwell*, his *favourite ſcene*; of which he gives a more particular and more graphical view. Scarcely any thing of the deſcriptive kind can be more poetical than the farewell addreſs to the ſcene and ſubject of this elegant poem. It is rendered intereſting by the introduction of hiſtorical incidents, apt alluſions, and moral reflections. Introduced are Iſaac Walto, the ſcene of whoſe "Angler's Dialogues" is the Vale of Lee; William Warner, the author of "Albion's England," who reſided here; Thomas Haſſal, vicar of *Amwell*, who, like the good Biſhop of Marſeilles, performed his parochial duty during the plague in 1603 and 1625; and Mr. Hoole, *the Britiſh Taſſo*, his future biographer, who thither

> ——— Oft from buſy ſcenes,
> To rural calm and letter'd eaſe retires.

In his *Amœbean Eclogues*, the rural imagery that is introduced and illuſtrated by notes, is new and Linnæan; though ſome of his plants and ſhrubs, like the barbarous town in Horace, no verſification can make poetical—*verſu dicere non eſt*. They evince, however, ſtrong powers of appropriate and diſcriminating deſcription, natural and pathetic ſentiment, and correct and ſpirited verſification.

His *Oriental Eclogues* have little to fear from a compariſon with any of their predeceſſors. Like thoſe of Collins, they have deſcription, incident, ſentiment, and moral; they have ſimplicity of thought, and melody of language. To deſcribe the manners and habits of life of a people, and the ſcenery of a country that is known, and known too but imperfectly, by the deſcription of others, is a taſk of conſiderable difficulty. Of the numerous attempts of this kind, whether in proſe or verſe, there are few, perhaps, will ſtand the teſt of examination. Should it poſſibly be objected to Scott,

that he has not wholly escaped the impropriety of sometimes blending European with Asiatic ideas, he has, however, other beauties, that will more than atone for what, perhaps, in an Englishman might be unavoidable. They breathe a spirit of humanity and poetry, that does equal honour to his heart and his understanding. In the East Indian eclogue, intituled *Serim*, or *the Artificial Famine*, the misery and destruction accumulated, some years ago, on the Gentoo natives of Bengal, &c. by the monopoly of rice, are painted in strong colours, and exhibit a picture of our unfeeling countrymen, from which we turn with horror, to scenes not less horrid, though long past in the West.

*The Mexican Prophecy* is a spirited production. On the approach of *Cortez* to the neighbourhood of Mexico, the Emperor Montezuma sent a number of magicians to attempt the destruction of the Spanish army. As the sorcerers were practising their incantations, a demon appeared to them in the form of their idol *Tlcatlepuca*, and foretold the fall of the Mexican empire. On this legend is founded the ode, of which the conclusion approaches to sublimity. Respecting the general poetical merit of his *Essay on Painting*, *Epistles*, and *Odes*, the present writer is happy to coincide in judgment with Mr. Hoole. His *Sonnets* are correct and elegant, and will be read with pleasure; though they do not possess all the appropriate excellencies of this species of verse. His verses on the *Æolian Harp*, and on *Fear*, are spirited and poetical. But there is not, perhaps, in the whole compass of his poetry, any thing more expressive of his philanthropical affections and comprehensive benevolence, than the following little *Ode*. It is truly British, and truly humane.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round;
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace, and glittering arms;
And when Ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows tears, and orphans moans;
And all that Misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

His *Critical Essays* are no inconsiderable addition to his fame. They have much merit, in the mode of criticism which he has pursued. In the minuteness and rigour of his examination, he approaches to the inquisitorial strictness of Dr Johnson. This exactness, however, is sometimes misapplied, and sometimes leads him into error. Just observations are sometimes mixed with faults. Some peculiar words and phrases do not produce a pleasing effect; but, on the whole, they may be read by an ardent young poet with advantage.

# THE WORKS OF SCOTT.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Such of the following pieces as were formerly publiſhed having been honoured with general approbation, any apology for reprinting them muſt be unneceſſary. The others, which conſtitute the principal part of this volume, it is apprehended, are not of inferior merit; and the whole may, perhaps, afford an innocent and agreeable amuſement to the lovers of nature and poetry.

*Amwell*, 1782.

## MORAL ECLOGUES.

At ſecura quies, et neſcia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum; at latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus; at frigida Tempe,
Mugituſque boum, molleſque ſub arbore ſomni
Non abſunt. Illic ſaltus, ac luſtra ferarum,
Et patiens operum parvoque aſſueta juventus,
Sacra deûm, ſanctique patres: extrema per illos
Juſtitia excedens terris veſtigia fecit.

Virg. Georg II. l. 467.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

The moſt rational definition of paſtoral poetry ſeems to be that of the learned and ingenious Dr. Johnſon, in the 37th number of his Rambler. 'Paſtoral,' ſays he, 'being the repreſentation of an 'action or paſſion, by its effects on a country life, has nothing peculiar, but its confinement to ru-'ral imagery, without which it ceaſes to be paſtoral.' This theory the author of the following eclogues has endeavoured to exemplify.

### ECLOGUE I.

THERON; OR, THE PRAISE OF RURAL LIFE.

*Scene, a Heath:—Seaſon, Spring; Time, Morning.*

Fair Spring o'er nature held her gentleſt ſway,
Fair morn diffus'd around her brighteſt ray;
Thin miſts hung hovering on the diſtant trees,
Or roll'd from off the fields before the breeze.
The ſhepherd Theron watch'd his fleecy train,
Beneath a broad oak, on the graſſy plain.
A heath's green wild lay pleaſant to his view,
With ſhrubs and field-flowers deck'd of varied hue:
There hawthorns tall their ſilver bloom diſcloſ'd,
Here flexile broom's bright yellow interpoſ'd;
There purple orchis, here pale daiſies ſpread,
And ſweet May lilies richeſt odours ſhed.
From many a copſe and bloſſom'd orchard near,
The voice of birds melodious charm'd the ear;
There ſhrill the lark, and ſoft the linnet ſung,
And loud through air the throſtle's muſic rung,
The gentle ſwain the cheerful ſcene admir'd;
The cheerful ſcene the ſong of joy inſpir'd.
'Chant on,' he cry'd, 'ye warblers on the ſpray!
'Bleat on, ye flocks, that in the paſtures play!
'Low on, ye herds, that range the dewy vales!
'Murmur, ye rills! and whiſper ſoft, ye gales!
'How bleſt my lot, in theſe ſweet fields aſſign'd,
'Where peace and leiſure ſooth the tuneful mind;
'Where yet ſome pleaſing veſtiges remain
'Of unperverted nature's golden reign.
'When love and virtue rang'd Arcadian ſhades,
'With unde-ſigning youths and artleſs maids!
'For us, though deſtin'd to a later time,
'A leſs luxuriant ſoil, leſs genial clime,
'For us the country boaſts enough to charm,
'In the wild woodland or the cultur'd farm
'Come, Cynthio, come! in town no longer ſtay
'From crowds, and noiſe, and folly, haſte away!
'The fields, the meads, the trees, are all in bloom,
'The vernal ſhowers awake a rich perfume,

' Where Damon's manſion, by the glaſſy ſtream,
' Rears its white walls that through green wil-
' lows gleam,
' Annual the neighbours hold their ſhearing-day;
' And blithe youths come, and nymphs in neat array:
' Thoſe ſhear their ſheep, upon the ſmooth turf
' laid,
' In the broad plane's or trembling poplar's ſhade;
' Theſe for their friends th' expected feaſt pro-
' vide,
' Beneath cool bowers along th' encloſure's ſide.
' To view the toil, the glad repaſt to ſhare,
' Thy Delia, my Melania, ſhall be there;
' Each, kind and faithful to her faithful ſwain,
' Loves the calm pleaſures of the paſtoral plain.
' Come, Cynthio, come! If towns and crowds in-
' vite,
' And noiſe and folly promiſe high delight;
' Soon the tir'd ſoul diſguſted turns from theſe—
' The rural proſpect, only, long can pleaſe!'

## ECLOGUE II.

### PALEMON; OR, BENEVOLENCE.

*Scene, a Wood-ſide on the Brow of a Hill:—Seaſon, Summer; Time, Forenoon.*

BRIGHT fleecy clouds flew ſcattering o'er the ſky,
And ſhorten'd ſhadows ſhow'd that noon was
nigh;
When two young ſhepherds, in the upland ſhade,
Their liſtleſs limbs upon the greenſward laid.
Surrounding groves the wandering ſight confin'd—
All, ſave where, weſtward, one wide landſcape
ſhin'd,
Down in the dale were neat encloſures ſeen,
The winding hedge-row and the thicket green;
Rich marſh land next a gloſſy level ſhow'd,
And through gray willows ſilver rivers flow'd:
Beyond, high hills with towers and villas crown'd,
And waving foreſts, form'd the proſpect's bound.
Sweet was the covert where the ſwains reclin'd!
There ſpread the wild roſe, there the woodbine
twin'd; [ground,
There ſtood the green fern; there, o'er the graſſy
Sweet camomile and alehoof crept around;
And centaury red and yellow cinquefoil grew,
And ſcarlet campion, and cyanus blue;
And tufted thyme, and marjoram's purple bloom,
And ruddy ſtrawberries yielding rich perfume.
Gay flies their wings on each fair flower diſplay'd,
And labouring bees a lulling murmur made.
Along the brow a path delightful lay;
Slow by the youths Palemon chanc'd to ſtray,
A bard, who often to the rural throng,
At vacant hours rehears'd the moral ſong!
The ſong the ſhepherds crav'd; the ſage reply'd:
' As late my ſteps forſook the fountain ſide,
' Adown the green lane by the beechen grove,
' Their flocks young Pironel and Larvon drove;
' With us perchance they'll reſt a while'—The
ſwains [plains:
Approach'd the ſhade; their ſheep ſpread o'er the
Silent they view'd the venerable man,
Whoſe voice melodious thus the lay began:
What Alcon ſung where Eveſham's vales extend,
I ſing; ye ſwains, your pleas'd attention lend!

' There long with him the rural life I led,
' His fields I cultur'd, and his flocks I fed.
' Where, by the hamlet road upon the green,
' Stood pleaſant cots with trees diſpers'd between,
' Beſide his door, as waving o'er his head
' A lofty elm its ruſtling foliage ſpread,
' Frequent he ſat; while all the village train
' Preſs'd round his ſeat, and liſten'd to his ſtrain.
' And once of fair Benevolence he ſung,
' And thus the tuneful numbers left his tongue:
" Ye youth of Avon's banks, of Bredon's groves,
" Sweet ſcenes, where plenty reigns, and plea-
" ſure roves!
" Woo to your bowers benevolence the fair,
" Kind as your ſoil, and gentle as your air.
" She comes! her tranquil ſtep, and placid eye,
" Fierce rage, fell hate, and ruthleſs avarice fly.
" She comes! her heav'nly ſmiles, with power-
" ful charm, [arm.
" Smooth care's rough brow, and reſt toil's weary
" She comes! ye ſhepherds, importune her ſtay!
" While your fair farms exuberant wealth diſplay,
" While herds and flocks their annual increaſe
" yield,
" And yellow harveſts load the fruitful field;
" Beneath grim want's inexorable reign,
" Pale ſickneſs, oft, and feeble age complain!
" Why this unlike allotment, ſave to ſhow,
" That who poſſeſs, poſſeſs but to beſtow?"
Palemon ceas'd.—' Sweet is the ſound of gales
' Amid green oſiers in the winding vales;
' Sweet is the lark's loud note on ſunny hills,
' What time fair morn the ſky with fragrance fills;
' Sweet is the nightingale's love-ſoothing ſtrain,
' Heard by ſtill waters on the moonlight plain?
' But not the gales that through green oſiers play,
' Nor lark's nor nightingale's melodious lay,
' Pleaſe like ſmooth numbers by the muſe in-
' ſpir'd!'—
Larvon reply'd, and homeward all retir'd.

## ECLOGUE III.

### ARMYN; OR, THE DISCONTENTED.

*Scene, a Valley:—Seaſon, Summer; Time, Afternoon.*

SUMMER o'er heav'n diffus'd ſereneſt blue,
And painted earth with many a pleaſing hue;
When Armyn mus'd the vacant hour away,
Where willows o'er him wav'd their pendant
ſpray.
Cool was the ſhade, and cool the paſſing gale,
And ſweet the proſpect of the adjacent vale:
The fertile ſoil, profuſe of plants, beſtow'd
The crowfoot's gold, the trefoil's purple ſhow'd,
The ſpiky mint rich fragrance breathing round,
And meadſweet tall with tufts of flowretscrown'd,
And comfry white, and hoary ſilver weed,
The bending oſier, and the ruſtling reed.
There, where clear ſtreams about green iſlands
ſpread,
Fair flocks and herds, the wealth of Armyn fed;
There, on the hill's ſoft ſlope, delightful view!
Fair fields of corn, the wealth of Armyn grew;
His ſturdy hinds, a ſlow laborious band,
Swept their bright ſcythes along the level land:

Blithe youths and maidens nimbly near them paſt,
And the thick ſwarth in careleſs wind-rows caſt.
Full on the landſcape ſhone the weſtering ſun,
When thus the ſwain's ſoliloquy begun:
' Haſte down, O ſun, and cloſe the tedious day!
' Time to the unhappy ſlowly moves away.
' Not ſo to me, in Roden's ſylvan bowers, [hours;
' Paſs'd youth's ſhort bliſsful reign of careleſs
' When to my view the fancy'd future lay,
' A region ever tranquil, ever gay.
' O then, what ardours did my breaſt inflame!
' What thoughts were mine, of friendſhip, love
' and fame!
' How taſteleſs life, now all its joys are try'd,
' And warm purſuits in dull repoſe ſubſide!'
He paus'd: his cloſing words Albino heard,
As down the ſtream his little boat he ſteer'd;
His hand releas'd the ſail, and dropt the oar,
And moor'd the light ſkiff on the ſedgy ſhore.
' Ceaſe, gentle ſwain,' he ſaid; ' no more, in vain,
' Thus make paſt pleaſure cauſe of preſent pain!
' Ceaſe, gentle ſwain,' he ſaid; ' from thee alone
' Are youth's bleſt hours and fancy'd proſpects
' flown?
' Ah no!—remembrance to my view reſtores
' Dear native fields, which now my ſoul deplores;
' Rich hills and vales, and pleaſant village ſcenes
' Of oaks, whoſe wide arms ſtretch'd o'er daiſied
' greens,
' And windmill's ſails flow-circling in the breeze;
' And cottage walls envelop'd half with trees—
' Sweet ſcenes, where beauty met the raviſh'd ſight,
' And muſic often gave the ear delight;
' Where Delia's ſmile, and Mira's tuneful ſong,
' And Damon's converſe, charm'd the youthful
' throng! [plains,
' How chang'd, alas, how chang'd!—O'er all our
' Proud Norval now in lonely grandeur reigns;
' His wide-ſpread park a waſte of verdure lies,
' And his vaſt villa's glittering roofs ariſe.
' For me, hard fate!—But ſay, ſhall I complain?
' Theſe limbs yet active, life's ſupport obtain.
' Let us, or good or evil as we ſhare,
' That thankful prize, and this with patience bear.'
The ſoft reproach touch'd Armyn's gentle breaſt;
His alter'd brow a placid ſmile expreſt.
' Calm as clear ev'nings after vernal rains,
' When all the air a rich perfume retains,
' My mind,' ſaid he, ' its murmurs driv'n away,
' Feels truth's full force, and bows to reaſon's
' ſway!'
He ceas'd: the ſun, with horizontal beams,
Gilt the green mountains, and the glittering ſtreams.
Slow down the tide before the ſinking breeze
Albino's white ſail gleam'd among the trees;
Slow down the tide his winding courſe he bore
To wat'ry Talgar's aſpin-ſhaded ſhore.
Slow croſs the valley, to the ſouthern hill,
The ſteps of Armyn ſought the diſtant vill, [roſe;
Where through tall elms the moſs-grown turret
And his fair manſion offer'd ſweet repoſe.

## ECLOGUE IV.

### LYCORON; OR, THE UNHAPPY.

*Scene, a Valley; Seaſon, Autumn; Time, Evening.*

The matron, Autumn, held her ſober reign
O'er fading foliage on the ruſſet plain;
Mild evening came; the moon began to riſe,
And ſpread pale luſtre o'er unclouded ſkies.
'Twas ſilence all—ſave where along the road
The ſlow wane grating bore its cumb'rous load;
Save where broad rivers roll'd their waves away,
And ſcreaming herons ſought their wat'ry prey—
When hapleſs Damon, in Algorno's vale,
Pour'd his ſoft ſorrows on the paſſing gale.
' That grace of ſhape, that elegance of air,
' That blooming face ſo exquiſitely fair;
' That eye of brightneſs, bright as morning's ray,
' That ſmile of ſoftneſs, ſoft as cloſing day,
' Which bound my ſoul to thee; all, all are fled—
' All loſt in dreary manſions of the dead!
' Ev'n him, whom diſtance from his love divides,
' Toil'd on ſcorch'd ſands, or toſt on rolling tides,
' Kind hope ſtill cheers, ſtill paints, to ſooth his
pain,
' The happy moment when they meet again.
' Far worſe my lot! of hope bereft, I mourn!—
' The parted ſpirit never can return!'
Thus Damon ſpoke, as in the cypreſs gloom
He hung lamenting o'er his Delia's tomb.
In the ſtill valley where they wander'd near,
Two gentle ſhepherds chanc'd his voice to hear:
Lycoron's head time's hand had ſilver'd o'er,
And Milo's cheek youth's roſy bluſhes bore.
' How mournful,' ſaid Lycoron, ' flows that
' ſtrain!
' It brings paſt miſeries to my mind again.
' When the blithe village, on the vernal green,
' Sees its fair daughters in the dance convene;
' And youth's light ſtep in ſearch of pleaſure ſtrays,
' And his fond eyes on beauty fix their gaze;
' Should'ſt thou, then lingering midſt the lovely
' train,
' Wiſh ſome young charmer's eaſy heart to gain,
' Mark well, that reaſon love's purſuit approve,
' Ere thy ſoft arts her tender paſſions move:
' Elſe, though thy thoughts in ſummer regions
range,
' Calm ſunny climes that ſeem to fear no change;
' Rude winter's rage will ſoon the ſcene deform,
' Dark with thick cloud, and rough with battering
ſtorm!
' When parents interdict, and friends diſſuade,
' The prudent cenſure, and the proud upbraid;
' Think! all their efforts then ſhalt thou diſdain,
' Thy faith, thy conſtancy, unmov'd, maintain?
' To Iſca's fields me once ill-fortune led;
' In Iſca's fields her flocks Zelinda fed:
' There oft, when ev'ning, on the ſilent plain,
' Commenc'd with ſweet ſerenity her reign,
' Along green groves, or down the winding dales,
' The fair one liſten'd to my tender tales;
' Then when her mind, or doubt, or fear, diſtreſt,
' And doubt, or fear, her anxious eyes oppreſt,
" O no!" ſaid I, " let oxen quit the mead,
" With climbing goats on craggy cliffs to feed;
" Before the hare the hound affrighted fly,
" And larks purſue the falcon through the ſky;
" Streams ceaſe to flow, and winds to ſtir the lake,
" If I, unfaithful, ever thee forſake!—"
' What my tongue utter'd then, my heart be-
' liev'd:
' O wretched heart, ſelf-flatter'd and deceiv'd!
' Fell ſlander's arts the virgin's fame accus'd;
' And whom my love had choſe, my pride refus'd.

'For me, that cheek did tears of grief diſtain?
'To me, that voice in anguiſh plead in vain?
'What fiend relentleſs then my ſoul poſſeſt?
'Oblivion hide! for ever hide the reſt!
'Too well her innocence and truth were prov'd;
'Too late my pity and my juſtice mov'd!' [expreſt;
He ceas'd, with groans that more than words
And ſmote in agony his aged breaſt.

His friend reply'd not; but, with ſoothing ſtrains
Of ſolemn muſic, ſought to eaſe his pains:
Soft flow'd the notes, as gales that waft perfume
From cowſlip meads, or linden boughs in bloom.
Peace o'er their minds a calm compoſure caſt;
And ſlowly down the ſhadowy vale in penſive mood they paſt.

# ELEGIES; DESCRIPTIVE AND MORAL.

## ELEGY I.

WRITTEN AT THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

STERN Winter hence with all his train removes,
And cheerful ſkies and limpid ſtreams are ſeen;
Thick-ſprouting foliage decorates the groves;
Reviving herbage clothes the fields with green.

Yet lovelier ſcenes th' approaching months prepare;
Kind ſpring's full bounty ſoon will be diſplay'd;
The ſmile of beauty ev'ry vale ſhall wear;
The voice of ſong enliven ev'ry ſhade.

O fancy, paint not coming days too fair!
Oft for the proſpects ſprightly May ſhould yield
Rain-pouring clouds have darken'd all the air,
Or ſnows untimely whiten'd o'er the field:

But ſhould kind ſpring her wonted bounty ſhow'r,
The ſmile of beauty, and the voice of ſong;
If gloomy thought the human mind o'erpower,
Ev'n vernal hours glide unenjoy'd along.

I ſhun the ſcenes where madd'ning paſſion raves,
Where pride and folly high dominion hold,
And unrelenting avarice drives her ſlaves
O'er proſtrate virtue, in purſuit of gold.

The graſſy lane, the wood-ſurrounded field, [gay,
The rude ſtone fence with fragrant wallflow'rs
The clay-built cot, to me more pleaſure yield,
Than all the pomp imperial domes diſplay:

And yet even here, amid theſe ſecret ſhades,
Theſe ſimple ſcenes of unreprov'd delight,
Affliction's iron hand my breaſt invades,
And death's dread dart is ever in my ſight.

While genial ſuns to genial ſhow'rs ſucceed
(The air all mildneſs, and the earth all bloom);
While herds and flocks range ſportive o'er the mead,
Crop the ſweet herb, and ſnuff the rich perfume;

O why alone to hapleſs man deny'd
To taſte the bliſs inferior beings boaſt?
O why this fate, that fear and pain divide
His few ſhort hours on earth's delightful coaſt?

Ah ceaſe—no more of Providence complain!
'Tis ſenſe of guilt that wakes the mind to woe,
Gives force to fear, adds energy to pain,
And palls each joy by Heav'n indulg'd below:

Why elſe the ſmiling infant-train ſo bleſt,
Ere ill propenſion ripens into ſin,
Ere wild deſire inflames the youthful breaſt,
And dear-bought knowledge ends the peace within?

As to the bleating tenants of the field,
As to the ſportive warblers on the trees,
To them their joys ſincere the ſeaſons yield,
And all their days and all their proſpects pleaſe;

Such mine, when firſt from London's crowded ſtreets, [hills,
Rov'd my young ſteps to Surry's wood-crown'd
O'er new-blown meads that breath'd a thouſand ſweets,
By ſhady coverts and by cryſtal rills.

O happy hours, beyond recov'ry fled!
What ſhare I now that can your loſs repay,
While o'er my mind theſe glooms of thought are ſpread,
And veil the light of life's meridian ray?

Is there no power this darkneſs to remove?
The long-loſt joys of Eden to reſtore?
Or raiſe our views to happier ſeats above, [more?
Where fear, and pain, and death, ſhall be no

Yes, thoſe there are who know a Saviour's love
The long-loſt joys of Eden to reſtore,
And raiſe their views to happier ſeats above,
Where fear, and pain, and death, ſhall be no more:

Theſe grateful ſhare the gifts of nature's hand;
And in the varied ſcenes that round them ſhine
(Minute and beautiful, or rude and grand),
Admire th' amazing workmanſhip divine.

Blows not a flow'ret in th' enamell'd vale,
Shines not a pebble where the riv'let ſtrays,
Sports not an inſect on the ſpicy gale,
But claims their wonder, and excites their praiſe.

For them ev'n vernal nature looks more gay,
For them more lively hues the fields adorn;
To them more fair the faireſt ſmile of day,
To them more ſweet the ſweeteſt breath of morn.

They feel the bliſs that hope and faith ſupply;
They paſs ſerene th' appointed hours that bring

The day that wafts them to the realms on high,
The day that centers in eternal ſpring.

## ELEGY II.

WRITTEN IN THE HOT WEATHER, JULY 1757.

THREE hours from noon the paſſing ſhadow ſhows,
The ſultry breeze glides faintly o'er the plains,
The dazzling ether fierce and fiercer glows,
And human nature ſcarce its rage ſuſtains.

Now ſtill and vacant is the duſky ſtreet,
And ſtill and vacant all yon fields extend,
Save where thoſe ſwains, oppreſs'd with toil and heat,
The graſſy harveſt of the mead attend.

Loſt is the lively aſpect of the ground,
Low are the ſprings, the reedy ditches dry;
No verdant ſpot in all the vale is found,
Save what yon ſtream's unfailing ſtores ſupply.

Where are the flow'rs, the garden's rich array?
Where is their beauty, where their fragrance fled?
Their ſtems relax, faſt fall their leaves away,
They fade and mingle with their duſty bed:

All but the natives of the torrid zone,
What Afric's wilds, or Peru's fields diſplay,
Pleas'd with a clime that imitates their own,
They lovelier bloom beneath the parching ray.

Where is wild nature's heart-reviving ſong,
That fill'd in genial ſpring the verdant bow'rs?
Silent in gloomy woods the feather'd throng
Pine through this long, long courſe of ſultry hours.

Where is the dream of bliſs by ſummer brought?
The walk along the riv'let-water'd vale?
The field with verdure clad, with fragrance fraught?
The ſun mild-beaming, and the fanning gale?

The weary ſoul imagination cheers,
Her pleaſing colours paint the future gay:
Time paſſes on, the truth itſelf appears,
The pleaſing colours inſtant fade away.

In diff'rent ſeaſons diff'rent joys we place,
And theſe will ſpring ſupply, and ſummer theſe;
Yet frequent ſtorms the bloom of ſpring deface,
And ſummer ſcarcely brings a day to pleaſe.

O for ſome ſecret ſhady cool receſs,
Some Gothic dome o'erhung with darkſome trees,
Where thick damp walls this raging heat repreſs,
Where the long aiſle invites the lazy breeze!

But why theſe plaints?—reflect, nor murmur more—
Far worſe their fate in many a foreign land;
The Indian tribes on Darien's ſwampy ſhore,
The Arabs wand'ring over Mecca's ſand.

Far worſe, alas! the feeling mind ſuſtains, [ſhame;
Rack'd with the poignant pangs of fear or
The hopeleſs lover bound in beauty's chains,
The bard whom envy robs of hard-earn'd fame;

He, who a father or a mother mourns,
Or lovely conſort loſt in early bloom;
He, whom fell Febris, rapid fury, burns,
Or Phthiſis flow leads ling'ring to the tomb—

Leſt man ſhould ſink beneath the preſent pain;
Leſt man ſhould triumph in the preſent joy;
For him th' unvarying laws of Heav'n ordain,
Hope in his ills, and to his bliſs alloy.

Fierce and oppreſſive is the heat we bear,
Yet not unuſeful to our humid ſoil;
Thence ſhall our fruits a richer flavour ſhare,
Thence ſhall our plains with riper harveſts ſmile.

Reflect, nor murmur more—for good in all,
Heaven gives the due degrees of drought or rain;
Perhaps ere morn, refreſhing ſhow'rs may fall,
Nor ſoon yon ſun riſe blazing fierce again:

Ev'n now behold the grateful change at hand!
Hark, in the eaſt loud-bluſt'ring gales ariſe;
Wide and more wide the dark'ning clouds expand,
And diſtant lightnings flaſh along the ſkies!

O, in the awful concert of the ſtorm,
While hail, and rain, and wind, and thunder join;
May deep-felt gratitude my ſoul inform,
May joyful ſongs of rev'rent praiſe be mine!

## ELEGY III.

WRITTEN IN HARVEST.

FAREWELL the pleaſant violet-ſcented ſhade,
The primros'd hill, and daiſy-mantled mead;
The furrow'd land, with ſpringing corn array'd;
The ſunny wall, with bloomy branches ſpread:

Farewell the bow'r with bluſhing roſes gay;
Farewell the fragrant trefoil-purpled field;
Farewell the walk through rows of new-mown hay,
When ev'ning breezes mingled odours yield:

Of theſe no more—now round the lonely farms,
Where jocund plenty deigns to fix her ſeat;
Th' autumnal landſcape op'ning all its charms,
Declares kind nature's annual work complete.

In diff'rent parts what diff'rent views delight,
Where on neat ridges waves the golden grain;
Or where the bearded barley dazzling white,
Spreads o'er the ſteepy ſlope or wide champaign.

The ſmile of morning gleams along the hills,
And wakeful labour calls her ſons abroad;
They leave with cheerful look their lowly vills,
And bid the fields reſign their ripen'd load.

In various taſks engage the ruſtic bands,
And here the ſcythe, and there the ſickle wield;
Or rear the new-bound ſheaves along the lands,
Or range in heaps the ſwarths upon the field.

Some build the ſhocks, ſome load the ſpacious wains,
Some lead to ſhelt'ring barns the fragrant corn;
Some form tall ricks, that tow'ring o'er the plains
For many a mile, the homeſtead yards adorn.—

The rattling car with verdant branches crown'd,
The joyful ſwains that raiſe the clam'rous ſong,
Th' encloſure gates thrown open all around,
The ſtubble peopled by the gleaning throng.

Soon mark glad harveſt o'er—Ye rural lords,
Whoſe wide domains o'er Albion's iſle extend;

Think whose kind hand your annual wealth affords,
And bid to Heaven your grateful praise ascend!

For though no gift spontaneous of the ground
Rose these fair crops that made your valleys smile,
Though the blithe youth of every hamlet round
Pursued for these through many a day their toil;

Yet what avail your labours or your cares?
Can all your labours, all your cares, supply
Bright suns, or soft'ning show'rs, or tepid airs,
Or one indulgent influence of the sky?

For Providence decrees, that we obtain
With toil each blessing destin'd to our use;
But means to teach us, that our toil is vain
If he the bounty of his hand refuse.

Yet, Albion, blame not what thy crime demands,
While this sad truth the blushing muse betrays—
More frequent echoes o'er thy harvest lands,
The voice of riot than the voice of praise.

Prolific though thy fields, and mild thy clime,
Realms fam'd for fields as rich, for climes as fair,
Have fall'n the prey of famine, war, and time,
And now no semblance of their glory bear.

Ask Palestine, proud Asia's early boast,
Where now the groves that pour'd her wine and oil;
Where the fair towns that crown'd her wealthy coast;
Where the glad swains that till'd her fertile soil:

Ask, and behold, and mourn her hapless fall!
Where rose fair towns, where toil'd the jocund swain,
Thron'd on the naked rock and mould'ring wall,
Pale want and ruin hold their dreary reign.

Where Jordan's valleys smil'd in living green,
Where Sharon's flow'rs disclos'd their varied hues,
The wand'ring pilgrim views the alter'd scene,
And drops the tear of pity as he views.

Ask Grecia, mourning o'er her ruin'd tow'rs,
Where now the prospects charm'd her bards of old,
Her corn-clad mountains and Elysian bow'rs,
And silver streams through fragrant meadows roll'd?

Where freedom's praise along the vale was heard,
And town to town return'd the fav'rite sound;
Where patriot war her awful standard rear'd,
And brav'd the millions Persia pour'd around?

There freedom's praise no more the valley cheers,
There patriot war no more her banner waves;
Nor bard, nor sage, nor martial chief appears,
But stern barbarians rule a land of slaves.

Of mighty realms are such the poor remains?
Of mighty realms that fell, when mad with pow'r,
They call'd for vice to revel on their plains;
The monster doom'd their offspring to devour!

O Albion! wouldst thou shun their mournful fate,
To shun their follies and their crimes be thine;
And woo to linger in thy fair retreat,
The radiant virtues, progeny divine!

Fair truth, with dauntless eye and aspect bland;
Sweet peace whose brow no angry frown deforms;
Soft charity, with over-open hand;
And courage, calm amid surrounding storms.

O lovely train! O haste to grace our isle!
So may the pow'r who ev'ry blessing yields,
Bid on her clime serenest seasons smile,
And crown with annual wealth her far-fam'd fields.

## ELEGY IV.

WRITTEN AT THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

The sun far southward bends his annual way,
The bleak north-east wind lays the forests bare,
The fruit ungather'd quits the naked spray,
And dreary winter reigns o'er earth and air.

No mark of vegetable life is seen,
No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call;
Save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen,
Save the lone red-breast on the moss-grown wall.

Where are the sprightly prospects spring supply'd,
The may-flower'd hedges scenting every breeze;
The white flocks scatt'ring o'er th' mountain's side,
The woodlarks warbling on the blooming trees;

Where is gay summer's sportive insect train,
That in green fields on painted pinions play'd?
The herd at morn wide-pasturing o'er the plain,
Or throng'd at noon-tide in the willow shade?

Where is brown autumn's ev'ning mild and still,
What time the ripen'd corn fresh fragrance yields,
What time the village peoples all the hill,
And loud shouts echo o'er the harvest fields?

To former scenes our fancy thus returns,
To former scenes that little pleas'd when here!
Our winter chills us, and our summer burns,
Yet we dislike the changes of the year.

To happier lands then restless fancy flies,
Where Indian streams through green Savannahs flow;
Where brighter suns and ever tranquil skies
Bid new fruits ripen, and new flow'rets blow.

Let truth these fairer happier lands survey—
There frowning months descend in wat'ry storms;
Or nature faints amid the blaze of day,
And one brown hue the sun-burnt plain deforms.

There oft, as toiling in the sultry fields,
Or homeward passing on the shadeless way,
His joyless life the weary lab'rer yields,
And instant drops beneath the deathful ray.

Who dreams of nature, free from nature's strife?
Who dreams of constant happiness below?
The hope-flush'd ent'rer on the stage of life;
The youth to knowledge unchastis'd by woe.

For me, long toil'd on many a weary road,
Led by false hope in search of many a joy;

I find in earth's bleak clime no bleſt abode,
No place, no ſeaſon, ſacred from annoy:

For me, while winter rages round the plains,
With his dark days I human life compare;
Not thoſe more fraught with clouds, and winds, and rains,
Than this with pining pain and anxious care.

O! whence this wond'rous turn of mind our fate—
Whate'er the ſeaſon or the place poſſeſt,
We ever murmur at our preſent ſtate;
And yet the thought of parting breaks our reſt?

Why elſe, when heard in ev'ning's ſolemn gloom,
Does the ſad knell, that ſounding o'er the plain
Tolls ſome poor lifeleſs body to the tomb,
Thus thrill my breaſt with melancholy pain?

The voice of reaſon thunders in my ear: ſclay;
'Thus thou, ere long, muſt join thy kindred
'No more thoſe noſtrils breathe the vital air,
'No more thoſe eyelids open on the day!'

O winter, o'er me hold thy dreary reign!
Spread wide thy ſkies in darkeſt horrors dreſt!
Of their dread rage no longer I'll complain
Nor aſk an Eden for a tranſient gueſt.

Enough has Heaven indulg'd of joy below,
To tempt our tarriance in this lov'd retreat;
Enough has Heaven ordain'd of uſeful woe,
To make us languiſh for a happier ſeat.

There is, who deems all climes, all ſeaſons fair;
There is, who knows no reſtleſs paſſion's ſtrife;
Contentment, ſmiling at each idle care;
Contentment, thankful for the gift of life!

She finds in winter many a view to pleaſe;
The morning landſcape fring'd with froſt-work gay,
The ſun at noon ſeen through the leafleſs trees,
The clear calm ether at the cloſe of day:

She marks th' advantage ſtorms and clouds beſtow,
When bluſt'ring Caurus purifies the air;
When moiſt Aquarius pours the fleecy ſnow,
That makes th' impregnate glebe a richer harveſt bear:

She bids, for all, our grateful praiſe ariſe,
To him whoſe mandate ſpake the world to form;
Gay ſpring's gay bloom, and ſummer's cheerful ſkies,
And autumn's corn-clad field, and winter ſounding ſtorm.

## ELEGY V.

WRITTEN AT AMWELL, IN HERTFORDSHIRE, 1768.

O FRIEND! though ſilent thus thy tongue remains,
I read inquiry in thy anxious eye,
Why my pale cheek the frequent tear diſtains,
Why from my boſom burſts the frequent ſigh.

Long from theſe ſcenes detain'd in diſtant fields,
My mournful tale perchance eſcap'd thy ear:
Freſh grief to me the repetition yields;
Thy kind attention gives thee right to hear!

Foe to the world's purſuit of wealth and fame,
Thy Theron early from the world retir'd,
Left to the buſy throng each boaſted aim,
Nor aught, ſave peace in ſolitude, deſir'd.

A few choice volumes there could oft engage,
A few choice friends there oft amus'd the day;
There his lov'd parent's ſlow-declining age,
Life's calm unvary'd ev'ning, wore away.

Foe to the futile manners of the proud,
He choſe an humble virgin for his own;
A form with nature's faireſt gifts endow'd,
And pure as vernal bloſſoms newly blown.

Her hand ſhe gave, and with it gave a heart
By love engag'd, with gratitude impreſt,
Free without folly, prudent without art,
With wit accompliſh'd, and with virtue bleſt.

Swift paſs'd the hours; alas, to paſs no more!
Flown like the light clouds of a ſummer's day!
One beauteous pledge the beauteous conſort bore;
The fatal gift forbade the giver's ſtay.

Ere twice the ſun perform'd his annual round,
In one ſad ſpot where kindred aſhes lie,
O'er wife, and child, and parents, cloſ'd the ground;
The final home of man ordain'd to die!

O ceaſe at length, obtruſive mem'ry! ceaſe,
Nor in my view the wretched hours retain,
That ſaw diſeaſe on her dear life increaſe,
And med'cine's lenient arts eſſay'd in vain.

O the dread ſcene (in miſery how ſublime)!
Of love's vain pray'rs to ſtay her fleeting breath!
Suſpenſe that reſtleſs watch'd the flight of time,
And helpleſs dumb deſpair awaiting death!

O the dread ſcene!—'Tis agony to tell,
How o'er the couch of pain declin'd my head,
And took from dying lips the long farewell,
The laſt, laſt parting, ere her ſpirit fled.

'Reſtore her, Heaven, as from the grave retrieve—
'In each calm moment all things elſe reſign'd,
'Her looks, her language, ſhow how hard to leave
'The lov'd companion ſhe muſt leave behind.

'Reſtore her, Heaven! for once in mercy ſpare—'
Thus love's vain prayer in anguiſh interpos'd:
And ſoon ſuſpenſe gave place to dumb deſpair,
And o'er the paſt, death's ſable curtain cloſ'd—

In ſilence cloſ'd—My thoughts rov'd frantic round,
No hope, no wiſh beneath the ſun remain'd;
Earth, air, and ſkies one diſmal waſte I found,
One pale, dead, dreary blank, with horror ſtain'd.

O lovely flow'r, too fair for this rude clime!
O lovely morn, too prodigal of light!
O tranſient beauties, blaſted in their prime!
O tranſient glories, ſunk in ſudden night!

Sweet excellence, by all who knew thee mourn'd!
Where is that form, that mind, my ſoul admir'd;
That form, with every pleaſing charm adorn'd;
That mind, with every gentle thought inſpir'd?

The face with rapture view'd, I view no more;
The voice with rapture heard, no more I hear:

Yet the lov'd features mem'ry's eyes explore;
Yet the lov'd accents fall on mem'ry's ear.

Ah fad, fad change (fad fource of daily pain)!
That fenfe of lofs ineffable renews;
While my rack'd bofom heaves the figh in vain,
While my pale cheek the tear in vain bedews.

Still o'er the grave that holds the dear remains,
The mould'ring veil her fpirit left below,
Fond fancy dwells, and pours funereal ftrains,
The foul-diffolving melody of woe.

Nor mine alone to bear this painful doom,
Nor fhe alone the tear of fong obtains;
The mufe of Blagdon *, o'er Conftantia's tomb,
In all the eloquence of grief complains.

My friend's fair hope, like mine, fo lately gain'd;
His heart, like mine, in its true partner bleft;
Both from one caufe the fame diftrefs fuftain'd,
The fame fad hours beheld us both diftreft.

O human life! how mutable, how vain!
How thy wide forrows circumfcribe thy joy—
A funny ifland in a ftormy main,
A fpot of azure in a cloudy fky!

All-gracious Heaven! fince man, infatuate man,
Refts in thy works too negligent of thee,
Lays for himfelf on earth his little plan,
Dreads not, or diftant views mortality;

'Tis but to wake to nobler thought the foul,
To roufe us ling'ring on earth's flowery plain,
To virtue's path our wand'rings to controul,
Affliction frowning comes, thy miniſter of pain!

## AMWELL:

### A DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

THERE dwells a fond defire in human minds,
When pleas'd, their pleafure to extend to thofe
Of kindred taſte; and thence th' inchanting arts
Of picture and of fong, the femblance fair
Of nature's forms produce. This fond defire
Prompts me to ſing the lonely ſylvan ſcenes
Of Amwell; which, ſo ſoft in early youth,
While novelty enhanc'd their native charms,
Gave rapture to my ſoul; and often, ſtill,
On life's calm moments ſhed ſerener joy.
Deſcriptive muſe! whoſe hand along the ſtream
Of ancient Thames, through Richmond's ſhady groves,
And Sheen's fair valleys, once thy † Thomſon led,
And once o'er green Carmarthen's woody vales,
And ſunny landſkapes of Campania's plain,
Thy other favour'd bard ‡; thou, who ſo late,
In bowers by Clent's wild peakes §, to Shenſtone's car
Didſt bring ſweet ſtrains of rural melody,
(Alas no longer heard!)—vouchſafe thine aid:

From all our rich varieties of view,
What beſt may pleaſe, aſſiſt me to ſelect,
With art diſpoſe, with energy deſcribe,
And its full image on the mind impreſs.
And ye, who e'er in theſe delightful fields
Conſum'd with me the ſocial hour, while I
Your walk conducted o'er their loveliеſt ſpots,
And on their faireſt objects fix'd your ſight;
Accept this verſe, which may to memory call
That ſocial hour, and ſweetly varied walk!
And thou, by ſtrong connubial union mine;
Mine, by the ſtronger union of the heart;
In whom the loſs of parents and of friends,
And her, the firſt fair partner of my joys,
All recompens'd I find; whoſe preſence cheers
The ſoft domeſtic ſcene: Maria, come!
The country calls us forth; blithe ſummer's hand
Sheds ſweeteſt flowers, and morning's brighteſt ſmile
Illumines earth and air; Maria, come!
By winding pathways through the waving corn,
We reach the airy point that proſpect yields,
Not vaſt and awful, but confin'd and fair;
Not the black mountain and the foamy main:
Not the throng'd city and the buſy port;
But pleaſant interchange of ſoft aſcent,
And level plain, and growth of ſhady woods,
And twining courſe of rivers clear, and ſight
Of rural towns, and rural cots, whoſe roofs
Riſe ſcattering round, and animate the whole.
Far tow'rds the weſt, cloſe under ſheltering hills,
In verdant meads, by Lee's cerulean ſtream,
Hertford's gray towers * aſcends; the rude remains
Of high antiquity, from waſte eſcap'd
Of envious time, and violence of war.
For war there once, ſo tells th' hiſtoric page,
Led deſolation's ſteps: the hardy Dane,
By avarice lur'd, o'er ocean's ſtormy wave,
To ravage Albion's plains, his favourite ſeat,
There fix'd awhile; and there his caſtles rear'd
Among the trees; and there, beneath yon ridge
Of piny rocks, his conquering navy moor'd,
With idle ſails furl'd on the yard, and oars
Recumbent on the flood, and ſtreamers gay
Triumphant fluttering on the paſſing winds.
In fear, the ſhepherd on the lonely heath
Tended his ſcanty flock; the ploughman turn'd,
In fear, his haſty furrow: o'er the din
Of hoſtile arms alarm'd the ear, and flames
Of plunder'd towns through night's thick gloom from far
Gleam'd diſmal on the ſight: till Alfred came,
Till Alfred, father of his people, came,
Lee's rapid tide into new channels turn'd,
And left a-ground the Danian fleet, and forc'd

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* *See verſes written at Sandgate caſtle, in memory of a lady, by the late ingenious Dr. Langhorne.*

† *Thomſon, author of the Seaſons, reſided part of his life near Richmond.*

‡ *Dyer, Author of Grongar Hill; The ruins of Rome; and that excellent neglected poem, The Fleece.*

§ *The Clent-hills adjoin to Hagley-park, and are not far diſtant from the Leaſowes.*

* *In the beginning of the Heptarchy, the town of Hertford was accounted one of the principal cities of the Eaſt Saxons, where the kings of that province often kept their courts, and a parliamentary council, or national ſynod, was held, Sept. 24th, 673.* Chauncy's Hiſt. of Hertfordſhire, p. 237.

The foe to ſpeedy flight *. Then freedom's voice
Reviv'd the drooping ſwain; then plenty's hand
Recloth'd the deſert fields, and peace and love
Sat ſmiling by; as now they ſmiling ſit,
Obvious to fancy's eye, upon the ſide
Of yon bright ſunny theatre of hills,
Where Bengeo's villas riſe, and Ware Park's lawns
Spread their green ſurface, interſpers'd with groves
Of broad umbrageous oak, and ſpiry pine,
Tall elm, and linden pale, and bloſſom'd thorn,
Breathing mild fragrance, like the ſpicy gales
Of Indian iſlands. On the ample brow,
Where that white temple rears its pillar'd front
Half hid with gloſſy foliage, many a chief
Renown'd for martial deeds, and many a bard
Renown'd for ſong, have paſs'd the rural hour.
The gentle Fanſhaw † there, from "noiſe of
"camps,
"From courts diſeaſe retir'd ‡," delighted view'd
The gaudy garden fam'd in Wotton's page ‖;
Or in the verdant maze, or cool arcade,
Sat muſing, and from ſmooth Italian ſtrains
The ſoft Guarini's amorous lore transfus'd
Into rude Britiſh verſe. The warrior's arm
Now reſts from toil; the poet's tuneful tongue
In ſilence lies; frail man his lov'd domains
Soon quits for ever! they themſelves, by courſe
Of nature often, or caprice of art,
Experience change: even here, 'tis ſaid of old
Steep rocky cliffs roſe where yon gentle ſlopes
Mix with the vale; and fluctuating waves
Spread wide, where that rich vale with golden flowers
Shines, and where yonder winding chryſtal rill,
Slides through its ſmooth ſhorn margin, to the brink
Of Chadwell's azure pool. From Chadwell's pool
To London's plains, the Cambrian artiſt brought
His ample aqueduct *; ſuppos'd a work
Of matchleſs ſkill, by thoſe who near had heard
How, from Preneſte's heights and Anio's banks,
By Tivoli, to Rome's imperial walls,
On marble arches came the limpid ſtore,
And out of jaſper rocks in bright caſcades
With never-ceaſing murmur guſh'd; or how,
To Luſitanian Ulyſippo's towers †,
The ſilver current o'er Alcant'ra's vale
Roll'd high in air, as ancient poets feign'd
Eridanus to roll through heaven: to theſe
Not ſordid lucre, but the honeſt wiſh
Of future fame, or care for public weal,
Exiſtence gave; and unconfin'd, as dew
Falls from the hand of evening on the fields,
They flow'd for all. Our mercenary ſtream,
No grandeur boaſting, here obſcurely glides
O'er graſſy lawns or under willow ſhades.
As, through the human form, arterial tubes
Branch'd every way, minute and more minute,
The circulating ſanguine fluid extend;
So, pipes innumerable to peopled ſtreets
Tranſmit the purchas'd wave. Old Lee, meanwhile,
Beneath his moſſy grot o'erhung with boughs
Of poplar quivering in the breeze, ſurveys
With eye indignant his diminiſh'd tide ‡
That laves yon ancient priory's wall §, and ſhows
In its clear mirror Ware's inverted roofs.
Ware once was known to fame; to her fair fields
Whilom the Gothic tournament's proud pomp
Brought Albion's valiant youth and blooming maids:
Pleas'd with ideas of the paſt, the muſe
Bids fancy's pencil paint the ſcene, where they
In gilded barges on the glaſſy ſtream
Circled the reedy iſles, the ſportive dance
Along the ſmooth lawn led, or in the groves
Wander'd converſing, or reclin'd at eaſe
To harmony of lutes and voices ſweet
Reſign'd the enchanted ear; till ſudden heard
The ſilver trumpet's animating ſound
Summon'd the champions forth; on ſtately ſteeds,
In ſplendid armour clad, the ponderous lance
With ſtrenuous hand ſuſtaining, forth they came.
Where gay pavilions roſe upon the plain,
Or azure awnings ſtretch'd from tree to tree,

* *Towards the latter end of the year* 879, *the Danes advanced to the borders of Mercia, and erected two forts at Hertford on the Lee, for the ſecurity of their ſhips, which they had brought up that river. Here they were attacked by the Londoners, who were repulſed. But Alfred advanced with his army, and viewing the nature of their ſituation, turned the courſe of the ſtream, ſo that their veſſels were left on dry ground; a circumſtance which terrified them to ſuch a degree, that they abandoned their forts, and, flying towards the Severn, were purſued by Alfred as far as Quatbridge.* Smollet's Hiſt. of England, 8vo. Edition, vol. i. p. 183.

† *Sir Richard Fanſhaw, tranſlator of Guarini's Paſtor Fido, the Luſiad of Camoens, &c. He was ſon of Sir Henry Fanſhaw of Ware-Park, and is ſaid to have reſided much there. He was ambaſſador to Portugal, and afterwards to Spain, and died at Madrid in* 1666. *His body was brought to England and interred in Ware church, where his monument is ſtill exiſting. In Cibber's Lives of the Poets, it is erroneouſly aſſerted, that he was buried in All-ſaints church, Hertford.*

‡ *The words marked with inverted commas are part of a ſtanza of Fanſhaw's.*

‖ *See Reliquæ Wottonianæ, where the author makes a particular mention of the garden of Sir Henry Fanſhaw at Ware-Park, "as a delicate and diligent curioſity," remarkable for the nice arrangement of its flowers.*

* *The New River brought from Chadwell, a ſpring in the meadows between Hertford and Ware, by Sir Hugh Middleton, a native of Wales.*

† *The ancient name of Liſbon.*

‡ *A conſiderable part of the New River water is derived from the Lee, to the diſadvantage of the navigation on that ſtream.*

§ "*About the* 18*th of Henry* III. *Margaret, Counteſs of Leiceſter, and Lady of the Manor, founded a priory for friars in the north part of this town of Ware, and dedicated the ſame to St. Francis.*" Chauncy's Hiſt. of Hertfordſhire.

Mix'd with thick foliage, form'd a mimic ſky
Of grateful ſhade (as oft in Agra's ſtreets
The ſilken canopy from ſide to ſide
Extends to break the ſun's impetuous ray,
While monarchs paſs beneath); there ſat the fair,
A glittering train on coſtly carpets rang'd,
A group of beauties all in youthful prime,
Of various feature and of various grace!
The penſive languiſh, and the ſprightly air,
Th' engaging ſmile, and all the nameleſs charms
Which tranſient hope, or fear, or grief, or joy,
Wak'd in th' expreſſive eye, th' enamour'd heart
Of each young hero rous'd to daring deeds.
Nor this aught ſtrange, that thoſe whom love inſpir'd
Prov'd ev'ry means the lovely ſex to pleaſe:
'Tis ſtrange, indeed, how cuſtom thus could teach
The tender breaſt complacence in the ſight
Of barb'rous ſport, where friend from hand of friend
The fatal wound full oft receiv'd, and fell
A victim to falſe glory; as that day
Fell gallant Pembroke, while his pompous ſhow
Ended in ſilent gloom *. One pitying tear
To human frailty paid; my roving ſight
Purſues its pleaſing courſe o'er neighb'ring hills,
Where frequent hedge-rows interſect rich fields
Of many a different form and different hue,
Bright with ripe corn, or green with graſs, or dark [mount
With clover's purple bloom; o'er Widbury's
With that fair creſcent crown'd of lofty elms,
Its own peculi r boaſt; and o'er the woods
That round immure the deep ſequeſter'd dale
Of Langley ‡, down whoſe flow'r-embroider'd meads
Swift Aſh through pebbly ſhores meandering rolls,
Elyſian ſcene! as from the living world
Secluded quite; for of that world, to him
Whoſe wand'rings trace thy winding length, appears
No mark, ſave one white ſolitary ſpire
At diſtance riſing through the tufted trees—
Elyſian ſcene! recluſe as that, ſo fam'd
For ſolitude, by Warwick's ancient walls,
Where under umbrage of the moſſy cliff
Victorious Guy, ſo legends ſay, reclin'd
His hoary head beſide the ſilver ſtream,
In meditation rapt—Elyſian ſcene!
At ev'ning often, while the ſetting ſun
On the green ſummit of thy eaſtern groves
Pour'd full his yellow radiance; while the voice
Of zephyr whiſpering 'midſt the ruſtling leaves,
The ſound of water murmuring through the ſedge,
The turtle's plaintive call, and muſic ſoft
Of diſtant bells, whoſe ever varying notes
In flow ſad meaſure mov'd, combin'd to ſooth
The ſoul to ſweet ſolemnity of thought;
Beneath thy branchy bowers of thickeſt gloom,
Much on the imperfect ſtate of man I've mus'd:
How pain o'er half his hours her iron reign
Ruthleſs extends! how pleaſure from the path
Of innocence allures his ſteps; how hope
Directs his eye to diſtant joy, that flies
His fond purſuit; how fear his ſhuddering heart
Alarms with fancy'd ill; how doubt and care
Perplex his thought; how ſoon the tender roſe
Of beauty fades, the ſturdy oak of ſtrength
Declines to earth, and over all our pride
Stern time triumphant ſtands. From general fate
To private woes then oft has memory paſs'd,
And mourn'd the loſs of many a friend belov'd;
Of thee, de Horne, kind, generous, wife, and good!
And thee, my Turner, who, in vacant youth,
Here oft in converſe free, or ſtudious ſearch
Of claſſic lore, accompany'd my walk!
From Ware's green bowers, to Devon's myrtle vales,
Remov'd a while, with proſpect opening fair
Of uſeful life and honour in his view;
As falls the vernal bloom before the breath
Of blaſting Eurus, immature he fell!
The tidings reach'd my ear, and in my breaſt,
Aching with recent wounds *, new anguiſh wak'd.
When melancholy thus has chang'd to grief,
That grief in ſoft forgetfulneſs to loſe,
I've left the gloom for gayer ſcenes, and fought
Through winding paths of venerable ſhade,
The airy brow where that tall ſpreading beech
O'ertops ſurrounding groves, up rocky ſteeps,
Tree over tree diſpos'd; or ſtretching far
Their ſhadowy coverts down th' indented ſide
Of fair corn-fields; or pierc'd with ſunny glades,
That yield the caſual glimpſe of flowery meads
And ſhining ſilver rills; on theſe the eye
Then wont to expatiate pleas'd; or more remote
Survey'd yon vale of Lee, in verdant length
Of level lawn ſpread out to Kent's blue hills,
And the proud range of glitt'ring ſpires that riſe
In mity air on Thames's crowded ſhores.
How beautiful, how various, is the view
Of theſe ſweet paſtoral landſcapes! fair, perhaps
As thoſe renown'd of old, from Tabor's height,
Or Carmel ſeen; or thoſe, the pride of Greece,
Tempè or Arcady; or thoſe that grac'd
The banks of clear Elorus, or the ſkirts
Of thymy Hybla, where Sicilia's iſle
Smiles on the azure main; there once was heard

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* "*In the 25th of Henry III. on the 27th of* "*June, Gilbert Marſhall, Earl of Pembroke, a* "*potent peer of the realm, proclaimed here* [*at* "*Ware*] *a diſport of running on horſeback with* "*lances, which was then called a tournament.*" Chauncy's Hiſt. of Hertfordſhire.

"*At this tournament, the ſaid Gilbert was* "*ſlain by a fall from his horſe; Robert de Say,* "*one of his knights, was killed, and ſeveral* "*others wounded.*" Smollet's Hiſt. of England.

† *This delightful retreat, commonly called Langley-bottom, is ſituated about half a mile from Ware, and the ſame diſtance from Amwell. The ſcene is adapted to contemplation, and poſſeſſes ſuch capabilities of improvement, that the genius of a Shenſtone might eaſily convert it to a ſecond Leaſowes. The tranſition from this ſolitude to Widbury-Hill, is made in a walk of a few minutes, and the proſpect from that hill, in a fine evening, is beautiful beyond deſcription.*

* *See Elegy written at Amwell*, 1768.

The muſe's lofty lay.—How beautiful,
How various is yon view! delicious hills
Bounding ſmooth vales, ſmooth vales by winding ſtreams
Divided, that here glide through graſſy banks
In open ſun, there wander under ſhade
Of aſpen tall, or ancient elm, whoſe boughs
O'erhang gray caſtles, and romantic farms,
And humble cots of happy ſhepherd ſwains.
Delightful habitations! with the ſong
Of birds melodious charm'd, and bleat of flocks
From upland paſtures heard, and low of kine
Grazing the ruſhy mead, and mingled ſounds
Of falling waters and of whiſp'ring winds—
Delightful habitations! o'er the land
Diſpers'd around, from Waltham's oſier'd iſles
To where bleak Naſing's lonely tower o'erlooks
Her verdant fields; from Raydon's pleaſant groves
And Hunſdon's bowers on Stort's irriguous marge,
By Rhye's old walls, to Hodſdon's airy ſtreet;
From Haly's woodland to the flow'ry meads
Of willow-ſhaded Stanſted, and the ſlope
Of Amwell's mount, that crown'd with yellow corn;
There from the green flat, ſoftly ſwelling, ſhows
Like ſome bright vernal cloud by zephyr's breath
Juſt rais'd above the horizon's azure bound.
As one long travell'd on Italia's plains,
The land of pomp and beauty, ſtill his feet
On his own Albion joys to fix again;
So my pleas'd eye, which o'er the proſpect wide
Has wander'd round, and various objects mark'd,
On Amwell reſts at laſt, its favourite ſcene!
How picturеſque the view! where up the ſide
Of that ſteep bank, her roofs of ruſſet thatch
Riſe mix'd with trees, above whoſe ſwelling tops
Aſcends the tall church tow'r, and loftier ſtill
The hill's extended ridge. How picturеſque!
Where flow beneath that bank the ſilver ſtream
Glides by the flowery iſle, and willow groves
Wave on its northern verge, with trembling tufts
Of oſier intermix'd. How picturеſque
The ſlender group of airy elm, the clump
Of pollard oak, or aſh, with ivy brown
Entwin'd; the walnut's gloomy breadth of boughs,
The orchard's ancient fence of rugged pales,
The hayſtack's duſky cone, the moſs-grown ſhed,
The clay-built barn; the elder-ſhaded cot,
Whoſe white-waſh'd gable prominent through green
Of waving branches ſhows, perchance inſcrib'd
With ſome paſt owner's name, or rudely grac'd
With ruſtic dial, that ſcarcely ſerves to mark
Time's ceaſeleſs flight; the wall with mantling vines
Diverſpread, the porch with climbing woodbine wreath'd,
And under ſheltering eves the ſunny bench
Where brown hives range, whoſe buſy tenants fill,
With drowſy hum, the little garden gay,
Whence blooming beans, and ſpicy herbs, and flowers,
Exhale around a rich perfume! Here reſts
The empty wain; there idle lies the plough:
By Summer's hand unharneſs'd, here the ſteed,
Short eaſe enjoying, crops the daiſied lawn;
Here bleats the nurſling lamb, the heifer there
Waits at the yard-gate lowing. By the road,
Where the neat ale-houſe ſtands (ſo once ſtood thine,
Deſerted Auburn! in immortal ſong
Conſign'd to fame *), the cottage fire recounts
The praiſe he earn'd when croſs the field he drew
The ſtraighteſt furrow, or neateſt built the rick,
Or led the reaper band in ſultry noons
With unabating ſtrength, or won the prize
At many a crowded wake. Beſide her door,
The cottage matron whirls her circling wheel,
And jocund chants her lay. The cottage maid
Feeds from her loaded lap her mingled train
Of clamorous hungry fowls; or o'er the ſtile
Leaning with downcaſt look, the artleſs tale
Of ev'ning courtſhip hears. The ſportive troop
Of cottage children on the graſſy waſte
Mix in rude gambols, or the bounding ball
Circle from hand to hand, or ruſtic notes
Wake on their pipes of jointed reed: while near
The careful ſhepherd's frequent-falling ſtrokes
Fix on the fallow lea his hurdled fold.
Such rural life! ſo calm, it little yields
Of intereſting act, to ſwell the page
Of hiſtory or ſong; yet much the ſoul
Its ſweet ſimplicity delights, and oft
From noiſe of buſy towns, to fields and groves,
The muſe's ſons have fled to find repoſe.
Fam'd Walton †, erſt, the ingenious fiſher ſwain,
Oft our fair haunts explor'd, upon Lee's ſhore,
Beneath ſome green tree oft his angle laid,
His ſport ſuſpending to admire their charms.
He, who in verſe his country's ſtory told ‡,

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* *See The Deſerted Village, a beautiful poem, by the late Dr. Goldſmith.*

† *Iſaac Walton, author of The Complete Angler, an ingenious biographer, and no deſpicable poet. The ſcene of his Anglers' Dialogues, is the vale of Lee, between Tottenham and Ware; it ſeems to have been a place he much frequented: he particularly mentions Amwell-hill.*

‡ *William Warner, author of Albion's England, an Hiſtorical Poem; an epiſode of which, intituled* Argentile and Curan, *has been frequently reprinted, and is much admired by the lovers of old Engliſh poetry. The ingenious Dr. Percy, who has inſerted this piece in his Collection, obſerves, that, "though Warner's name is ſo ſeldom mentioned, his cotemporaries ranked him on a level "with Spenſer, and called them the Homer and Virgil "of their age;" that Warner was ſaid to have been "a Warwickſhire man, and to have been educated at "Magdalen Hall; that, in the latter part of his life, "he was retained in the ſervice of Henry Cary, Lord "Hunſdon, to whom he dedicates his poem; but that "more of his hiſtory is not known." Mrs. Cooper, in her Muſes' Library, after highly applauding his poetry, adds, "What were the circumſtances and accidents of "his life, we have hardly light enough to conjecture: "any more than, by his dedication, it appears he was in "the ſervice of the Lord Hunſdon, and acknowledges "very gratefully both father and ſon for his patrons and "benefactors."—By the following extract from the Pariſh Regiſter of Amwell, it may be reaſonable concluded, that Warner reſided for ſome time at that village; and, as his profeſſion of an attorney is particularly mentioned, it is pretty evident, that, whatever dependence he might have on Lord Hunſdon, it could not be in the capacity of a*

Here dwelt a while; perchance here sketch'd the
scene,
Where his fair Argentile, from crowded courts
For pride self-banish'd, in sequester'd shades
Sojourn'd disguis'd, and met the slighted youth
Who long had sought her love—the gentle bard
Sleeps here, by fame forgotten; (fickle fame
Too oft forgets her favourites!) By his side
Sleeps gentle Hassal *, who with tenderest care
Here watch'd his village charge; in nuptial bonds
Their hands oft join'd; oft heard, and oft reliev'd
Their little wants; oft heard and oft compos'd,
Sole arbiter, their little broils; oft urg'd
Their flight from folly and from vice; and oft
Dropt on the graves the tear, to early worth
Or ancient friendship due. In dangerous days,
When death's fell fury, pale-ey'd pestilence,
Glar'd horror round, his duty he discharg'd
Unterrified, unhurt; and here, at length,
Clos'd his calm inoffensive useful life
In venerable age: her life with him
His faithful consort clos'd; on earth's cold breast
Both sunk to rest together.——On the turf,
Whence time's rude grasp has torn their rustic
tombs,
I strew fresh flowers, and make a moment's pause
Of solemn thought; then seek th' adjacent spot,
From which, through these broad lindens' verdant
arch,
The steeple's Gothic wall and window dim
In perspective appear; then homeward turn
By where the muse, enamour'd of our shades,
Deigns still her favouring presence; where my
friend,
The British Tasso *, oft from busy scenes
To rural calm and letter'd ease retires.
As some fond lover leaves his favourite nymph,
Oft looking back, and lingering in her view,
So now reluctant this retreat I leave,
Look after look indulging; on the right,
Up to yon airy battlement's broad top [steep
Half veil'd with trees, that, from th' acclivious
Jut like the pendent gardens, fam'd of old,
Beside Euphrates' bank; then, on the left,
Down to those shaded cots, and bright expanse
Of water softly sliding by: once, where
That bright expanse of water softly slides,
O'erhung with shrubs that fring'd the chalky rock,
A little fount pour'd forth its gurgling rill,
In flinty channel trickling o'er the green,
From Emma nam'd; perhaps some sainted maid,
For holy life rever'd; to such, erewhile,
Fond superstition many a pleasant grove,
And limpid spring, was wont to consecrate:
Of Emma's story nought tradition speaks;
Conjecture, who, behind oblivion's veil,
Along the doubtful past delights to stray,
Boasts now, indeed, that from her well the place
Receiv'd its appellation †.——Thou, sweet Vill,
Farewell! and ye, sweet fields, where plenty's horn
Pours liberal boons, and health propitious deigns
Her cheering smile! you not the perching air
Of arid sands, you not the vapours chill
Of humid fens, annoy; Favonius' wing,
From off your thyme-banks and your trefoil meads,
Wafts balmy redolence; robust and gay
Your swains industrious issue to their toil,
Till your rich glebe, or in your granaries store
Its generous produce: annual ye resound
The ploughman's song, as he through reeking soil
Guides slow his shining share; ye annual hear
The shouts of harvest, and the prattling train
Of cheerful gleaners:—and th' alternate strokes
Of loud flails echoing from your loaded barns,
The pallid morn in dark November wake.
But, happy as ye are, in marks of wealth
And population; not for these, or aught
Beside, wish I, in hyperbolic strains
Of vain applause, to elevate your fame
Above all other scenes; for scenes as fair
Have charm'd my sight, but transient was the view:
You, through all seasons, in each varied hour
For observation happiest, oft my steps

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*menial servant. Though Warner's merit, as a poet, may have been too highly rated, it was really not inconsiderable; his Argentile and Curan has many beauties; but it has also the faults common to the compositions of his age, especially a most disgusting indelicacy of sentiment and expression.*

"*Ma. William Warner, a man of good yeares and* "*honest reputation, by his profession, an atturney at the* "*Common Please, author of Albion's England; dying* "*soddenly in the night in his bedde, without any former* "*complaynt or sickneese, on Thursday night, beeing the 9th* "*of March, was buried the Saturday following, and* "*lieth in the church at the upper end, under the stone of* "*Gwalter Fader.*"

Parish Register of Amwell, 1608-9.

* *Thomas Hassal, vicar of Amwell; he kept the above-mentioned parish register with uncommon care and precision, enriching it with many entertaining anecdotes of the parties registered. He performed his duty in the most hazardous circumstances, it appearing that the plague twice raged in the village during his residence there; in 1603, when 26 persons, and in 1625 when 22 persons died of it, and were buried in his church-yard. The character here given of him must be allowed, strictly speaking, to be imaginary; but his composition, in the said register, appeared to me to breathe such a spirit of piety, simplicity, and benevolence, that I almost think myself authorised to assert that it was his real one. He himself is registered by his son Edmund Hassal, as follows:*

"*Thomas Hassal, vicar of this parish, where he had* "*continued resident 57 years 7 months and 16 days, in* "*the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and King* "*Charles, departed this life September 24th, Thursday,* "*and was buried September 26th, Saturday. His body* "*was laid in the chancel of this church, under the pricsis,* "*or marble stone. Ætatis 84. Non erat ante, nec* "*erit post te similis. Edmund Hassal.*"

Register of Amwell, 1657.

*Elisabeth Hassal, wife of the said Thomas Hassal, died about the same time, aged 78 years 8 months, married 46 years and 4 months.*

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* *Mr. Hoole, Translator of Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered.*

† *In Doomsday-book, this village of Amwell is written Emmeville, perhaps originally Emma's well. When the New River was opened, there was a spring here which was taken into that aqueduct. Chadwell, the other source of that river, evidently received its denomination from the tutelar Saint, St. Chad, who seems to have given name to springs and wells in different parts of England.*

Have travers'd o'er; oft fancy's eye has seen
Gay spring trip lightly on your lovely lawns,
To wake fresh flowers at morn; and summer spread
His listless limbs, at noon-tide, on the marge
Of smooth transluscent pools, where willows green
Gave shade, and breezes from the wild mint's bloom
Brought odour exquisite; oft fancy's ear,
Deep in the gloom of evening woods, has heard
The last sad sigh of autumn, when his throne
To winter he resign'd; oft fancy's thought,
In ecstasy, where from the golden east,
Or dazzling south, or crimson west, the sun
A different lustre o'er the landscape threw,
Some Paradise has form'd, the blissful seat
Of innocence and beauty! while I wish'd
The skill of Claude, or Rubens, or of him
Whom now on Lavant's banks, in groves that breathe
Enthusiasm sublime, the sister nymphs *
Inspire †; that, to the idea fair, my hand
Might permanence have lent!—Attachment strong
Springs from delight bestow'd; to me delight
Long ye have given, and I have given you praise!

* *Painting and poetry.*

† *Mr. George Smith of Chichester, a justly celebrated landscape painter, and also a poet. Levant is a name of the river at Chichester, which city gave birth to the sublime Collins.*

# AMOEBEAN ECLOGUES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Much of the rural imagery which our country affords, has already been introduced in poetry; but many obvious and pleasing appearances seem to have totally escaped notice. To describe these, is the business of the following Eclogues. The plan of the Carmen Amœbæum, or responsive verse of the ancients, inconsistent as it may be deemed with modern manners, was preferred on this occasion, as admitting an arbitrary and desultory disposition of ideas, where it was found difficult to preserve a regular connection.

## ECLOGUE I.

RURAL SCENERY; OR, THE DESCRIBERS.

December's frost had bound the fields and streams,
And noon's bright sun effus'd its cheerful beams:
Where woodland, northward, screen'd a pleasant plain,
And on dry fern-banks brouz'd the fleecy train,
Two gentle youths, whom rural scenes could please,
Both skill'd to frame the tuneful rhyme with ease,
Charm'd with the prospect, slowly stray'd along,
Themselves amusing with alternate song.

*First.*

These pollard oaks their tawny leaves retain,
These hardy hornbeams yet unstripp'd remain;
The wint'ry groves all else admit the view
Through naked stems of many a varied hue.

*Second.*

Yon shrubby slopes a pleasing mixture show;
There the rough elm and smooth white privet grow,
Strait shoots of ash with bark of glossy gray,
Red cornel twigs, and maple's russet spray.

*First.*

These stony steeps with spreading moss abound,
Gray on the trees, and green upon the ground;
With tangling brambles ivy interweaves,
And bright mezerion * spreads its clust'ring leaves.

*Second.*

Old oaken stubs tough saplings there adorn,
There hedge-row plashes yield the knotty thorn;
The swain for different uses these avail,
And form the traveller's staff, the thresher's flail.

*First.*

Where yon brown hazel's pendent catkins bear,
And prickly furze unfolds its blossoms fair,
The vagrant artist oft at ease reclines,
And broom's green shoots in besom's neat combines.

*Second.*

See, down the hill, along the ample glade,
The new-fallen wood in even ranges laid!
There his keen bill the busy workman plies,
And bids in heaps his well-bound faggots rise.

*First.*

Soon shall kind spring her flowery gifts bestow,
On sunny banks when silver snowdrops blow,
And tufts of primrose all around are spread,
And purple violets all their fragrance shed.

*Second.*

The woods then white anemonies array,
And lofty fallows their sweet bloom display,
And spicy hyacinths azure bells unfold,
And crowfoot clothes the mead with shining gold.

*First.*

Then soon gay summer brings his gaudy train,
His crimson poppies deck the corn-clad plain;

* *Mezerion, Laureola Sempervirens:* vulg. *Spurge-laurel. This beautiful little evergreen is frequent among our woods and coppices. Its smooth shining leaves are placed on the top of the stems in circular tufts or clusters. Its flowers are small, of a light green, and perfume the air at a distance in an agreeable manner. It blows very early in mild seasons and warm situations. The common deciduous mezerion, frequently planted in gardens, though very different in appearance, is another species of this genus.*

There ſcabious blue *, and purple knapweed † riſe,
And weld ‡ and yarrow ſhow their various dyes.

*Second.*

In ſhady lanes red foxglove bells appear,
And golden ſpikes the downy mullein rear ‖;
The incloſure ditch luxuriant mallows hide,
And branchy ſuccory crowds the pathway ſide.

*First.*

The autumnal fields few pleaſing plants ſupply,
Save where pale eyebright grows in paſtures dry,
Or vervain blue, for magic rites renown'd,
And in the village precincts only found §.

*Second.*

Th' autumnal hedges withering leaves embrown,
Save where wild climbers ſpread their ſilvery down ¶,
And rugged blackthornes bend with purple ſloes,
And the green ſkewerwood ſeeds of ſcarlet ſhows **,

*First.*

When healthful ſallads crown the board in ſpring,
And nymphs green parſley from the gardens bring;
Mark well leſt hemlock mix its poiſonous leaves—
Their ſemblance oft th' incatious eye deceives.

*Second.*

Warn, O ye ſhepherds! warn the youth who play
On hamlet waſtes, beſide the public way;
There oft rank ſoils pernicious plants produce,
There nightſhade's berry ſwells with deadly juice.

*First.*

What varied ſcenes this pleaſant country yields,
Form'd by th' arrangement fair of woods and fields!
On a green hillock, by the ſhady road,
My dwelling ſtands—a ſweet recluſe abode!
And o'er my darken'd caſement intertwine
The fragrant briar, the woodbine, and the vine.

*Second.*

How different ſcenes our different taſtes delight!
Some ſeek the hills, and ſome the vales invite.
Where o'er the brook's moiſt margin hazels meet,
Stands my lone home—a pleaſant, cool retreat!
Gay looſeſtrife there and pale valerian ſpring ††,
And tuneful reed-birds midſt the ſedges ſing.

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* *Scabious: Scabioſa vulgaris.*

† *Knapweed: Jacea vulgaris.*

‡ *Weld: Lutcola vulgaris, or dyers' weed.* —— *Theſe plants, with many others not inferior in beauty, are frequent on the balks, or ridges, which ſeparate different kinds of corn in our common fields.*

‖ *The digitalis, or foxglove, is a very beautiful plant; there are ſeveral varieties of it which are honoured with a place in our gardens. The mullein is not inferior in beauty, conſequently merits equal notice.*

§ *It is a vulgar opinion, that vervain never grows in any place more than a quarter of a mile diſtant from a houſe.*—Vide *Miller's Gardener's Dictionary, article verbena.*

¶ *Wild climbers: Clematis, vierna, or traveller's joy. The white downy ſeeds of this plant make a very conſpicuous figure on our hedges in autumn.*

** *Skewerwood: Evonymus; or ſpindle-tree. The twigs of this ſhrub are of a fine green; the capſules, or ſeed-veſſels, of a fine purple; and the ſeeds of a rich ſcarlet. In autumn, when the capſules open and ſhow the ſeeds, the plant has a moſt beautiful appearance.*

†† *Looſeſtrife; Lyſimachia lutea vulgaris. Dr. Hill obſerves, that it is ſo beautiful a plant, in its erect ſtature, regular growth, and elegant flowers, that is every way worthy to be taken into our gardens. It is frequent in moiſt places. The flowers are of a bright gold colour.*

*First.*

Before my door the box-edg'd border lies,
Where flowers of mint and thyme and tanſy riſe;
Along my wall the yellow ſtonecrop grows,
And the red houſeleek on my brown thatch blows.

*Second.*

Among green oſiers winds my ſtream away,
Where the blue halcyon ſkims from ſpray to ſpray
Where waves the bulruſh as the waters glide,
And yellow flag-flow'rs deck the ſunny ſide.

*First.*

Spread o'er the ſlope of yon ſteep weſtern hill,
My fruitful orchard ſhelters all the vill;
There pear-trees tall their tops aſpiring ſhow,
And apple-boughs their branches mix below.

*Second.*

Eaſt from my cottage ſtretch delightful meads,
Where rows of willows riſe, and banks of reeds;
There roll clear rivers; there, old elms between,
The mill's white roof and circling wheels are ſeen

*First.*

Palemon's garden hawthorn hedges bound,
With flow'rs of white, or fruit of crimſon, crown'd
There vernal lilacs ſhow their purple bloom,
And ſweet ſyringas all the air perfume;
The fruitful mulberry ſpreads its umbrage cool,
And the rough quince o'erhangs the little pool.

*Second.*

Albino's fence green currants hide from view,
With bunches hung of red or amber hue;
Beſide his arbour blows the jaſmine fair,
And ſcarlet beans their gaudy bloſſoms bear;
The lofty hollyhock there its ſpike diſplays,
And the broad ſunflow'r ſhows its golden rays.

*First.*

Where moſs-grown pales a ſunny ſpot enclos'd,
And pinks and lilies all their hues expos'd,
Beneath a porch, with mantling vines enwreath'd
The morning breeze the charming Sylvia breath'd
Not pink nor lily with her face could vie,
And, O how ſoft the languiſh of her eye!
I ſaw and lov'd; but lov'd, alas, in vain!
She check'd my paſſion with ſevere diſdain.

*Second.*

When o'er the meads with vernal verdure gay
The village children wont at eve to ſtray,
I pluck'd freſh flow'rets from the graſſy ground,
And their green ſtalks with bending ruſhes bound
My wreaths, my noſegays, then my Delia dreſt,
Crown'd her fair brow, or bloom'd upon her breaſt.
Young as I was, the pleaſing thought was mine,
One day, fond boy, that beauty will be thine!

*First.*

Beſide his gate, beneath the lofty tree,
Old Thyrſis' well-known ſeat I vacant ſee;
There, while his prattling offſpring round him play'd,
He oft, to pleaſe them, toys of oſiers made:
That ſeat his weight ſhall never more ſuſtain,
That offſpring round him ne'er ſhall ſport again.

*Second.*

Yon lone church tow'r that overlooks the hills!—
The ſight my ſoul full oft with ſorrow fills:

There Damon lies;—in prime of youth he died!—
A ford unknown, by night he vent'rous tried:
In vain he ſtruggled with the foaming wave;
No friendly arm, alas, was near to ſave!

*Firſt.*

Ceaſe, friend! and, homeward as we bend our way,
Remark the beauties of the cloſing day;
See, tow'rds the weſt, the redd'ning ſun declines,
And o'er the fields his level luſtre ſhines.

*Second.*

How that bright landſcape lures the eye to gaze,
Where with his beams the diſtant windows blaze!
And the gilt vane, high on the ſteeple ſpire,
Glows in the air—a dazzling ſpot of fire!

*Firſt.*

Behind yon hill he now forſakes our ſight,
And yon tall beeches catch his lateſt light;
The hamlet ſmokes in amber wreaths ariſe;
White miſt, like water, on the valley lies.

*Second.*

Where yon chalk cliffs th' horizon eaſtward bound,
And ſpreading elms the ancient hall ſurround,
The moon's bright orb ariſes from the main,
And night in ſilence holds her ſolemn reign.

## ECLOGUE II.

### RURAL BUSINESS; OR, THE AGRICULTURISTS.

May's lib'ral hand her fragrant bloom diſclos'd,
And herds and flocks on graſſy banks repos'd;
Soft evening gave to eaſe the tranquil hour,
And Philomel's wild warblings fill'd the bow'r.
Where near the village roſe the elm-crown'd hill,
And white-leav'd aſpins trembled o'er the rill,
Three rural bards, the village youth among,
The pleaſing lore of rural buſineſs ſung.

*Firſt.*

The care of farms we ſing—attend the ſtrain—
What ſkill, what toil, ſhall beſt procure you gain;
How different culture different ground requires;
While wealth rewards whom induſtry inſpires.

*Second.*

When thy light land on ſcorching gravel lies,
And to the ſpringing blade ſupport denies;
Fix on the wint'ry tilth the frequent fold,
And mend with cooling marl or untried mould.

*Third.*

If thy ſtrong loam ſuperfluous wet retain,
Lead through thy fields the ſubterraneous drain,
And o'er the ſurface mellowing ſtores expand
Of fiery lime, or incoherent ſand.

*Firſt.*

In vacant corners, on the hamlet waſte,
The ample dunghill's ſteaming heap be plac'd;
There many a month fermenting to remain,
Ere thy ſlow team diſperſe it o'er the plain.

*Second.*

The prudent farmer all manure provides,
The mire of roads, the mould of hedge-row ſides;
For him their mud the ſtagnant ponds ſupply;
For him their ſoil, the ſtable and the ſty.

*Third.*

For this the ſwain, on Kennet's winding ſhore,
Digs ſulphurous peat along the ſable moor;
For this, where ocean bounds the ſturmy ſtrand,
They fetch dank ſea-weed to the neighb'ring land.

*Firſt.*

Who barren heaths to tillage means to turn,
Muſt, ere he plough, the greenſward pare and burn;
Where riſe the ſmoking hillocks o'er the field,
The ſaline aſhes uſeful compoſt yield.

*Second.*

Where ſedge or ruſhes riſe on ſpongy ſoils,
Or rampant moſs th' impoveriſh'd herbage ſpoils,
Corroſive ſoot with liberal hand beſtow;
Th' improving paſture ſoon its uſe will ſhow.

*Third.*

Hertfordian ſwains on airy hills explore
The chalk's white vein, a fertilizing ſtore;
This, from deep pits in copious baſkets drawn,
Amends alike the arable and lawn.

*Firſt.*

Who ſpends too oft in indolence the day,
Soon ſees his farm his baſe neglect betray;
His uſeleſs hedge-greens, docks and nettles bear,
And the tough cammock clogs his ſhining ſhare*.

*Second.*

Thy weedy fallows let the plough pervade,
Till on the top th' inverted roots are laid;
There left to wither in the noon-tide ray,
Or by the ſpiky harrow clear'd away.

*Third*

When wheat's green ſtem the ridge begins to hide,
Let the ſharp weedhook's frequent aid be tried,
Leſt thy ſpoil'd crop at harveſt thou bemoan,
With twitch and twining bindweed overgrown.

*Firſt.*

Much will rank melilot thy grain diſgrace,
And darnel, felleſt of the weedy race:
T' extirpate theſe might care or coſt avail,
T' extirpate theſe nor care nor coſt ſhould fail.

*Second.*

When the foul furrow fetid mayweed fills,
The weary reaper oft complains of ills;
As his keen ſickle grides along the lands,
The acrid herbage oft corrodes his hands.

*Third.*

Wield oft thy ſcythe along the graſſy layer,
Ere the rude thiſtle its light down diſplays;
Elſe that light down upon the breeze will fly,
And a new ſtore of noxious plants ſupply.

*Firſt.*

Would ye from tillage ample gains receive,
With change of crops th' exhauſted ſoil relieve;
Next purple clover let brown wheat be ſeen,
And bearded barley after turnips green.

*Second.*

Bid here dark peas or tangled vetches ſpread,
There buckwheat's white flow'r faintly ting'd with red;
Bid here potatoes deep green ſtems be born,
And yellow cole th' encloſure there adorn.

*Third.*

Here let tall rye or fragrant beans aſcend,
Or oats their ample panicles extend;
There reſt thy glebe, leſt fallow not in vain,
To feel the ſummer's ſun and winter's rain.

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* *Cammock: Ononis, or Reſtharrow. The roots of this troubleſome plant are ſo ſtrong, that it is credibly aſſerted they will ſtop a plough drawn by ſeveral horſes.*

*First.*

The ſkill'd in culture oft repay their toil
By choice of plants adapted to their ſoil;
The ſpiky faintfoin beſt on chalk ſucceeds,
Yhe lucern hates cold clays and moory meads.

*Second.*

Beſt on looſe ſands, where brakes and briars once roſe,
Its deep fring'd leaves the yellow carrot ſhows;
Beſt on ſtiff loam rough teaſels* rear their heads,
And brown coriander's odorous umbel ſpreads.

*Third.*

On barren mountains, bleak with chilly air,
Forbidding paſturage or the ploughman's care,
Laburnum's boughs a beauteous bloom diſcloſe,
Or ſpiry pines a gloomy grove compoſe.

*First.*

On ruſhy marſhes, rank with wat'ry weeds,
Clothe the clear'd ſoil with groves of waving reeds;
Of them the gard'ner annual fences forms,
To ſhield his tender plants from vernal ſtorms.

*Second.*

Cantabrian hills the purple ſaffron ſhow;
Blue fields of flax in Lincoln's fenland blow;
On Kent's rich plains, green hop-grounds ſcent the gales;
And apple-groves deck Hereford's golden vales†.

*Third.*

Shelter'd by woods the weald of Suſſex lies;
Her ſmooth green downs ſublime from ocean riſe:
That, fitteſt ſoil ſupplies for growth of grain;
Theſe, yield beſt paſture for the fleecy train.

*First.*

Say, friends! whoe'er his reſidence might chooſe,
Would theſe ſweet ſcenes of ſylvan ſhade refuſe,
And ſeek the black waſte of the barren wold,
That yields no ſhelter from the heat or cold?

*Second.*

Dull are ſlow Ouſa's miſt-exhaling plains,
Where long rank graſs the morning dew retains:
Who paſtures there in autumn's humid reign,
His flock from ſickneſs hopes to ſave in vain.

*Third.*

The bleak, flat, ſedgy ſhores of Eſſex ſhun,
Where fog perpetual veils the winter ſun;
Though flattering fortune there invite thy ſtay,
Thy health the purchaſe of her ſmiles muſt pay.

*First.*

When, harveſt paſt, thy ricks of yellow corn
Riſe round the yard, and ſcent the breeze of morn;
Rude winter's rage with timely care t' avert,
Let the ſkill'd thatcher ply his uſeful art.

*Second.*

When thy ripe walnuts deck the gloſſy ſpray,
Ere pilfering rooks purloin them faſt away,
Wield thy tough pole, and laſh the trees amain,
Till leaves and huſks the lawn beneath diſtain.

*Third.*

When thy green orchards fraught with fruit appear
Thy lofty ladder 'midſt the boughs uprear;
Thy baſket's hook upon the branch ſuſpend,
And with the fragrant burden oft deſcend.

*First.*

Spread on the graſs, or pil'd in heaps, behold
The pearmain's red. the pippin's ſpeckled gold;
There ſhall the ruſſet's auburn rind be ſeen,
The read-ſtreak's ſtripes, and nonpareil's bright green.

*Second.*

Theſe on dry ſtraw, in airy chambers, lay,
Where windows clear admit the noon-tide ray;
They, ſafe from froſts, thy table ſhall ſupply,
Freſh to the taſte, and pleaſing to the eye.

*Third.*

When favouring ſeaſons yield thee ſtore to ſpare,
The circling mill and cumbrous preſs prepare;
From copious vats, the well-fermented juice
Will ſparkling beverage for thy board produce.

*First.*

From red to black when bramble-berries change,
And boys for nuts the hazel copſes range,
On new reap'd fields the thick ſtrong ſtubble mow,
And ſafe in ſtacks about thy homeſtead ſtow.

*Second.*

With purple fruit when elder branches bend,
And their bright hues the hips and cornels blend,
Ere yet chill hoar froſt comes, or fleety rain,
Sow with choice wheat the neatly furrow'd plain.

*Third.*

When clamorous fieldfares ſeek the frozen mead,
And lurking ſnipes by gurgling runnels feed;
Then 'midſt dry fodder let thy herds be found,
Where ſheltering ſheds the well-ſtor'd crib ſurround.

*First.*

Though winter reigns, our labours never fail:
Then all day long we hear the ſounding flail:
And oft the beetle's ſtrenuous ſtroke deſcends,
That knotty block-wood into billets rends.

*Second.*

Then in the barns in motion oft are ſeen
The ruſtling corn-fan, and the wiry ſcreen:
In ſacks the taſker meaſures up his grain,
And loads for market on the ſpacious wain.

*Third.*

Th' encloſure fence then claims our timely care,
The ditch to deepen, and the bank repair;
The well-plaſh'd hedge with frequent ſtakes confine,
And o'er its top tough wyths of hazel twine.

*First.*

Where in the croft the ruſſet hayrick ſtands,
The dextrous binder twiſts his ſedgy bands,
Acroſs the ſtack his ſharp-edg'd engine guides,
And the hard maſs in many a truſs divides*.

*Second.*

When froſt thy turnips fixes in the ground,
And hungry flocks for food ſtand bleating round,
Let ſturdy youths their pointed peckers ply,
Till the rais'd roots looſe on the ſurface lie.

---

* *Teaſel; Dipſacus Sativus. This plant is cultivated, in many places, for the uſe of the woollen manufacture. There are large fields of it in Eſſex; where the coriander is alſo grown.*

† *There is a part of Herefordſhire, from its extraordinary fertility and pleaſantneſs, uſually denominated The Golden Vale.*

* *Hay is uſually cut with an oblong triangular inſtrument, called a Cutting-knife.*

*Third.*

When ſtormy days conſtrain to quit the field,
The houſe or barn may uſeful buſineſs yield;
There crooked ſnaths* of flexile ſallow make,
Or of tough aſh the fork-ſtale and the rake.

*Firſt.*

Full many a chance defeats the farmer's pains,
Full many a loſs diminiſhes his gains;
Wet ſpoils the ſeed, or froſts its growth o'erpower,
Beaſts break the ſtalk, and birds the grain devour.

*Second.*

While plenteous crops reward thy toil and care,
Thy liberal aid may age and ſickneſs ſhare!
Nor let the widow'd cottager deplore
Her fireleſs hearth, her cupboard's ſcanty ſtore.

*Third.*

The haughty lord, whom luſt of gain inſpires,
From man and beaſt exceſſive toil requires:
The generous maſter views with pitying eyes
Their lot ſevere, and food and reſt ſupplies.

*Firſt.*

Amid Achaia's ſtreamy vales of old,
Of Works and Days th' Aſcrean paſtor told;

Around him, curious, came the ruſtic throng,
And wond'ring liſten'd to th' informing ſong.

*Second.*

Where fam'd Anapus' limpid waters ſtray,
Sicilia's poet tun'd his Doric lay;
While o'er his head the pine's dark foliage hung,
And at his feet the bubbling fountain ſprung.

*Third.*

The Latian Maro ſung, where Mincio's ſtream
Through groves of ilex caſt a ſilvery gleam;
While down green vallies ſtray'd his fleecy flocks,
Or ſlept in ſhadow of the moſſy rocks.

*Firſt.*

Fair fame to him, the bard whoſe ſong diſplays
Of rural arts the knowledge and the praiſe!
Rich as the field with ripen'd harveſt white—
A ſcene of profit mingled with delight!

*Second.*

As dewy cherries to the taſte in June,
As ſhady lanes to travellers at noon,
To me ſo welcome is the ſhepherd's ſtrain;
To kindred ſpirits never ſung in vain!

*Third.*

While lindens ſweet and ſpiky cheſnuts blow,
While beech bears maſt, on oaks while acorns grow;
So long ſhall laſt the ſhepherd's tuneful rhyme,
And pleaſe in every age and every clime!

* *Snath, is the technical term for the handle of a ſcythe.*

# ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Oriental Eclogues of Collins have ſuch excellence, that it may be ſuppoſed they muſt preclude the appearance of any ſubſequent work with the ſame title. This conſideration did not eſcape the author of the following poems; but as the ſcenery and ſentiment of his predeceſſor were totally different from his own, he thought it matter of little conſequence.

This kind of compoſition is, in general, ſubject to one diſadvantage, for which allowance ſhould be made. He, who deſcribes what he has ſeen, may deſcribe correctly: he, who deſcribes what he has not ſeen, muſt depend for much on the accounts of others, and ſupply the reſt from his own imagination.

## ZERAD: OR, THE ABSENT LOVER.

AN ARABIAN ECLOGUE.

THE learned and ingenious Mr. Jones, in his elegant and judicious eſſay on the poetry of the Eaſtern Nations, ſpeaking of the Arabians, has the following paſſage: "It ſometimes happens," ſays he, "that the young men of one tribe are "in love with the damſels of another; and, as "the tents are frequently removed on a ſud-"den, the lovers are often ſeparated in the pro-"greſs of the courtſhip. Hence, almoſt all the "Arabic poems opens in this manner: The au-"thor bewails the ſudden departure of his miſ-"treſs, Hinda, Maia, Zeineb, or Azza, and de-"ſcribes her beauty; comparing her to a wanton "fawn that plays among the aromatic ſhrubs. "His friends endeavour to comfort him; but he "refuſes conſolation; he declares his reſolution "of viſiting his beloved, though the way to her "tribe lie through a dreadful wilderneſs, or e-"ven through a den of lions."—The author of the following eclogue was ſtruck with this outline, and has attempted to fill it up. An apology for expatiating on the pleaſing ſubjects of love and beauty, when nothing is ſaid to offend the ear of chaſtity, he ſuppoſes needleſs. If any, however, there be, who queſtion the utility of at all deſcribing thoſe ſubjects; ſuch may remember, that there is an eaſtern poem, generally eſteemed *ſacred*, which abounds with the moſt ardent expreſſions of the one, and luxuriant pictures of the other.

KORASA's tribe, a frequent-wandering train,
From Zenan's paſtures ſought Negiran's plain.
With them Semira left her favourite ſhades,
The loveliеſt nymph of Yemen's ſportive maids!
Her parting hand her fair companions preſs'd;
A tranſient ſorrow touch'd each tender breaſt;
As ſome thin cloud acroſs the morning ray
Caſts one ſhort moment's gloom, and glides away:
Their cares, their ſports, they haſted ſoon to tend,
And loſt in them the memory of their friend.
But gallant Zerad ill her abſence bore,—
A wealthy emir from Katara's ſhore;
A warrior he, the braveſt of his race;
A bard high-honour'd in his native place;
Age oft learn'd knowledge from his tuneful tongue,
And liſtening beauty languiſh'd while he ſung.
What time the tribes in camp contiguous lay,
Oft with the fair-one he was wont to ſtray;
There oft for her freſh fruits and flow'rs he fought,
And oft her flocks to cryſtal fountains brought.
Where the tall palm-grove grac'd Alzobah's green,
And ſable tents in many a rank were ſeen*;
While evening's ſteps the ſetting ſun purſu'd,
And the ſtill fields her balmy tears bedew'd;
The penſive lover, there reclin'd apart,
Indulg'd the ſorrows of his anxious heart.
His graceful head the coſtly turban dreſt;
The crimſon ſaſh confin'd his azure veſt;
His hand the ſounding arabeb† ſuſtain'd;
And thus his voice in melody complain'd—
Soft as the night-bird's amorous muſic flows,
In Zibit's gardens, when ſhe woos the roſe‡:

'Bright ſtar of Sora's ſky, whoſe matchleſs blaze
'Gilds thy proud tribe with mild, benignant rays!
'Sweet flow'r of Azem's vale, whoſe matchleſs bloom
'O'er thy fam'd houſe ſpreads exquiſite perfume!
'Blithe fawn of Koſa, at the break of dawn,
'Midſt groves of caſſia, ſporting on the lawn!
'Too charming beauty! why muſt I bemoan
'Thee from my preſence thus abruptly flown?
'Ere the ſhrill trump to march the ſignal gave,
'And banners high in air began to wave;
'Ere the tall camel felt his wonted load,
'And herds and flocks ſlow mov'd along the road;
'Ere ſlow behind them march'd the warrior train,
'And the ſtruck tents left vacant all the plain;
'Could no fond plea obtain a longer ſtay;
'Would no kind hand th' intelligence convey?
'Ah, hapleſs me! to Aden's port I ſtray'd,
'Sought gold and gems, but loſt my lovely maid!
'My friends, they come my ſorrows to allay—
'Azor the wiſe, and Soliman the gay—
'One cries, "Let reaſon hold her ſober reign,
"Nor love's light trifles give thy boſom pain!
"For thee kind ſcience all her lore diſplays,
"And fame awaits thee with the wreath of praiſe."
"O why," cries one, "is ſhe alone thy care?
"She's fair, indeed, but other maids are fair:
"Negima's eyes with dazzling luſtre ſhine,
"And her black treſſes curl like Zebid's vine;
"On Hinda's brow Kuſhemon's lily blows,
"And on her cheek unfolds Niſhapor's roſe!
"With them the tale, the ſong, the dance, ſhall please, [eaſe."
"When mirth's free banquet fills the bow'r of
'Ah ceaſe,' ſaid I; 'of love he little knows,
'Who with ſage counſel hopes to cure its woes!
'Go, bid in air Yamama's lightnings ſtay,
'Or Peratn's lion quit his trembling prey:
'Kind ſcience' lore with beauty beſt we ſhare,
'And beauty's hands fame's faireſt wreaths prepare.
'I praiſe Negima's lovely hair and eyes;
'Nor Hinda's lily, nor her roſe deſpiſe;
'But Omman's pearls diffuſe a brighter beam
'Than the gay pebbles of Kalafa's ſtream.—
'O lov'd Semira! whither doſt thou rove?
'Tread thy ſoft ſteps by Sada's jaſſ'mine grove?
'Doſt thou thy flocks on Ocah's mountain keep?
'Do Ared's olives whiſper o'er thy ſleep?—
'Ah no!——the maid, perhaps, remote from theſe,
'Some hoſtile troop, in ambuſh laid, may ſeize:
'Too lovely captive! ſhe, in triumph borne,
'The proud Pacha's throng'd haram ſhall adorn.
'Vain fear! around her march her valiant friends;
'Brave Omar's hand the bow of Iſhmael bends;
'Strong Haſſan's arm Kaaba's ſpear can wield,
'And rear on high El-makin's ponderous ſhield!
'Ah, ſhame to me! Shall ſloth's diſhonouring chain
'From love, from glory, Zerad here detain,
'Till grief my cheek with ſickly ſaffron ſpread,
'And my eyes, weeping, match th' Argavan's red*?
'Haſte, bring my ſteed, ſupreme in ſtrength and grace,
'Firſt in the fight, and fleeteſt in the chaſe;
'His ſire renown'd on Gebel's hills was bred,
'His beauteous dam in Derar's paſtures fed:
'Bring my ſtrong lance that, ne'er impell'd in vain,
'Pierc'd the fierce tyger on Hegeſa's plain.
'Acroſs the deſert I her ſteps purſue;
'Toil at my ſide, and danger in my view!
'There thirſt, fell demon, haunts the ſultry air,
'And his wild eyeballs roll with horrid glare;
'Their deadly Sumiel†, ſtriding o'er the land,
'Sweeps his red wing, and whirls the burning ſand;
'As winds the weary caravan along,
'The fiery ſtorm involves the hapleſs throng,
'I go, I go, nor toil nor danger heed;
'The faithful lover ſafety's hand ſhall lead.

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* *The Arabian tents are black.* Vide Canticles, i. 5.

† *Arabebbah, an Arabian and Mooriſh inſtrument of muſic.* Vide Shaw's Travels, and Ruſſell's Hiſtory of Aleppo.

‡ *Alluding to an Eaſtern fable of the Nightingale courting the Roſe.*

* *D'Herbelot informs us, that ſaffron faces, and argavan eyes, are expreſſions commonly uſed in the eaſt, to deſcribe paſſionate lovers, whoſe melancholy appears in their countenances, and whoſe eyes become red with weeping. The argavan is ſuppoſed to be the arbor Judæ; whoſe bloſſoms are of a bright purple.* Vide Harmer's Commentary on Solomon's Song, p. 162.

† *Sumiel, the fiery bliſting wind of the deſert.*

' The heart that foſters virtue's generous flames,
' Our holy prophet's ſure protection claims.
' Delightful Irem * ('midſt the lonely waſte,
' By Shedad's hand the paradiſe was plac'd),
' Each ſhady tree of varied foliage ſhows,
' And every flower and every fruit beſtows;
' There drop rich gums of every high perfume;
' There ſing ſweet birds of every gaudy plume;
' There ſoft-ey'd Houries tread th' enamell'd green—
' Once, and no more, the happy ſeat was ſeen;
' As his ſtray'd camel 'midſt the wild he ſought,
' Chance to the ſpot the wandering Eſſar brought;
' A bliſsful Irem, 'midſt the deſert drear,
' Semira's tent my love-ſick ſight ſhall cheer.
' What palm of beauty tow'rs on Keran's hills?
' What myrrh with fragrance Sala's valley fills?
' 'Tis ſhe, who left ſo late her favourite ſhades,
' The loveliеſt nymph of Yemen's ſportive maids!
' Look from thy tent, the curtains fair unfold,
' Give to my view thy veil of ſilk and gold;
' O lift that veil! thy radiant eyes diſplay—
' Thoſe radiant eyes ſhall light me on my way!
' On Hejar's wild rocks from the Perſian main,
' Thus the moon riſing lights the wilder'd ſwain.
' O raiſe thy voice! the ſound ſhall give delight,
' Like ſongs of pilgrims diſtant heard by night!
' I come, I come!——He ſpoke, and ſeiz'd the rein,
And his fleet courſer ſpurn'd the ſandy plain.

## SERIM;

### OR, THE ARTIFICIAL FAMINE.

*An Eaſt Indian Eclogue.*

The following account of Britiſh conduct, and its conſequences, in Bengal and the adjacent provinces, ſome years ago, will afford a ſufficient idea of the ſubject of the following eclogue. After deſcribing the monopoly of ſalt, betel-nut, and tobacco, the hiſtorian thus proceeds:
" Money, in this current, came but by drops;
" it could not quench the thirſt of thoſe who
" waited in India to receive it. An expedient
" ſuch as it was, remained to quicken its pace.—
" The natives could live with little ſalt, but not
" without food. Some of the agents ſaw them-
" ſelves well ſituated for collecting the rice into
" ſtores; they did ſo. They knew the Gentoos
" would rather die, than violate the precepts of
" their religion by eating fleſh. The alterna-
" tive would therefore be, between giving what
" they had, and dying. The inhabitants ſunk;
" they that cultivated the land, and ſaw the
" harveſt at the diſpoſal of others, planted in
" doubt—ſcarcity enſued—then the monopoly
" was eaſier managed. The people took to roots,
" and food they had been unaccuſtomed to eat.
" Sickneſs enſued. In ſome diſtricts, the languid
" living left the bodies of their numerous dead
" unburied." *Short Hiſtory of Engliſh Tranſactions in the Eaſt Indies*, p. 145.

The above quotation ſufficiently proves, that the general plan of the following poem is founded on fact. And even with regard to its particular incidents, there can be little doubt, but that, among the varied miſeries of millions, every picture of diſtreſs which the author has drawn, had its original.

' O GUARDIAN genius of this ſacred wave *!
' O ſave thy ſons, if thine the power to ſave!'
So Serim ſpoke, as ſad on Ganges' ſhore
He ſat, his country's miſeries to deplore—
' O guardian genius of this ſacred wave!
' O ſave thy ſons, if thine the power to ſave!
' From Agra's tow'rs to Muxadabat's † walls,
' On thee for aid the ſuffering Hindoo calls:
' Europe's fell race controul the wide domain,
' Engroſs the harveſt, and enſlave the ſwain.
' Why riſe theſe cumbrous piles along thy tide?
' They hold the plenty to our prayers deny'd!
' Guards at their gates perpetual watch maintain,
' Where want in anguiſh craves relief in vain.
" Bring gold, bring gems," the inſatiate plunderers cry; [die."
" Who hoards his wealth, by hunger's rage ſhall
' Ye fiends! ye've raviſh'd all our little ſtore;
' Ye ſee we periſh, yet ye aſk for more!
' Go ye yourſelves, and ſearch for gold the mine;
' Go, dive where pearls beneath the ocean ſhine!
' What right have ye to plague our peaceful land?
' No ſhips of ours e'er ſought your weſtern ſtrand:
' Ne'er from your fields we ſnatch'd their crops away,
' Nor made your daughters, or your ſons our prey.
' Not ev'n in thought we quit our native place—
' A calm, contented, inoffenſive race!
' By avarice led, ye range remoteſt climes,
' And every nation execrates your crimes.
' When Timur's houſe ‡ renown'd in Delhi reign'd,
' Diſtreſs, aſſiſtance unimplor'd obtain'd:
' When famine o'er the afflicted region frown'd,
' And ſickneſs languiſh'd on the barren ground,
' The imperial granaries wide diſplay'd their doors,
' And ſhips proviſion brought from diſtant ſhores;

* " *Mahommed in his Alcoran, in the Chapter of the Morning, mentions a garden called Irem, which is no leſs celebrated by the Aſiatic poets, than that of the Heſperides by the Greeks. It was planted, as the commentators ſay, by a king, named Shedad; and was once ſeen by an Arabian, who wandered far into the deſert, in ſearch of a loſt camel.*" Jones's Eſſay on the Poetry of the Eaſtern Nations.

* *The Hindoos worſhip a god or genius of the Ganges.*

† *Muxadabat, or Morſhedabat, a large city of India, about two hundred miles above Calcutta. The name is commonly pronounced with the accent on the laſt ſyllable: Muxadabat. I have taken the liberty to accommodate this, and ſome few other words, to my verſe, by altering the accentuation; a matter, I apprehend, of little conſequence to the Engliſh reader.*

‡ *The famous Mahometan tyrant, Auranzebe, during a famine which prevailed in different parts of India, exerted himſelf to alleviate the diſtreſs of his ſubjects.* " *He remitted the taxes that were due; he employed thoſe already collected in the purchaſe of corn, which was diſtributed among the poorer ſort. He even expended immenſe ſums out of the treaſury, in conveying grain, by land and water, into the interior provinces, from Bengal, and the countries which lie on the five branches of the Indus.*" Dow's Indoſtan, vol. iii. p. 340.

'The laden camels crowded Kurah's vales,
From Colgon's cliffs they hail'd the coming fails.
'But ye!—even now, while fav'ring ſeaſons ſmile,
'And the rich glebe would recompenſe our toil,
'Dearth and diſeaſe to you alone we owe;
'Ye cauſe the miſchief, and enjoy the woe!
'This beauteous clime, but late, what plenty bleſt!
'What days of pleaſure, and what nights of reſt!
'From Gola's ſtreets, fam'd mart of fragrant grain!
'Trade's cheerful voice reſounded o'er the plain;
'There now ſad ſilence liſtens to the waves,
'That break in murmurs round the rocky caves.
'Sweet were the ſongs o'er Jumal's level borne,
'While buſy thouſands throng'd to plant the corn;
'Now tenfold tax the farmer forc'd to yield,
'Deſpairs, and leaves unoccupied the field.
'Sweet were the ſongs of Burdwan's mulberry grove,
'While the rich ſilk the rapid ſhuttle wove;
'Now from the loom our coſtly veſtments torn,
'Th' inſulting robbers meaneſt ſlaves adorn.
'In Malda's ſhades, on Purna's palmy plain,
'The hapleſs artiſts, urg'd to toil in vain,
'Quit their ſad homes, and mourn along the land,
'A penſive, pallid, ſelf-diſabled band *!—
'The year revolves'—"Bring choiceſt fruits and flowers,
"Spread wide the board in conſecrated bowers;
"Bring joy, bring ſport, the ſong, the dance prepare! [ſhare!"
'Tis Drugah's† feaſt, and all our friends muſt
'The year revolves—nor fruits nor flowers are ſeen;
'Nor feſtive board in bowers of holy green;
'Nor joy, nor ſport, nor dance, nor tuneful ſtrain:
'Tis Drugah's feaſt—but grief and terror reign.
'Yet there, ingrate! oft welcome gueſts ye came,
'And talk'd of honour's laws and friendſhip's flame.
'The year revolves—and Biſhen's‡ faſt invites,
'On Ganges' marge to pay the ſolemn rites;

'All, boons of Biſhen, great preſerver, crave;
'All in the ſacred flood their bodies lave:
'No more, alas!—the multitude no more
'Bathe in the tide, or kneel upon the ſhore;
'No more from towns and villages they throng,
'Wide o'er the fields, the public paths along:
'Sad on our ways, by human foot unworn,
'Stalks the dim form of ſolitude forlorn!—
'From Ava's mountains morn's bright eyes ſurvey
'Fair Ganges' ſtreams in many a winding ſtray;
'There fleecy flocks on many an iſland feed;
'There herds unnumber'd paſture many a mead;
'(While noxious herbs our laſt reſource ſupply,
'And, dearth eſcaping, by diſeaſe we die);'
"Take theſe," ye cry, "nor more for food complain; [ſlain!"
"Take theſe, and ſlay like us, and riot on the
'Ah no! our law the crime abhorr'd withſtands;
'We die—but blood ſhall ne'er pollute our hands.
'O guardian genius of this ſacred wave,
'Save, ſave thy ſons, if thine the power to ſave!'
So Serim ſpoke—while by the moon's pale beam,
The frequent corſe came floating down the ſtream*.
He ſigh'd, and riſing turn'd his ſteps to rove
Where wav'd o'er Nizim's vale the cocoa-grove;
There, 'midſt ſcorch'd ruins, one lone roof remain'd,
And one forlorn inhabitant contain'd.
The ſound of feet he near his threſhold heard;
Slow from the ground his languid limbs he rear'd:
'Come, tyrant come! perform a generous part,
'Lift thy keen ſteel, and pierce this fainting heart!
'Com'ſt thou for gold? my gold, alas, I gave,
'My darling daughter in diſtreſs to ſave!
'Thy faithleſs brethren took the ſhining ſtore,
'Then from my arms the trembling virgin tore!
'Three days, three nights, I've languiſh'd here alone—
'Three foodleſs days, three nights to ſleep unknown!
'Come, tyrant come! perform a generous part,
'Lift thy keen ſteel, and pierce this fainting heart!'
"No hoſtile ſteps the haunt of woe invade,"
Serim replied—and, paſſing where the glade
A length of proſpect down the vale diſplay'd,
Another ſight of miſery met his view;
Another mournful voice his notice drew!
There, near a temple's recent ruin, ſtood
A white-rob'd Bramin by the ſacred flood:
His wives, his children, dead beſide him lay—
Of hunger theſe, and thoſe of grief the prey'
Thrice he with duſt defil'd his aged head;
Thrice o'er the ſtream his hands uplifted ſpread:
'Hear, all ye powers to whom we bend in prayer!
'Hear, all who rule o'er water, earth, and air!
'Tis not for them, though lifeleſs there they lie;
'Tis not for me, though innocent I die:—
'My country's breaſt the tyger, avarice, rends,
'And loud to you her parting groan aſcends.
'Hear, all ye powers to whom we bend in prayer!
'Hear, all who rule o'er water, earth, and air!
'Hear and avenge!——— [ſphere,
'But hark! what voice from yonder ſtarry
'Slides like the breeze of evening o'er my ear?

* "*Thoſe who now made the things the Engliſh moſt wanted, were preſſed on all ſides—by their own neceſſities, their neighbours, and the agents employed to procure the Company's inveſtments, as the goods ſent to Europe are called. Theſe importunities were united, and urged ſo much, ſo often, and in ſuch ways, as to produce, among the people in the ſilk buſineſs, inſtances of their cutting off their thumbs, that the want of them might excuſe them from following their trade, and the inconveniences to which they were expoſed beyond the common lot of their neighbours.*" Hiſtory of the Engliſh Tranſactions in the Eaſt Indies.

† *Drugah, a Hindoo goddeſs.* "*Drugah Poojah is the grand general feaſt of the Gentoos, uſually viſited by all Europeans (by invitation), who are treated by the proprietors of the feaſt with the fruits and flowers in ſeaſon, and are entertained every evening with bands of ſingers and dancers.*" Vide Howell's Indoſtan, vol. ii.

‡ *Biſhen, Biſtnoo, or Jaggernaut, is one of the principal Hindoo deities.* "*This faſt, dedicated to him, is called the Sinan Jattra, or general waſhing in the Ganges: and it is almoſt incredible to think the immenſe multitude, of every age and ſex, that appears on both ſides of the river, throughout its whole courſe, at one and the ſame time.*" Vide Mr. Howell, vol. ii. p. 124. 128.

* *The Hindoos frequently caſt the bodies of their deceaſed into the Ganges; with the idea, I ſuppoſe, of committing them to the diſpoſal of the god or genius of the river.*

‘ Lo, Birmah's * form! on amber clouds enthron'd;
‘ His azure robe with lucid emerald zon'd;
‘ He looks celeſtial dignity and grace,
‘ And views with pity wretched human race!'
" Forbear, raſh man! nor curſe thy country's
" foes;
" Frail man to man forgiveneſs ever owes.
" When Moiſafoor † the fell on earth's fair plain
" Brought his deteſted offspring, ſtrife and pain,
" Revenge with them, relentleſs fury, came,
" Her boſom burning with infernal flame!
" Her hair ſheds horror, like the comet's blaze;
" Her eyes, all ghaſtly, blaſt where'er they gaze;
" Her lifted arm a poiſon'd crice ‡ ſuſtains;
" Her garments drop with blood of kindred veins!
" Who aſks her aid, muſt own her endleſs reign,
" Feel her keen ſcourge, and drag her galling
" chain!"
‘ The ſtrains ſublime in ſweeteſt muſic cloſe,
‘ And all the tumult of my ſoul compoſe.
‘ Yet you, ye oppreſſors! uninvok'd on you ‖,
‘ Your ſteps the ſteps of juſtice will purſue!
‘ Go, ſpread your white ſails on the azure main;
‘ Fraught with our ſpoils, your native land regain;
‘ Go, plant the grove, and bid the lake expand,
‘ And on green hills the pompous palace ſtand:
‘ Let luxury's hand adorn the gaudy room,
‘ Smooth the ſoft couch, and ſhed the rich per-
‘ fume— [vite,
‘ There night's kind calm in vain ſhall ſleep in-
‘ While fancied omens warn, and ſpectres fright;
‘ Sad ſounds ſhall iſſue from your guilty walls,
‘ The widow'd wife's, the ſonleſs mother's calls;
‘ And infant Rajahs' bleeding forms ſhall riſe,
‘ And lift to you their ſupplicating eyes:
‘ Remorſe intolerable your hearts will feel,
‘ And your own hands plunge deep the avenging
‘ ſteel §. [dain,
‘ (For Europe's cowards Heaven's command diſ-
‘ To death's cold arms they fly for eaſe in vain.)
‘ For us, each painful tranſmigration o'er,
‘ Sweet fields receive us to reſign no more;
‘ Where ſafety's fence for ever round us grows,
‘ And peace, fair flower, with bloom unfading
‘ blows;
‘ Light's ſun unſetting ſhines with cheering beam;
‘ And pleaſure's river rolls its golden ſtream!'
Enrapt he ſpoke—then ceas'd the lofty ſtrain,
And Orel's rocks return'd the ſound again.—
A Britiſh ruffian, near in ambuſh laid,
Ruſh'd ſudden from the cane-iſle's ſecret ſhade;
‘ Go to thy gods!' with rage infernal cried,
And headlong plung'd the hapleſs ſage into the
foaming tide.

* *Birmah is a principal deity of the Hindoos, in whoſe perſon they worſhip the Divine Attribute of Wiſdom. From the beſt accounts we have of India, the intelligent part of the natives do not worſhip "ſtocks and ſtones," merely as ſuch: but rather the Supreme Exiſtence, in a variety of attributes or manifeſtations.*

† *The Hindoo author of evil, ſimilar to our Satan.*

‡ *An Indian dagger.*

‖ *The reader muſt readily perceive the propriety of this turn of thought in a poem deſigned to have a moral tendency. There is much difference between a perſon wiſhing evil to his enemy, and preſaging that evil will be the conſequence of that enemy's crimes. The firſt is an immoral act of the will; the ſecond, a neutral act of the judgment.*

§ *The Hindoo religion ſtrongly prohibits ſuicide. Mr. Howell gives us the following paſſage from the Shaſtah: "Whoſoever of the delinquent Debtah ſhall dare "to free himſelf from the mortal form wherewith I "ſhall encloſe him, thou Sieb ſhalt plunge him into the "Onderah ſor ever: he ſhall not again have the bene-"fit of the fifteen Bobcous of purgation, probation, and "purification."*

## LI-PO;

### OR, THE GOOD GOVERNOR.

*A Chineſe Eclogue.*

THOSE who are converſant in the beſt accounts of China, particularly Du Halde's Hiſtory, muſt have remarked, that the Chineſe government, though arbitrary, is well regulated and mild; and that a prince in that country can acquire no glory, but by attention to the welfare of his ſubjects. On this general idea is founded the plan of the following poem.

WHERE Honan's hills Kianſi's vale encloſe,
And Xifa's lake its glaſſy level ſhows,
Li-po's fair iſland lay—delightful ſcene!—
With ſwelling ſlopes, and groves of every green:
On azure rocks his rich pavilion plac'd,
Rear'd its light front with golden columns grac'd;
High o'er the roof a weeping willow hung,
And jaſmine boughs the lattice twin'd among;
In porcelain vaſes creſted amaranth grew,
And ſtarry aſter, crimſon, white, and blue;
Lien-hoa flowers upon the water ſpread;
Bright ſhells and corals varied luſtre ſhed;
From ſparry grottos cryſtal drops diſtill'd
On ſounding braſs, and air with muſic fill'd:
Soft through the bending canes the breezes play'd,
The ruſtling leaves continual murmur made;
Gay ſhoals of gold-fiſh glitter'd in the tide,
And gaudy birds flew ſportive by its ſide.
The diſtant proſpects well the ſight might pleaſe,
With pointed mountains, and romantic trees:
From craggy cliffs, between the verdant ſhades,
The ſilver rills ruſh'd down in bright caſcades;
O'er terrac'd ſteeps rich cotton harveſts * wav'd,
And ſmooth canals the rice-clad valley lav'd;
Long rows of cypreſs † parted all the land,
And tall pagodas crown'd the river's ſtrand!
'Twas here, from buſineſs and its pomp and pain,
The penſive maſter ſought relief in vain.
Li-po, mild prince, a viceroy's ſceptre ſway'd,
And ten fair towns his gentle rule obey'd:
The morn's tranſactions to his memory came,
And ſome he found to praiſe, and ſome to blame;
Mark'd here how juſtice, pity there prevail'd,
And how from haſte or indolence he fail'd.
Beneath a bower of ſweet ka-ſa, whoſe bloom
Fill'd all the adjacent lawn with rich perfume,

* *The Chineſe reduce the ſteep ſlopes of their hills into little terraces, on which they grow cotton, potatoes, &c. They plant the edges of their terraces with trees, which keep up the ground, and make a very fine appearance.*

† *Their rice-grounds are ſeparated by broad ditches, the ſides of which are planted with cypreſſes.* Vide Oſbeck's Voyage to China.

His ſlaves at diſtance ſat—a beauteous train '—
One wak'd the lute, and one the vocal ſtrain:
They ſaw his brow with care all clouded o'er,
And wiſh'd to eaſe th' anxiety he bore.
Amuſive tales their ſoothing lay diſclos'd,
Of heroes brave to perils ſtrange expos'd;
Of tyrants proud, from power's high ſummit caſt;
And lovers, long deſponding, bleſt at laſt.
They ceas'd; the warblings ſoftly died away,
Like zephyrs ceaſing at the cloſe of day.
'This ſcene,' ſaid he, 'how fair! to pleaſe the
'ſight,
How nature's charms, art's ornaments unite!
'Thoſe maids, what magic in the ſtrains they
'ſung! [tongue.
'Song ſweeteſt flows from beauty's tuneful
'Yet ſay, did Tien bid power and wealth be mine,
'For me my ſoul to pleaſure to reſign?
'What boots, that annual, on our fathers' tombs,
'We ſtrew fair flowers, and offer choice perfumes;
'Our veneration of their memories ſhow,
'And not their ſteps in virtue's path purſue?
'When, from his province as the prince returns,
'Rich feaſts for him are ſpread, and incenſe burns,
'And gilded barks unfold their ſtreamers gay,
'And following crowds their loud applauſes pay;
'Avails all this, if he from right has ſwerv'd,
'And conſcience tells him all is undeſerv'd?
'Ariſe, Li-po! 'tis duty calls, ariſe!
'The ſun ſinks reddening in Tartarian ſkies.
'Yon walls that tower o'er Xenſi's neighbouring
'plain,
'Yon walls unnumber'd miſeries contain.
'Think, why did Tien ſuperior rank impart,
'Force of the mind, or feelings of the heart.
'Laſt night in ſleep, to fancy's ſight diſplay'd,
'Lay lovelier ſcenes than e'er my eyes ſurvey'd;
'With purple ſhone the hills, with gold the vales,
'And greeneſt foliage wav'd in gentleſt gales:
''Midſt palmy fields, with ſunſhine ever bright,
'A palace rear'd its walls of ſilvery white;
'The gates of pearl a ſhady hall diſclos'd,
'Where old Confucius' rev'rend form repos'd:
'Looſe o'er his limbs the ſilk's light texture flow'd,
'His eye ſerene ethereal luſtre ſhow'd:
"My ſon," ſaid he, as near his ſeat I drew,
"Caſt round this wonderous ſpot thy dazzled
"view;
"See how, by lucid founts in myrtle bowers,
"The bleſt inhabitants conſume their hours!
"They ne'er to war, fell fiend! commiſſion gave
"To murder, raviſh, baniſh, and enſlave; [pile,
"They ne'er bade grandeur raiſe her gorgeous
"With tribute raviſh'd from the hand of toil;
"But parents, guardians of the people reign'd,
"The weak defended, and the poor ſuſtain'd."
'Smiling he ceas'd—the viſion ſeem'd to fly,
'Like fleecy clouds diſperſing in the ſky.
'Ariſe, Li-po! and caſt thy robes aſide,
'Diſguiſe thy form, thy well-known features hide;
'Go forth, yon ſtreets, yon crowded ſtreets per-
'vade, [aid:
'Mix with the throng, and mark who ſeeks thy
'There avarice ſtern o'er poverty bears ſway,
'And age and ſickneſs fall his eaſy prey;
'There hands that juſtice' ſacred enſigns bear,
'Protect the plunderer, and the plunder ſhare;
'Perhaps there diſcord's deſperate rage prevails,
'And wiſdom's voice to calm the tumult fails;
'Perhaps revenge gives victims to the grave,
'Perhaps they periſh, ere I haſte to ſave!'
He ſpoke, and roſe; but now along the way
That from the city-gate fair-winding lay,
Stretch'd through green meads where lowing cattle graz'd,
Amid the lake's wide ſilver level rais'd,
Led up ſteep rocks by painted bridges join'd,
Or near thin trees that o'er the tide inclin'd,
Slow tow'rds his palace came a ſuppliant train:—
Whoe'er his preſence ſought ne'er ſought in vain—
The ready veſſel, waiting at his call,
Receiv'd, and bore him to the audience-hall.

# ODES.

THE Horatian, or Leſſer Ode, is characterized principally by eaſe and correctneſs. The following little pieces, attempted on that plan, were the production of very different periods; and, on reviſal, were thought not undeſerving a place in this collection.

## ODE I.

### TO LEISURE.

GENTLE leiſure, whom of yore
To wealth the fair contentment bore,
When peace with them her dwelling made,
And health her kind attendance paid;
As wandering o'er the ſunny plains
They fed their herds and fleecy trains:—
O thou! who country ſcenes and air
Preferr'ſt to courts, and crowds, and care;
With thee I've often paſs'd the day,
To thee I wake the grateful lay.

With thee on Chadwell's thymy brow *,
Beneath the hazel's bending bough,
I've ſat to breathe the fragrance cool
Exhaling from the glaſſy pool;
Where, through th' unſullied cryſtal ſeen,
The bottom ſhow'd its ſhining green:
As all attentive theſe I view'd,
And many a pleaſing thought purſu'd,
Whate'er of pleaſure they beſtow'd,
Still I to thee that pleaſure ow'd!

With thee, on Muſla's † corn-clad height
The landſcape oft has charm'd my ſight;
Delightful hills, and vales, and woods,
And duſty roads, and winding floods;
And towns, that through thin groups of ſhade
Their roofs of varied form diſplay'd;

* *The New River Head, near Ware.*

† *A hill on the north ſide of Ware.*

As all attentive thefe I view'd,
And many a pleafing thought purfu'd,
Whate'er of pleafure they beftow'd,
Still I to thee that pleafure ow'd!

With thee, where Eafna's * horn-beam grove
Its foliage o'er me interwove,
Along the lonely path I've ftray'd,
By banks in hoary mofs array'd;
Where tufts of azure orpine grew,
And branchy fern of brighter hue:
As all attentive thefe I view'd,
And many a pleafing thought purfu'd,
Whate'er of pleafure they beftow'd,
Still I to thee that pleafure ow'd!

With thee, by Stanfted's † farms enclos'd,
With aged elms in rows difpos'd;
Or where her chapel's walls appear,
The filver winding river near,
Beneath the broad-leav'd fycamore,
I've linger'd on the fhady fhore:
As all attentive thefe I view'd,
And many a pleafing thought purfu'd,
Whate'er of pleafure they beftow'd,
Still I to thee that pleafure ow'd!

With thee, where Thames his waters leads,
Round Poplar's Ifle ‡ of verdant meads,
Along the undulating tide,
I've feen the white-fail'd veffels glide;
Or gaz'd on London's lofty towers,
Or Dulwich hills, or Greenwich bowers:
As all attentive thefe I view'd,
And many a pleafing thought purfu'd,
Whate'er of pleafure they beftow'd,
Still I to thee that pleafure ow'd!

O gentle leifure!—abfent long—
I woo thee with this tuneful fong:
If e'er, allur'd by grateful change,
O'er fcenes yet unbeheld I range,
And Albion's eaft or weftern fhore
For rural folitudes explore:
As all attentive thefe I view,
And many a pleafing thought purfue,
Whate'er of pleafure they beftow,
To thee that pleafure I muft owe!

## ODE II.

### THE EVENING WALK.

What time fair fpring, with dewy hand,
Awakes her cowflip bloom;
And hawthorn boughs, by breezes fann'd,
Diffufe a rich perfume:

Young Theron down the valley ftray'd
At evening's filent hour,
When bright the fetting funbeams play'd
On Hertford's diftant tower.

He figh'd, and caft around his eye
O'er all the pleafing fcene,
Now tow'rds the golden-clouded fky,
Now on the fields of green.

'Thrice has fair fpring her cowflip bloom
'Awak'd with dewy hand,
'And hawthorn boughs diffus'd perfume,
'By weftern breezes fann'd;

'Since here, at evening's filent hour,
'Delighted oft I ftray'd,
'While bright on Hertford's diftant tower
'The fetting funbeams play'd:

''Twas then the flatterer hope was near,
'And fung this foothing ftrain:
"Where through the trees yon tow'rs appear
"Far o'er the level plain;

"There oft thy pleafant evening walk
"Thy favourite maid fhall join,
"And all the charms of tender talk
"And tuneful fong be thine:

"With thee fhe'll hear the bleat of flocks,
"The throftle's mellow lay,
"The rills that murmur o'er the rocks,
"The whifpers of the fpray."—

'So fung falfe hope—Deceiv'd I heard,
'And fet my heart at eafe;
'The future then fo fair appear'd,
'It made the prefent pleafe.

'So fung falfe hope—The approaching years,
'That diftant look'd fo gay,
'With clouds of cares and ftorms of fears
'All fraught, have pafs'd away.

'As glides yon fun adown the fky,
'As rolls yon rapid ftream;
'So faft our joys and forrows fly,
'And flown appear a dream.

'Be then the events that time has brought
'To me not brought in vain;
'By painful difappointment taught,
'Let wifdom be my gain!'

Thus Theron fpoke, and earneft ey'd
The fun's departing ray;
Again he look'd, again he figh'd,
And homeward bent his way.

## ODE III.

### TO CHILDHOOD.

Childhood, happieft ftage of life!
Free from care and free from ftrife,
Free from memory's ruthlefs reign,
Fraught with fcenes of former pain;
Free from fancy's cruel fkill,
Fabricating future ill;
Time, when all that meets the view,
All can charm, for all is new;
How thy long-loft hours I mourn,
Never, never to return!

Then to tofs the circling ball,
Caught rebounding from the wall;
Then the mimic fhip to guide
Down the kennel's dirty tide;
Then the hoop's revolving pace
Through the dufty ftreet to chafe;
O what joy!—it once was mine,
Childhood, matchlefs boon of thine!—
How thy long-loft hours I mourn,
Never, never to return!

---

* *A pleafant wood, eaft of Ware.*

† *A village in the fame neighbourhood.*

‡ *Commonly called The Ifle of Dog, oppofite Greenwich.*

## ODE IV.

HEARING MUSIC.

YON organ! hark!—how ſoft, how ſweet,
The warbling notes in concert meet!
The ſound my fancy leads
To climes where Phœbus' brighteſt beams
Gild jaſmine groves and cryſtal ſtreams
And lily-mantled meads;

Where myrtle bowers their bloom unfold,
Where citrons bend with fruit of gold,
Where grapes depreſs the vines;
Where, on the bank with roſes gay,
Love, innocence, and pleaſure play,
And beauty's form reclines.

Now different tones and meaſures flow,
And, gravely deep, and ſadly ſlow,
Involve the mind in gloom;
I ſeem to join the mournful train,
Attendant round the couch of pain,
Or leaning o'er the tomb:

To where the orphan'd infant ſleeps,
To where the love-lorn damſel weeps,
I pitying ſeem to ſtray;
Methinks I watch his cradle near,
Methinks her drooping thoughts I cheer,
And wipe her tears away.

Now loud the tuneful thunders roll,
And rouſe and elevate the ſoul
O'er earth and all its care;
I ſeem to hear from heavenly plains
Angelic choirs reſponſive ſtrains,
And in their raptures ſhare.

## ODE V.

A LANDSCAPE.

ON the eaſtern hill's ſteep ſide
Spreads the rural hamlet wide;
'Croſs the vale, where willows riſe,
Further ſtill another lies;
And, beneath a ſteeper hill,
Lies another further ſtill:
Near them many a field and grove—
Scenes where health and labour rove!

Northward ſwelling ſlopes are ſeen,
Clad with corn-fields neat and green;
There, through graſſy plains below,
Broad and ſmooth the waters flow;
While the town, their banks along,
Bids its cluſtering houſes throng,
In the ſunſhine glittering fair;
Haunts of buſineſs, haunts of care!

Weſtward o'er the yellow meads
Wind the rills through waving reeds;
From dark elms a ſhadow falls
On the abbey's whiten'd walls;
Wide the park's green lawns expand;
Thick its tufted lindens ſtand:
Fair retreat! that well might pleaſe
Wealth, and elegance, and eaſe.

Hark! amidſt the diſtant ſhades
Murmuring drop the deep caſcades;
Hark! amidſt the ruſtling trees
Softly ſighs the gentle breeze;
And the Æolian harp, reclin'd
Obvious to the ſtream of wind,
Pours its wildly-warbled ſtrain,
Riſing now, now ſunk again.

How the view detains the ſight!
How the ſounds the ear delight!—
Sweet the ſcene! but think not there
Happineſs ſincere to ſhare:
Reaſon ſtill regrets the day
Paſſing rapidly away;
Leſſening life's too little ſtore;
Paſſing, to return no more!

## ODE VI.

TO A FRIEND, ON HIS MARRIAGE, AND REMOVAL INTO THE COUNTRY.

*Written at Stanway-Hall, in Eſſex.*

WHATE'ER of lighter ſtrain the muſe
Eſſay'd, in vacant hours of eaſe,
At thy expence to raiſe a ſmile,
I deem thy candour will excuſe;
For ſure I meant not to diſpleaſe,
For ſure I wiſh'd thee well the while *.

And now the nuptial knot is ty'd,
That muſe no idle flattery brings,
Nor talks of joy unmixt with care—
I truſt that none who e'er has try'd
The ſober ſtate of human things,
Will give thee hope ſuch joy to ſhare.

Domeſtic life muſt ſoon be thine—
'Tis various as an April day;
'Tis pleaſure now, and now 'tis pain:
Through ſtorms of foul and gleams of fine
Contented hold thy ſteady way,
And theſe enjoy, and thoſe ſuſtain.

From London's ſtreets to ſolitude,
From brilliant ſhops to dirty fields,
From beaux and belles to rugged hinds—
The change I own is ſtrange and rude:
Yet ſcarce a place ſo little yields,
But he who ſeeks amuſement finds.

Perchance thou'lt not diſdain to hear
The ploughman's hiſt'ry of the plain;
Thy ſight the proſpect's ſcenes may charm:
And ſure faſtidious is the ear
That ſlights the milkmaid's ſimple ſtrain
At evening echoing from the farm.

The market lore of artful ſwains,
The price of cattle and of corn,
The ſportſman's feats of dogs and guns;—
To practiſe that will coſt thee pains;
And theſe with patience muſt be borne,
For he will be diſlik'd who ſhuns.

Courage, my friend! whate'er our fate;
So verſatile the human mind,

* *The author alludes to ſome trifling pieces of humour, written on his friend, for the amuſement of a few intimate acquaintance.*

That oft, when novelty is o'er,
To objects of our former hate
Aſſimilated and reſign'd,
We wonder they diſpleas'd before.

'Twas on the feſtive ſocial day,
Where beauty caſt her ſmiles around,
And mirth the mind from care reliev'd;
What time our hands in harmleſs play
Thy brow with wreaths of myrtle bound,
My thoughts this grateful lay conceiv'd.

From Stanway's groves, from fields of Layer *,
To other ſcenes and other friends
To-morrow calls my ſteps away;
Yet memory them in view ſhall bear;
Yet them the wiſh of health attends,
And many a moment calm and gay.

## ODE VII.

### WRITTEN IN WINTER.

WHILE in the ſky black clouds impend,
And fogs ariſe, and rains deſcend,
And one brown proſpect opens round
Of leafleſs trees and furrow'd ground;
Save where unmelted ſpots of ſnow
Upon the ſhaded hill-ſide ſhow;
While chill winds blow, and torrents roll,
The ſcene diſguſts the ſight, depreſſes all the ſoul.

Yet worſe what polar climate ſhare—
Vaſt regions, dreary, bleak, and bare!—
There, on an icy mountain's height,
Seen only by the moon's pale light,
Stern Winter rears his giant form,
His robe a mitt, his voice a ſtorm:
His frown the ſhivering nations fly,
And hid for half the year in ſmoky caverns lie.

Yet there the lamp's perpetual blaze
Can pierce the gloom with cheering rays;
Yet there the heroic tale or ſong
Can urge the lingering hours along;
Yet there their hands with timely care
The kajak † and the dart prepare,
On ſummer ſeas to work their way,
And wage the wat'ry war, and make the ſeals their prey.

Too delicate! reproach no more
The ſeaſons of thy native ſhore—
There ſoon ſhall Spring deſcend the ſky,
With ſmiling brow and placid eye;
A primroſe wreath ſurrounds her hair,
Her green robe floats upon the air;
And ſcatter'd from her liberal hand,
Fair bloſſoms deck the trees, fair flow'rs adorn the land.

## ODE VIII.

### TO A FRIEND.

WHERE Grove-hill‡ ſhows thy villa fair,
But late, my Lettſom, there with thee
'Twas mine the tranquil hour to ſhare—
The ſocial hour of converſe free;
To mark the arrangement of thy ground,
And all the pleaſing proſpect round,
Where, while we gaz'd, new beauties ſtill were found.

There, as the impending cloud of ſmoke
Fled various from the varying gale,
Full on the view freſh objects broke
Along the extenſive peopled vale,
Beſide Thameſis' bending ſtream,
From ancient Lambeth's weſt extreme,
To Limehouſe glittering in the evening beam.

And now and then the glancing eye
Caught glimpſe of ſpots remoter ſtill,
On Hampſtead's ſtreet-clad ſlope ſo high,
Or Harrow's fair conſpicuous hill;
Or eaſtward wander'd to explore
All Peckham's pleaſant level o'er,
To buſy Deptford's veſſel-crowded ſhore:

Or ſought that ſouthern landſcape's bound,
Thoſe ſwelling mounts—one ſmooth and green,
And one with oaken coverts crown'd,
And one where ſcattering trees are ſeen *.
'Twas theſe, with Summer's radiance bright,
That gave my earlieſt youth delight,
Of rural ſcenes the firſt that met my ſight †.

That buſineſs with fatiguing cares,
For this delightful ſeat of thine
Such ſcanty ſtore of moments ſpares,
Say, friend, ſhall I for thee repine?
Were it the commerce of the main,
Or culture of the teeming plain,
From blame or pity I ſhould ſcarce refrain.

But O! to alleviate human woes,
To baniſh ſickneſs, baniſh pain,
To give the ſleepleſs eye repoſe,
The nerveleſs arm its ſtrength again;
From parent eyes to dry the tear,
The wife's diſtreſsful thought to cheer,
And end the huſband's and the lover's fear;

Where want ſits pining, faint, and ill,
To lend thy kind unpurchas'd aid,
And hear the exertions of thy ſkill
With many a grateful bleſſing paid—
'Tis luxury to the feeling heart,
Beyond what ſocial hours impart,
Or nature's beauteous ſcenes, or curious works of art.

## ODE IX.

### LEAVING BATH. M.DCC.LXXVI.

BATH! ere I quit thy pleaſing ſcene,
Thy beechen cliff I'll climb again,
To view thy mountains vivid green,
To view thy hill-ſurrounded plain;
To ſee diſtinct beneath the eye,
As in a pictur'd proſpect nigh,

---

* *Layer Breton, a village in Eſſex.*
† *A Greenland fiſhing boat.*
‡ *At Camberwell, in Surrey.*

* *The Dulwich hills.*
† *The author was born in the environs of London, on the Surrey ſide.*

Thoſe Attic ſtructures ſhining white,
That form thy ſunny creſcent's bend,
Or by thy duſty ſtreets extend,
Or near thy winding river's ſite.

Did commerce theſe proud piles upraiſe!
For thee ſhe ne'er unfurl'd her ſails—
Hygeia gave thy fountains praiſe,
And pain and languor ſought thy vales:
But theſe ſuffic'd an humble cell,
If they with ſtrength and eaſe might dwell.
Then faſhion call'd; his potent voice
Proud wealth with ready ſtep obey'd,
And pleaſure all her arts eſſay'd,
To fix with thee the fickle choice.

Precarious gift!—Thy manſions gay,
Where peers and beauties lead the ball,
Neglected ſoon may feel decay;
Forſaken, moulder to their fall.—
Palmyra, once like thee renown'd,
Now lies a ruin on the ground.—
But ſtill thy environs ſo fair,
Thy waters ſalutary aid,
Will ſurely always ſome perſuade
To render thee their care.

## ODE X.

TO J. PAYNE, ESQ. ACCOUNTANT-GENERAL OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

O FRIEND! to thee, whoſe lib'ral mind
Was form'd with taſte for joys refin'd,
For all the extended country yields,
Of azure ſkies and verdant fields;
For all that genius' hand diſplays,—
The painter's forms, the poet's lays:—
To thee, reſtraint to that dull room,
Where ſunſhine never breaks the gloom;
To thee, reſtraint to that dull lore
Of books, with numbers cypher'd o'er—
How hard the lot! I ſee with pain,
And wiſh it oft exchang'd in vain.
Yet not for thee I aſk the ſtores
Which rapine rends from foreign ſhores,
Nor thoſe oppreſſion's power procures
From ills that poverty endures.
Far happier thou! thy honeſt gain
Can life with decency ſuſtain;
For thee, content, with thought ſerene,
Surveys the preſent changeful ſcene;
And piety her view ſublime
Extends beyond the realm of time.

## ODE XI.

TO A FRIEND, APPREHENSIVE OF DECLINING FRIENDSHIP.

Too much in man's imperfect ſtate
Miſtake produces uſeleſs pain.—
Methinks, of friendſhip's frequent fate
I hear my Frogley's voice complain.

This heart, I hope, forgives its foes;
I know it ne'er forgets its friends;
Where'er may chance my ſteps diſpoſe,
The abſent oft my thought attends.

Deem not that time's oblivious hand
From mem'ry's page has raz'd the days,
By Lee's green verge we wont to ſtand
And on his cryſtal current gaze.

From Chadwell's cliffs, o'erhung with ſhade,
From Widbury's proſpect-yielding hill,
Sweet look'd the ſcenes we then ſurvey'd,
While fancy ſought for ſweeter ſtill:

Then how did learning's ſtores delight!
From books what pleaſures then we drew!
For then their charms firſt met our ſight,
And then their faults we little knew.

Alas! life's Summer ſwiftly flies,
And few its hours of bright and fair!
Why bid diſtruſt's chill eaſt-wind riſe,
To blaſt the ſcanty blooms they bear?

## ODE XII.

TO A FRIEND.

No, Cockfield, no! I'll not diſdain
Thy Upton's elm-divided plain;
Nor ſcorn the varied views it yields,
O'er Bromley's creeks and iſles of reeds,
Or Ham's or Plaiſtow's level meads,
To Woolwich ſtreets, or Charlton fields:
Thy hedge-row paths I'll pleaſant call,
And praiſe the lonely lane that leads
To that old tower upon the wall.

'Twas when miſfortune's ſtroke ſevere,
And melancholy's preſence drear,
Had made my Amwell's groves diſpleaſe,
That thine my weary ſteps receiv'd,
And much the change my mind reliev'd,
And much thy kindneſs gave me eaſe;
For o'er the paſt as thought would ſtray,
That thought thy voice as oft retriev'd,
To ſcenes which fair before us lay.

And there in happier hours, the walk
Has frequent pleas'd with friendly talk;
From theme to theme that wander'd ſtill—
The long detail of where we had been,
And what we had heard, and what we had ſeen:
And what the poet's tuneful ſkill,
And what the painter's graphic art,
Or antiquarian's ſearches keen,
Of calm amuſement could impart.

Then oft did nature's works engage,
And oft we ſearch'd Linnæus' page;
The Scanian ſage, whoſe wond'rous toil
Had claſs'd the vegetable race:
And curious, oft, from place to place
We rang'd, and ſought each different ſoil,
Each different plant intent to view,
And all the marks minute to trace,
Whence he his nice diſtinctions drew.

O moments theſe, not ill employ'd!
O moments, better far enjoy'd
Than thoſe in crowded cities paſs'd;
Where oft to luxury's gaudy reign

Trade lends her feeble aid in vain,
Till pride, a bankrupt wretch at last,
Bids fraud his specious wiles essay,
Youth's easy confidence to gain,
Or industry's poor pittance rend away.

## ODE XIII.

I HATE that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round,
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lure's from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace, and glittering arms;
And when ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows tears, and orphans moans;
And all that misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

## ODE XIV.

### WRITTEN AFTER READING SOME MODERN LOVE-VERSES.

TAKE hence this tuneful trifler's lays!
I'll hear no more the unmeaning strain
Of Venus' doves, and Cupid's darts,
And killing eyes, and wounded hearts;
All flatt'ry's round of fulsome praise,
All falsehood's cant of fabled pain.
Bring me the muse whose tongue has told
Love's genuine plaintive tender tale;
Bring me the muse whose sounds of woe
'Midst death's dread scenes so sweetly flow,
When friendship's faithful breast lies cold,
When beauty's blooming cheek is pale:
Bring these—I like their grief sincere;
It sooths my sympathetic gloom:
For, oh! love's genuine pains I've borne,
And death's dread rage has made me mourn;
I've wept o'er friendship's early bier,
And dropt the tear on beauty's tomb.

## ODE XV.

### THE MUSE; OR, POETICAL ENTHUSIASM.

THE muse! whate'er the muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires;
The poet's birth, I ask not where,
His place, his name, they're not my care;
Nor Greece nor Rome delights me more
Than Tagus' bank *, or Thames's shore †:
From silver Avon's flowery side
Though Shakspeare's numbers sweetly glide,
As sweet, from Morven's desert hills,
My ear the voice of Ossian fills.

The muse! whate'er the muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
Nor bigot zeal, nor party rage
Prevail, to make me blame the page;
I scorn not all that Dryden sings,
Because he flatters courts and kings;
And from the master lyre of Gray
When pomp of music breaks away,
Not less the sound my notice draws,
For that is heard in freedom's cause.

The muse! whate'er the muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
Where wealth's bright sun propitious shines,
No added lustre marks the lines;
Where want extends her chilling shades,
No pleasing flower of fancy fades,
A scribbling peer's applauded lays
Might claim, but claim in vain, my praise
From that poor youth, whose tales relate
Sad Juga's fears and Bawdin's fate *.

The muse! whate'er the muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
When fame her wreaths well-earn'd bestows,
My breast no latent envy knows;
My Langhorne's verse I lov'd to hear,
And Beattie's song delights my ear;
And his whom Athen's tragic maid
Now leads through Scarning's lonely glade;
While he for British nymphs bid flow
Her notes of terror and of woe †.

The muse! whate'er the muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
Or be the verse or blank or rhyme,
The theme, or humble or sublime;
If pastoral's hand my journey leads
Through harvest fields or new-mown meads;
If epic's voice sonorous calls
To Oeta's cliffs ‡ or Salem's walls ‖;
Enough—the muse, the muse inspires!
My soul the tuneful strain admires.

## ODE XVI.

### VIEWING THE RUINS OF AN ABBEY

*To a Friend.*

How steep yon mountains rise around,
How bold yon gloomy woods ascend!
How loud the rushing torrents sound
That 'midst these heaps of ruin bend,
Where one arch'd gateway yet remains,

* *Alluding to Camoens, the epic poet of Portugal; of whose Lusiad we have a well-known masterly translation by Mr. Mickle.*

† *Alluding to Milton, Pope, &c.*

* *See Rowley's poems, supposed to have been written by Chatterton, an unhappy youth born at Bristol.*

† *See Mr. Potter's excellent translation of Æschylus and Euripides.*

‡ *See Mr. Glover's Leonidas, alluded to as an example of classical dignity and simplicity.*

‖ *See Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered, alluded to as an example of Gothic fancy and magnificence.*

And one lone aiſle its roof retains,
And one tall turret's walls impend!

Here once a ſelf-ſequeſter'd train
Renounc'd life's tempting pomp and glare;
Rejected power, relinquiſh'd gain,
And ſhunn'd the great, and ſhuna'd the fair:
The voluntary ſlaves of toil,
By day they till'd their little ſoil,
By night they awoke and roſe to prayer.

Though ſuperſtition much we blame,
That bade them thus conſume their years;
Their motive ſtill our praiſe muſt claim,
Their conſtancy our thought reveres:
And ſure their ſolitary ſcheme
Muſt check each paſſion's wild extreme,
And ſave them cares, and ſave them fears.

Their convent's round contain'd their all;
Their minds no ſad preſage oppreſt,
What fate might abſent wealth befal,
How abſent friends might be diſtreſt:
Domeſtic ills ne'er hurt their eaſe;
They nought of pain could feel from theſe,
Who no domeſtic joys poſſeſt.

But imperfection haunts each place:
Would this kind calm atone to thee
For fame's or fortune's ſprightly chaſe,
Whoſe prize in proſpect ſtill we ſee;
Or Hymen's happy moments bleſt,
With beauty leaning on thy breaſt,
Or childhood prattling at thy knee?

## ODE XVII.

### PRIVATEERING.

Now cuſtom ſteels the human breaſt
To deeds that nature's thoughts deteſt!
How cuſtom conſecrates to fame
What reaſon elſe would give to ſhame!
Fair Spring ſupplies the favouring gale,
The naval plunderer ſpreads his ſail,
And ploughing wide the wat'ry way,
Explores with anxious eyes his prey.

The man he never ſaw before,
The man who him no quarrel bore,
He meets, and avarice prompts the fight;
And rage enjoys the dreadful ſight
Of decks with ſtreaming crimſon dy'd,
And wretches ſtruggling in the tide,
Or, 'midſt th' exploſion's horrid glare,
Diſpers'd with quivering limbs in air.

The merchant now on foreign ſhores
His captur'd wealth in vain deplores;
Quits his fair home, O mournful change!
For the dark priſon's ſcanty range;
By plenty's hand ſo lately fed,
Depends on caſual alms for bread;
And with a father's anguiſh torn,
Sees his poor offſpring left forlorn.

And yet, ſuch man's misjudging mind,
For all this injury to his kind,
The proſperous robber's native plain
Shall bid him welcome home again;
His name the ſong of every ſtreet,
His acts the theme of all we meet,
And oft the artiſt's ſkill ſhall place
To public view his pictur'd face!

If glory thus be earn'd, for me
My object glory ne'er ſhall be;
No, firſt in Cambria's loneliеſt dale
Be mine to hear the ſhepherd's tale!
No, firſt on Scotia's bleakeſt hill
Be mine the ſtubborn ſoil to till!
Remote from wealth, to dwell alone,
And die, to guilty praiſe unknown!

## ODE XVIII.

### ON HOSPITALITY.

Domeſtic powers! erewhile rever'd,
Where Syria ſpread her palmy plain,
Where Greece her tuneful muſes heard,
Where Rome beheld her patriot train;
Thou to Albion too wert known,
'Midſt the moat and moſs-grown wall
That girt her Gothic-ſtructur'd hall
With rural trophies ſtrown.

The traveller, doubtful of his way,
Upon the pathleſs foreſt wild;
The huntſman, in the heat of day,
And with the tedious chaſe o'ertoil'd;
Wide their view around them caſt,
Mark'd the diſtant ruſtic tower,
And ſought and found the feſtive bower,
And ſhar'd the free repaſt.

E'en now, on Caledonia's ſhore,
When eve's dun robe the ſky arrays,
Thy punctual hand unfolds the door,
Thy eye the mountain road ſurveys;
Pleas'd to ſpy the caſual gueſt,
Pleas'd with food his heart to cheer,
With pipe or ſong to ſooth his ear,
And ſpread his couch for reſt.

Nor yet e'en here diſdain'd thy ſway,
Where grandeur's ſplendid modern ſeat
Far o'er the landſcape glitters gay;
Or where fair quiet's lone retreat
Hides beneath the hoary hill,
Near the duſky upland ſhade,
Between the willow's gloſſy glade,
And by the tinkling rill.

There thine the pleaſing interviews
That friends and relatives endear,
When ſcenes not often ſeen amuſe,
When tales not often told we hear;
There the ſcholar's liberal mind
Oft inſtruction gives and gains,
And oft the lover's lore obtains
His fair-one's audience kind.

O gentle power! where'er thy reign,
May health and peace attend thee ſtill;

Nor folly's preſence cauſe thee pain,
Nor vice reward thy good with ill;
Gratitude thy altar raiſe,
Wealth to thee her offerings pay,
And genius wake his tuneful lay
To celebrate thy praiſe.

## ODE XIX.

### THE APOLOGY.

'PASTORAL, and elegy, and ode!
'Who hopes, by theſe, applauſe to gain,
'Believe me, friend, may hope in vain—
'Theſe claſſic things are not the mode;
'Our taſte polite, ſo much refin'd,
'Demands a ſtrain of different kind.

'Go, court the muſe of Chevy Chace,
'To tell in Sternhold's ſimple rhimes
'Some tale of ancient Engliſh times;
'Or try to win rude ſatire's grace,
'That ſcold, who dirt around her throws,
'And many a random ſtain beſtows.

'Or dull trite thoughts in ſongs combine,
'And bid the tuneful accents fail,
'To wake the echoes of Vauxhall;
'Or tow'rds the ſtage thy thoughts incline,
'And furniſh ſome half-pilfer'd play,
'To ſhine the meteor of the day.'

O! no—though ſuch the crowd amuſe,
And peals of noiſy praiſe procure;
Will they the critic eye endure,
And paſs the ordeal of reviews?
And who is he for whom they'll gain
A nich in fame's immortal fane?

The plan that Virgil's choice could claim,
The plan that Horace deign'd to chooſe,
Truſt me, I wiſh not to refuſe:—
To Akenſide's or Shenſtone's name
The praiſe that future days ſhall pay,
Methinks may well content my lay.

## ODE XX.

THIS ſcene how rich from Thames's ſide,
While evening ſuns their amber beam
Spread o'er the glaſſy-ſurfac'd tide,
And 'midſt the maſts and cordage gleam;
Blaze on the roofs with turrets crown'd,
And gild green paſtures ſtretch'd around,
And gild the ſlope of that high ground,
Whoſe cornfields bright the proſpect bound *!

The white ſails glide along the ſhore,
Red ſtreamers on the breezes play,
The boatmen ply the daſhing-oar,
And wide their various freight convey;
Some Neptune's hardy thoughtleſs train,
And ſome the careful ſons of gain,
And ſome the enamour'd nymph and ſwain
Liſtening to muſic's ſoothing ſtrain.

But there, while theſe the ſight allure,
Still fancy wings her flight away
To woods recluſe, and vales obſcure,
And ſtreams that ſolitary ſtray;
To view the pine-grove on the hill,
The rocks that trickling ſprings diſtill,
The meads that quivering aſpins fill,
Or alders crowding o'er the rill.

And where the trees unfold their bloom,
And where the banks their floriage bear,
And all effuſe a rich perfume
That hovers in the ſoft calm air;
The hedge-row path to wind along,
To hear the bleating fleecy throng,
To hear the ſkylark's airy ſong,
And throſtle's note ſo clear and ſtrong.

But ſay, if there our ſteps were brought,
Would theſe their pow'r to pleaſe retain?
Say, would not reſtleſs, roving thought
Turn back to buſy ſcenes again?
O ſtrange formation of the mind!
Still, though the preſent fair we find,
Still tow'rds the abſent thus inclin'd,
Thus fix'd on objects left behind!

* *Shooter's Hill. This view was taken on the north ſide of the Thames, at Ratcliff.*

## ODE XXI.

### WRITTEN AFTER A JOURNEY TO BRISTOL.

THEE, Briſtol, oft my thoughts recal,
Thy Kingſdown brow and Brandon hill;
The ſpace, once circled by thy wall,
Which tow'rs and ſpires of churches fill;
And maſts and ſails of veſſels tall,
With trees and houſes intermingled ſtill!

From Clifton's rocks how grand the ſight,
When Avon's dark tide ruſh'd between!
How grand, from Henbury's woody height,
The Severn's wide-ſpread wat'ry ſcene,
Her waves with trembling ſunſhine bright,
And Cambrian hills beyond them riſing green!

To Mendip's ridge how ſtretch'd away
My view, while fancy fought the plain
Where Blagdon's groves ſecluded lay,
And heard my much-lov'd poet's ſtrain *!
Ah! why ſo near, nor thither ſtray
To meet the friend I ne'er ſhall meet again?

Occaſion's call averſe to prize,
Irreſolute we oft remain—
She ſoon irrevocably flies,
And then we mourn her flown in vain;
While pleaſure's imag'd forms ariſe,
Whoſe fancied loſs regret beholds with pain.

And Briſtol! why thy ſcenes explore,
And why thoſe ſcenes ſo ſoon reſign,
And fail to ſeek the ſpot that bore
That wonderous tuneful youth of thine,

* *The late ingenious Dr. John Langhorne, then reſident at Blagdon, near Briſtol.*

The bard *, whofe boafted ancient ftore
Rofe recent from his own exhauftlefs mine †!

Though fortune all her gifts denied,
Though learning made him not her choice,
The muſe ſtill plac'd him at her ſide,
And bade him in her ſmile rejoice—
Deſcription ſtill his pen ſupplied,
Pathos his thought, and melody his voice!

Conſcious and proud of merit high,
Fame's wreath he boldly claim'd to wear;
But fame, regardleſs, paſs'd him by,
Unknown, or deem'd unworth her care:
The ſun of hope forſook his ſky;
And all his land look'd dreary, bleak, and bare!

Then poverty, grim ſpectre, roſe,
And horror o'er the proſpect threw—
His deep diſtreſs too nice t' expoſe;
Too nice for common aid to ſue,
A dire alternative he choſe,
And raſhly from the painful ſcene withdrew.

Ah! why for genius' headſtrong rage
Did virtue's hand no curb prepare?
What boots, poor youth! that now thy page
Can boaſt the public praiſe to ſhare,
The learn'd in deep reſearch engage,
And lightly entertain the gentle fair?

Ye, who ſuperfluous wealth command,
O why your kind relief delay'd?
O why not ſnatch'd his deſperate hand?
His foot on fate's dread brink not ſtay'd?
What thanks had you your native land
For a new Shakſpeare or new Milton paid?

For me—Imagination's power
Leads oft inſenſibly my way,
To where, at midnight's ſilent hour,
The creſcent moon's ſlow-weſtering ray
Pours full on Redcliff's lofty tower,
And gilds with yellow light its walls of gray.

'Midſt toil and commerce ſlumbering round,
Lull'd by the riſing tide's hoarſe roar,
There Frome and Avon willow-crown'd,
I view ſad-wandering by the ſhore,
With ſtreaming tears, and notes of mournful ſound,
Too late their hapleſs bard, untimely loſt, deplore.

## ODE XXII.

### TO CRITICISM.

Fair nymph! of taſte and learning born,
Whom truth's and candour's gifts adorn,
The muſe's friend! to thee ſhe ſings:
Accept the grateful verſe ſhe brings.
When genius, ranging nature o'er,
Collects his tributary ſtore,
What matter's tract immenſe ſupplies,
Or wide in mind's vaſt region lies,
And every thought with ſkill combines,
And all tranſmits in tuneful lines;
Then rapture ſparkling in thine eye,
Then rais'd thy ſolemn voice on high;
Thy comment ſtill his work purſues,
The plan explains, the ſtyle reviews,
And marks its ſtrength, and marks its eaſe;
And tells us why and how they pleaſe.
And when, perhaps, diſdaining care,
He blends with faults his products fair;
Whate'er of ſuch thy ſight ſurveys,
Thy tongue in triumph ne'er diſplays,
But hints, as ſpots that dim the ſun,
Or rocks that future ſails ſhould ſhun.
'Twas thee whom once Stagyra's grove
Oft with her ſage * allur'd to rove;
'Twas thee to whom in Tadmore's bowers,
Her ſtateſman † vow'd his vacant hours;
'Twas thee whom, Tibur's vines among,
Her bard ‡ in careleſs meaſures ſung;
'Twas thou who thence to Albion's plain
Remov'd, to teach her tuneful train,
When Dryden's age by thee inſpir'd,
Condemn'd the ſlights his youth admir'd;
And Pope, intent on higher praiſe,
So poliſh'd all his pleaſing lays:
And now, by thee, our favour'd coaſt
A Warton, Hurd, and Burke can boaſt;
And her, whoſe pen from Gallic rage
Defended Shakſpeare's injur'd page §.
Give me, bright power! with ready ear,
Another's plea for fame to hear,
And bid my willing voice allow
The bays to merit's modeſt brow:
And when the muſe her preſence deigns,
And prompts my own unſtudied ſtrains,
Inſtruct me them, with view ſevere,
To inſpect, and keep from error clear;
Nor ſpare, though fancy'd e'er ſo fine,
One ill-plac'd thought, or uſeleſs line.

* *Chatterton.*

† *This is at leaſt the author's opinion, notwithſtanding all that has hitherto appeared on the other ſide of the queſtion. The laſt line alludes to one of the ingenious Mr. Maſon, in his elegy to a young nobleman:*

" See from the depths of his exhauſtleſs mine
" His glittering ſtores the tuneful ſpendthrift
" throws."

## ODE XXIII.

### TO DISEASE.

Disease! man's dread, relentleſs foe,
Fell ſource of fear, and pain, and woe!
O ſay, on what ill-fated coaſt
They mourn thy tyrant reign the moſt?
On Java's bogs, or Gambia's ſand,
Or Perſia's ſultry ſouthern ſtrand;
Or Egypt's annual-flooded plain,
Or Rome's neglected, waſte domain;
Or where her walls Byzantium rears,
And moſques and turrets creſcent-crown'd,

* *Ariſtotle.* † *Longinus.* ‡ *Horace.*

§ *The ingenious Mrs. Montague, who has ſo ably vindicated Shakſpeare from the cavils of Voltaire.*

And from his high ſerail the ſultan hears
The wide Propontis' beating waves reſound *.
I'll aſk no more—Our clime, though fair,
Enough thy tyrant reign muſt ſhare;
And lovers there, and friends, complain,
By thee their friends and lovers ſlain:
And yet our avarice and our pride
Combine to ſpread thy miſchiefs wide;
While that the captive wretch confines,
To hunger, cold, and filth reſigns,—
And this the funeral pomp attends
To vaults, where mouldering corſes lie,—
Amid foul air thy form unſeen aſcends,
And like a vulture hovers in the ſky †.

## ODE XXIV.

### THE TEMPESTUOUS EVENING.

THERE'S grandeur in this ſounding ſtorm,
That drives the hurrying clouds along
That on each other ſeem to throng,
And mix in many a varied form;
While, burſting now and then between,
The moon's dim miſty orb is ſeen,
And caſts faint glimpſes on the green.

Beneath the blaſt the foreſts bend,
And thick the branchy ruin lies,
And wide the ſhower of foliage flies;
The lake's black waves in tumult blend,
Revolving o'er and o'er and o'er,
And foaming on the rocky ſhore,
Whoſe caverns echo to their roar.

The ſight ſublime enrapts my thought,
And ſwift along the paſt it ſtrays,
And much of ſtrange event ſurveys,
What hiſtory's faithful tongue has taught,
Or fancy form'd, whoſe plaſtic ſkill
The page with fabled change can fill
Of ill to good, or good to ill.

But can my ſoul the ſcene enjoy,
That rends another's breaſt with pain?
O hapleſs he, who, near the main,
Now ſees its billowy rage deſtroy!
Beholds the foundering bark deſcend,
Nor knows, but what its fate may end
The moments of his deareſt friend!

## ODE XXV.

### THE MELANCHOLY EVENING.

O HASTE, ye hovering clouds away,
Ye clouds ſo fleecy, dim, and pale,
Through which the moon's obſtructed ray
Sheds this ſad whiteneſs o'er the vale!

Forbear, ye bells, that languid ſtrain!
The ſight, the ſound, are fraught with pain;
The words of dying friends I hear,
The open grave I linger near,
Take the laſt look, and drop the parting tear!

Before my view dire phantoms riſe,
The plagues of hapleſs human-kind!
Pale fear, who unpurſu'd ſtill flies,
And ſtarts, and turns, and looks behind;
Remorſe, whoſe own indignant aim
Deforms with uſeleſs wounds her frame;
Deſpair, whoſe tongue no ſpeech will deign,
Whoſe ghaſtly brow looks dark diſdain,
And bends from ſteep rocks o'er the foaming main.

And rage, whoſe boſom inly burns,
While reaſon's call he ſcorns to hear;
And jealouſy, who ruthleſs turns
From ſuppliant beauty's prayer and tear;
Revenge, whoſe thoughts tumultuous roll
To ſeek the poniard or the bowl;
And phrenſy, wildly paſſing by,
With her chain'd arm and ſtarting eye,
And voice that with loud curſes rends the ſky!

Ambition, here, to heights of power
His courſe with daring ſtep purſues,
Though danger's frown againſt him lour,
Though guilt his path with blood beſtrews;
There avarice graſps his uſeleſs ſtore,
Though mercy's plaints his aid implore,
Though he her ruin'd cottage nigh,
Beholds her famiſh'd infants lie,
And hears their faint, their laſt expiring cry!

Ye dreadful band! O ſpare, O ſpare!
Alas, your ear no prayers perſuade!
But, ah! if man your reign muſt bear,
Sure man had better ne'er been made!
Say, will religion clear this gloom,
And point to bliſs beyond the tomb?
Yes, haply for her choſen train;
The reſt, they ſay, ſevere decrees ordain
To realms of endleſs night, and everlaſting pain *!

## ODE XXVI.

### THE PLEASANT EVENING.

DELIGHTFUL looks this clear, calm ſky,
With Cynthia's orb on high!
Delightful looks this ſmooth green ground,
With ſhadows caſt from cots around;
Quick-twinkling luſtre decks the tide;
And cheerful radiance gently falls
On that white town, and caſtle walls,
That crown the ſpacious river's further ſide.

And now along the echoing hills
The night-bird's ſtrain melodious trills;

* *Byzantium: Conſtantinople; ſubject to frequent viſitations of that dreadful fever, the plague.*

† *Alluding to the too frequent miſerable ſituation of priſoners of war, debtors, &c.; and the abſurd cuſtom of burying in churches; circumſtances contributing greatly to the propagation of diſeaſe.*

* *The author does not give theſe as his own ſentiments, but merely ſuch as the gloomy moment deſcribed might naturally ſuggeſt. That the above dreadful idea is adopted by a large body of Chriſtians, is ſufficient to authoriſe its admiſſion into a poem, profeſſing to paint the dark ſide of things.*

And now the echoing dale along
Soft flows the ſhepherd's tuneful ſong:
And now, wide o'er the water borne,
The city's mingled murmur ſwells,
And lively change of diſtant bells,
And varied warbling of the deep-ton'd horn.

Their influence calms the ſoften'd ſoul,
The paſſions feel their ſtrong controul:
While fancy's eye, where'er it ſtrays,
A ſcene of happineſs ſurveys;
Through all the various walks of life
No natural ill nor moral ſees,
No famine fell, nor dire diſeaſe,
Nor war's infernal unrelenting ſtriſe.

For theſe, behold a heavenly band
Their white wings waving o'er the land!
Sweet innocence, a cherub fair,
And peace and joy, a ſiſter pair:
And kindneſs mild, their kindred grace,
Whoſe brow ſerene complacence wears,
Whoſe hand her liberal bounty bears
O'er the vaſt range of animated ſpace!

Bleſt viſion! O for ever ſtay!
O far be guilt and pain away!
And yet, perhaps, with him, whoſe view
Looks at one glance creation through,
To general good our partial ill
Seems but a ſand upon the plain,
Seems but a drop amid the main,
And ſome wiſe unknown purpoſe may fulfil.

## ODE XXVII.

AFTER READING AKENSIDE'S POEMS.

To fancy's view what viſions riſe,
Remote amid yon azure ſkies!
What goddeſs-form deſcends in air?
The Grecian muſe, ſeverely fair!
What ſage is he, to whom ſhe deigns
Her lyre of elevated ſtrains?
The bard of Tyne—his maſter hand
Awakes new muſic o'er the land;
And much his voice of right and wrong
Attempts to teach the unheeding throng.

What mean thoſe cryſtal rocks ſerene,
Thoſe laureate grôves for ever green,
Thoſe Parian domes?—Sublime retreats,
Of freedom's ſons the happy ſeats!—
There dwell the few who dar'd diſdain
The luſt of power and luſt of gain;
The patriot names of old renown'd,
And thoſe in later ages found;
The Athenian, Spartan, Roman boaſt,
The pride of Britain's ſea-girt coaſt!
But, oh! what darkneſs intervenes!
But, oh! beneath, what different ſcenes!
What matron ſhe, to grief reſign'd,
Beſide that ruin'd arch reclin'd?
Her ſons, who once ſo well could wield,
The warrior-ſpear, the warrior ſhield,
A turban'd ruffian's ſcourge conſtrains
To toil on deſolated plains!—
And ſhe who leans that column nigh,
Where trampled arms and eagles lie;
Whoſe veil eſſays her bluſh to hide,
Who checks the tear that haſtes to glide?
A mitred prieſt's oppreſſive ſway
She ſees her drooping race obey:
Their vines unprun'd, their fields untill'd,
Their ſtreets with want and miſery fill'd.
And who is ſhe, the martial maid
Along that cliff ſo careleſs laid,
Whoſe brow ſuch laugh unmeaning wears,
Whoſe eye ſuch inſolence declares,
Whoſe tongue deſcants, with ſcorn ſo vain,
On ſlaves of Ebro or of Seine?
What grieſly Churl *, what harlot bold †,
Behind her, chains enormous hold?
Though virtue's warning voice be near,
Alas, ſhe will not, will not hear!
And now ſhe ſinks in ſleep profound,
And now they bind her to the ground.
O what is he, his ghaſtly form,
So half obſcur'd in cloud and ſtorm,
Swift ſtriding on ‡?—beneath his ſtrides
Proud empire's firmeſt baſe ſubſides;
Behind him dreary waſtes remain,
Oblivion's dark chaotic reign!

* *Avarice.* † *Luxury.* ‡ *Ruin.*

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# THE MEXICAN PROPHECY: AN ODE.

DE SOLIS, in his Hiſtory of the Conqueſt of Mexico, informs us, that, on the approach of Cortez to the neighbourhood of that city, the Emperor Montezuma ſent a number of magicians to attempt the deſtruction of the Spaniſh army. As the ſorcerers were practiſing their incantations, a demon appeared to them in the form of their idol Tlcatlepuca, and foretold the fall of the Mexican empire. On this legend is founded the following poem. The conqueſt of Mexico was undertaken from motives of avarice, and accompanied with circumſtances of cruelty; but it produced the ſubverſion of a tyrannical government, and the abolition of a deteſtable religion of horrid rites and human ſacrifices.

FROM Cholula's hoſtile plain *,
Left her treacherous legions ſlain,
Left her temples all in flame,
Cortes' conquering army came.

* *Cholula was a large city, not far diſtant from Mexico. The inhabitants were in league with the Mexicans; and after profeſſing friendſhip for the Spaniards, endeavoured to ſurpriſe and deſtroy them.*

High on Chalco's ſtormy ſteep
Shone their phalanx broad and deep;
High the Hiſpanian banner rais'd,
Bore the croſs in gold emblaz'd *:
Thick the gleaming ſpears appear'd,
Loud the neighing ſteeds were heard;
Flaſh'd the muſkets lightnings round,
Roll'd their thunders o'er the ground,
Echo'd from a thouſand caves,
Down to Tenuſtitan's waves—†;
Spacious lake, that far below
Bade its lucid level flow:
There the ever-ſunny ſhore
Groves of palm and coco bore;
Maize-fields rich, ſavannas green,
Stretch'd around, with towns between.
Tacubà, Tezcùco fair,
Rear'd their ſhining roofs in air;
Mexico's imperial pride
Glitter'd 'midſt the glaſſy tide,
Bright with gold, with ſilver bright,
Dazzling, charming all the ſight ‡.
From their poſt the war-worn band
Raptur'd view'd the happy land:
'Haſte to victory, haſte to eaſe,
'Mark the ſpot that gives us theſe!
On the exulting heroes ſtrode,
Shunn'd the ſmooth inſidious road,
Shunn'd the rock's impending ſhade,
Shunn'd the expecting ambuſcade ‖.

Deep within a gloomy wood
Motezume's magicians ſtood:
Tlcàtlepùca's horrid form,
God of famine, plague and ſtorm,
High on magic ſtones they rais'd;
Magic fires before him blaz'd;
Round the lurid flames they drew,
Flames whence ſteams of ſulphur flew;
There, while bleeding victims ſmok'd,
Thus his aid they loud invok'd:
'Miniſter ſupreme of ill,
'Prompt to puniſh, prompt to kill,
'Motezuma aſks thy aid!
'Foreign foes his realms invade;
'Vengeance on the ſtrangers ſhed,
'Mix them inſtant with the dead!
'By thy temple's ſable floor,
'By thy altar ſtain'd with gore,
'Stain'd with gore and ſtrew'd with bones,
'Echoing ſhrieks, and echoing groans!
'Vengeance on the ſtrangers ſhed,
'Mix them inſtant with the dead!'

Ordaz heard, Velaſquez heard—
Swift their fauchions' blaze appear'd;
Alvarado ruſhing near,
Furious rais'd his glittering ſpear;
Calm, Olmedo mark'd the ſcene *,
Calm he mark'd, and ſtepp'd between:
'Vain their rites and vain their prayer,
'Weak attempts beneath your care;
'Warriors! let the wretches live!
'Chriſtians! pity, and forgive!'
Sudden darkneſs o'er them ſpread,
Glow'd the woods with duſky red;
Vaſt the idol's ſtature grew,
Look'd his face of ghaſtly hue,
Frowning rage, and frowning hate,
Angry at his nation's fate;
Fierce his fiery eyes he roll'd,
Thus his tongue the future told;
Cortes' veterans paus'd to hear,
Wondering all, though void of fear;
'Mourn, devoted city, mourn!
'Mourn, devoted city, mourn!
'Doom'd for all thy crimes to know
'Scenes of battle, ſcenes of woe!
'Who is he—O ſpare the ſight!—
'Rob'd in gold, with jewels bright?
'Hark! he deigns the crowd to call;
'Chiefs and warriors proſtrate fall †.
'Reverence now to fury yields;
'Strangers o'er him ſpread your ſhields!
'Thick the darts, the arrows, fly;
'Hapleſs monarch! he muſt die!
'Mark the ſolemn funeral ſtate,
'Paſſing through the weſtern gate!
'Chàpultèquas cave contains
'Mighty Motezume's remains.
'Ceaſe the ſtriſe! alas, 'tis vain!
'Myriads throng Otumba's plain;
'Wide their feathery creſts they wave,
'All the ſtrong and all the brave ‡.
'Gleaming glory through the ſkies,
'See the imperial ſtandard flies!
'Down by force reſiſtleſs torn;
'Off in haughty triumph borne.
'Slaughter heaps the vale with dead,
'Fugitives the mountains ſpread.
'Mexico, 'tis thine to know
'More of battle, more of woe!—
'Bright in arms the ſtranger train
'O'er thy cauſeways move again.

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* *The device on Cortes's ſtandard was the ſign of the croſs.*—Vide De Solis.

† *Tenuſtitan, otherwiſe Tenuchtitlan, the ancient name of the Lake of Mexico.*

‡ *The Spaniſh hiſtorians aſſert, that the walls and houſes of the Indian cities were compoſed of a peculiar kind of glittering ſtone or plaſter, which at a diſtance reſembled ſilver.*

‖ *The Indians had blocked up the uſual road to Mexico, and opened another broader, and ſmooth at the entrance, but which led among rocks and precipices, where they had placed parties in ambuſh. Cortes diſcovered the ſtratagem, and ordered his troops to remove the obſtructions. Being aſked by the Mexican ambaſſadors the reaſon of this procedure, he replied, that the Spaniards always choſe to encounter difficulties.*

* *Bartholeme de Olmedo, chaplain to Cortes: he ſeems to have been a man of enlarged ideas, much prudence, moderation, and humanity.*

† *Motezuma, who was reſident in the Spaniſh quarters when they were attacked by the Mexicans, propoſed ſhowing himſelf to the people, in order to appeaſe the tumult. At his firſt appearance he was regarded with veneration, which was ſoon exchanged for rage, to the effects whereof he fell a victim.*

‡ *Cortes, in his retreat from Mexico, after the death of Motezuma, was followed and ſurrounded by the whole collective force of the empire, in the plains of Otumba. After repelling the attacks of his enemies on every ſide, with indefatigable valour, he found himſelf overpowered by numbers; when, making one deſperate effort, with a few ſelect friends, he ſeized the imperial ſtandard, killed the general, and routed the army.*

'Bend the bow, the ſhaft prepare,
'Join the breaſtplate's folds with care;
'Raiſe the ſacrificial fire,
'Bid the captive youths expire *;
'Wake the ſacred trumpet's breath,
'Pouring anguiſh, pouring death †;
'Troops from every ſtreet repair,
'Cloſe them in the fatal ſnare;
'Valiant as they are, they fly,
'Here they yield, and there they die.
'Ceaſe the ſtrife! 'tis fruitleſs all,
'Mexico at laſt muſt fall!
'Lo! the dauntleſs band return,
'Furious for the fight they burn!
'Lo! auxiliar nations round,
'Crowding o'er the darken'd ground!
'Corſes fill thy trenches deep;
'Down thy temple's lofty ſteep
'See thy prieſts, thy princes thrown—
'Hark! I hear their parting groan!
'Blood thy lake with crimſon dyes,
'Flames from all thy domes ariſe!
'What are thoſe that round thy ſhore
'Launch thy troubled water's o'er?
'Swift canoes that from the fight
'Aid their vanquiſh'd monarch's flight;
'Ambuſh'd in the reedy ſhade,
'Them the ſtranger barks invade;
'Soon thy lord a captive bends,
'Soon thy far-ſam'd empire ends *;
'Otomèca ſhares thy ſpoils,
'Tlàſcalà in triumph ſmiles †.
'Mourn, devoted city, mourn!
'Mourn, devoted city, mourn!
'Ceaſe your boaſt, O ſtranger band,
'Conquerors of my fallen land!
'Avarice ſtrides your van before,
'Phantom meagre, pale, and hoar!
'Diſcord follows, breathing flame,
'Still oppoſing claim to claim ‡;
'Kindred demons haſte along!
'Haſte, avenge my country's wrong!'
Ceas'd the voice with dreadful ſounds,
Loud as tides that burſt their bounds;
Roll'd the form in ſmoke away,
Amaz'd on earth the exorciſts lay;
Pondering on the dreadful lore,
Their courſe the Iberians downward bore;
Their helmets glittering o'er the vale,
And wide their enſigns fluttering in the gale.

* *De Solis relates, that the Mexicans ſacrificed to their idols a number of Spaniards, whom they had taken priſoners, and whoſe cries and groans were diſtinctly heard in the Spaniſh camp, exciting ſentiments of horror and revenge in their ſurviving companions.*

† *The above author obſerves, that the ſacred trumpet of the Mexicans was ſo called, becauſe it was not permitted to any but the prieſts to ſound it; and that only when they denounced war, and animated the people on the part of their gods.*

* *When the Spaniards had forced their way to the centre of Mexico, Guatimozin, the reigning emperor, endeavoured to eſcape in his canoes acroſs the lake; but was purſued and taken priſoner by Garcia de Holguin, captain of one of the Spaniſh brigantines.*

† *The Otomies were a fierce, ſavage nation, never thoroughly ſubdued by the Mexicans. Tlaſcala was a powerful neighbouring republic, the rival of Mexico.*

‡ *Alluding to the diſſentions which enſued among the Spaniards, after the conqueſt of America.*

# EPISTLES.

## EPISTLE I.

### THE GARDEN.

*To a Friend.*

From Whitby's rocks ſteep riſing o'er the main,
From Eſka's vales, or Ewecot's lonely plain,
Say rove thy thoughts to Amwell's diſtant bow'rs,
To mark how paſs thy friends ſequeſter'd hours?

'Perhaps,' think'ſt thou, 'he ſeeks his pleaſing
'ſcenes
'Of winding walks, ſmooth lawns, and ſhady
greens:
'Where China's willow hangs its foliage fair,
'And Po's tall poplar waves its top in air,
'And the dark maple ſpreads its umbrage wide,
'And the white bench adorns the baſon ſide;
'At morn reclin'd, perhaps, he ſits to view
'The bank's neat ſlope, the water's ſilver hue.
'Where, 'midſt thick oaks, the ſubterraneous way
'To the arch'd grot admits a feeble ray;
'Where gloſſy pebbles pave the varied floors,
'And rough flint-walls are deck'd with ſhells and
'ores,
'And ſilvery pearls, ſpread o'er the roofs on high,
'Glimmer like faint ſtars in a twilight ſky;
'From noon's fierce glare, perhaps, he pleas'd re-
'tires,
'Indulging muſings which the place inſpires.
'Now where the airy octagon aſcends,
'And wide the proſpect o'er the vale extends,
'Mid'ſt evening's calm, intent perhaps he ſtands,
'And looks o'er all that length of ſun-gilt lands,
'Of bright green paſtures, ſtretch'd by rivers clear,
'And willow groves, or oſier iſlands near.'
Alas, my friend, how ſtrangely men miſtake,
Who gueſs what others moſt their pleaſure make!
Theſe garden ſcenes, which faſhion o'er our plains
Spreads round the villas of our wealthy ſwains,

Though envy grudge, or friendſhip wiſh to ſhare,
They claim but little of their owners' care.
For me, my groves not oft my ſteps invite,
And far leſs oft they fail to offend my ſight:
In vain the ſenna waves its gloſſy gold,
In vain the ciſtus' ſpotted flowers unfold,
In vain the acacia's ſnowy bloom depends,
In vain the ſumach's ſcarlet ſpike aſcends,
In vain the woodbine's ſpicy tufts diſcloſe,
And green ſlopes redden with the ſhedding roſe:
Theſe neat-ſhorn hawthorns uſeleſs verdant bound,
This long ſtraight walk, that pools unmeaning round,
Theſe ſhort-curv'd paths that twiſt beneath the trees,
Diſguſt the eye, and make the whole diſpleaſe.
'No ſcene like this,' I ſay, 'did nature raiſe,
'Brown's fancy form, or Walpole's * judgment praiſe;
'No prototype for this did I ſurvey
'In Woollett's landſcapes †, or in Maſon's lay.'
But might thy genius, friend, an Eden frame,
Profuſe of beauty, and ſecure from blame;
Where round the lawn might wind the varied way,
Now loſt in gloom, and now with proſpect gay;
Now ſcreen'd with clumps of green, for wint'ry bow'rs;
Now edg'd with ſunny banks, for ſummer flow'rs;
Now led by cryſtal lakes with lilies dreſt,
Or where light temples court the ſtep to reſt—
Times gradual change, or tempeſt's ſudden rage,
There with thy peace perpetual war would wage.
That tyrant oak, whoſe arms ſo far o'ergrow,
Shades ſome poor ſhrub that pines with drought below;
Theſe rampant elms, thoſe hazels branching wide,
Crowd the broad pine, the ſpiry larix hide.
That lilac brow, where May's unſparing hand
Bade one vaſt ſwell of purple bloom expand,
Soon paſt its prime, ſhows ſigns of quick decay,
The naked ſtem, and ſcanty-cover'd ſpray.
Fierce Boreas calls, and ruin waits his call;
Thy fair catalpa's broken branches fall;
Thy ſoft magnolia mourns her blaſted green,
And blighted laurel's yellowing leaves are ſeen.
But diſcontent alone, thou'l't ſay, complains
For ill ſucceſs, where none perfection gains:
True is the charge; but from that tyrant's ſway
What art, what power, can e'er redeem our day?
To me, indeed, ſhort eaſe he ſometimes yields,
When my lone walk ſurrounds the rural fields;
There no paſt errors of my own upbraid,
No time, no wealth, expended unrepaid:
There nature dwells, and throws profuſe around
Each paſtoral ſight and every paſtoral ſound;
From ſpring's green copſe, that pours the cuckoo's ſtrain,
And evening bleatings of the fleecy train,
To autumn's yellow field and clamorous horn *
That wakes the ſlumbering harveſters at morn.
There fancy too, with fond delighted eyes,
Sees o'er the ſcene ideal people riſe;
There calm contentment, in his cot reclin'd,
Hears the gray poplars whiſper in the wind;
There love's ſweet ſong adown the echoing dale
To beauty's ear conveys the tender tale;
And there devotion lifts his brow to heaven,
With grateful thanks for many a bleſſing given.
Thus oft through Maylan's ſhady lane I ſtray,
Trace Ruſhgreen's paths, or Poſtwood's winding way;
Thus oft to Eaſtfield's airy height I haſte;
(All well-known ſpots thy feet have frequent trac'd!)
While memory, as my ſight around I caſt,
Suggeſts the pleaſing thought of moments paſt;
Or hope, amid the future, forms again
The dream of bliſs experience broke in vain.

* *See Mr. Walpole's ingenious Hiſtory of Modern Taſte in Gardening, at the end of the fourth volume of his Anecdotes of Painting.*

† *The above-named excellent artiſt, ſeveral years ago, drew and engraved a number of beautiful views in ſome of our moſt celebrated modern gardens.*

* *There is a cuſtom, frequent in many parts of England, of calling the harveſt-men to and from work by the ſound of a horn. This practice, as well as that of the harveſt ſhouting, ſeems much on the decline. The latter could boaſt its origin from high antiquity, as appears from that beautiful ſtroke of Eaſtern poetry, Iſaiah, chap. xvi. 'I will water thee with my tears "O Heſhbon and Elealeh; for the ſhouting for thy ſum-"mer fruits, and for thy harveſt, is fallen.'*

## EPISTLE II.

### WINTER AMUSEMENTS IN THE COUNTRY.

*To a Friend in London.*

While thee my friend, the city's ſcenes detain,—
The cheerful ſcenes where trade and pleaſure reign;
Where glittering ſhops their varied ſtores diſplay,
And paſſing thouſands crowd the public way;
Where paintings forms and muſic's ſounds delight,
And faſhions frequent novelties invite,
And converſations ſober ſocial hours
Engage the mind, and elevate its powers—
Far different ſcenes for us the country yields,
Deſerted roads and unfrequented fields:
Yet deem not, lonely as they are, that theſe
Boaſt nought to charm the eye, the ear to pleaſe.
Though here the tyrant winter holds command,
And bids rude tempeſts deſolate the land;
Sometimes the ſun extends his cheering beam,
And all the landſcape caſts a golden gleam:
Clear is the ſky, and calm and ſoft the air,
And through thin miſt each object looks more fair.
Then, where the villa rears its ſheltering grove,
Along the ſouthern lawn 'tis ſweet to rove:
There dark green pines, behind, their boughs extend,
And bright ſpruce firs like pyramids aſcend,
And round their tops, in many a pendant row,
Their ſcaly cones of ſhining auburn ſhow;
There the broad cedar's level branches ſpread,
And the tall cypreſs lifts its ſpiry head;

With alaternus ilex interweaves,
And laurels mix their glofſy oval leaves;
And gilded holly crimſon fruit diſplays,
And white viburnum * o'er the border ſtrays.
Where theſe from ſtorms the ſpacious green-houſe ſcreen,
Ev'n now the eye beholds a flow'ry ſcene;
There cryſtal faſhes ward the [illegible]
And rows of benches fair exotics hold;
Rich plants, that Afric's ſunny cape ſupplies,
Or o'er the iſles of either India riſe.
While ſtrip'd geranium ſhows its tufts of red,
And verdant myrtles grateful fragrance ſhed;
A moment ſtay to mark the vivid bloom,
A moment ſtay to catch the high perfume,
And then to rural ſcenes—Yon path, that leads
Down the ſteep burn and 'croſs the level meads,
Soon mounts the opponent hill, and ſoon conveys
To where the farm its pleaſing group diſplays:
The ruſtic manſion's form, antiquely fair;
The yew-hedg'd garden, with its graſs-plat ſquare;
The barns long ridge, and doors expanded wide:
The ſtable's ſtraw-clad eves and clay-built ſide;
The cartſhed's roof, of rough-hewn round wood made,
And looſe on heads of old ſere pollards laid;
The granary's floor that ſmooth-wrought poſts ſuſtain,
Where hungry vermin ſtrive to climb in vain;
And many an aſh that wild around them grows,
And many an elm that ſhelter o'er them throws.
Then round the moat we turn, with pales inclos'd,
And 'midſt the orchard's trees in rows diſpos'd,
Whoſe boughs thick tufts of miſletoe adorn
With fruit of lucid white on joints of yellow borne.
Thence up the lane, romantic woods among,
Beneath old oaks with ivy overhung
(O'er their rough trunks the hairy ſtalks intwine,
And on their arms the fable berries ſhine):
Here oft the ſight, on banks beſtrewn with leaves,
The early primroſe' opening bud perceives;
And oft ſteep dells or ragged cliffs unfold
The prickly furze with bloom of brighteſt gold;
Here oft the redbreaſt hops along the way,
And 'midſt grey moſs explores his inſect prey;
Or the green woodſpite † flies with outcry ſhrill,
And delves the ſere bough with his ſounding bill;
Or the rous'd hare ſtarts ruſtling from the brake,
And gaudy jays inceſſant clamour make;
Or echoing hills return from ſtubbles nigh
The ſportſman's gun, and ſpaniel's yelping cry.
And now the covert ends in open ground,
That ſpreads wide views beneath us all around;
There turbid waters, edg'd with yellow reeds,
Roll through the ruſſet herd-forſaken meads;
There from the meads th' encloſures ſloping riſe,
And 'midſt th' encloſures, duſky woodland lies;
While pointed ſpires and curling ſmokes, between,
Mark towns and vills and cottages unſeen.
And now, for now the breeze and noontide ray
Clear the laſt remnants of the miſt away,—
Far, far o'er all extends the aching eye,
Where azure mountains mingle with the ſky:
To theſe the curious optic tube apply'd
Reveals each object diſtance elſe would hide;
Their ſeats or homeſteads, plac'd in pleaſant ſhades,
Show their white walls and windows through the glades;
There rears the hamlet church its hoary tow'r
(The clock's bright index points the paſſing hour);
There green-rob'd huntſmen o'er the ſunny lawn
Lead home their beagles from the chaſe withdrawn,
And ploughs ſlow moving turn the broad champaign,
And on ſteep ſummits feed the fleecy train.
But wintry months few days like theſe ſupply,
And their few moments far too ſwiftly fly:
Dank thaws, chill fogs, rough winds, and beating rain,
To ſheltering rooms th' unwilling ſtep detain;
Yet there, my friend, ſhall liberal ſcience find
Amuſement various for th' inquiring mind.
While hiſtory's hand her ſanguine record brings,
With woes of nations fraught, and crimes of kings;
Plague thins the ſtreet, and famine blaſts the plain,
War wields his ſword, oppreſſion binds his chain;
Curioſity purſues the unfolding tale,
Which reaſon blames, and pity's tears bewail.
While fancy's powers the eventful novel frame,
And virtues care directs its conſtant aim;
As fiction's pen domeſtic life portrays,
Its hopes, and fears, and joys, and griefs diſplays;
By Grandiſon's or Clinton's * ſtory mov'd,
We read delighted, and we riſe improv'd.
Then with bold voyagers our thought explores
Vaſt tracts of ocean and untrodden ſhores;
Now views rude climes, where ice-rocks drear aſpire,
Or red volcanos ſhoot their ſtreams of fire:
Now ſeeks ſweet iſles, where lofty palm-groves wave,
And cany banks tranſlucent rivers lave;
Where plenty's gifts luxuriant load the ſoil,
And eaſe repoſes, charm'd with beauty's ſmile.
Such, hapleſs Cook †! amid the ſouthern main,
Roſe thy Ta-heité's peaks and flowery plain;—
Why, daring wanderer! quit that bliſsful land,
To ſeek new dangers on a barbarous ſtrand?
Why doom'd, ſo long eſcap'd from ſtorms and foes,
Upon that ſtrand thy dying eyes to cloſe;
Remote each place by habit render'd dear,
Nor Britiſh friends nor Otaheitean near?
Nor leſs than books the engraver's works invite,
Where paſt and diſtant come before the ſight;
Where, all the painter's lively tints convey'd,
The ſkilful copyiſt gives in light and ſhade:
While faithful views the proſpect's charms diſplay,
From coaſt to coaſt, and town to town, we ſtray;
While faithful portraits human features trace,
We gaze delighted on the ſpeaking face;
Survey the port that bards and heroes bore,
Or mark the ſmiles that high-born beauties wore.

* *That well-known beautiful flowering evergreen, commonly called Lauruſtinus.*

† *The Green Woodpecker.*—Vide Pennant's Britiſh Zoology, folio, p. 78.

* *Vide the Fool of Quality, a well-known novel by Mr. Henry Brooke, a thor of Guſtavus Veſa, &c.*

† *This celebrated circumnavigator, afte ſurmounting numerous difficulties, and eſcaping many dangers, was at length ſlain by the inhabitants of Owhyhee, a little iſland in the Pacific Ocean.*

Ceaſe theſe to pleaſe? philoſophy attends
With arts where knowledge with diverſion blends;
The ſun's vaſt ſyſtem in a model ſhows;
Bids the clear lens new forms to ſight expoſe;
Conſtructs machines, whoſe wond'rous powers declare
The effects of light, and properties of air;
With whirling globes excites electric fires,
And all their force and all their uſe inquires.
O nature! how immenſe thy ſecret ſtore,
Beyond what ev'n a Prieſtley can explore!

Such, friend, the employments may his time divide,
Whom rural ſhades from ſcenes of buſineſs hide;
While o'er his ear unnotic'd glide away
The noiſe and nonſenſe of the paſſing day *

* *A ſhort epiſtle, partly on the ſame plan as the foregoing was, ſome years ago, inadvertently ſuffered to appear in a collection of poems, by ſeveral hands, publiſhed by G. Pearch.—Such lines of that piece as were thought worth preſervation, are here retained.*

# AN ESSAY ON PAINTING.

## TO A YOUNG ARTIST.

The author had conceived a deſign of writing a pretty extenſive poem on the ſubject of painting, long before Mr. Hayley's ingenious "Poetic Epiſtle to an eminent painter" appeared. That performance anticipated and precluded part of his intended work, but ſeemed not to render the ſuppreſſion of the following lines neceſſary.

From ſunny Adria's ſea-ſurrounded towers,
From Tyber's vales and Arno's viny bowers,
The muſe of painting ſeeks Britannia's plain,
And leads to Thames's bank her favourite train:
There, where a nation's wealth her dome has plac'd,
With her kind ſiſter's * Attic beauties grac'd,
She, like the ſpring, as liberal and as gay,
Bids her rich hand its annual ſtores diſplay;
And mimic being glowing round the walls,
From ſcene to ſcene the rapt attention calls.
There, where the public gives the palm of praiſe,
And only merit to renown can raiſe,
Doubtleſs, my friend, the juſt ambition's thine
To ſee thy future works diſtinguiſh'd ſhine.
Hear then thy poet's monitory lay,
That hints not uſeleſs may perchance convey:
No artiſt I, like him of Gallia's ſhore †,
Whoſe pencil practis'd, ere he taught his lore;
Yet taſte incites me others' works to view,
And riſk a judgment haply not untrue.

Were painting's path my pleaſing road to fame,
The choice of ſubject much my care ſhould claim;
His graphic power he ſure but ill beſtows,
Who beſt a trifle's nice reſemblance ſhows.
Though the rich tints ſo finely blended fall,
When carps and pheaſants deck the rural hall,
That oft, like Zeuxis' grapes, they ſcarcely fail,
To tempt to touch the feather or the ſcale,—
Yet not ev'n Elmer's ‡ ſkill can make us prize
What every field or every pond ſupplies;

Regret gives pain to view ſuch wonderous art
Tried on no theme that intereſts the heart.
The pride of genius ſhould thy hand reſtrain
From all that life's inferior ranks contain *;
Thy conſcious pallet ne'er its hues ſhould ſpare
To draw a ſportſman's hound or racer's mare;
Nor thy reluctant crayon ſtoop to trace
A fool's dull eye or villain's ill-mark'd face.
But deem not portrait's gifts I mean to ſlight,—
Portrait, the ſource of many a pure delight!
When bards' or ſages works our wiſhes fire
To ſee their forms whoſe minds we there admire,
The featur'd canvas full to view diſplays
Reaſon's deep calm or fancy's glowing rays.
When beauty's charms their varied graces wear,
Love's gentle ſmile, or mirth's vivacious air,
The pleaſing image ſtrikes remoteſt climes,
And goes unalter'd down to diſtant times.
When death's reluctleſs hand in duſt has laid
The ſchool-companion, or the firſt-lov'd maid;
The father kind, with filial awe rever'd;
The tender mother by her cares endear'd;
When from our arms the darling child is torn,
Or when the huſband or the wife we mourn—
As on their picture many a glance we caſt,
Remembrance wanders to the vaniſh'd paſt;
Our thoughts o'er numberleſs minutiæ roll,
And pain-mix'd pleaſure ſolaces the ſoul.
To portrait's ſtudy ſhould thy choice incline,
Ev'n there to aim at excellence be thine;
And ſtrive to reach the point that few can gain,
Preſerve the likeneſs, yet the ſp'rit retain.

Of landſcape's province wide extends the range,
From the deep vale, and humble rural grange,
To Cambrian heaths ſublimely brown and bare †,
Or Alpine ice-points glittering white in air:

* *Architecture.*

† *C. A. Du Freſnoy, a well known French painter; author of a Latin poem, De Arte Graphica.*

‡ *The author muſt here once for all remark, that whatever he may ſay reſpecting the works of any painter, is ſolely the reſult of impartial, though poſſibly miſtaken opinion. He cannot be miſled by friendſhip; for, excepting a ſlight acquaintance with thoſe amiable characters, Mr. Weſt and Mrs. Kauffman, he has not the pleaſure of knowing any artiſt whoſe name he has taken the liberty to mention.*

* *This is meant only of ſuch objects, when conſidered as the principal ſubject of a picture. Almoſt every claſs of animals may be occaſionally introduced as ornaments in landſcape, and often in hiſtory.*

† *That celebrated artiſt, Mr. Wilſon, has painted a ſet of beautiful views from nature, in different parts of Wales.*

And not from nature only ſhe deſigns,
But diff'rent parts of diff'rent ſcenes combines;
Or new creations of her own ſhe forms,
Illumes with ſunſhine, or involves in ſtorms *.
Familiar proſpects would thy hand beſtow?
Mark what our hay-fields and our hop-grounds ſhow;
Where in neat rows the ruſſet-cocks are ſeen,
Or from tall poles depend feſtoons of green;
And long ſtraight paths in perſpective extend,
And yellow ſandhills cloſe behind aſcend †.
Nor ſweeter contraſt ſure can meet the eye,
Than village lanes in vernal months ſupply,
When amber clouds, in ſky of ſoft bright blue,
Hang o'er the copſe juſt crown'd with verdure new;
Or where the orchard's ſun-gilt branches ſpread
Their bloom of white or faintly-bluſhing red.
The faireſt ſcenes, when peopled, look more fair,
But theſe to people aſks peculiar care:
We wiſh not here for Virgil's claſſic ſwains,
Nor dryad nymphs light tripping o'er the plains;
Nor yet the grinning hobbinols of Gay,
Nor cottage Marians in their torn array:
The ruſtic life in ev'ry varied place,
Can boaſt its few of beauty and of grace;
From them ſelect the forms that moſt may pleaſe,
And clothe with ſimple elegance and eaſe:
Such forms in Smith's ‡ delightful ſpots we prize,
And ſuch in Sandby's pleaſant fields arife.
Th' obſervant artiſt much from travel gains;
Increaſe of knowledge well rewards his pains.
Now his pleas'd eye o'er Tuſcan proſpects roves,
Their ſunny corn-fields and their cypreſs groves;
Their roads, where ſports from tree to tree the vine,
And through broad leaves its cryſtal cluſters ſhine ‖;
Their white Caſines, with olive groves around;
And glitt'ring cliffs with towns and caſtles crown'd.
Now his pleas'd ſtep a wider circuit tries,
Where Nile's vaſt flood on Egypt's level lies;
While 'midſt the tide tall palms their tops uprear,
And cauſeways broad, and cities fair appear §.
Now Indian climes he eaſt or weſt explores,
Quits the dull factory and the ſandy ſhores ¶,
Climbs craggy hills, pervades romantic woods,
Or winds along the cataracts of the floods;
Through beaſts, and birds, and inſects, fruits and flow'rs,
In ſhape and colour all diſtinct from ours;
Or ſtrays o'er iſles that ſpicy vales unfold,
'Midſt ſkies of glory and 'midſt ſeas of gold;
Such ſkies, ſuch ſeas, as Hodge's pencil drew,
And round the rocks of Ulitea threw *.
Whate'er we copy, or whate'er we feign,
Through all the piece one character ſhould reign:
When Claude's bright morn on Mola's precincts dawns,
What ſweet quieſcence marks the groves and lawns!
How calm his herds among the ruins graze!
How calm his curious peaſant ſtands to gaze †!
When bold Salvator under turbid ſkies
Bids his ſcath'd hills and blaſted trees ariſe,
Behind wild rocks bids his wild ſtream be loſt,
And from vaſt cliffs ſhows broken fragments toſt;
'Midſt them no ſhepherds lead their flocks along,
Nor village maidens ſeem to tune their ſong;
But ſolemn augurs flights of birds ſurvey,
Or ſtern-ey'd robbers wait the paſſing prey ‡.
In Rubens' foreſt, when the wounded boar,
Plung'd in the ſtream, attempts the further ſhore,
How the fierce dogs retard his awkward ſpeed!
How the fierce hunters urge the ſtraining ſteed!
And eager one the winged arrow ſends,
And one firm fix'd th' expectant ſpear protends ‖.
To hiſt'ry's group, where paſſion'd thought expreſt,
Strikes kindred feelings on the gazer's breaſt,—
To hiſt'ry's group, the epic of thy art,
Proceed we now, and what we can, impart.
The mighty maſters of Italian name,
All Rome, all Florence, and Bologna claim;
Whoſe freſco forms ſtill animate their walls,
Whoſe living canvaſs decks their domes and halls:
What various powers for theſe their glory won,
And what of theirs to chooſe, and what to ſhun,
Illuſtrious Reynolds much in proſe has told,
And more my verſe pretends not to unfold.
Theſe ſtill thy ſtudy but with caution make,
Nor prize the picture for the painter's ſake;
Raffaelle himſelf, beneath himſelf oft fell,
And meaner hands' beſt works his worſt excel §.
'Tis general nature, in thy art and mine,
Muſt give our fame in future times to ſhine:
Sublime and pathos, like the ſun's fix'd flame,
Remain, and pleaſe through ev'ry age the ſame;
Humour's light ſhapes, like vapours in the ſky,
Riſe, paſs, and vary, and for ever fly:

* *Theſe circumſtances, termed by the painters* accidents of nature, *often agreeably diverſify landſcape.*

† *For this imagery the author is indebted to Mr. Walpole, who, in his Anecdotes of Painting*, vol. iv. p. 65, *propoſes our hay-fields and hop-grounds as new ſubjects of landſcape.*

‡ *The late Mr. George Smith of Chicheſter.*

‖ *The hedgerow trees in Tuſcany are covered with vines.—Vide Smollet's Travels*, vol. ii. p. 46.

§ *Vide Rollin's Ancient Hiſtory*, 18mo. vol. i. p. 22.

¶ *Several of our artiſts have attended to this circumſtance of foreign ſcenery. The ingenious Mr. George Robertſon has painted ſeveral fine romantic views in Jamaica, which have been engraved.*

* *Several beautiful landſcapes, taken in different parts of the new diſcovered iſlands, by Mr. Hodges, who attended Captain Cook in one of his voyages, muſt be well remembered by thoſe who attend the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy.*

† *Vide a beautiful engraving, by Vivarez, from a capital picture of Claude Lorrain, called the Morning, in which he introduces himſelf drawing an antique temple on the banks of the Tyber, between Ponte Mola and Rome.*

‡ *Vide Salvator Roſa's landſcapes, engraved by Goupy. See alſo Sir Joſhua Reynolds's Diſcourſes*, p. 175.

‖ *Vide Rubens's landſcape of boar-hunting, engraved by Bolſwert.*

§ *For this aſſertion the author has the higheſt authority, viz. that of Sir Joſhua Reynolds.* "*I have no deſire*," *ſays he*, "*to degrade Raffaelle from the high rank he deſervedly holds; but, in comparing him with himſelf, he does not appear to me to be the ſame man in oil as in freſco.*"—*Diſcourſes*, p. 165.

Hogarth and Swift, if living, might deplore
Half their keen jokes, that now are jokes no more.
What truth's rich page of real event ſupplies,
What fancy's pow'rs of fabled act deviſe,
Before thee lie—but where the field ſo wide,
There judgment's hand ſelection's ſtep muſt guide.
To horror's form the mind averſion feels,
To Spaniolet's * flea'd ſaints and tort'ring wheels;
Nor praiſe for naufeous images we win,
For Spenſer's error, or for Milton's ſin.
Mythology, that Greek enchantreſs, long
Has reign'd the idol of the painting throng:
But reaſon's thought diſdains Ovidian dreams
Abſurd, of nymphs transform'd to trees and ſtreams;
And virtue Homer's wanton gods abhors,
With all their lewd amours and all their idle wars.
The battle's conflicts ample ſcope beſtow,
Th' effects of fury, fear, and pain to ſhow;
As diff'rent features theſe unlike expreſs.
The contraſt's force affects us more or leſs.
But here confuſion holds his crowded reign,
And the tir'd eye attempts to reſt in vain;
And o'er the ſcene humanity complains,
Where mangled corſes lie, and blood the land diſtains.
When in the fore-ground kings or gen'rals ſtand,
Direct th' attack, or head the charging band,
Their graceful forms we unconcern'd ſurvey,
Who fight for conqueſt, or who fight for pay:
Nor in their poſtures can there much be pr ais'd,
Their piſtols levell'd, or their ſauchions rais'd;
And to dull fameneſs here ſo oft we fall,
That who beholds one piece, beholds them all.
But war's dire field, not all confin'd to theſe,
Affords us often incidents that pleaſe:
For oft th' hiſtorian's, oft the poet's art,
Can win our wiſhes on ſome hero's part;
His country nam'd, his place and parents known,
Our buſy thought his perils makes its own.
To fierce Pelides, 'midſt Scamander's waves,
When young Lycaon's voice for pity craves †;
The chief's ſtern brow, and lance ſuſpended high,
The youth's bent knee and deprecating eye,
Not Weſt's rich pencil need diſdain to trace,
Or Romney's ſtroke with glowing colours grace.
When Dithyrambus, on Octa's plain,
Mourns the brave Perſian whom his hand has ſlain,
Nor marks his danger from th' approaching foe,
Nor his bold friend prepar'd to ward the blow;
In one what grief, in one what vengeful rage,
In one what ardour might the ſight engage ‡!
The gentle Kauffman's traits can beſt declare
The ſentimental feelings of the fair,
When ſoft Erminia in the ſylvan ſhade
Leaves Tancred's name on ev'ry tree diſplay'd †;
Or kind Louiſa pens the friendly ſcroll,
To ſooth the mournful ſiſter of her ſoul ‡.
The fame ſkill'd hand more ſtrong expreſſion tries,
At Edward's feet when Woodville's daughter lies ‖;
Or, 'midſt th' admiring weeping train around,
Fond Eleanora ſucks the poiſon'd wound §.
Delightful artiſt!—Grace her pencil guides,
And delicacy o'er its ſtroke preſides!
Th' immortal ſwans, appointed to redeem
Genius and worth from Lethe's ſilent ſtream,
Pleas'd with their charge ſhall bear her medall'd name
To the fair prieſteſs of the fane of fame ¶.
Now from the page of Richardſon beſtow
On Clementina's face the lines of woe;
Or let ſweet Harriet's livelier beauty wear
The ſoul-fraught eye and apprehenſive air;
Or draw the proud Olivia's rage-flaſh'd charms,
When the calm hero feiz'd her deadly arms;
And paint that hero, firm in trial prov'd,
Unaw'd by danger, and by vice unmov'd **.
Such tender ſubjects, if thy choice they gain,
Enough for thee as yet untouch'd remain.

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* Spaniolet. *Gioſeppe Ribera, a native of Valencia in Spain. He was noted for painting horrid ſubjects; ſuch as Prometheus with the Vulture, feeding on his liver; Ixion tortured on the wheel; and St. Bartholomew with the ſkin flayed from his body.—Vide Dryden's Tranſlation of Freſnoy*, p. 352.

† *Vide the Iliad, book* xxi.—*This ſtory of Lycaon is perhaps, one of the moſt affecting paſſages in the whole poem. Vide Pope's Note*, vol. v. p. 208. *of his tranſlation. The countenance of Achilles, at the moment when the death of Patroclus, occurring to his thought, determined him to kill Lycaon, would afford a fine expreſſion:*

" Talk not of life or ranſom, he replies;
" Patroclus dead, whoever meets me dies."

‡ *See Emma Corbett, an intereſting novel, by Mr. S. I. Pratt*, vol. i. letter 34.

‖ *See the ſtory of Elizabeth Grey, daughter of Sir Richard Woodville, ſuing to Edward IV. for reſtitution of her land.—Rapin*, vol. i. p. 601.

§ *The well-known ſtory of Eleanor of Caſtile, queen of Edward I. ſucking the poiſon from her huſband's arm, when he was wounded by an aſſaſſin in Paleſtine.*

¶ *See a painting of Mrs. Kauffman's, from a paſſage in Arioſto, where ſwans are introduced bringing the names of ingenious perſons, inſcribed on medals, to a nymph who depoſits them in the Temple of Fame.*

** *The hiſtory of Sir Charles Grandiſon*, vol. iv. p. 176. *The interview between Grandiſon and Olivia, at the inſtant of his ſeizing her poniard, would make a noble picture. This work of Richardſon's abounds with fine ſituations. Brookes's Fool of Quality, and the Adventurer of Hawkeſworth, are alſo books worthy the peruſal of an artiſt who wiſhes for choice of intereſting ſubjects.*

To Sterne's ſoft Maniac let thy hand impart
The languid cheek, the look that pierc'd his heart,
When to her virgin ſaint the veſper ſong ſhe rais'd,
Or earneſt view'd him as he ſat and gaz'd *.
Mark, if thou canſt, philanthropy divine,
That ſwells the breaſt and bids the features ſhine,
When the tear gliſt'ning ſtarts from Toby's eyes
Fix'd on the couch where poor Le Fevre dies.
The Grecian claſſics' venerable lore
I ſee thee often diligent explore;
What Homer's muſe to Chian cities taught,
Or pity's prieſt † to Athens' audience brought.
Methinks, now riſing from thy plaſtic hand,
Troy's hoary monarch ſhall a ſuppliant ſtand;
To ſtern Achilles all his griefs explain,
And aſk his Hector's corſe, nor aſk in vain ‡.
Now Jove's kind ſon to Thebes's ſorr'wing king
Shall his reſtor'd unknown Alceſtis bring;
Admetus' eyes his anguiſh'd thoughts declare,
And turn diſguſted from the proffer'd fair ‖.
The dark ſublime of extra-nat'ral ſcenes
The vulgar magic's puerile rite demeans;
Where hags their cauldrons fraught with toads prepare,
Or glide on broomſticks through the midnight air.
Chain'd on the rock let bold Prometheus lie,
And caſt wild looks, upbraiding, to the ſky §;
Bid Milton's Satan from the burning ſteep
Call his wide legions, ſlumb'ring on the deep;
Or Camoens' ſpirit of the Cape upraiſe,
And ſhow him only by the lightning's blaze;
Or place ſad Hoſier's ghoſt amid the tide,
Where by the pale moon anchor'd navies ride ¶.
O where is he, whoſe thought ſuch grandeur gave
To bold Fitzwalter and the barons brave,
When, rang'd in arms along their Thames's ſtrand,
They ſnatch'd their charter from a tyrant's hand **?

Through all the ſcenes his rapid ſtroke beſtow'd,
Roſa's wild grace and daring ſpirit glow'd;
In him—ah loſt ere half his pow'rs were ſhown!—
Britain, perhaps, an Angelo had known!
Wouldſt thou his honours emulous purſue,
And give the patriot energy to view,—
Deep in the gloom of Dalecarlia's mine,
Bid freedom's flame in Vaſa's viſage ſhine *;
The paſs of ſam'd Thermopylæ diſplay,
And Sparta's monarch's port auguſt portray †.
For pontiffs and for kings, the painter's ſkill
From ſacred ſtory toils their walls to fill;
Where'er we turn, its ſubjects ſtrike the eye,
And few untry'd are left for us to try.
Yet who has Jepthah's matchleſs woe expreſt,
By his lov'd daughter's ſudden ſight diſtreſt;
Or ſhown the patriarchs, ſtruck with wild amaze,
As on the viceroy's hidden cup they gaze ‡?
Or who, when Iſrael's hoſts on Edom's plain
Deſpairing lie,—a thirſt-afflicted train!—
Has bade the prophet and his minſtrel ſtand,
And call new waters o'er the burning ſand ‖?
When David's chiefs, with gen'rous thought inſpir'd,
Bring the clear wave his ſick'ning ſoul deſir'd;
What dignity might to his act be giv'n,
The pure libation pouring out to Heav'n §!
No more of theme; deſign muſt now ſucceed—
The mind's ſtrong picture when we hear or read ¶.
Where ev'ry perſon finds his proper place,
And turn of attitude and turn of face:
The artiſt's pow'rs in this muſt greatly fail,
Whoſe figures point not out at once his tale **.

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* *This ſubject has been attempted by ſeveral ingenious artiſts, who have given very pleaſing figures; but, perhaps, none that convey the preciſe idea of Sterne. This author being mentioned, a trite obſervation muſt be indulged, viz. That there probably never was a more ſtriking inſtance of miſapplication of talents than in him. With ſuperior powers for the pathos, he choſe to deſcend to ribaldry, that affronted the taſte and corrupted the morals of the public. What pity that the gold had not been ſeparated from the droſs, and the latter conſigned to that oblivion it ſo richly merits.*

† *Euripides.*

‡ *Vide the Iliad*, book xxiv.

‖ *Vide the Alceſtis of Euripides. Hercules reſtores to life Alceſtis, the deceaſed wife of Admetus, and brings her to her huſband, diſguiſed with a veil, and repreſented as a ſtranger; whom Admetus, in the height of diſtreſs for the loſs of his beloved conſort, refuſes to admit into his palace.*

§ *See the Prometheus of Æſchylus.*

¶ *See that admirable ſong, intituled Hoſier's Ghoſt; by the author of Leonidas.*

** *Vide the late Mr. Mortimer's picture of King John delivering Magna Charta to the Barons. That ingenious artiſt's obvious powers of imagination promiſed the attainment of a high degree of excellence in his profeſſion.*

* *Brooke's Guſtavus Vaſa*, act i. ſc. 2. *where Guſtavus diſcovers himſelf to Anderſon and Arnoldus in the copper-mines of Dalecarlia. See another fine ſubject in the ſame Tragedy*, act iv. ſc. xi.

† *Vide Leonidas*, book x. *where the hero of the poem repeats to the aſſembled council the meſſage of Argeſtes; while Alpheus, at the ſame inſtant, brings news of the Perſians having paſſed the Upper Strait. This would make a noble picture; the dauntleſs appearance of the Greeks might be well contraſted with the fear and ſhame of the ambaſſador of Xerxes —The Banquet of Meliſſa, Prieſteſs of the Muſes, where Leonidas and Æſchylus are ſuppoſed preſent*, book vii. *is another fine ſubject. Such pictures would hardly be popular; but to ſome minds they would afford ſingular pleaſure.*

‡ *The author does not recollect ſeeing or hearing of any celebrated picture on thoſe intereſting ſubjects, of Jepthah's return, and the diſcovery of Joſeph's cup in the ſack of Benjamin*

‖ *Vide* 2 *Kings*, chap. iii ——*This ſubject would afford a variety of noble expreſſion in the different characters of the kings, the pious confidence of Jehoſaphat, and the deſponding anxiety of Jeboram, the diſtreſs of the ſoldiers, and the enthuſiaſm of Eliſha. The ſtreams of water might appear in the diſtance, ſeemingly viſible only to the Prophet, from his ſituation.*

§ 2 *Samuel*, chap. xxiii.

¶ *See Sir Joſhua Reynolds's Diſcourſes*, p. 104.

** "*That compoſition muſt be defective which cannot, to a careful obſerver, point out its own tendency; and thoſe expreſſions muſt be either weak or falſe, which do not in ſome degree mark the intereſt of each actor in the drama*" *Webb's Inquiry into the Beauties of Painting, Preface*, p. 8.

When Lyſtra's crowd around th' apoſtles throng,
And joyful lead the victim ox along;
Aſk we the cauſe, while he that cauſe explains,
Whoſe limb, late uſeleſs, ſtrength and uſe obtains * ?
When Weſt's young warrior, bleeding on the ground,
His mournful group of martial friends ſurround;
Their gallant gen'ral inſtantly we know, [ſhow;
Their griefs, their cares, his life's importance
Quebec's proud tow'r, th' encount'ring troops between,
In diſtant view diſcriminates the ſcene †.
As in the drama all events ſhould tend
In courſe unbroken to the purpos'd end;
So muſt the picture's bus'neſs ſtill maintain
The ſame connective unity of train.
When Copley's youth, ſwift-ſtruggling through the wave,
The anxious boatmen ſtrain each nerve to ſave;
As ſtrives the rav'nous ſhark to reach his prey,
One lifts the jav'lin to arreſt his way;
And now, as near his dreadful jaws expand,
One caſts the cord, and one extends the hand:
What care, what pity, mark their eager eyes!
What hopes, what terrors in our boſoms riſe ‡!
The ſkilful painter, at whoſe option lie
Poſitions various, fails not all to try;
And thoſe prefers, where ev'ry part the beſt
Accordance keeps, illuſtrating the reſt.
By diff'rent modes effect he oft obtains;
To one chief figure now th' attention gains;
Now force on ſecond characters beſtows,
And all his meaning by reflection ſhows;
Now through the whole, each rank, and ſex, and age,
One common ruling paſſion bids engage.
When Raffaelle's Saviour from the tomb aſcends,
Such majeſty and grace his preſence blends,
That the fix'd eye contemplates him alone,
Nor heeds th' aſtoniſh'd guards around him thrown ‖.
When Vandyke's gen'ral, whoſe victorious ſpear [reer,
Sunk Perſia's pride, and check'd the Goth's ca-
Of ſervice paid with indigence complains,
And ſightleſs age on daily alms ſuſtains;
As the young chief th' affecting ſcene ſurveys,
How all his form th' emotion'd ſoul betrays!
'O thus has fortune for the brave decreed?
'Of toils and dangers this at laſt the meed §?'
When Rome's fair princeſs, who from Syria's ſhore
Her late-loſt conſort's ſacred aſhes bore,
With ſteps ſlow-moving o'er Brunduſium's ſtrand,
Meets her lov'd friends—a numerous mourning band—
Her gentle frame no geſtures rude diſgrace,
No vulgar grief deforms her beauteous face;
Her downcaſt eyes immoveable remain,
Fix'd on the urn her careful hands ſuſtain.
The widow'd mother, by her garments folds,
Cloſe on each ſide each tender offspring holds;
While melancholy all the train o'erſhades,
Of hoary warriors and of blooming maids,
And all their breaſts with pity ſeem to heave,
And for the dead and for the living grieve *.
The great ſublime with energy t' expreſs
Exert thy utmoſt power, nor fear exceſs.
When paſſion's tumults in the boſom riſe,
Inflate the features, and enrage the eyes;
To nature's outline can we draw too true,
Or nature's colours give too full to view?
Did Reynolds' hand with force too ſtrong diſcloſe
Thoſe looks that mark th' unutterable woes,
When Ugoline the wretch in priſon lies,
And hears his dying children's piercing cries;
And while fell hunger haunts the impervious walls,
And one by one the ſuffering victims calls,
Invokes the lightning's bolt thoſe walls to rend,
Or earth to open, and his miſeries end †?
Our bards indeed, I own, here often fail,
And ſpoil with bombaſt and conceit their tale;
Their heroes rant in many a curious ſtrain [pain.
Of thought, that none could think in anger or in
Celeſtial ſcenes with caution muſt be try'd,
Where knowledge fails, and fancy ſole can guide;
The Great Firſt Cauſe no form reveals to ſight,
We mark his preſence by exceſs of light ‡;
While angel ſhapes at eaſe on wing remain,
Or on thin clouds their airy ſteps ſuſtain.
But though, fair painting! thus by juſt deſign,
And ſtrong expreſſion, much to pleaſe is thine,
Yet not from theſe thy utmoſt praiſes riſe,
For uſeful moral oft thy work ſupplies.
When, 'midſt Pouſſin's Arcadian vale ſerene,
The virgin's ſculptur'd monument is ſeen,
And the ſad ſhepherd pointing ſeems to ſay,
'O death, no place is ſacred from thy ſway!'
Our mournful thoughts the well-known truth reveal,
That youth and beauty oft untimely fall ‖.

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* *Vide Raffaelle's St. Paul and Barnabas at Lyſtra. For the above obſervation and deſcription, the author is indebted to the ingenious "Inquiry into the Beauties of Painting*, p. 180.

† *Vide Weſt's celebrated picture of the death of General Wolfe, engraved by Woollett.*

‡ *See Mr. Copley's picture of a youth rescued by ſailors from a ſhark in the harbour of the Havannah. There is a fine Mezzotinto of this piece by Green.*

‖ *Raffaelle's picture of the Reſurrection of Chriſt, engraved by Vivarez and Grignion, from a drawing of Dalton.*

§ *Vide the Beliſarius of Vandyke; engraved by Goupy and Sestin.*

* *This capital picture of Agrippina landing at Brunduſium, with the aſhes of Germanicus, is, in the author's opinion, one of Mr. Weſt's moſt pleaſing compoſitions. There is a beautiful print of it by Earlom.*

† *Vide Sir Joſhua Reynolds's excellent picture of Count Ugolino and his children in the dungeon, where they were confined and ſtarved to death by the Archbiſhop Puggieri. This circumſtance is deſcribed by the Italian poet Dante.*

‡ *The author could not here omit cenſuring the practice of ſome celebrated painters, who have preſumptuouſly and abſurdly repreſented the Supreme Being in the form of an aged man.*

‖ *Vide Pouſſin's picture, called The Shepherds in Arcadia, engraved by Ravenet, in Mr. Boydell's Collection of Prints: Alſo the Abbé Du Bos's Reflections on Poetry, Painting, and Muſic; and Dr. Warton's ingenious Eſſay on Didactic Poetry, in his Tranſlation of Virgil.*

On Carthage' plains, when Marius meets the eye,
And the ſtern prætor's mandate bids him fly,
Freſh from the view the ſtrong reflection ſprings,
How ſtrange the vaſt viciſſitude of things!
Rome's rival city to the duſt depreſt;
Her haughty conſul there deny'd to reſt *!
When Perſia's conqueror, 'midſt her female train,
Appears the chaſte, the generous, and humane,
His look, his action, on the mind impreſs
The needful knowledge how to bear ſucceſs †.
Thus may thy art, O friend, for ever prove
Of force to virtue, and from vice to move!
To ſtateſmen, thoughtleſs on the heights of pow'r,
Mark Wolſey's fall, or ſhow his final hour;
To patriot eyes give Marvell's calm diſdain,
When Danby urg'd the tempting bribe in vain ‡;
Or bid th' inconſtant her own doom deplore
In the ſad exit of the hapleſs Shore ‖.
Without the Entheus nature's ſelf beſtows,
The world no painter nor no poet knows:
But think not mind in its own depth contains
A ſource of wealth that no diſburſement drains:
Quick obſervation, ever on the wing,
Home, like the bee, its uſeful ſtores muſt bring;
From hills, and vales, and rocks, and ſtreams, and trees,
And towns, and all that people thoſe and theſe;
From meaneſt objects that may hints inſpire,
Diſcolour'd walls, or heaps of glowing fire §.
Care too beſide thee ſtill muſt take her place,
Retouch each ſtroke, and poliſh every grace;
For when we join not dignity with eaſe,
Nor thou canſt paint, nor I can write, to pleaſe.
Perfection's point the artiſt neareſt gains
Who with his work unſatisfied remains:
Da Vinci's thought an excellence conceiv'd,
That his eye miſs'd in all his hand achiev'd *.
The clear-obſcure how happieſt to produce,
And what of various tints the various uſe,
My lay to that preſumes not to aſpire,
Nor with trite precept this thy ear ſhall tire:
Coreggio's practice that deſcribes the beſt;
In Freſnoy's theory this we find expreſs'd.
No rude incongruence ſhould thy piece diſgrace,
No motley modes of different time and place;
By Grecian chiefs no Gallic airs be worn †,
Nor in their hands be modern weapons borne;
Nor mix the creſted helm or coat of mail
With the vaſt curl'd peruke, or pointed tail.
And ſacred ever be the ſolemn ſcene
From baſe intruſion of burleſque and mean;
Nor in a patriarch's or apoſtle's ſight
Set ſnarling dogs and growling cats to fight.
One caution further muſt the muſe impart;
Shun naked form, that ſcandal of thy art:
Even Dryden blames them who refuſe to ſpare
The painful bluſhes of the modeſt fair.
Let decency her veil of drapery throw,
And grace diffuſe its folds in eaſy flow ‡.
And now, my friend, for thee may fortune find
Employ congenial to thy liberal mind;
Not taſks impos'd by power, or choſen for gain,
Begun reluctant, and purſu'd with pain.
What warms the heart, the hand with force reveals,
And all that force the charm'd ſpectator feels:
For genius, piercing as th' electric flame,
When wak'd in one, in others wakes the ſame.

* *There is a fine picture of Mortimer's on this ſubject. The reply of Marius, to the meſſenger who came with orders for him to depart, was nobly conciſe and affecting: "Go, tell the Prætor thou haſt ſeen Marius "ſitting on the ruins of Carthage."*

† *Vide Le Brun's Alexander in the tent of Darius, engraved by Edelinck.*

‡ *See the Life of Andrew Marvell, in Cibber's Lives of the Poets.*

‖ *The interview between Shore and her huſband, in the laſt ſcene of Rowe's Tragedy, would afford a fine picture.*

§ *Vide Reynolds's Diſcourſes, p. 61.*

* *Vide Graham's Account of Painters, in Dryden's Freſnoy, p. 278.*

† *Vide Reynolds's Diſcourſes, p. 87.*

‡ *Vide Dryden's Preface to his Tranſlation of Freſnoy's Art of Painting, p. 22. &c. where the licence of painters, in the above reſpect, is ſeverely cenſured.*

# SONNETS*.

## SONNET I.

APOLOGY FOR RETIREMENT. 1766.

Why aſks my friend what cheers my paſſing day,
Where theſe lone fields my rural home encloſe,
That all the pomp the crowded city ſhows
Ne'er from that home allures my ſteps away?

Now through the upland ſhade I muſing ſtray,
And catch the gale that o'er the woodbine blows;
Now in the meads on river banks repoſe,
And breathe rich odour from the new-mown hay:

Now pleas'd I read the poet's lofty lay,
Where muſic fraught with uſeful knowledge flows;
Now Delia's converſe makes the moments gay,
The maid for love and innocence I choſe:
O friend! the man who joys like theſe can taſte,
On vice and folly needs no hour to waſte.

* *Firſt publiſhed in Pearch's Collection of Poems, 1770.*

## SONNET II.

TO DELIA. 1766.

Thrice has the year its varied circuit run,
And ſwiftly, Delia, have the moments flown,
Since with my love for thee my care begun,
To improve thy tender mind to ſcience prone.

The flatteries of my ſex I bade thee ſhun,
I bade thee ſhun the manners of thy own;
Fictitious manners, by example won,
That ill for loſs of innocence atone!

Say, generous maiden, in whoſe gentle breaſt
Dwells ſimple nature, undiſguis'd by art,
Now amply try'd by time's unerring teſt,
How juſt the dictates of this faithful heart;
Which, with the joys thy favouring ſmiles impart,
Deems all its care repaid, itſelf ſupremely bleſt!

## SONNET III.

AFTER READING SHENSTONE'S ELEGIES. 1766.

THE gentle Shenſtone much of fortune 'plain'd,
Where nature's hand the liberal ſpirit gave;
Partial, her bounty ſhe too oft reſtrain'd,
But pour'd it full on folly's taſteleſs ſlave.

By her alike my humble prayer diſdain'd,
She ſtern denies the only boon I crave;
O'er my fields, fair as thoſe Elyſian feign'd,
To bid the green walk wind, the green wood wave.
On the high hill to raiſe the higher tower,

To ope wide proſpects over diſtant plains,
Where by broad rivers towns and villas riſe,
Taſte prompts the wiſh, but fortune bounds the power:
Yet while health cheers, and competence ſuſtains,
Theſe more than all contentment bids me prize.

## SONNET IV.

PREFIXED TO LANGHORNE'S POETICAL WORKS. 1766.

LANGHORNE! unknown to me (ſequeſter'd ſwain!)
Save by the muſe's ſoul-enchanting lay,
To kindred ſpirits never ſung in vain,
Accept the tribute of this light eſſay.

Sweet are thy ſongs; they oft amuſe my day,
Of fancy's viſions while I hear thee 'plain,
While Scotland's honours claim thy paſtoral ſtrain,
Or muſic comes o'er Handel tears to pay.

For all thy Irwan's flowery banks diſplay,
Thy Perſian lover, and his Indian fair;
For all Theodoſius' mournful lines convey,
When pride and avarice part a matchleſs pair;
Receive juſt praiſe, and wreaths that ne'er decay,
By fame and virtue twin'd for thee to wear.
*March* 16. 1766.

## SONNET V.

TO BRITAIN. 1766.

RENOWN'D Britannia! lov'd parental land!
Regard thy welfare with a watchful eye!
Whene'er the weight of want's afflicting hand
Wakes in thy vales the poor's perſuaſive cry—

When wealth enormous ſets the oppreſſor high,
When bribes thy ductile ſenators command,
And ſlaves in office freemen's rights withſtand,
Then mourn, for then thy fate approacheth nigh!

Not from perfidious Gaul or haughty Spain,
Nor all the neighbouring nations of the main,
Though leagu'd in war tremendous round thy ſhore—
But from thyſelf, thy ruin muſt proceed!
Nor boaſt thy power; for know it is decreed,
Thy freedom loſt, thy power ſhall be no more!

# MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

## STANZAS *

ON READING MRS. MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. 1766.

To Albion's bards the muſe of hiſtory ſpoke:
'Record the glories of your native land,
'How power's rude chain her ſons' brave efforts broke,
'And the keen ſcourge tore from oppreſſion's hand.

'Give to renown the patriot's noble deeds;
'Brand with diſgrace the tyrant's hated name;
'Though falſehood oft a while the mind miſleads,
'Impartial time bellows impartial fame.'

She ſaid; and ſoon the lofty lyre they ſtrung,
But artful chang'd the ſubject and the lore;
Of kings, and courts, and courtly ſlaves they ſung,
And gloſs'd with vain applauſe their actions o'er.

The ſervile ſtrain the muſe indignant heard;
Anxious for truth, for public virtue warm,
She freedom's faithful advocate appear'd,
And bore on earth the fair Macaulay's form.

* *Firſt publiſhed in Pearch's Collection of Poems*, 1770.

## ELEGY,

IN THE MANNER OF HAMMOND.

*Suppoſed to have been Written in the Author's Garden during a Storm.* 1756.

BLOW on, ye winds! exert your utmoſt rage,
Sweep o'er the dome, or through the foreſt howl:
Could north with ſouth, or eaſt with weſt engage,
What were their war to that within my ſoul?

There adverſe paſſions fierce contention hold,
There love and pride maintain alternate ſway,
There fell deſpair's dark clouds on clouds are roll'd,
And veil hope's tranſient, faint, deluſive ray!

Too charming Sylvia! dear capricious fair!
What ſtrange perplexing change of mind is thine!
No more thy ſmiles I'll truſt, thy frowns I'll bear,
I'll ſhun the beauty that muſt ne'er be mine!

Was it for thee I form'd this fair retreat,
Bade through the grove the ſmooth walk wind away,
Adorn'd that walk with many a ruſtic ſeat,
And by thoſe ſeats bade tinkling runnels ſtray;

Along my ſunny wall the fruit-tree ſpread,
Upon my eves expos'd the curling vine,
Around my door the ſpicy woodbine led,
Beneath my window ſaw the jaſmine twine?

Blow on, ye winds! exert your utmoſt power
Rage through my groves, and bear down every tree;
Blaſt the fair fruit, and cruſh the blooming flower—
For Sylvia's loſt, and theſe are nought to me!

## THE AUTHOR TO HIS WIFE. 1776.

Friend of my heart, by favouring Heaven beſtow'd,
My lov'd companion on life's various road!
Now ſix ſwift years have wing'd their flight away
Since yon bright ſun adorn'd our nuptial day—
For thy ſweet ſmiles, that all my cares remove,
Sooth all my griefs, and all my joys improve;
For thy ſweet converſe, ever fram'd to pleaſe,
With prudence lively, ſenſible with eaſe;
To thee the muſe awakes her tuneful lay,
The thanks of gratitude ſincere to pay!
Thus long may Hymen hold for us his reign,
And twine with wreaths of flowers his caſy chain;
Still may fond love and firmeſt faith be mine,
Still health, and peace, and happineſs, be thine!

## STANZAS

*Written at Medhurſt in Suſſex, on the Author's return from Chicheſter, where he had attempted in vain to find the Burial-place of Collins.*

To view the beauties of my native land,
O'er many a pleaſing diſtant ſcene I rove;
Now climb the rock, or wander on the ſtrand,
Or trace the rill, or penetrate the grove.

From Baia's hills, from Portſea's ſpreading wave,
To fair Ciceſtria's lonely walls I ſtray;
To her fam'd poet's venerated grave,
Anxious my tribute of reſpect to pay *.

O'er the dim pavement of the ſolemn fane,
'Midſt the rude ſtones that crowd th' adjoining ſpace,
The ſacred ſpot I ſeek, but ſeek in vain;
In vain I aſk—for none can point the place.

What boots the eye whoſe quick obſervant glance
Marks every nobler, every fairer form?
What the ſkill'd ear that ſound's ſweet charms entrance,
And the fond breaſt with generous paſſion warm?

What boots the power each image to portray,
The power with force each feeling to expreſs?
How vain the hope that through life's little day
The ſoul with thought of future fame can bleſs?

While folly frequent boaſts th' enſculptur'd tomb,
By flattery's pen inſcrib'd with purchas'd praiſe;
While ruſtic labour's undiſtinguiſh'd doom
Fond friendſhip's hand records in humble phraſe;

Of genius oft and learning worſe the lot;
For them no care, to them no honour ſhown *:
Alive neglected, and when dead forgot,
Even Collins ſlumbers in a grave unknown.

Flow, Lavant, flow! along thy ſedgy ſhore
Bear the fraught veſſel from the neighbouring main!
Enrich thy ſons!—but on thy banks no more
May lofty poet breathe his tuneful ſtrain!

* *Collins was born at Chicheſter, died, and probably was interred there.*

## VERSES

### TO A FRIEND PLANTING.

Proceed, my friend, purſue thy healthful toil,
Diſpoſe thy ground, and meliorate thy ſoil;
Range thy young plants in walks, or clumps, or bowers,
Diffuſe o'er ſunny banks thy fragrant flowers;
And, while the new creation round thee ſprings,
Enjoy uncheck'd the guiltleſs bliſs it ſprings;
But hope no more. Though fancy forward ſtray
There ſcenes of diſtant pleaſure to ſurvey,
To expatiate fondly o'er the future grove,
The happy haunt of friendſhip and of love;
Know, each fair image form'd within thy mind,
Far wide of truth thy ſickening ſight ſhall find!

## TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

While thou far hence on Albion's ſouthern ſhore
View'ſt her white rocks, and hear'ſt her ocean roar;
Through ſcenes, where we together ſtray'd, I ſtray,
And think o'er talk of many a long-paſt day.
That favourite park now tempts my ſteps again,
On whoſe green turf ſo oft at eaſe we've lain;
While Hertford's turrets roſe in proſpect fair,
And my fond thought beheld my Sylvia there;
And much the muſe rehears'd in careleſs lays
The lover's ſufferings, and the beauty's praiſe.
Thoſe elm-crown'd fields now oft my walk invite,
Whence Lee's wide vale lies pleaſant to the ſight;
Where, as our view o'er towns and villas roll'd,
Our fancy imag'd how they look'd of old;
When Gothic manſions there uprear'd their towers,
Their halls for banquet, and for reſt their bowers.
But, O my friend! whene'er I ſeek theſe ſcenes
Of lovely proſpects and delightful greens;
Regardleſs idly of the joys poſſeſs'd,
I dream of days to come, of days more bleſt,
When thou with me ſhalt wander here once more,
And we ſhall talk again our fav'rite topics o'er.
On time's ſmooth current, as we glide along,
Thus expectation ever tunes her ſong:

* *This cenſure may ſeem too general—perhaps it is ſo. But muſt it not be allowed that the public is capricious in beſtowing its honours? Does not Weſtminſter Abbey ſhow monuments erected to men, as poets, who had little or no title to the name, while it contains no memorials of writers of far ſuperior merit?*

'Fair theſe green banks with gaudy flow'rets
'bloom,
'Sweet breathe theſe gales, diffuſing rich perfume;
'Heed, heed them not, but careleſsly paſs by,
'To-morrow fairer, ſweeter will ſupply.'
To-morrow comes—the ſame the ſyren's lay—
'To-morrow ſweeter gales, and flow'rets ſtill
'more gay.'

## THE SHEPHERD's ELEGY,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF AN INGENIOUS FRIEND.

Upon a bank, with ſpreading boughs o'erhung,
Of pollard oak, brown elm, and hornbeam gray,
The faded fern and ruſſet graſs among,
While rude winds ſwept the yellow leaves away,
And ſcatter'd o'er the ground the wild fruits lay;
As from the churchyard came the village throng,
Down ſat a rural bard, and rais'd his mournful
ſong.

'Nature's beſt gifts, alas, in vain we prize!
'The powers that pleaſe, the powers that pleaſure
'gain!
'For O with them, in full proportion, riſe
'The powers of giving and of feeling pain!
'Why from my breaſt now burſts this plaintive
'ſtrain!
'Genius, my friend! with all its charms was thine,
'And ſenſibility too exquiſite is mine!

'There low he lies!—that head in duſt repos'd
'Whoſe active thought ſcann'd every various
'theme!
'Clos'd is that eye, for ever, ever clos'd,
'Whence wont the blaze of ſentiment to beam!
'Mute is that tongue, whence flow'd the copious
'ſtream
'Of eloquence, whoſe moral lore ſo rare
'Delighted and improv'd the liſtening young and
'fair.

'Witneſs for me, ye rain-polluted rills;
'Ye deſart meads, that one brown hue diſplay;
'Ye rude eaſt winds, whoſe breath the dank air
'chills;
'Ye hovering clouds, that veil the ſun's faint ray!
'Witneſs, as annual here my ſteps ſhall ſtray,
'How his dear image thought ſhall ſtill recal,
'And oft the ſigh ſhall heave, and oft the tear
'ſhall fall!'

As ceaſe the murmurs of the mantling pool,
As ceaſe the whiſpers of the poplar ſpray,
While o'er the vale the white miſt riſes cool
At the calm ſunſet of a ſummer's day—
So ſoftly, ſweetly ceas'd the ſhepherd's lay:
While down the pathway to the hamlet plain
Return'd, with lingering ſteps, the penſive rural
train.

*On the Ingenious Mr. Jones's Elegant Tranſlations and Imitations of Eaſtern Poetry, and his Reſolution to decline Tranſlating the Perſian Poets.*

The Aſian muſe, a ſtranger fair!
Becomes at length Britannia's care;
And Hafi's lays, and Sadi's ſtrains,
Reſound along our Thames's plains.
They ſing not all of ſtreams and bowers,
Or banquet ſcenes, or ſocial hours;
Nor all of beauty's blooming charms,
Or war's rude fields, or feats of arms;
But freedom's lofty notes ſincere,
And virtue's moral lore ſevere,
But ah! they ſing for us no more!
The ſcarcely-taſted pleaſure's o'er!
For he, the bard whoſe tuneful art
Can beſt their varied themes impart—
For he, alas! the taſk declines,
And taſte at loſs irreparable repines.

## HYMN FROM PSALM VIII.

Almighty Pow'r! amazing are thy ways;
Above our knowledge, and above our praiſe!
How all thy works thy excellence diſplay!
How fair, how great, how wonderful are they!
Thy hand yon wide-extended heav'n uprais'd,
Yon wide-extended heav'n with ſtars emblaz'd,
Where each bright orb, ſince time his courſe be-
gun,
Has roll'd a mighty world, or ſhin'd a ſun:
Stupendous thought! how ſinks all human race!
A point an atom in the field of ſpace!
Yet ev'n to us, O Lord, thy care extends,
Thy bounty feeds us, and thy pow'r defends;
Yet ev'n to us, as delegates of thee,
Thou giv'ſt dominion over land and ſea.
Whate'er or walks on earth, or flits in air;
Whate'er of life the wat'ry regions bear;
All theſe are ours; and, for th' extenſive claim,
We owe due homage to thy ſacred name!
Almighty pow'r! how wond'rous are thy ways!
How far above our knowledge and our praiſe!

## CONCLUSION.

TO A FRIEND.

When erſt th' enthuſiaſt fancy's reign
Indulg'd the wild romantic thought,
That wander'd 'midſt Arcadian vales,
Sicilian ſtreams, Arabian gales;
Bleſt climes with wond'rous pleaſures fraught,
Sweet pleaſures, unalloy'd with pain!

When obſervation's calmer view
Remark'd the real ſtate of things,
Whate'er amuſive one obtain'd,
Whate'er of uſe the other gain'd,
To thee my verſe a tribute brings,
A tribute to thy friendſhip due.

Accept then this, nor more require;
The muſe no further taſk eſſays;
But, 'midſt the ſylvan ſcenes, ſhe loves
The falling rills, and whiſpering groves;
With ſmiles her labours paſt ſurveys,
And quits the ſyrinx and the lyre.

## VERSES *

*Occaſioned by the Deſcription of the Æolian Harp, in the Gentleman's Magazine, for February 1754.*

Untaught o'er ſtrings to draw the roſin'd bow,
Or melting ſtrains on the ſoft lute to blow,

* *This and the following poem are reprinted from the Gentleman's Magazine for 1754 and 1758.*

With others long I mourn'd the want of ſkill,
Reſounding roofs with harmony to fill,
Till happy now the Æolian lyre is known,
And all the powers of muſic are my own.
Swell all thy notes, delightful harp, O! ſwell!
Inflame thy poet to deſcribe thee well.
When the full chorus riſes with the breeze,
Or, ſlowly ſinking, leſſens by degrees,
To ſounds more ſoft than amorous gales diſcloſe,
At evening panting on the bluſhing roſe.
More ſweet than all the notes that organs breathe,
Or tuneful echoes, when they die, bequeath;
Oft where ſome ſylvan temple decks the grove,
The ſlave of eaſy indolence I rove;
There the wing'd breeze the lifted laſh pervades,
Its breath is muſic, vocal all the ſhades;
Charm'd with the ſoothing ſound, at eaſe reclin'd,
To fancy's pleaſing power I yield my mind;
And now enchanted ſcenes around me riſe,
And ſome kind Ariel the ſoft air ſupplies;
Now lofty Pindus through the ſhades I view,
Where all the nine their tuneful art purſue;
To me the ſound the panting gale conveys,
And all my heart is ecſtaſy and praiſe.
Now to Arcadian plains, at once convey'd,
Some ſhepherd's pipe delights his favourite maid.
Mix'd with the murmurs of a neighbouring ſtream,
I hear ſoft notes that ſuit an amorous theme!
Ah! then a victim to the fond deceit,
My heart begins with fierce deſires to beat,
To fancy'd ſighs, I real ſighs return,
By turns I languiſh, and by turns I burn.
Ah! Delia haſte! and here attentive prove,
Like me, that "muſic is the voice of love:"
So ſhall I mourn my ruſtic ſtrains no more,
While plean'd you liſten, who could frown before.

*July* 1758.

## TO FEAR.

O THOU, dread foe of honour, wealth, and fame,
Whoſe touch can quell the ſtrong, the fierce can tame,
Relentleſs fear! ah! why did fate ordain
My trembling heart to own thy iron reign?
There are, thrice happy! who diſdain thy ſway,
The merchant wand'ring o'er the wat'ry way;
The chief ſerene before th' aſſaulted wall;
The climbing ſtateſmen thoughtleſs of his fall;
All whom the love of wealth or pow'r inſpires,
And all who burn with proud ambition's fires;
But peaceful bards thy conſtant preſence know,
O thou of ev'ry glorious deed the foe!
Of thee the ſilent ſtudious race complains,
And learning groans a captive in thy chains:
The ſecret wiſh when ſome fair object moves,
And cautious reaſon what we wiſh approves,
Thy gorgon front forbids to graſp the prize,
And ſeas are ſpread between, and mountains riſe:
Thy magic arts a thouſand phantoms raiſe,
And fancy'd deaths and dangers fill our ways;
With ſmiling hope you wage eternal ſtrife,
And envious ſnatch the cup of joy from life.
O leave, tremendous pow'r! the blameleſs breaſt,
Of guilt alone, the tyrant and the gueſt;
Go, and thy train of fable horrors ſpread
Where murder meditates the future dead,
Where rapine watches for the gloom of night,
And lawleſs paſſion pants for other's right;
Go to the bad, but from the good recede,
No more the foe of ev'ry glorious deed.

### POSTSCRIPT.

THE author, in the courſe of his literary inquiries, has had reaſon to believe that the productions of ſome writers have not unfrequently received very conſiderable alterations and improvements from the hands of their friends. What he has been told of others, may poſſibly be ſuſpected of himſelf; he therefore takes the liberty to obſerve, that, although he has often derived advantage from the judicious remarks of a few kind acquaintance, to whom his MSS. have been ſhown, he is not indebted to them, nor indeed to any perſon, for the inſertion of a ſingle line.

From the works of preceding poets, memory has ſometimes ſupplied him with turns of expreſſion, which, at the inſtant of compoſing, he imagined were his own; and at other times he has happened on lines uſed by writers, whoſe performances he had not then ſeen. Some inſtances of ſuch unconſcious plagiariſm, and accidental coincidence, are here pointed out as matter of curioſity; others may poſſibly exiſt, though he is not apprized of them.

Blows not a flow'ret in the enamell'd vale,
Shines not a pebble, &c.
*Elegies Deſcriptive and Moral*, p. 29.

Lurks not a ſtone enrich'd with lively ſtain,
Blooms not a flower amid the vernal ſtore,
Falls not a plume on Indſa's diſtant plain,
Glows not a ſhell on Adria's rocky ſhore—
*Shenſtone's Works*, vol. i. 8vo. p. 140.

Perhaps Shenſtone was indebted to Akenſide:

———Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The ſetting ſun's effulgence, not a ſtrain
From all the tenants of the warbling ſhade
Aſcends———
*Pleaſures of Imagination*, book iii. line 593.

But claims their wonder and excites their praiſe.
*Elegies Deſcriptive and Moral*, p. 29.

Provoke our wonder and tranſcend our praiſe.
*Addiſon to Dryden*, *Works*, vol. i. p. 3.

Or rear the new-bound ſheaves along the lands.
*Elegies Deſcriptive and Moral*, p. 37.

Or range my ſheaves along the ſunny land.
*Hammond*, *Elegy* xiii. l. 12.

No more thoſe noſtrils breathe the vital air.
*Elegies Deſcriptive and Moral*, p. 46.

That while my noſtrils draw the vital air.
*Pope*, *Rape of the Lock*, canto iv.

In one ſad ſpot where kindred aſhes lie.
*Elegy written at Amwell*, 1768, p. 53.

In one lone ſpot their mouldering aſhes lie.
*Mr. Keate's Ruins of Netley Abbey*, 1764.

Of claſſic lore accompanied my walk. *Amwell*, p. 76

In ſumptuous ears accompanied his march.
*Leonidas*, book viii.

nd his wild eye-balls roll with horrid glare.
*Arabian Eclogue*, p. 135.

And his red eye-balls roll with living fire.
*Dryden's Meleager and Atalanta.*

And ne forlorn inhabitant contain'd.
*Indian Eclogue*, p. 148.

The cities no inhabitant contain'd.
*Fawke's Song of Deborah; Poems*, p. 100.

Again he look'd, again he ſigh'd. *Ode* ii. p. 175.

And ſigh'd and look'd— *Dryden's Alexander's Feaſt.*

There povety, grim ſpectre! roſe. *Ode* xxi. p. 228.

Sear'd at the ſpectre of pale poverty.
*Pope, Imitation of Horace*, book ii. epiſt. 1.

Each paſtoral ſight, and every paſtoral ſound.
*Epiſtle* i. p. 266.

Deſignedly imitated from Milton:

Each rural ſight, each rural ſound.——

All pure as vernal bloſſoms newly blown.
*Elegy written at Amwell*, 1768.

All pure as bloſſoms which are newly blown.
*Wm. Browne's Britannia's Paſtorals*, vol. i. p. 101.

Davie's Edition of Browne's Works was publiſhed in 1772. The Author had never ſeen any of the old editions, nor any extract from them.

Haſte, bring my ſteeds ſupreme in ſtrength and grace,
Firſt in the fight, and fleeteſt in the chace.
*Arabian Eclogue*, p. 135.

This Eclogue was written in 1777. In a volume of Poems by the ingenious Mr. Maurice, printed in 1779, the Author met with the following near reſemblance:

Full fifty ſteeds I boaſt of ſwifteſt pace,
Fierce in the fight, and foremoſt in the race.

In the Amœbæan Eclogue, intituled The Deſcribers, p. 101, 102, a part of the imagery bear a conſiderable reſemblance to ſome deſcriptions in a little collection of pleaſing ſonnets, by Mr. Bamfylde, 1778; which collection the Author never ſaw till after his own volume was printed. This is a proof, that two writers, both painting from nature, will often unknowingly coincide very nearly in ſelection, arrangement, and expreſſion.

THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

Containing his

| | |
|---|---|
| LONDON, | EPITAPHS, |
| VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES, | SONGS, |
| IRENE, | PROLOGUES, |
| ODES, | IMPROMPTUS, |
| ELEGIES, | TRANSLATIONS, |

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

*THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.*

---

Tranſcendent genius, whoſe prolific vein
Ne'er knew the frigid poet's toil and pain,
To whom Apollo opens all his ſtore,
And every Muſe preſents her ſacred lore;
Say, pow'rful JOHNSON, whence thy verſe is fraught
With ſo much grace, ſuch energy of thought;
Whether thy *Juvenal* inſtructs the age
In chaſter numbers, and new-points his rage;
Or fair *Irene* ſees, alas, too late,
Her innocence exchang'd for guilty ſtate:
Whate'er you write, in every golden line
Sublimity and elegance combine;
Thy nervous phraſe impreſſes every ſoul,
While harmony gives rapture to the whole.

MR. MURPHY'S POETICAL EPISTLE TO JOHNSON.

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EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

*Anno* 1793

# THE LIFE OF JOHNSON.

THE events of the life of JOHNSON, "the brighteſt ornament of the eighteenth century," who has written the lives of ſo many eminent perſons, and ſo much enriched our national ſtock of criticiſm and biography, have been related by friend and foe, by panegyriſts and ſatirical defamers, by the lovers of anecdote, and the followers of party, with a diligence of reſearch, a minuteneſs of detail, a variety of illuſtration, and a felicity of deſcription, unexampled in the records of literary biography.

Beſides ſeveral ſlight ſketches of his life, by unknown authors, taken, ſometimes with a favourable, flattering pencil, ſometimes in the broader ſtyle of caricature, which lie ſcattered in the periodical publications of the laſt ten years; voluminous biographical accounts of him have been given to the world by Thomas Tyers, Eſq. Mrs. Piozzi, Dr. Towers, Sir John Hawkins, James Boſwell, Eſq. and Arthur Murphy, Eſq. who were his moſt intimate friends, and wrote from perſonal knowledge. Their ſeveral publications, which place his character in very different, and often oppoſite points of light, by exhibiting a ſtriking likeneſs of the features of his mind, which were ſtrong and prominent, and by recording ſo conſiderable a portion of his wiſdom and wit, have exquiſitely gratified the lovers of literary anecdotes, and largely contributed to the inſtruction and entertainment of mankind. The publications of Mr. Tyers, Mrs. Piozzi, Dr. Towers, and Mr. Murphy, come under the deſcription of "biographical Sketches," "Anecdotes," and "Eſſays." Thoſe of Sir. John Hawkins and Mr. Boſwell are more elaborately compoſed, and entitle them to the excluſive appellation of his biographers.

On an attentive peruſal, it will be found that the narrative of Sir John Hawkins contains a collection of curious anecdotes and obſervations, which few men but its author could have brought together; but a very ſmall part of it relates to the perſon who is the ſubject of the work. He appears to be a worthy, and often a well-informed man, but he poſſeſſes neither animation nor correctneſs, expanſion of intellect, nor elegance of taſte. He writes without much feeling or ſentiment; his work is heavy, cold, and prolix; but we diſcover in it many gleams of good ſenſe, and openings of humanity, ſometimes checked by ignorance, and ſometimes by prejudice.

The narrative of Mr. Boſwell is written with more comprehenſion of mind, accuracy of intelligence, clearneſs of narration, and elegance of language; and is more ſtrongly marked by the *deſiderium chari capitis*, which is the firſt feature of affectionate remembrance. He was peculiarly fitted for the taſk of recording the ſayings and actions of this extraordinary man, by his aſſiduous attention. From the commencement of his acquaintance with him in 1763, he had the ſcheme of writing his life conſtantly in view; and continued his collections, with his approbation and aſſiſtance, with unwearied diligence, and meritorious perſeverance, for upwards of twenty years. He gave a ſpecimen of his being able to preſerve his converſation, in an authentic and lively manner, in his "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," 8vo, 1786. His veneration and eſteem for his friend, induced him, at a ſubſequent period, to go through the laborious taſk of digeſting and arranging the immenſe maſs of materials, which his own diligence, and the kindneſs of others, had furniſhed him, and of forming the hiſtory of his life; which was publiſhed in 2 vols. 4to, 1791, and was received by the world with moſt extraordinary avidity.

Xenophon's *Memorabilia* of Socrates may poſſibly have ſuggeſted to Mr. Boſwell the idea of preſerving and giving to the world the *Memorabilia* of his venerable friend; but he profeſſes to have followed the model of Maſon in his "Memoirs of Gray." He has, however, the advantage of Maſon, in the quantity, variety, and richneſs of his materials. His work may be referred to that claſs of compilements known by the name of "Books in *Ana*." To compare it with Monnoye's edition of the *Menagiana*, one of the moſt eſteemed of theſe publications, would not be doing juſtice to it. The incidental *converſations* between ſo eminent an inſtructor of mankind, and his friends, the numerous body of *anecdotes*, literary and biographical, and the *letters* which are occaſionally interſperſed, and naturally introduced, in the narrative part of Mr. Boſwell's ample performance, open and diſcloſe to the eager curioſity of rational and laudable inquiry, an immenſe ſtorehouſe of mental treaſure, which far exceeds, in merit and value, the voluminous collections of the wiſe and witty ſayings of the learned and ingenious men of other nations. With ſome venial exceptions on the ſcore of egotiſm and indiſcriminate admiration, his work exhibits the moſt copious, intereſting, and finiſhed picture of the life and opinions of an eminent man, that was ever executed; and is juſtly eſteemed one of the moſt inſtructive and entertaining books in the Engliſh language.

The eccentricities of Mr. Boſwell, it is uſeleſs to detail. They have already been the ſubject of ridicule in various different forms and publications, by men of ſuperficial underſtanding, and ludicrous fancy. Many have ſuppoſed him to be a mere relater of the ſayings of others; but he poſſeſſed conſiderable intellectual powers, for which he has not had ſufficient credit. It is manifeſt to every reader of any diſcernment, that he could never have collected ſuch a maſs of information, and juſt obſervations on human life, as his very valuable work contains, without great ſtrength of mind, and much various knowledge; as he never could have diſplayed his collections in ſo lively a manner, had he not poſſeſſed a very pictureſque imagination, or, in other words, had he not had a very happy turn for poetry, as well as for humour and for wit.

This lively and ingenious biographer, is now beyond the reach of praiſe or cenſure. He died at London, May 19. 1795, in the 55th year of his age. His death is an irreparable loſs to Engliſh literature. He had many failings; and many virtues, and many amiable qualities, which predominated over the frailties incident to human nature. He will be long regretted by a wide circle of friends, to whom his good qualities and ſocial talents always made his company a valuable acceſſion.

The facts ſtated in the preſent account are chiefly taken from the narratives of Sir John Hawkins, and Mr. Boſwell; with the addition of ſuch particulars of the progreſs of his mind and fortunes, as the ſubſequent narrative of Mr. Murphy, and the moſt reſpectable periodical publications of the laſt ten years, have ſupplied.

Samuel Johnson was born at Litchfield in Staffordſhire, September 7. 1709. His father, Michael Johnſon, was a native of Cubley, in Derbyſhire, of obſcure extraction, who ſettled in Litchfield as a bookſeller, and carried on that buſineſs at all the neighbouring towns on market days; but was ſo reſpectable as to be made one of the magiſtrates of that city. He was a man of a large and robuſt body, and of a ſtrong and active mind; but was always ſubject to a morbid melancholy. He was a zealous high-church-man and Jacobite; though he reconciled himſelf by caſuiſtical arguments of expediency and neceſſity, to take the oaths impoſed by the prevailing power. He was a pretty good Latin ſcholar, and being a man of good ſenſe and ſkill in his trade, he acquired a reaſonable ſhare of wealth, of which he afterwards loſt the greateſt part, by engaging unſucceſsfully in the manufacture of parchment. His mother, Sarah Ford, deſcended of an ancient race of ſubſtantial yeomanry in Warwickſhire, was the ſiſter of Dr. Joſeph Ford, a phyſician of conſiderable eminence, and father of the famous Cornelius Ford, Chaplain to Lord Cheſterfield, ſuppoſed to be the Parſon in Hogarth's "Modern Midnight Converſation," a man of great parts, but of very profligate manners. She was a woman of diſtinguiſhed underſtanding, prudence, and piety. They were well advanced in years when they married, and had only another child, named Nathaniel, who ſeems to have ſucceeded his father in his buſineſs; but died in 1737, in the 25th year of his age.

During the period of infancy, all children are prodigies of form and underſtanding to their parents. With a natural fondneſs, they exaggerate every ſymptom of ſenſe into the perfection of

wiſdom, and deſcribe every feature with an adventitious grace. If the object of their admiration ſhould at more mature years become diſtinguiſhed for excellence, it is hoped that we may believe wonders of the child, becauſe we have ſeen greatneſs in the man. Hence, in our fondneſs for the marvellous, the traditions of the nurſery, reſpecting ſuch perſons, are amplified beyond the bounds of credibility, and recited with all the confidence of truth.

Every great genius muſt begin with a prodigy; and it is not to be ſuppoſed that Johnſon ſhould be without atteſtations of theſe miracles of early genius, which are believed by ſome, to be as neceſſary to the attainment of future pre-eminence, as that fruits ſhould be preceded by the bloſſom. Among other ſtories of his infant precocity generally circulated, and generally believed, we are told by Mrs. Piozzi, and Sir John Hawkins, that, at the age of three years, he trod by accident upon one of a brood of eleven ducks, and killed it, and upon that occaſion made the following verſes:

Here lies good maſter duck,
Whom Samuel Johnſon trod on;
If it had liv'd, it had been *good luck*,
For then we'd had an *odd one*.

This prodigy is ſcarcely exceeded by the bees on Plato's lips, or the doves that covered the infant poet with leaves and flowers; for, how ſhould a child of three years old make regular verſes, and in alternate rhyme? The internal evidence is ſufficient to counterbalance any teſtimony that theſe verſes could be the production of a child of ſuch an early age. But, fortunately, credulity is relieved from the burden of doubt, by Johnſon's having himſelf aſſured Mr. Boſwell, that they were made by his father, who wiſhed them to paſs for his ſon's. He added, "my father was a fooliſh old man, that is to ſay, fooliſh in talking of his children."

He derived from his parents, or from an unwholeſome nurſe, the diſtemper called the King's Evil. Jacobites at that time believed in the efficacy of the royal touch. His mother, yielding to this ſuperſtitious notion, in her anxiety for his cure, when he was two years old (by the advice of Sir John Floyer, then a phyſician at Litchfield), carried him to London, where he was actually touched by Queen Anne. But the diſeaſe, too obſtinate to yield to remedies more powerful, greatly diſfigured his countenance, naturally harſh and rugged, impaired his hearing, and deprived him of the ſight of his left eye.

He was firſt taught to read Engliſh by Dame Oliver, a widow, who kept a ſchool for young children in Litchfield. His next inſtructor, in Engliſh, was a maſter whom he familiarly called Tom Brown, who he ſaid "publiſhed a ſpelling book, and dedicated it to the UNIVERSE." He began to learn Latin in the free-ſchool of Litchfield, at firſt under the care of Mr. Hawkins, the under-maſter, whom he has deſcribed as "a man ſkilful in his little way." In about two years he roſe to be under the tuition of Mr. Hunter, the head-maſter, a very reſpectable teacher, and a worthy man; but who, according to his account, was "very ſevere, and wrong headedly ſevere." He had for his ſchool fellows, Dr. James, inventor of the fever-powder, Mr. Lowe, canon of Windſor, Dr. Taylor, rector of Aſhbourne, and Mr. Hector, ſurgeon in Birmingham, with whom he contracted a particular intimacy.

While at ſchool, he is ſaid by Mr. Hector to have been indolent and averſe from ſtudy. But the procraſtination of his duties ſeems neither to have prevented the timely performance of his exerciſes, nor to have blemiſhed them with inaccuracies; for "he was never known to have been corrected at ſchool, unleſs for talking and diverting other boys from their buſineſs." Indeed, ſuch was the ſuperiority of his talents above thoſe of his companions, that three of the boys, of whom Mr. Hector was ſometimes one, are ſaid to have aſſembled ſubmiſſively every morning, to carry him triumphantly upon their ſhoulders to ſchool. This ovation is believed by Mr. Boſwell, to have been an honour paid to the early predominance of his intellectual powers alone; but they who remember what boys are, and who conſider that Johnſon's corporeal proweſs was by no means deſpicable, will be apt to ſuſpect that the homage was enforced, at leaſt as much by awe of the one, as by admiration of the other.

After having reſided for ſome months at the houſe of his couſin, Cornelius Ford, who aſſiſted him in the claſſics, he was, by his advice, at the age of fifteen, removed to the ſchool of Stourbridge in Wor-

ceſterſhire, of which Mr. Wentworth was then maſter, whom he has deſcribed as "a very able man; but an idle man, and to me unreaſonably ſevere. Yet he taught me a great deal." He ſeems to have been there in the double capacity of a ſcholar and uſher, repaying the learning he acquired from his maſter, by the inſtruction he gave to the younger boys. Parſon Ford he has deſcribed in his "Life of Fenton," as "a clergyman at that time too well known, whoſe abilities, inſtead of furniſhing convivial merriment to the voluptuous and the diſſolute, might have enabled him to excel among the virtuous and the wiſe."

He thus diſcriminated to Dr. Percy, Biſhop of Dromore, his progreſs at his two grammar-ſchools: "At one I learnt much in the ſchool, but little from the maſter; in the other I learnt much from the maſter, but little in the ſchool."

He remained at Stourbridge little more than a year, and then returned home, where he purſued his ſtudies; but not upon any regular plan. Of this method of attaining knowledge, he ſeems ever after to have entertained a favourable opinion, and to have recommended it, not without reaſon, to young men, as the ſureſt means of enticing them to learn. What he read was not works of mere amuſement. "They were not voyages and travels, but all literature, all ancient authors, all manly; though but little Greek, only ſome of Anacreon and Heſiod. But in this irregular manner, I had looked into a great many books, which were not commonly known at the univerſities, where they ſeldom read any books but what are put into their hands by their tutors; ſo that when I came to Oxford, Dr. Adams told me I was the beſt qualified for the univerſity, that he had ever known come there."

He had already given ſeveral proofs of his poetical genius, both in his ſchool exerciſes, and in other occaſional compoſitions. Of theſe Mr. Boſwell obtained a conſiderable collection, from Mr. Wentworth, the ſon of his maſter, and Mr. Hector, his ſchool-fellow; of which he has preſerved ſome tranſlations from *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, *&c.* Unfortunately the communications of Mr. Wentworth are not diſtinguiſhed from thoſe of Mr. Hector. Such a precaution would have enabled us to have diſtinguiſhed with certainty, the efforts of the boy, from the production of riper years. His tranſlation of the *firſt eclogue of Virgil*, is not ſo harmonious as that from the *ſixth book of Homer*; and both are inferior in this reſpect to thoſe which he has made of the *odes of Horace*. Indeed, in the ſtyle and manner of verſification uſed in the laſt, and in ſome other of his juvenile pieces, he ſeems to have made little alteration in his more experienced days; and it muſt be added, that in point of ſmoothneſs, little improvement could have been made.

After a reſidence of two years at home, Mr. Andrew Corbet, a gentleman of Shropſhire, undertook to ſupport him at Oxford, in the character of companion to his ſon, one of his ſchool-fellows, "though, in fact," ſays Mr. Boſwell, upon the authority of Dr. Taylor, "he never received any aſſiſtance whatever from that gentleman." He was accordingly entered a Commoner of Pembroke College, Oxford, October 31, 1728, being then in his nineteenth year.

On the night of his arrival at Oxford, his father, who had anxiouſly accompanied him, found means to have him introduced to Mr. Jorden, Fellow of Pembroke, who was to be his tutor. According to Dr. Adams, who was preſent, he ſeemed very full of the merits of his ſon, and told the company he was a good ſcholar and a poet, and wrote Latin verſes. His figure and manner ſeemed ſtrange to them; but he behaved modeſtly, and ſat ſilent, till, upon ſomething which occurred in the courſe of converſation, he ſuddenly ſtruck in, and quoted Macrobius; and this gave the firſt impreſſion of that extenſive reading in which he had indulged himſelf.

Of his tutor, Mr. Jorden, he gave Mr. Boſwell the following account: "He was a very worthy man, but a heavy man, and I did not profit much by his inſtruction. Indeed, I did not attend him much." He had, however, a love and reſpect for Jorden, not for his literature, but for his worth. "Whenever (ſaid he) a young man becomes Jorden's pupil, he becomes his ſon."

The fifth of November was at that time kept with great ſolemnity at Pembroke College, and exerciſes upon the gunpowder plot were required. Johnſon neglected to perform his. To apologize for his neglect, he gave in a ſhort copy of verſes, intitled, *Somnium*, containing a common thought, "that the muſe had come to him in his ſleep, and whiſpered that it did not become him

to write on ſuch ſubjects as politics; he ſhould confine himſelf to humbler themes;" but the verſification was truly Virgilian.

Having given ſuch a ſpecimen of his poetical powers, he was aſked by Mr. Jorden to tranſlate Pope's *Meſſiah* into Latin hexameter verſe, as a Chriſtmas exerciſe. He performed it with uncommon rapidity, and in ſo maſterly a manner, that he obtained great applauſe from it, which ever after kept him high in the eſtimation of his college, and, indeed, of all the univerſity. Pope, impelled by gratitude and taſte, perhaps not unaſſiſted by vanity, is reported to have ſaid concerning it, "that the author would leave it a queſtion for poſterity, whether his or mine be the original?" It was firſt printed by his father, without his knowledge; and afterwards inſerted in a "Miſcellany," publiſhed by ſubſcription at Oxford, in 1731, by Mr. John Huſbands, Fellow of Pembroke College.

The particular courſe of his reading while at Oxford, and during the time of vacation which he paſſed at home, cannot be traced. From his earlieſt years he loved to read poetry and romances of chivalry. He read Shakſpeare at a period ſo early, that the ſpeech of the ghoſt in "Hamlet" terrified him when he was alone. Horace's odes were the compoſitions he moſt liked in early life; but it was long before he could reliſh his ſatires and epiſtles. He told Mr. Boſwell, what he read *ſolidly* at Oxford was Greek, not the Grecian hiſtorians, but Homer and Euripides, and now and then a little epigram; that the ſtudy of which he was moſt fond was metaphyſics; but he had not read much even in that way. We may be abſolutely certain, however, both from his writings and his converſation, that his reading was very extenſive. He projected a common-place book to the extent of ſix folio volumes, but according to Sir John Hawkins, the blank leaves far exceeded the written ones.

In 1729, while at Litchfield, during the college vacation, the "morbid melancholy" which was lurking in his conſtitution, gathered ſuch ſtrength as to afflict him in a dreadful manner. He was overwhelmed with an horrible hypochondria, with perpetual irritation, fretfulneſs and impatience, and with a dejection, gloom, and deſpair, that made exiſtence miſery. He fancied himſelf ſeized by, or approaching to inſanity, in conformity with which notion, he applied, when he was at the very worſt, to his godfather, Dr. Swinfen, phyſician in Litchfield, and put into his hand a ſtate of his caſe, written in Latin; "which ſhowed," as Mr. Boſwell expreſſes it "an uncommon vigour, not only of fancy and taſte, but of judgment." That he ſhould have ſuppoſed himſelf approaching to inſanity, at the very time when he was giving proofs of a more than ordinary ſoundneſs and vigour of judgment, is leſs ſtrange than that Mr. Boſwell ſhould conſider the vigour of *fancy*, which he diſplayed on ſuch a ſubject, a proof of his ſanity. It is a common effect of melancholy to make thoſe who are afflicted with it imagine that they are actually ſuffering thoſe evils which happen to be moſt ſtrongly preſented to their minds. But there is a clear diſtinction between a diſorder which affects only the imagination and ſpirits, while the judgment is ſound, and a diſorder by which the judgment itſelf is impaired. Whatever be the arguments in favour of free-will, of volition unreſtrained by the force and prevalence of motives, it muſt be allowed that the effects of reaſon on the human mind are not at all times, and on all ſubjects, equally powerful. The mind, like the body, has its weak organs; in other words, the impreſſions on ſome ſubjects are ſo deeply fixed, that the judgment is no longer able to guide the operations of the mind in reaſoning on, or in judging of them. The imagination ſeizes the rein, and till the force of the idea is leſſened from habit, the uſual powers are ſuſpended. But this is not madneſs; for ſtrong impreſſions of various kinds, will, in different minds, produce ſimilar effects. From this diſmal malady, which he "did not then know how to manage," he never afterwards was perfectly relieved; and all his labours, and all his employments, were but temporary interruptions of its baleful influence.

In the hiſtory of his mind, his religious progreſs is an important article. He had been early inſtructed in the doctrines of the church of England, by his mother, who continued her pious care with aſſiduity, but in his opinion, not with judgment. "Sunday" ſaid he "was a heavy day to me when I was a boy. My mother confined me on Sundays, and made me read "The Whole Duty of Man," from a great part of which I could derive no inſtruction. When, for inſtance, I read the chapter on theft, which, from infancy, I had been taught was wrong, I was no more convinced that theft was

wrong than before; ſo there was no acceſſion of knowledge. A boy ſhould be introduced to ſuch books by having his attention directed to the arrangement, to the ſtyle, and other excellencies of compoſition, that the mind being thus engaged by an amuſing variety of objects, may not grow weary."

He communicated to Mr. Boſwell the following account of "the firſt occaſion of his thinking in earneſt of religion." I fell into an inattention to religion, or an indifference about it, in my ninth year. The church at Litchfield, in which we had a ſeat, wanted reparation: ſo I was to go and find a ſeat in other churches; and having bad eyes, and being awkward about this, I uſed to go and read in the fields on Sunday. This habit continued till my fourteenth year, and ſtill I find a great reluctance to go to church. I then became a ſort of lax *talker* againſt religion, for I did not much *think* about it; and this laſted till I went to Oxford, where it would not be *ſuffered*. When at Oxford, I took up Law's "Serious Call to the Unconverted," expecting to find it a dull book (as ſuch books generally are), and perhaps to laugh at it. But I found Law quite an over-match for me; and this was the firſt occaſion of my thinking in earneſt of religion, after I became capable of rational inquiry."

Serious impreſſions of religion, from particular incidents, it is certain have been experienced by many pious perſons; though it muſt be acknowledged, that weak minds, from an erroneous ſuppoſition, that no man is in a ſtate of grace, who has not felt a particular converſion, have, in ſome caſes, brought a degree of ridicule upon them; a ridicule of which it is inconſiderate or unfair to make a general application. How ſeriouſly Johnſon was impreſſed with a ſenſe of religion, from this time forward, appears from the whole tenor of his life and writings. Religion was the predominant object of his thoughts; though he ſeems not to have attained all the tranquillity and aſſurance in his practice of its duties that are ſo earneſtly to be deſired. His ſentiments, upon points of abſtract virtue and rectitude, were in the higheſt degree elevated and generous, but he was unfortunate enough to have the ſublimity of his mind degraded by the hypochondriacal propenſities of his animal conſtitution. The ſerenity, the independence, and the exultation of religion, were ſentiments to which he was a ſtranger. He ſaw the Almighty in a different light from what he is repreſented in the purer page of the goſpel; and he trembled in the preſence of Infinite Goodneſs. Thoſe tenets of the church of England, which are moſt nearly allied to Calviniſm, were congenial to his general feelings, and they made an early impreſſion, which habits confirmed, and which reaſon, if ever exerted, could not efface. At the latter part of his life theſe terrors had a conſiderable effect; nor was their influence loſt, till diſeaſe had weakened his powers, and blunted his feelings.

The year following, 1730, Mr. Corbet left the univerſity, and his father, to whom, according to Sir John Hawkins, he truſted for ſupport, declined contributing any farther to Johnſon's maintenance, than paying for his Commons. His father's buſineſs was by no means lucrative. His remittances, conſequently, were too ſmall even to ſupply the decencies of external appearance; and the very ſhoes that he wore were ſo much torn, that they could no longer conceal his feet. So jealous, however, was he of appearing an object of eleemoſynary contribution, that a new pair having been placed at his door, by ſome unknown hand, he flung them away with indignation.

While thus oppreſſed by want, he ſeems to have yielded to that indifference to fame and improvement, which is the offſpring of deſpair. "He was generally ſeen," ſays Dr. Percy, "lounging at the college gate, with a circle of young ſtudents round him, whom he was entertaining with wit, and keeping from their ſtudies, if not ſpiriting them up to rebellion againſt the college diſcipline, which in his maturer years, he ſo much extolled." The account of his conduct given by Dr. Adams, who was at leaſt his nominal tutor for ſome time before he quitted the college, is more favourable to his happineſs, but is leſs true. "Johnſon," ſays he, "while he was at Pembroke College, was careſſed and loved by all about him; he was a gay and frolicſome fellow, and paſſed there the happieſt part of his life." But his own comment upon this opinion, when mentioned to him by Mr. Boſwell, ſhows how fallacious it is to eſtimate human happineſs by external appearances: "Ah Sir, I was mad and violent. It was bitterneſs which they miſtook for frolic. I was miſerably poor, and I thought to fight my way by my literature and my wit; ſo I diſregarded all power and all authority."

He ſtruggled for another year in this unequal conflict, and profeſſed a deſire to practiſe either the Civil or the Common Law; but his debts in college increaſing, and his ſcanty remittances from Litchfield, which had all along been made with great difficulty, being diſcontinued, his father having fallen into a ſtate of inſolvency, he was compelled, by irreſiſtible neceſſity, to relinquiſh his ſcheme, and left the college in autumn 1731, without a degree, having been a member of it little more than three years. This was a circumſtance, which, in the ſubſequent part of his life, he had occaſion to regret, as the want of it was an obſtacle to his obtaining a ſettlement, whence he might have derived that ſubſiſtence, of which he was certain by no other means.

From the univerſity he returned to his native city, deſtitute, and not knowing how he ſhould gain even a decent livelihood. But he was ſo far fortunate, that the reſpectable character of his parents, and his own merit, ſecured him a kind reception in the beſt families of Litchfield. Mr. Gilbert Walmſley, Regiſter of the Prerogative Court at Litchfield, "was one of the firſt friends that literature procured" him; and he paſſed much time in the families of Mr. Howard, and Dr. Swinfen, Mr. Simpſon, Mr. Levett, and Captain Garrick, father of the great ornament of the Britiſh ſtage. He has drawn the character of Mr. Walmſley in his "Life of Smith," in the glowing colours of gratitude, intermingled with the dark hues of political prejudice. In his abhorrence of whiggiſm, he has imputed to his friend and benefactor, "all the virulence and malevolence of his party." Yet Mr. Walmſley, whoſe real character is a noble one, loved Johnſon enough to endure in *him* the principles he deſpiſed.

In the circles of Litchfield, he was frequently in the company of ladies, particularly at Mr. Walmſley's, whoſe wife and ſiſter-in-law, of the name of Aſton, and the daughters of a Baronet, were remarkable for elegance and good breeding. Of Miſs Molly Aſton, who was afterwards married to Captain Brodie of the Navy, he uſed to ſpeak with the warmeſt admiration. "Molly," (ſaid he,) "was a beauty and a ſcholar, a wit and a whig, and ſhe talked all in praiſe of liberty; and ſo I made this epigram upon her. She was the loveliеſt creature I ever ſaw!

Liber ut eſſe velim, ſuaſiſti, pulchra Maria,
Ut maneam liber; pulchra Maria, vale."

Of this epigram, Mrs. Piozzi, and Mr. Joddrel, and Mr. Boſwell, among others, have offered tranſlations. The following verſion is given by Mr. Boſwell:

Adieu Maria! ſince you'd have me free:
For who beholds thy charms, a ſlave muſt be.

In December 1731 his father died, in the 79th year of his age, in very narrow circumſtances; for, after providing for his mother, that portion of the effects which fell to his ſhare amounted only to twenty pounds.

In the forlorn ſtate of his circumſtances, he accepted the employment of uſher in the ſchool of Market-Boſworth in Leiceſterſhire, to which he went on foot, July 16. 1732. He reſided in the houſe of Sir Woolſton Dixie, the patron of the ſchool, to whom he officiated as a kind of domeſtic chaplain; and who treated him with intolerable harſhneſs. His employment was irkſome to him in every reſpect; and after ſuffering for a few months, what Mr. Boſwell terms "complicated miſery," he relinquiſhed a ſituation which he ever afterwards remembered with a degree of horror.

Being now again totally unoccupied, he was invited by Mr. Hector to paſs ſome time with him at Birmingham, as his gueſt, at the houſe of Mr. Warren, with whom he lodged. Mr. Warren was the firſt eſtabliſhed bookſeller in Birmingham, and was very attentive to Johnſon, and obtained the aſſiſtance of his pen, in furniſhing ſome periodical eſſays in a newſpaper of which he was proprietor.

In June 1733, he reſided in the houſe of a perſon named Jarvis, in another part of the town, where he tranſlated and abridged, from the French of the Abbé Le Grand, a *Voyage to Abyſſinia*, written originally by *Jerome Lobo*, a Portugueſe Jeſuit. For this work, which was printed in Birmingham, and publiſhed by Betteſworth and Hitch of Pater-noſter Row, London, 8vo, 1735, but without the tranſlator's name, he had from Mr. Warren only five guineas. It is the firſt proſe work of Johnſon; but it exhibits no ſpecimen of elegance; neither is it marked by any character of ſtyle, which would lead to a diſcovery of the tranſlator, from an acquaintance with his latter productions. It has, however, been juſtly remarked by Mr. Boſwell, that the *Preface* and *Dedication* contain ſtrong and not unfavourable ſpecimens of that ſtyle of thought and manner of expreſſion, which he afterwards adopted.

In February 1734, he returned to Litchfield, and in Auguſt following, publiſhed propoſals for printing by ſubſcription an edition of the Latin poems of Politian, *Angeli Politiani Poemata Latina, quibus notas, cum hiſtoria Latinæ poeſeos, a Petrarchæ ævo ad Politiani tempora deducta et vitæ Politiani fuſius quam ante hac enarrata, addidit* SAM. JOHNSON; the work to be printed in thirty two ſheets, price 5s. "ſubſcriptions taken in by the editor, or N. Johnſon, bookſeller of Litchfield," his brother, who had taken up his father's trade. For want of encouragement, the work never appeared, and probably never was executed.

We find him again this year at Birmingham; and in order to procure ſome little ſubſiſtence by his pen, he addreſſed a letter, under the name of *S. Smith*, to Mr. Edward Cave, the proprietor of the "Gentleman's Magazine," November 25. 1734, in which he propoſed, "on reaſonable terms, ſometimes to ſupply him with poems, inſcriptions, &c. never printed before, and ſhort literary diſſertations in Latin or Engliſh, critical remarks on authors, ancient or modern, forgotten poems that deſerve revival, looſe pieces, like Floyer's, worth preſerving." To this letter Mr. Cave returned an anſwer, dated December 2. 1734; but it does not appear that any thing was done in conſequence of it.

He had, from his infancy, been ſenſible to the influence of female charms. When at Stourbridge ſchool he was much enamoured of Olivia Lloyd, a young Quaker, to whom he wrote a copy of verſes; he conceived a tender paſſion for Lucy Porter, whoſe mother he afterwards married, and whom he had frequent opportunities of ſeeing at the houſe of Mr. Hunter of Litchfield, whoſe ſecond wife was her aunt. He addreſſed to her, as ſhe herſelf informed Miſs Seward, "when he was a lad," the *verſes to a Lady, on her preſenting the author with a ſprig of myrtle*; which Mr. Hector ſays were written at his requeſt, in 1731, for his friend Mr. Morgan Graves; but the two accounts are not irreconcileable, for he might give them to Mr. Hector, without thinking it material to mention their pre-exiſtence.

His juvenile attachments to the fair ſex were, however, very tranſient, and he never had a criminal connection. In 1735, he became the fervent admirer of Mrs. Porter, widow of Mr. Henry Porter, mercer in Birmingham, to whoſe family he had probably been introduced by his ſiſter Mrs. Hunter of Litchfield, or through his acquaintance with Jarvis, who might be a relation of Mrs. Porter, whoſe maiden name was Jarvis. "It was," he ſaid, "a love match on both ſides," and judging from the deſcription of their perſons, we muſt ſuppoſe that the paſſion was not inſpired by the beauties of form, or graces of manner, but by a mutual admiration of each others mind. Johnſon's appearance is deſcribed as being very forbidding: "He was then lean and lank, ſo that his immenſe ſtructure of bones was hideouſly ſtriking to the eye, and the ſcars of the ſcrophula were deeply viſible. He alſo wore his hair, which was ſtraight and ſtiff, and ſeparated behind; and he often had ſeemingly convulſive ſtarts and odd geſticulations, which tended at once to excite ſurpriſe and ridicule." Mrs. Porter was double the age of Johnſon, and her perſon and manner, as deſcribed by Garrick, were by no means pleaſing to others. "She was very fat, with a boſom of more than ordinary protuberance. Her ſwelled cheeks were of a florid red, produced by thick painting, and increaſed by the liberal uſe of cordials, flaring and fantaſtic in her dreſs, and affected both in her ſpeech and in her general behaviour."

It is to be obſerved, however, that whatever her real charms may have been, Johnſon thought her beautiful, for in her *Epitaph* he has recorded her as ſuch; and in his *Prayers* and *Meditations*, we find very remarkable evidence that his regard and fondneſs for her never ceaſed, even after death.

The marriage ceremony was performed, July 9th, at Derby, for which place the bride and bridegroom ſet out on horſeback; and it muſt be allowed that the capricious and fantaſtic behaviour of the bride, during the journey to church, upon the nuptial morn, as related by Mr. Boſwell, was a ſingular beginning of connubial felicity.

She was worth about 800l., which, to a perſon in Johnſon's circumſtances, made it a deſirable match. To turn this ſum to the beſt advantage, he hired a large houſe at Edial, near Litchfield, and ſet up a private claſſical academy, in which he was encouraged by his friend Mr. Walmſley. In the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1736, there is the following "ADVERTISEMENT—At Edial, near Litchfield, in Staffordſhire, young gentlemen are boarded and taught the Latin and Greek languages, by SAMUEL JOHNSON." The plan, notwithſtanding, proved abortive. The only pupils

that were put under his care, were Garrick, and his brother George, and a Mr. Offely, a young gentleman of a good fortune, who died early.

About this time we find him diligently employed on his *Irene*, a tragedy, with which Mr. Walmſley was ſo well pleaſed that he adviſed him to proceed with it. It is founded upon a paſſage in Knolles's "Hiſtory of the Turks," a book which he afterwards highly praiſed and recommended in the *Rambler*.

Diſappointed in his expectation of deriving ſubſiſtence from the eſtabliſhment of a boarding-ſchool, he now thought of trying his fortune in London, the great field of genius and exertion, where talents of every kind have the fulleſt ſcope, and the higheſt encouragement.

On the 2d of March 1737, being the 28th year of his age, he ſet out for London, and it is a memorable circumſtance, that his pupil Garrick went thither at the ſame time, with intention to complete his education, and follow the profeſſion of the law. They were recommended to Mr. Colſon, maſter of the mathematical ſchool at Rocheſter, by a letter from Mr. Walmſley, who mentions the joint expedition of theſe two eminent men to the metropolis, in the following manner:

"This young gentleman, and another neighbour of mine, one Mr. Samuel Johnſon, ſet out this morning for London together. Davy Garrick is to be with you early the next week, and Mr. Johnſon, to try his fate with a tragedy, and to ſee to get himſelf employed in ſome tranſlation, either from the Latin or the French. Johnſon is a very good ſcholar and poet, and I have great hopes will turn out a fine tragedy writer."

How he employed himſelf upon his firſt coming to London, is not certainly known. His firſt lodgings were at the houſe of Mr. Norris a ſtaymaker in Exeter-Street, in the Strand. Here he found it neceſſary to practiſe the moſt rigid economy; and his *Ofellus* in the *Art of Living in London*, is a real character of an Iriſh painter, who initiated him in the art of living cheaply in London.

Soon after his arrival in London, he renewed his acquaintance with Mr. Henry Hervey, one of the branches of the Briſtol family, whom he had known when he was quartered at Litchfield as an officer of the army. At his houſe he was entertained with a kindneſs and hoſpitality of which he ever afterwards retained a warm remembrance. Not very long before his death, he deſcribed this early friend "Harry Hervey," thus: "he was a vicious man, but very kind to me. If you call a dog *Hervey*, I ſhall love him."

He had now written three acts of his *Irene*; and he retired for ſome time to lodgings at Greenwich, where he proceeded in it ſomewhat farther, and uſed to compoſe walking in the Park; but he did not ſtay long enough in that place to finiſh it.

At this period, he wiſhed to engage more cloſely with Mr. Cave, and propoſed to him, in a letter dated Greenwich, July 12. 1737, to undertake a tranſlation of Father Paul Sarpi's "Hiſtory of the Council of Trent," from the French edition of Dr. Le Courayer. His propoſal was accepted; but it ſhould ſeem from this letter, though ſubſcribed with his own name, that he had not yet been introduced to Mr. Cave.

In the courſe of the ſummer, he returned to Litchfield, where he had left his wife; and there he at laſt finiſhed his tragedy; which was not executed with his rapidity of compoſition upon other occaſions, but was ſlowly and painfully elaborated. The original unformed ſketch of this tragedy, partly in the raw materials of proſe, and partly worked up in verſe, in his own hand-writing, is preſerved in the King's Library.

In three months after, he removed to London with his wife; but her daughter, who had lived with them at Edial, was left with her relations in the country. His lodgings were for ſome time in Woodſtock-Street, near Hanover-Square, and afterwards in Caſtle-Street, near Cavendiſh-Square. His tragedy being, as he thought, completely finiſhed, and fit for the ſtage, he ſolicited Mr. Fleetwood, the manager of Drury-Lane Theatre, to have it acted at his houſe; but Mr. Fleetwood would not accept it.

Upon his coming to London, he was inliſted by Mr. Cave, as a regular coadjutor in his magazine, which, for many years, was his principal reſource for employment and ſupport. A conſiderable period of his life is loſt in ſaying that he was the hireling of Mr. Cave. The narrative is little

diverſified by the enumeration of his contributions. But the publications of a writer, like the battles and ſieges of a general, are the circumſtances which muſt fix the ſeveral eras of his life. In this part of the narrative, the pieces acknowledged by Johnſon to be of his writing, are printed in Italics, and thoſe which are aſcribed to him upon good authority, or internal evidence, are diſtinguiſhed by inverted commas.

His firſt performance in the "Gentleman's Magazine," was a Latin Ode, *Ad Urbanum*, in March 1738, a tranſlation of which, by an unknown correſpondent, appeared in the Magazine for May following.

At this period, the misfortunes and miſconduct of Savage had reduced him to the loweſt ſtate of wretchedneſs as a writer for bread; and his viſits at St. John's Gate, where the "Gentleman's Magazine" was originally printed, naturally brought Johnſon and him together. Johnſon commenced an intimacy with this extraordinary man. Both had great parts, and they were equally under the preſſure of want. They had a fellow-feeling, and ſympathy united them cloſer.

It is melancholy to reflect, that Johnſon and Savage were ſometimes in ſuch extreme indigence, that they could not pay for a lodging, ſo that they have wandered together whole nights in the ſtreets. Yet as Savage had ſeen life in all its varieties, and been much in the company of the ſtateſmen and wits of his time, we may ſuppoſe, in theſe ſcenes of diſtreſs, that he communicated to Johnſon an abundant ſupply of ſuch materials as his philoſophical curioſity moſt eagerly deſired, and mentioned many of the anecdotes with which he afterwards enriched the life of his unhappy companion.

He mentioned to Sir Joſhua Reynolds, that one night in particular, when Savage and he walked round St. James's Square, for want of a lodging, they were not at all depreſſed by their ſituation, but in high ſpirits, and brimful of patriotiſm, traverſed the Square for ſeveral hours, inveighed againſt the miniſter, and "reſolved they would *ſtand by their country.*"

Sir John Hawkins ſuppoſes that "Johnſon was captivated by the addreſs and demeanour of Savage, who, as to his exterior, was to a remarkable degree accompliſhed; he was a handſome well-made man, and very courteous in the modes of ſalutation." He took off his hat, he tells us, with a good air, made a graceful bow, and was a good ſwordſman. "Theſe accompliſhments," he adds, "and the eaſe and pleaſantry of his converſation, were probably the charms that wrought on Johnſon, who at this time had not been acuſtomed to the converſation of gentlemen." But if, according to his biographer's notion, he "never ſaw the charms of his wife," how ſhould he perceive the graces of Savage?

Johnſon, indeed, deſcribes him as having "a graceful and manly deportment, a ſolemn dignity of mien, but which, upon a nearer acquaintance, ſoftened into an engaging eaſineſs of manners." How highly he admired him for that knowledge, which he himſelf ſo much cultivated, and what kindneſs he entertained for him, appears in the following verſes in the Gentleman's Magazine for April 1738.

Ad Ricardum Savage Arm. humani generis amatorem;
Humani ſtudium generis cui pectore fervet,
O! colat humanum te foveatque genus!

About this time he became acquainted with Miſs Elizabeth Carter, the learned tranſlator of "Epictetus," to whom he paid a friendly attention, and in the ſame Magazine complimented her in *An Ænigma to Elizæ*, both in Greek and Latin. He writes Mr. Cave, "I think ſhe ought to be celebrated in as many different languages as Lewis le Grand." His verſes *to a Lady*, (Miſs Molly Aſton) *who ſpoke in defence of liberty*, firſt appeared in the ſame Magazine.

In May 1738, he publiſhed his *London, a Poem*, written in imitation of the 3d ſatire of Juvenal. It has been generally ſaid, that he offered it to ſeveral bookſellers, none of whom would purchaſe it. Mr. Cave, at laſt, communicated it to Dodſley, who had taſte enough to perceive its uncommon merit, and thought it "creditable to be concerned with it." Dodſley gave him 10l. for the copy. It is remarkable, that it came out on the ſame morning with Pope's ſatire, intitled, "1738." One of its warmeſt patrons was General Oglethorpe. Pope alſo was ſo ſtruck with its merit, that he ſought to diſcover the author, and propheſied his future fame. "He will," ſaid he "ſoon be *deterré*," and it appears from his note to Lord Gower, he himſelf was ſucceſsful in his inquiries.

To " a ſhort extract from *London*," in the Gentleman's Magazine for May, is added, " Become remarkable for having got to the ſecond edition in the ſpace of a week." This admirable poem laid the firſt foundation of his fame. Sir John Hawkins obſerves, that in this poem he has adpoted the vulgar topic of the time, to gratify the malevolence of the Tory faction; and Mr. Boſwell candidly allows, that " the flame of patriotiſm and zeal for popular reſiſtance with which it is fraught, had no juſt cauſe." It contains the moſt ſpirited invectives againſt tyranny and oppreſſion, the warmeſt predilection for his own country, and the pureſt love of virtue, interſperſed with traits of his own particular character and ſituation. He heated his mind with the ardour of Juvenal, and he wrote with the ſpirit and energy of a fine poet, and a ſharp critic of the times. Boileau had imitated the ſame ſatire with great ſucceſs, applying it to Paris; but an attentive compariſon will ſatisfy every reader that he is much excelled by Johnſon. Oldham had alſo imitated it, and applied it to London; but there is ſcarcely any coincidence between the two performances, though upon the very ſame ſubject.

In the courſe of his engagement with Mr. Cave, he compoſed the *Debates in the Senate of Magna Lilliputia*, the firſt number of which appeared in the " Gentleman's Magazine" for June 1738, ſometimes with feigned names of the ſeveral ſpeeches, ſometimes with denominations formed of the letters of their real names, ſo that they might be eaſily decyphered. Parliament then kept the preſs in a kind of myſterious awe, which made it neceſſary to have recourſe to ſuch devices. The debates for ſome time were brought home and digeſted by Guthrie, and afterwards ſent by Mr. Cave to Johnſon for his reviſion. When Guthrie had attained to a greater variety of employment, and the ſpeeches were more and more enriched by the acceſſion of Johnſon's genius, it was reſolved that he ſhould do the whole himſelf, from notes furniſhed by perſons employed to attend in both houſes of Parliament. His ſole compoſition of them began November 19. 1740, and ended February 23. 1742-3. From that time they were written by Hawkeſworth to the year 1760. Johnſon acknowledged the debates to be ſpurious, long after the world had conſidered them as genuine; and ſome days previous to his death, declared, that of all his writings they gave him the moſt uneaſineſs. The deceit, however, could not be very pernicious, in the effects of which ſo many perſons were involved. Neither are they ſo completely his own compoſition as is generally ſuppoſed. That notes of the ſpeeches were taken in the Houſes of Parliament, and given to him, is evident from his own declarations. And it does not appear probable that Mr. Cave, who was ever attentive to the improvement of his Magazine, ſhould be more negligent in procuring notes as accurate as he could, during the time when Johnſon executed this department, than when it was in the hands of Guthrie. It ſeems at leaſt moſt likely, therefore, that the language and illuſtrations are Johnſon's own, but that the arguments and general arrangements were taken from the ſeveral ſpeeches ſpoken in either houſe.

The trade of writing was, however, ſo little profitable, that notwithſtanding the ſucceſs of his *London*, he wiſhed to accept an offer made to him, of becoming maſter of the free ſchool at Appleby in Leiceſterſhire (Pope ſays in Shropſhire), the ſalary of which was ſixty pounds a-year. But the ſtatutes of the ſchool required that he ſhould be a Maſter of Arts, and it was then thought too great a favour to be aſked of the Univerſity of Oxford. Pope, without any knowledge of him, but from his *London*, recommended him to Lord Gower, who, by a letter which has been often printed, to a friend of Swift, dated Trentham, Auguſt 1. 1738, endeavoured to procure him a degree from Trinity-College, Dublin. This expedient failed. There is reaſon to think that Swift declined to meddle in the buſineſs; and to this circumſtance Johnſon's known diſlike of Swift has been often imputed.

He made one other effort to emancipate himſelf from the drudgery of authorſhip, by endeavouring to be introduced to the bar at Doctor's Commons; but here the want of a Doctor's degree in Civil Law, was alſo an unſurmountable impediment.

He was, therefore, under the neceſſity of perſevering in that courſe into which he was forced; and we find him proſecuting his deſign of tranſlating Father Paul's " *Hiſtory of the Council of Trent*," in 2 vols. 4to, which was announced in the " Weekly Miſcellany," October 21. 1738. Twelve ſheets of this tranſlation were printed off; but the deſign was dropped, for it happened, that

another Samuel Johnſon, Librarian of St. Martin's in the Fields, and Curate of that pariſh, had engaged in the ſame undertaking, under the patronage of Dr. Pearce; the conſequence of which was, an oppoſition, which mutually deſtroyed each others hopes of ſucceſs.

In the "Gentleman's Magazine" of this year, beſides the pieces already mentioned, he gave a *Life of Father Paul* in the November Magazine, and wrote the "Preface" to the volume. The "Apotheoſis of Milton, a Viſion," printed in the Magazine for 1738 and 1739, given to him by Sir John Hawkins, was the production of Guthrie. The Tranſlation of Cronſaz's "Examination of Pope's Eſſay on Man," and printed by Cave in November 1738, has been aſcribed to him; but Miſs Carter has lately acknowledged that ſhe was the tranſlator.

In 1739, beſide the aſſiſtance he gave to the *Debates in the Senate of Lilliput*, his writings in the "Gentleman's Magazine" were, *The Life of Boerhaave*, *An Appeal to the Public in behalf of the Editor*, *Verſes to Eliza*, *a Greek Epigram to Dr. Birch*, and "Conſiderations on the caſe of Dr. Trapp's Sermons," reprinted in the Magazine for July 1787.

The ſame year he joined in the clamour againſt Walpole, and publiſhed his famous Jacobite pamphlet, entitled, *Marmor Norfolcienſe, or an Eſſay on an Ancient Prophetical inſcription in Monkiſh rhyme, lately diſcovered near Lynne, in Norfolk, by Probus Britannicus*. In this performance, he inveighs againſt the Brunſwick ſucceſſion, and the meaſures of Government conſequent upon it, with warm anti-Hanoverian zeal. The Jacobite principles inculcated by it, according to Sir John Hawkins, arouſed the vigilance of the Miniſtry. A warrant was iſſued, and meſſengers were employed to apprehend the author, who, it ſeems, was known. To elude his purſuers, he retired with his wife to Lambeth-marſh, and there lay concealed in an obſcure lodging till the ſcent grew cold. Mr. Boſwell however denies that there is any foundation for this ſtory; for that Mr. Steele, one of the late ſecretaries of the Treaſury, had directed every poſſible ſearch to be made in the records of the Treaſury and Secretary of State's Office, but could find no trace of any warrant having been iſſued to apprehend the author of this pamphlet." His *Marmor Norfolcienſe* obtained alſo the honour of Pope's commendation, as appears from the following note concerning Johnſon, copied with minute exactneſs, by Mr. Boſwell, from the original in the poſſeſſion of Dr. Percy.

"This [*London*] is imitated by one Johnſon, who put in for a public ſchool in Shropſhire, but was diſappointed. He has an infirmity of the convulſive kind, that attacks him ſometimes, ſo as to make him a ſad ſpectacle. Mr. P. from the merit of this work, which was all the knowledge he had of him, endeavoured to ſerve him without his own application; and wrote to my Lord Gower, but he did not ſucceed; Mr. Johnſon publiſhed afterwards another poem in Latin, with notes, the whole very humorous, called the Norfolk Prophecy."

In the ſame year 1739, he publiſhed *A complete Vindication of the Licenſers of the Stage, from the malicious and ſcandalous aſperſions of Mr. Brooke, author of Guſtavus Vaſa, in* 4*to*. This was an ironical, but a very proper attack upon the Lord Chamberlain, for the injuſtifiable ſuppreſſion of that tragedy. Indeed the power veſted in that officer, reſpecting dramatic pieces, is a diſgrace to a free country, and the act which gave him that power ought to be repealed. To juſtify the rejection of this play, Sir John Hawkins ſelects a few paſſages, not one of which would give umbrage at this day.

In July 1739, a ſubſcription was completed for Savage, who was to retire to Swanſea, and he parted with the companion of his midnight rambles, never to ſee him more. This ſeparation was perhaps a real advantage to Johnſon. By aſſociating with Savage, who was habituated to the licentiouſneſs and diſſipation of the town, Johnſon, though his good principles remained ſteady, did not entirely preſerve that temperance for which he was remarkable, in days of greater ſimplicity, but was imperceptibly led into ſome indulgences, which occaſioned much diſtreſs to his virtuous mind. It is ſaid by Sir John Hawkins, that during his connection with Savage, a ſhort ſeparation took place between Johnſon and his wife. They were, however, ſoon brought together again. Johnſon loved her, and ſhowed his affection in various modes of gallantry, which Garrick uſed to mimic. The affectation of faſhionable airs did not fit eaſy on Johnſon; his gallantry was received by the wife with the flutter of a coquete, and both, we may believe, expoſed themſelves to ridicule.

In 1740, he contributed to the "Gentleman's Magazine," the "Preface," *Life of Admiral Blake*, and the firſt parts of thoſe of *Sir Francis Drake*, and of *Philip Barettier*, both which he finiſhed the year after; An "Eſſay on Epitaphs," and an *Epitaph on Philips, a muſician*, which was afterwards publiſhed, with ſome other pieces of his Miſs Williams's "Miſcellanies."

In 1741, he wrote for the "Gentleman's Magazine," the "Preface," concluſion of his *Lives of Drake and Barettier*; "A free tranſlation of the jeſts of Hierocles, with an Introduction," "Debate on the Propoſal of Parliament to Cromwell, to aſſume the title of King, abridged, methodized, and digeſted;" "tranſlation of Abbé Guyon's Diſſertation on the Amazons;" "tranſlation of Fontenelle's Panegyric on Dr. Morin." He, this year, and the two following, wrote the *Parliamentary Debates*. The eloquence, the force of argument, and the ſplendour of language diſplayed in the ſeveral ſpeeches, are well known, and univerſally admired. To one who praiſed his impartiality, obſerving that he had dealt out reaſon and eloquence with an equal hand to both parties, "That is not quite true, Sir, ſaid Johnſon, I ſaved appearances well enough, but I took care that the WHIG DOGS ſhould not have the beſt of it." They have been collected in 2 vols. 8vo, 1787, and recommended to the notice of parliamentary ſpeakers as orations upon queſtions of public importance, by a "Preface," written by George Chalmers, Eſq. whoſe commercial and biographical writings are well known, and eſteemed.

In 1742, he wrote for the "Gentleman's Magazine," the "Preface;" the *Parliamentary Debates; Eſſay on the Account of the Conduct of the Ducheſs of Marlborough*, then the popular topic of converſation; *The Life of Peter Burman; Additions to his Life of Barettier; The Life of Sydenham*, afterwards prefixed to Swan's edition of his works; the "Foreign Hiſtory," for December; "Eſſay on the Deſcription of China, from the French of Du Halde;" *Propoſals for printing Bibliotheca Harleeana, or a Catalogue of the Library of the Earl of Oxford*. It was afterwards prefixed to the firſt volume of the "Catalogue," in which the Latin account of books were written by him. He was employed in this buſineſs by Mr. Thomas Oſborne, bookſeller in Gray's Inn, who purchaſed the library for 13,000l. a ſum which, Mr. Oldys ſays in one of his manuſcripts, was not more than the binding of the books had coſt; yet the flowneſs of the ſale was ſuch, that there was not much gained by it. It has been confidently related, with many embelliſhments, that Johnſon knocked Oſborne down in his ſhop with a folio, and put his foot upon his neck. Johnſon himſelf relates it differently to Mr. Boſwell. "Sir, he was impertinent to me, and I beat him; but it was not in his ſhop, it was in my own chamber. This anecdote has been often told to prove Johnſon's ferocity; but merit cannot always take the ſpurns of the unworthy with patience and a forbearing ſpirit.

He wrote in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1743, the "Preface;" the *Parliamentary Debates* for January and February; "Conſiderations on the Diſpute between Cronſaz and Warburton, on Pope's Eſſay on Man," in which he defends Cronſaz; *Ad Lauram parituram Epigramma; A Latin tranſlation of Pope's verſes on his Grotto*; an exquiſitely beautiful *Ode on Friendſhip*; and an "Advertiſement" for Oſborne, concerning the Harleian Catalogue.

The ſame year he wrote for his ſchool-fellow, Dr. James's "Medicinal Dictionary," in 3 vols. folio, the *Dedication to Dr. Mead*, which is conceived with great addreſs, to conciliate the patronage of that very eminent man. He had alſo written or aſſiſted in writing the propoſals for this work, and being very fond of the ſtudy of phyſic, in which Dr. James was his maſter, he furniſhed ſome of the articles.

At this time, his circumſtances were much embarraſſed, yet ſuch was his liberal affection for his mother, that he took upon himſelf a debt of hers, to Mr. Levett of Litchfield, which, though only twelve pounds, was then conſiderable to him.

In 1744, he wrote the "Preface" for the Gentleman's Magazine, and the *Preface to the Harleian Miſcellany*. The ſelection of the pamphlets of which it was compoſed was made by Mr. Oldys, a man of eager curioſity, and indefatigable diligence, to whom Engliſh literature owes many obligations.

The ſame year he produced one work fully ſufficient to maintain the high reputation which he had acquired. This was the *Life of Savage*, which he had announced his intention of writing in the "Gentleman's Magazine," for Auguſt 1743. It is ſaid by Sir John Hawkins that he compoſed the whole of it in thirty-ſix hours; but Mr. Boſwell ſtates, upon Johnſon's own authority, that he compoſed forty-eight of the preſent octavo pages at a ſitting, but that he ſat up all night. It came out in February, from the ſhop of Roberts, who, in April following, republiſhed his *Life of Barettier*, in a ſeparate pamphlet. It was no ſooner publiſhed than the following liberal praiſe was given to it by Fielding, in "The Champion," which was copied into the "Gentleman's Magazine" for April, and confirmed by the approbation of the public.

" This pamphlet is without flattery to its author, as juſt and well-written a piece as of its kind I ever ſaw. It is certainly penned with equal accuracy and ſpirit, of which I am ſo much the better judge, as I knew many of the facts to be ſtrictly true, and very fairly related. It is a very amuſing, and withal a very inſtructive and valuable performance. The author's obſervations are ſhort, ſignificant, and juſt, as his narrative is remarkably ſmooth, and well diſpoſed. His reflections open to all the receſſes of the human heart; and, in a word, a more juſt or pleaſant, a more engaging, or a more inſtructive treatiſe on all the excellencies and defects of human nature, is ſcarce to be found in our own, or perhaps any other language."

Johnſon had now lived nearly half his days, without friends or lucrative profeſſion; he had toiled and laboured, yet ſtill, as he himſelf expreſſes it, was " to provide for the day, that was paſſing over him." Of the profeſſion of an unfriended author he ſaw the danger and the difficulties. Amhurſt, who had conducted " The Craftſman," Savage, Boyſe, and others who had laboured in literature, without emerging from diſtreſs, were recent examples, and clouded his proſpect.

Sir John Hawkins has preſerved a liſt of literary projects, not leſs than thirty-nine articles, which he had formed in the courſe of his ſtudies; but ſuch was his want of encouragement or the verſatility of his temper, that not one of all his ſchemes was ever executed.

A new edition of Shakſpeare now occurred to him, and as a prelude to it, in April 1745, he publiſhed a pamphlet, intituled *Miſcellaneous obſervations on the Tragedy of Macbeth, with Remarks on Sir Thomas Hanmer's edition of Shakſpeare. To which is affixed, propoſals for a new edition of Shakſpeare, with a Specimen*, 8vo. The notice of the public was, however, not excited to his anonymous propoſals for the execution of a taſk which Warburton was known to have undertaken; the project, therefore, died at that time, to revive at a future period. His pamphlet, however, was highly eſteemed, and even the ſupercilious Warburton, in the " Preface" to his Shakſpeare, publiſhed two years afterwards, had the candour to exempt it from his general cenſure " of thoſe things which have been publiſhed under the titles of " Eſſays," " Remarks," " Obſervations," &c. on " Shakſpeare," and ſpoke of it as the work of " a man of great parts and genius." This obligation Johnſon always acknowledged in terms of gratitude. " He praiſed me (ſaid he) at a time when praiſe was of value to me."

In the year 1746, which was marked by a civil war in Britain, when a raſh attempt was made to reſtore the houſe of Stuart to the throne, his literary career appears to have been almoſt totally ſuſpended. His attachment to that unfortunate family is well known; ſome may imagine that a ſympathetic anxiety impeded the exertion of his intellectual powers; but it is probable that he was, during that time, employed upon his *Shakſpeare*, or ſketching the out-lines of his *Dictionary of the Engliſh Language*.

Having formed and digeſted the plan of his great philological work, which might then be eſteemed one of the deſiderata of Engliſh literature, he communicated it to the public, in 1747, in a pamphlet, intituled, *The Plan of a Dictionary of the Engliſh Language, addreſſed to the Right Honourable Philip Dormer, Earl of Cheſterfield, one of his Majeſty's Secretaries of State*. The hint of undertaking this work is ſaid to have been firſt ſuggeſted to Johnſon by Dodſley, who contracted with him for the execution of it in conjunction with Mr. Charles Hitch, Mr. Andrew Millar, the two Meſſrs. Longman, and the two Meſſrs. Knapton. The price ſtipulated was 1575 l.

The *Plan* has not only the ſubſtantial merit of comprehenſion, perſpicuity, and preciſion, but the language of it is unexceptionably excellent; and never was there a more dignified ſtrain of compliment than that in which he courts the attention of Cheſterfield, who was very ambitious of literary diſtinction, and who, upon being informed of the deſign, had expreſſed himſelf in terms very favourable to its ſucceſs. The way in which it came to be inſcribed to Cheſterfield was this: " I had neglected," ſays he, " to write it by the time appointed. Dodſley ſuggeſted a deſire to have it addreſſed to Lord Cheſterfield. I laid hold of this as a pretext for delay, that it might be better done, and let Dodſley have his deſire." The *Plan* itſelf, however, proves, that the Earl not only favoured the deſign, but that there had been a particular communication with his Lordſhip concerning it.

To enable him to complete this vaſt undertaking, he hired a houſe in Gough-Square, Fleet-Street, fitted up one of the upper rooms after the manner of a counting houſe, and employed ſix amanuenſes

there in tranſcribing; five of whom were natives of North Britain, Mr. Macbean author of "A Syſtem of Ancient Geography," &c. Mr. Shiels, the principal collector and digeſter of the materials for the "Lives of the Poets 1753," to which the name of Mr. Theo. Cibber is prefixed; Mr. Stewart, ſon of Mr. George Stewart, bookſeller in Edinburgh, and a Mr. Maitland; the ſixth was Mr. Peyton, a French maſter, who publiſhed ſome elementary tracts. The words, partly taken from other dictionaries, and partly ſupplied by himſelf, having been firſt written down, with ſpaces left between them, he delivered in writing their etymologies, definitions, and various ſignifications. The authorities were copied from the books themſelves, in which he had marked the paſſages with a black lead pencil, the traces of which could eaſily be effaced.

This year he contributed to the "Gentleman's Magazine," for May, five ſhort poetical pieces. "A tranſlation of a Latin Epitaph on Sir Thomas Hanmer," "To Miſs ——, on her giving the author a gold and ſilk net-work purſe of her own weaving," "Stella in Mourning," "The Winter's Walk," "An Ode," and "To Lyce, an elderly Lady," diſtinguiſhed by three aſteriſks. In the Magazine for December, he inſerted an *Ode on Winter*, which is one of the beſt of his lyric compoſitions.

In September, this year, his fortunate pupil, Garrick, having become joint-patentee and manager of Drury-lane theatre, he furniſhed him with a *Prologue* at the opening of it, which, for juſt and manly criticiſm, as well as for poetical excellence, is unrivalled in that ſpecies of compoſition.

In 1748, while he was employed in his *Dictionary*, he exerted his talents in occaſional compoſition, very different from lexicography, and formed a club that met at Horſeman's chop-houſe in Ivy-lane, Pater-noſter Row, every Tueſday evening, with a view to enjoy literary diſcuſſion, and the pleaſure of animated relaxation. The members aſſociated with him in this little ſociety, were his beloved friend, Dr. Richard Bathurſt, a phyſician, Dr. Hawkeſworth, Dr. Salter, father of the late maſter of the charter-houſe, Mr. Ryland, a merchant, Mr. John Payne, then a bookſeller in Pater-noſter Row, Mr. Samuel Dyer, a learned young man, intended for the diſſenting miniſtry, Dr. William M'Ghie, a Scotch phyſician, Dr. Edmund Barker, a young phyſician, and Sir John Hawkins. The endowments of Mr. Dyer are repreſented by Sir John Hawkins as of ſuch a ſuperior kind, "that in ſome inſtances Johnſon might almoſt be ſaid to have looked up to him." They uſed to diſpute in this club, about the *moral ſenſe* and the *fitneſs of things*, but Johnſon was not uniform in his opinions; contending as often for victory as truth. This infirmity attended him through life.

In this year he publiſhed, in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for May, *The Life of Roſcommon*, which has ſince been inſerted in his "Lives of the Poets." He wrote alſo the *Preface* to Dodſley's "Preceptor," and the *Viſion of Theodore, the Hermit of Teneriffe, found in his cell*, a moſt beautiful allegory of human life, under the figure of aſcending the mountain of exiſtence, which he himſelf thought the beſt of his writings.

In January 1749, he publiſhed *The Vanity of Human Wiſhes, being the tenth Satire of Juvenal imitated*, with his name. Of this poem, he compoſed ſeventy lines in one day, without putting one of them upon paper till they were finiſhed. He received of Dodſley, for the copy, only fifteen guineas. It has been thought to have leſs of common life, and more of a philoſophic dignity than his *London*. It is characterized by profound reflection, more than pointed ſpirit. It has, however, always been held in high eſteem, and is certainly as great an effort of ethic poetry as any language can ſhow. The inſtances of the variety of diſappointment are choſen ſo judiciouſly, and painted ſo ſtrongly, that the moment they are read, they bring conviction to every thinking mind.

On the 8th of February this year, his tragedy of *Irene*, which had been long kept back for want of encouragement, was brought upon the ſtage at Drury-Lane, by the kindneſs of Garrick. A violent diſpute aroſe between him and the manager, relative to the alterations neceſſary to be made to fit it for the theatre. The poet for a long time refuſed to ſubmit his lines to the critical amputation of the actor, and the latter was obliged to apply to Dr. Taylor to become a mediator in the diſpute. Johnſon's pride at length gave way to alterations; but whether to the full extent of the manager's wiſhes, is not known. Dr. Adams was preſent the firſt night of the repreſentation, and gave Mr. Boſwell the following account: "Before the curtain drew up, there were catcalls whiſtling, which alarmed Johnſon's friends. The prologue, which was written by himſelf, in a manly ſtrain, ſoothed the audience, and the play went off tolerably till it came to the concluſion, when Mrs. Pritchard, the

heroine of the piece, was to be ſtrangled upon the ſtage, and was to ſpeak two lines with the bow-ſtring round her neck. The audience cried out, "Murder! Murder!" She ſeveral times attempted to ſpeak, but in vain. At laſt ſhe was obliged to go off the ſtage alive." This paſſage was afterwards ſtruck out, and ſhe was carried off to be put to death behind the ſcenes, as the play now has it: Mr. Boſwell aſcribes the epilogue to Sir William Yonge; but upon no good foundation.

In the unfavourable deciſion of the public upon his tragedy, Johnſon aquieſced without a murmur. He was convinced that he had not the talents neceſſary to write ſucceſsfully for the ſtage, and never made another attempt in that ſpecies of compoſition.

In December this year, he wrote the *Preface* and *Poſtſcript* to Lauder's "Eſſay on Milton's Uſe, and Imitation of the Moderns, in his Paradiſe Loſt," 8vo, a book made up of forgeries, and publiſhed to impoſe upon mankind. Sir John Hawkins tells us, that Johnſon aſſiſted Lauder from motives of enmity to the memory of Milton; but it appears, that while Lauder's work was in the preſs, the proof ſheets were ſubmitted to the inſpection of the Ivy-Lane Club. If Johnſon approved of the deſign, it was no longer than while he believed it founded in fact. With the reſt of the club, he was in one common error. As ſoon as Dr. Douglas, now Biſhop of Saliſbury, eſpouſed the cauſe of truth, and with ability that will ever do him honour, dragged the impoſtor to open daylight, Johnſon made ample reparation to the genius of Milton. He not only diſclaimed the fraud, but inſiſted on the impoſtor confeſſing his offence; and for this purpoſe drew up a recantation, which Lauder ſigned and publiſhed, intituled, "A Letter to the Rev. Mr. Douglas, occaſioned by his Vindication of Milton," by William Lauder, M. A. 4to, 1751. The frankneſs of this confeſſion would have made ſome atonement for the baſeneſs of the attempt, and its abject humility been deemed a ſufficient puniſhment of the impoſtor, if that unhappy man had not had the folly and wickedneſs afterwards to deny this apology, and reaſſert his former accuſation, in a pamphlet intituled, "King Charles Vindicated from the Charge of Plagiariſm, brought againſt him by Milton, and Milton himſelf convicted of Forgery and a groſs impoſition on the Public," 8vo, 1755. This effort of ſpleen and malice was alſo abortive; and Lauder ſoon afterwards retired to Barbadoes, where he died, as he had lived, an object of general contempt, in 1771.

On the 20th March 1750, he publiſhed the firſt paper of the *Rambler*, and continued it without interruption every Tueſday and Friday, till the 17th of March 1752, when it cloſed. In carrying on this periodical publication, he ſeems neither to have courted, nor to have met with much aſſiſtance, the number of papers contributed by others amounting only to five in number, four billets in No. 10, by Mrs. Chapone, No. 30, by Mrs. Talbot, No. 97, by Richardſon, and Nos. 44. and 100, by Miſs Carter. Theſe admirable eſſays, we are told by Mr. Boſwell, were written in haſte, juſt as they were wanted for the preſs, without even being read over by him before they were printed.

Making every allowance for powers far exceeding the uſual lot of man, ſtill there are bounds which we muſt ſet to our belief upon this head. It is not at every ſeaſon that the mind can concentrate its faculties to a particular ſubject with equal ſtrength, or that the fancy can create imagery ſpontaneouſly to adorn and enforce its reaſonings. That Johnſon ſometimes ſelected his ſubject, culled his images, and arranged his arguments for theſe papers, is evident from the notes of his common-place book, preſerved by Sir John Hawkins and Mr. Boſwell. When he planned ſome eſſays with ſuch minute careſulneſs, it is not likely that he truſted wholly to the ſudden effuſions of his mind for the remainder. Thoſe which are taken from the notes of his common-place book, do not manifeſt by an excellence ſuperior to the reſt, peculiar labours of mind in the conception, or pains in the compoſition; and we cannot ſuppoſe a man ſo happy in his genius, that the new-born offſpring of his brain ſhould invariably appear as ſtrong and perfect as thoſe which have been matured, faſhioned, and poliſhed by ſedulous reflection. This, therefore, appears to be moſt probable, with reſpect to the wonderful faculty which he is ſaid to have manifeſted in this and other of his works; that during his ſleepleſs nights and frequent abſtractions from company, he conceived and ſketched much of an impending work; that though he had in ſome degree preconceived his materials, he committed nothing to paper, juſt as he is known to have done in compoſing his *Vanity of Human Wiſhes*. If this ſuppoſition ſtrips the account of wonder, it inveſts it with probability, ſince a man of his powers of mind and habits of compoſition, might well write an eſſay at a ſitting and without a blot, when he had little more to attend to, than to clothe his conceptions in vigorous language, modulated into ſonorous periods.

The *Rambler* was not ſucceſsful as a periodical work, not more than five hundred copies of any one number having been ever printed. Of courſe, the bookſeller, who paid Johnſon four guineas a week, did not carry on a very ſucceſsful trade; his generoſity and perſeverance are to be commended. While it was coming out in ſingle papers at London, Mr. James Elphinſtone ſuggeſted, and took the charge of an edition at Edinburgh, which followed progreſſively the London publication, printed by Sands, Murray and Cochrane, with uncommon elegance, upon writing paper, of a duodecimo ſize, and was completed in eight volumes. Soon after the firſt folio edition was concluded, it was publiſhed in four octavo volumes; and Johnſon lived to ſee a juſt tribute of approbation paid to its merit in the extenſiveneſs of its ſale, ten numerous editions of it having been printed in London, before his death, beſides thoſe of Ireland and Scotland.

This year he wrote a *Prologue*, which was ſpoken by Garrick, before the acting of "Comus," at Drury-Lane theatre, April 5, for the benefit of Mrs. Elizabeth Foſter, Milton's grand-daughter, and the only ſurviving branch of his family, and took a very zealous intereſt in the ſucceſs of the charity. Tonſon, the bookſeller, gave 20 l. and Dr. Newton brought a large contribution; yet all their efforts, joined to the allurements of Johnſon's pen, and Garrick's performance, procured only 130 l.

In 1751, while he was employed both on the *Rambler* and his *Dictionary*, he wrote the *Life of Cheynell*, in "The Student, or the Oxford and Cambridge Miſcellany," a periodical work, in which Smart, Colman, Thornton, and other wits of both the univerſities diſtinguiſhed their talents.

Sir John Hawkins relates, that in the ſpring of this year, he indulged himſelf in a frolic of midnight revelry. This was to celebrate the birth of Mrs. Lennox's firſt literary child, the novel of "Harriet Stuart." He drew the members of the Ivy-Lane Club, and others, to the number of twenty, to the Devil Tavern, where Mrs. Lennox and her huſband met them. Johnſon, after an invocation of the muſes, and ſome other ceremonies of his own invention, inveſted the authoreſs with a laurel crown. The feſtivity was protracted till morning, and Johnſon through the night was a Bachannalian, without the uſe of wine.

Though his circumſtances, at this time, were far from being eaſy, he received as a conſtant viſitor at his houſe, Miſs Anna Williams, daughter of a Welſh phyſician, and a woman of more than ordinary talents and literature, who had juſt loſt her ſight. She had contracted a cloſe intimacy with his wife, and after her death, ſhe had an apartment from him, at all times when he had a houſe. In 1755, Garrick gave her a benefit, which produced 200 l. In 1766, ſhe publiſhed a quarto volume of "Miſcellanies," and thereby increaſed her little ſtock to 300 l. This and Johnſon's protection ſupported her during the reſt of her life.

In 1752, he republiſhed his verſion of Pope's *Meſſiah*, in the Gentleman's Magazine. Soon after his cloſing the *Rambler*, March 2, he ſuffered a loſs which affected him with the deepeſt diſtreſs. On the 17th of March, O. S. his wife died; and after a cohabitation of ſeventeen years, left him a childleſs widower, abandoned to ſorrow, and incapable of conſolation. She was buried in the chapel of Bromley, in Kent, under the care of his freind, Dr. Hawkeſworth, who reſided at that place. In the interval, between her death and burial, he compoſed a *funeral ſermon* for her, which was never preached; but, being given to Dr. Taylor, has been publiſhed ſince his death. With the ſingularity of his prayers for *Tetty*, from that time to the end of his life, the world is ſufficiently acquainted. By her firſt huſband ſhe left a daughter, and a ſon, a captain in the navy, who, at his death, left 10,000 l. to his ſiſter.

On this melancholy event Johnſon felt the moſt poignant diſtreſs. She is, however, reported not to have been worthy of this ſincere attachment. Mrs. Deſmoulins, who lived for ſome time with her at Hampſtead, told Mr. Boſwell, that ſhe indulged herſelf in country air and nice living, at an unſuitable expence, while her huſband was drudging in the ſmoke of London; that ſhe was negligent of economy in her domeſtic affairs; and that ſhe by no means treated him with that complacency which is the moſt engaging quality in a wife. But all this is perfectly compatible with his fondneſs for her; eſpecially when it is remembered, that he had a high opinion of her underſtanding; and that the impreſſion which her beauty, real, or imaginary, had originally made upon his imagination, being continued by habit, had not been effaced, though ſhe herſelf was, doubtleſs, much altered for the worſe. Sir John Hawkins has declared himſelf inclined to think, "that if this fondneſs of Johnſon

for his wife was not diſſembled, it was a leſſon that he had learned by rote; and that when he practiſed it, he knew not where to ſtop, until he became ridiculous." To argue from her being much older than Johnſon, or any other circumſtances, that he could not really love her, is abſurd; for love is not a ſubject of reaſoning, but of feeling; and, therefore, there are no common principles upon which one can perſuade another concerning it. That Johnſon married her for love is believed. During her life he was fond and indulgent. At her death he was agonized; and, ever after, cheriſhed her image as the companion of his moſt ſolemn hours. If ſeventeen years paſſed in acts of tenderneſs during their union, and a longer period ſpent in regret after death had divided them, cannot fix our opinion that Johnſon's fondneſs was not the effect of diſſimulation, or the unfelt leſſon of a parrot, where ſhall we fix bounds to ſuſpicion, or place limits to the preſumption of man, in paſſing ſentence upon the feelings of his neighbour?

The following authentic and artleſs account of his ſituation after his wife's death, was given to Mr. Boſwell, by Francis Barber, his faithful negro-ſervant, who was brought from Jamaica by Colonel Bathurſt, father of his friend Dr. Bathurſt, and came into his family about a fortnight after the diſmal event.

"He was in great affliction:—Miſs Williams was then living in his houſe, which was in Gough-ſquare. He was buſy with his *Dictionary*; Mr. Shiels, and ſome others of the gentlemen who had formerly written for him, uſed to come about him. He had then little for himſelf; but frequently ſent money to Mr. Shiels when in diſtreſs. The friends who viſited him at that time, were chiefly Dr. Bathurſt, and Mr. Diamond, an apothecary in Cork-ſtreet, Burlington-Gardens, with whom he and Miſs Williams generally dined every Sunday. There was a talk of his going to Ireland with him, which would probably have happened had he lived. There were alſo Mr. Cave, Dr. Hawkeſworth, Mr. Ryland, merchant on Tower-hill, Mrs. Maſters the poeteſs, who lived with Mr. Cave, Mrs. Carter, and ſometimes Mrs. Macaulay; alſo Mrs. Gardiner, wife of a tallow-chandler in Snow-hill, not in the learned way, but a worthy good woman; Mr. (now) Sir Joſhua Reynolds, Mr. Millar, Mr. Dodſley, Mr. Bouquet, Mr. Payne of Pater-noſter Row, bookſeller; Mr. Strahan the printer; the Earl of Orrery, Lord Southwell, Mr. Garrick."

Johnſon ſeems to have ſought a remedy for this deprivation of domeſtic ſociety, in the company of his acquaintance, the circle of which was now very extenſive. Among his more intimate companions at this time, are to be reckoned, Dr. Bathurſt, Dr. Hawkeſworth, Sir Joſhua Reynolds, and Bennet Langton, Eſq. and Topham Beauclerck, Eſq. eldeſt ſon of Lord Sidney Beauclerck, young men of elegant manners, who conceived for him the moſt ſincere veneration and eſteem. Innumerable were the ſcenes in which he was amuſed by them, who, though their opinions and modes of life were different, formed an agreeable attachment.

Mr. Boſwell has given the following account of an adventure of Johnſon's, with his gay companions, which diſplays the author of the *Rambler* in a new light, and ſhows that his conduct was not always ſo ſolemn as his eſſays.

"One night when Beauclerck and Langton had ſupped at a tavern in London, and ſat till about three in the morning, it came into their heads to go and knock up Johnſon, and ſee if they could prevail on him to join them in a ramble. They rapped violently at the door of his chambers in the Temple, till, at laſt, he appeared in his ſhirt, with his little black wig on the top of his head, inſtead of a night cap, and a poker in his hand; imagining, probably, that ſome ruffians were coming to attack him. When he diſcovered who they were, and was told their errand, he ſmiled, and with great good humour, agreed to their propoſal. "What! is it you, ye dogs! I'll have a friſk with you." He was ſoon dreſt; and they ſallied forth together into Covent-Garden, where the green grocers and fruiterers were beginning to arrange their hampers juſt come in from the country. Johnſon made ſome attempts to help them; but the honeſt gardeners ſtared ſo at his figure and manner, and odd interference, that he ſoon ſaw his ſervices were not reliſhed. They then repaired to one of the neighbouring taverns, and made a bowl of that liquor called *Biſhop*, which Johnſon had always liked; while in joyous contempt of ſleep, from which he had been rouſed, he repeated the feſtive lines,

Short, O ſhort then be thy reign,
And give us to the world again!

" They did not ſtay long, but walked down to the Thames, took a boat, and rowed to Billingſgate. Beauclerck and Johnſon were ſo well pleaſed with their amuſement, that they reſolved to perſevere in diſſipation for the reſt of the day; but Langton deſerted them, being engaged to breakfaſt with ſome young ladies."

In the catalogue of Johnſon's viſitants, given by his ſervant, many are, no doubt omitted; in particular, his humble friend Robert Levet, an obſcure practiſer in phyſic amongſt the lower people, with whom he had been acquainted from the year 1746. Such was his predilection for him, and fanciful eſtimation of his moderate abilities, that he conſulted him in all that related to his health, and " made him ſo neceſſary to him, as hardly to be able to live without him." He now drew him into a cloſer intimacy with him, and not long after, gave him an apartment in his houſe; of which he continued a conſtant inmate during the remainder of his life. He waited upon him every morning through the whole courſe of his tedious breakfaſt, and was ſeen generally no more by him till midnight. He was of a ſtrange groteſque appearance; ſtiff and formal in his manner, and ſeldom ſaid a word while any company was preſent. He married, when he was near ſixty, a ſtreet-walker, who perſuaded him that ſhe was a woman of family and fortune. His character was rendered valuable, by repeated proofs of honeſty, tenderneſs, and gratitude to his benefactor, as well as by an unceaſing diligence in his profeſſion. His ſingle failing was an occaſional departure from ſobriety.

In a ſhort time after the *Rambler* ceaſed, Dr. Hawkeſworth projected the " Adventurer," in connection with Bonnel Thornton, Dr. Bathurſt, and others. The firſt number was publiſhed, Nov. 7. 1752, and the paper continued twice a-week, till March 9. 1754. Thornton's aſſiſtance was ſoon withdrawn; and he ſet up a new paper, in conjunction with Colman, called the " Connoiſſeur."

Johnſon was zealous for the ſucceſs of the " Adventurer," which was at firſt rather more ſucceſsful than the *Rambler*. He engaged the aſſiſtance of Dr. Warton, whoſe admirable eſſays are well known. April 10. 1753, he began to write in it, marking his papers with the ſignature *T*; all of which, except thoſe which have alſo the ſignature *Miſargyrus* (by Dr. Bathurſt), are his. His price was two guineas for each paper. Of all theſe papers, he gave both the fame and the profit to Dr. Bathurſt. Indeed, the latter wrote them while Johnſon dictated; though he conſidered it as a point of honour not to own them. He even uſed to ſay he did not *write* them, on the pretext that he *dictated* them only; allowing himſelf, by this caſuiſtry, to be " acceſſary to the propagation of falſehood," though his conſcience had been hurt by even the appearance of impoſition in writing the *Parliamentary Debates*. This year he wrote for Mrs. Lennox, the *Dedication to the Earl of Orrery*, of her " Shakſpeare Illuſtrated," 2 vol. 12mo.

The death of Mr. Cave, Jan. 10. 1754, gave him an opportunity of ſhewing his regard for his early patron, by writing his *Life*, which was publiſhed in the " Gentleman's Magazine" for February. This ſeems to have been the only new performance of that year, except his papers in the " Adventurer." In the end of July, he found leiſure to make an excurſion to Oxford, for the purpoſe of conſulting the libraries there. " He ſtayed," ſays Mr. Warton, " about five weeks; but he collected nothing in the libraries for his *Dictionary*."

As the *Dictionary* drew towards a concluſion, Cheſterfield, who had previouſly treated Johnſon with unpardonable neglect (which was the real cauſe of the breach between them, and not the commonly received ſtory of Johnſon's being denied admittance while Cibber was with his lordſhip), now as meanly courted a reconciliation with him, in hopes of being immortalized in a dedication. With this view, he wrote two eſſays in " The World" in praiſe of the *Dictionary*, and, according to Sir John Hawkins, ſent Sir Thomas Robinſon, to him, for the ſame purpoſe. But Johnſon, who had not renounced the connection, but upon the juſt grounds of continued neglect, was ſenſible, that to liſten to an accommodation, would be to exchange dignity for a friendſhip, trifling in its value, and precarious in its tenure. He therefore rejected his advances, and ſpurned his proffered patronage, by the following letter, dated February 1755, which is preſerved here as a model of courtly ſarcaſm, and manly reprehenſion, couched in terms equally reſpectful in their form, and cutting in their eſſence. It affords the nobleſt leſſon to both authors and patrons that ſtands upon record in the annals of literary hiſtory.

" I have been lately informed by the proprietor of " The World," that two papers in which my *Dictionary* is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordſhip. To be ſo diſtinguiſhed, is an honour, which, being very little accuſtomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

" When, upon ſome ſlight encouragement, I firſt viſited your Lordſhip, I was overpowered, like the reſt of mankind, by your addreſs, and could not forbear to wiſh that I might boaſt myſelf *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*, that I might obtain that regard for which I ſaw the world contending; but I found my attendance ſo little encouraged, that neither pride nor modeſty would ſuffer me to continue it. When I had once addreſſed your Lordſhip in public, I had exhauſted all the art of pleaſing, which a retired and uncourtly ſcholar can poſſeſs. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleaſed to have his all neglected, be it ever ſo little.

" Seven years, my Lord, have now paſt, ſince I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulſed from your door; during which time, I have been puſhing on my work through difficulties, of which it is uſeleſs to complain, and have brought it, at laſt, to the verge of publication, without one act of aſſiſtance, one word of encouragement, or one ſmile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

" The Shepherd in Virgil grew at laſt acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

" Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man ſtruggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleaſed to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it, till I am ſolitary, and cannot impart it, till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical aſperity, not to confeſs obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public ſhould conſider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myſelf.

" Having carried on my work thus far, with ſo little obligation to any favourer of learning, I ſhall not be diſappointed though I ſhould conclude it, if leſs be poſſible, with leſs; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once hoaſted myſelf with ſo much exultation,—— My Lord, your, &c."

Johnſon, however, acknowledged to Mr. Langton, that " he did once receive ten pounds from Lord Cheſterfield; but that, as that was ſo inconſiderable a ſum, he thought the mention of it could not properly find place in a letter of the kind that this was." Cheſterfield read the letter to Dodſley with an air of indifference, " ſmiled at the ſeveral paſſages, and obſerved how well they were expreſſed." He excuſed his neglect of Johnſon, by ſaying, " that he had heard he had changed his lodgings, and did not know where he lived;" and declared, " that he would have turned off the beſt ſervant he ever had, if he had known that he denied him to a man who would have been always more than welcome." Of Cheſterfield's general affability and eaſineſs of acceſs, eſpecially to literary men, the evidence is unqueſtionable; but, from the character which he gave of Johnſon, in his " Letters to his Son" [Let. 112.], and the difference in their manners, little union or friendſhip could be looked for between them. Certain it is, however, that Johnſon remained under an obligation to Cheſterfield, to the value of *ten pounds*.

On the 10th of February, previous to the publication of his *Dictionary*, the Univerſity of Oxford, in anticipation of the excellence of this work, at the ſolicitation of his friend Mr. Warton, unanimouſly conferred upon him the degree of Maſter of Arts; which, it has been obſerved, could not be obtained for him at an early period, but was now conſidered as an honour of conſiderable importance, in order to grace the title-page of his *Dictionary*.

At length, in May following, his *Dictionary*, with a *Grammar* and *Hiſtory of the Engliſh Language*, was publiſhed in 2 vols, folio; and was received by the learned world, who had long wiſhed for its appearance, with an applauſe proportionable to the impatience which the promiſe of it had excited. Though we may believe him, in the declaration at the end of his *Preface*, that he " diſmiſſed it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from cenſure or from praiſe;" we cannot but ſuppoſe that he was pleaſed " in the gloom of ſolitude," with the honour it procured him, both a-

broad and at home. The Earl of Corke and Orrery, being at Florence, preſented it to the *Academia della Cruſca*. That academy ſent Johnſon their *Vocabulario*, and the French Academy ſent him their *Dictionaire*, by Mr. Langton. As though he had foreſeen ſome of the circumſtances which would attend this publication, he obſerves, "A few wild blunders and riſible abſurdities, from which no work of ſuch multiplicity was ever free, may for a time furniſh Folly with laughter, and harden Ignorance into contempt; but uſeful Diligence will at laſt prevail, and there can never be wanting ſome who diſtinguiſh deſert." Among thoſe who amuſed themſelves and the public on this occaſion, Mr. Wilkes, in an Eſſay printed in the Public Advertiſer, ridiculed the following paſſage in the *Grammar*. "H ſeldom, perhaps never begins any but the firſt ſyllable." The poſition is undoubtedly expreſſed with too much latitude; but Johnſon never altered the paſſage. Dr. Kenrick's threatened attack ſeveral years after, in his Review of Johnſon's *Shakſpeare*, never ſaw the light. Campbell's ridicule of his ſtyle under the title of "Lexiphanes," 1767, and Callender's "Deformities of Dr. Johnſon," 1782, though laughable, from the application of Johnſon's "words of large meaning" to inſignificant matters, are ſcarcely worthy of notice. His old pupil, Garrick, complimented him on its coming out firſt, in the following "Epigram," alluding to the ill-ſucceſs of the *forty* members of the French Academy employed in ſettling their language.

Talk of war with a Briton, he'll boldly advance
That one Engliſh ſoldier will beat ten of France;
Would we alter the boaſt, from the ſword to the pen,
Our odds are ſtill greater, ſtill greater our men;
In the deep mines of ſcience, though Frenchmen may toil,
Can their ſtrength be compar'd to Locke, Newton and Boyle;
Let them rally their heroes, ſend forth all their powers,
Their verſe-men, and proſe-men; then match them with our's;
Firſt Shakſpeare and Milton, like gods in the fight,
Have put their whole drama and epic to flight;
In ſatires, epiſtles, and odes would they cope,
Their numbers retreat before Dryden and Pope,
And Johnſon, well-arm'd like a hero of yore,
Has beat *forty* French, and will beat forty more!

In this year, he afforded his aſſiſtance to Mr. Zechariah Williams, father of the blind lady whom he had humanely received under his roof, who had quitted his profeſſion in hopes of obtaining the great parliamentary reward for the diſcovering of the longitude; and benevolently wrote for him, "An account of an attempt to aſcertain the longitude at ſea, by an exact theory of the variation of the magnetical needle; with a table of the variations at the moſt remarkable cities in Europe, from the year 1660, to 1860, 4to. by Zechariah Williams." This pamphlet was publiſhed in Engliſh and Italian, the tranſlation being the work, as it is ſuppoſed, of Mr. Baretti. Mr. Williams failed of ſucceſs, and died July 12, 1755, in his 83d year. Johnſon placed this pamphlet in the Bodleian library, and for fear of any omiſſion or miſtake, he entered, in the great catalogue, the title page of it, with his own hand. It appears from his correſpondence with Mr. Warton, that he "intended in the winter, 1755, to open a *Bibliotheque*, or Literary Journal, to be intituled, *The Annals of Literature, Foreign as well as Domeſtic*, for which he had made ſome proviſion of materials; but the ſcheme was dropped.

Having ſpent, during the progreſs of the work, the money for which he had contracted to write his *Dictionary*, he was ſtill under the neceſſity of exerting his talents, "in making proviſion for the day that was paſſing over him." The ſubſcriptions taken in for his edition of *Shakſpeare*, and the profits of his miſcellaneous eſſays, were now his principal reſource for ſubſiſtence; and it appears from the following letter to Richardſon, dated Gough-Square, March 16, 1756, that they were inſufficient to ward off the diſtreſs of an arreſt, on a particular emergency.

"I am obliged to entreat your aſſiſtance; I am now under an arreſt for five pounds eighteen ſhillings. Mr. Strahan, from whom I ſhould have received the neceſſary help in this caſe is not at home, and I am afraid of not finding Mr. Millar. If you could be ſo good as to ſend me this ſum, I will very gratefully repay you, and add it to all former obligations." In the margin of this letter, there is a memorandum in theſe words:—"March 16. 1756. Sent ſix guineas. Witneſs William Richardſon."

" For the honour of an admired writer," says Mr. Murphy, " it is to be regretted that we do not find a more liberal entry." This anecdote may appear to support the parsimony of the author, whose hero gives most profusely; but something may still be said in favour of Richardson. All that Johnson asked was a temporary supply, and that was granted. There was certainly no ostentatious liberality, but a kind action seems to have been done, without delay, and without grudging.

In 1756, he published an abridgment of his *Dictionary*, in 2 vols, 8vo, and contributed to a publication called " The Universal Visitor," for the assistance of Smart, one of the stated undertakers, with whose unhappy vacillation of mind he sincerely sympathized, all the essays marked with two *asterisks*, except the " Life of Chaucer," " Reflections on the State of Portugal," and " Essay on Architecture," which want all the characteristical marks of his composition. " Further thoughts on Agriculture," being the sequel of a very inferior essay on the same subject," " A Dissertation on the State of Literature and Authors," and " A Dissertation on the Epitaphs written by Pope," though not marked in the same manner, appear to be the production of Johnson. The last of these, indeed, he afterwards added to his *Idler*.

He engaged also to superintend and contribute largely to another monthly publication, intituled, " The Literary Magazine, or Universal Review;" the first number of which came out on the 15th of May this year. He continued to write in it, with intermissions, till the fifteenth number. His original essays are, " The Preliminary Address," " An Introduction to the Political State of Great Britain," " Remarks on the Militia Bill," " Observations on his Britannic Majesty's Treaties with the Empress of Russia, and the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel," " Observations on the Present State of Affairs," and " Memoirs of Frederick II. King of Prussia." His reviews of the works of others are, " Birch's History of the Royal Society," " Murphy's Gray's-Inn Journal," " Warton's Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, vol. 1st." " Hampton's Translation of Polybius," " Blackwell's Memoirs of the Court of Augustus," " Russel's Natural History of Aleppo," " Sir Isaac Newton's Arguments in proof of a Deity," " Borlase's History of the Isles of Scilly," " Home's Experiments on Bleaching," " Brown's Christian Morals," " Hales on Distilling Sea-Water, &c." " Lucas's Essay on Waters," " Keith's Catalogue of the Scottish Bishops," " Browne's History of Jamaica," " Philosophical Transactions, vol. 49th," " *Mrs. Lenox's Translation of Sully's Memoirs*," " Miscellanies by Elizabeth Harrison," " Evans's Map, and Account of the Middle Colonies in America," " *Letter on the Case of Admiral Byng*," " *Appeal to the People concerning Admiral Byng*," " *Hanway's Eight Day's Journey, and Essay on Tea.*" " The Cadet, a Military Treatise," " *Some further Particulars in relation to the Case of Admiral Byng, by a Gentleman of Oxford*," " The Conduct of the Ministry relating to the present War, impartially examined," and "*Jenyns's Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil.*" Mr. Davies, in his " Miscellaneous and Fugitive Pieces," has ascribed to him the " Review of Burke's Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime, and Sir John Hawkins has inserted it in his collection of Johnson's works; but it was written by Mr. Murphy. In his original essays, he displays extensive political knowledge, expressed with uncommon energy and perspicuity. Some of his reviews are very short accounts of the pieces noticed; but many of them are examples of elaborate criticism, in the most masterly style, particularly the review of Jenyns's " Inquiry into the Origin of Evil." In his defence of tea, against Mr. Hanway's violent attack upon that popular beverage, he describes himself as " a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who has for many years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle has scarcely time to cool; who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morning," *te veniente die, te decedente.* Mr. Hanway wrote an angry answer to Johnson's review of his " Essay," and Johnson, after a full and deliberate pause, made a reply to it; the only instance in the whole course of his life, when he condescended to oppose any thing that was written against him. Of the good Mr. Hanway he said, " he is a man whose failings may be well pardoned for his virtues."

The same year he gave an edition of Sir Thomas Browne's " Christian Morals," with his *Life* prefixed to it, which is one of his best biographical performances. He wrote also a *Dedication* and *Preface to the Earl of Rockford* to Payne's " Essay on the Game of Draughts," and accepted of a guinea from Dodsley, for writing the *Introduction* to " The London Chronicle;" and even in so slight a performance exhibited peculiar talents. At the same time he issued *Proposals* of considerable length for his edition of *Shakspeare*, with notes; and his fancied activity was such, that he promised his work should be published before Christmas 1757, though it was nine years before it saw the light.

About this period he was offered by Mr. Langton, the father of his much valued friend, a living of conſiderable value in Lincolnſhire, if he would accept it and take orders; "but he choſe not to put off his lay habit." This year the Ivy-lane club was diſſolved, by the diſperſion of the members.

In 1757, it does not appear that he publiſhed any thing, except ſome of theſe eſſays in the "Literary Magazine," which have been mentioned. That magazine, after he ceaſed to write in it, gradually declined; and in July 1758, it expired. He dictated, this year, a "Speech on the Subject of an Addreſs to the Throne," after the expedition to Rochefort, which was delivered by one of his friends in a public meeting. It is printed in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for October 1785.

On the 15th of April 1758, he began *The Idler*, which came out every Saturday, in a weekly newſpaper called the "Univerſal Chronicle," publiſhed by Newbery, and was continued till April 5th 1760. Of 103, the total number of eſſays, twelve were contributed by his friends: of which Nos. 33, 93, and 96, were written by Mr. Warton, No. 67 by Mr. Langton, and No. 76, 79, and 82, by Sir Joſhua Reynolds; the concluding words of No. 82, "and pollute his canvas with deformity," being added by Johnſon. *The Idler* is evidently the work of the ſame mind which produced the *Rambler*, but has leſs body and more ſpirit. It has more variety of real life, and greater facility of language. Yet Nos. 14. 24, 41, 43, 51, 52, 58, and 89, ſhow as much profundity of thought, and labour of language as any of his writings. To *The Idler*, when collected in volumes, he added (beſide the *Eſſay on Epitaphs*, and the *Diſſertation* on thoſe of Pope), an *Eſſay on the Bravery of the Engliſh Common Soldiers*.

In January 1759, his mother died, at the age of ninety; an event which deeply affected him. He regretted his not having gone to viſit her for ſeveral years previous to her death; but he had long contributed liberally to her ſupport.

Soon after this event, he wrote his *Raſſelas, Prince of Abyſſinia*, that, with the profits, he might defray the expence of his mother's funeral, and pay ſome little debts which ſhe had left. He told Sir Joſhua Reynolds, that he compoſed it in the evenings of one week, ſent it to the preſs in portions as it was written, and had never ſince read it over. He received for the copy 100 l. and 25 l. when it came to a ſecond edition. The applauſe given to the hiſtory of *Raſſelas* has been ſuch, as muſt ſatisfy an author the moſt avaricious of fame. It has been tranſlated into various modern languages, and received the admiration of Europe.

During all this year he carried on his *Idler*, and was proceeding, though ſlowly, in his edition of *Shakſpeare*. He, however, found time to tranſlate for Mrs Lenox's Engliſh verſion of Brumoy's "Greek Theatre," "A Diſſertation on the Greek Comedy," and the general "concluſion" of the book. On the controverſy ariſing concerning the eliptical or circular form of arches for Blackfriar's bridge, Johnſon engaged in it, on behalf of his friend Mr. Gwyn, and wrote *three letters* in the "Gazetteer," in oppoſition to the eliptical ſide of the queſtion; but without any illiberal antipathy to Mr. Mylne, with whom he afterwards lived upon very agreeable terms of acquaintance.

While he was employed in writing *The Idler*, he quitted his houſe in Gough-Square, and retired to Gray's-Inn; and ſoon after Miſs Williams went to lodgings. This year he removed to chambers in the Inner-Temple Lane, "where he lived," ſays Mr. Murphy, "in poverty, total idleneſs, and the pride of literature, *Magni ſtat nominis umbra*. Mr. Fitzherbert (the father of Lord St. Helens), uſed to ſay that he paid a morning viſit to Johnſon, intending from his chambers to ſend a letter into the city, but, to his great ſurpriſe, he found an author by profeſſion, without pen, ink, or paper."

His black ſervant Francis Barber having left him, and entered on board a man of war, "he was humble enough to deſire the aſſiſtance" of Smollet in procuring his releaſe. Smollet made intereſt through Mr. Wilkes, and he was diſcharged without any wiſh of his own, in the latter end of 1759, and returned to his maſter's ſervice.

In 1760, he wrote the "Addreſs of the Painters to George III. on his acceſſion," an "Introduction" to the proceedings of the Committee for Clothing the French priſoners, the "Dedication" for Mr. Baretti, of his "Italian and Engliſh dictionary," to the Marquis of Abreu, the Spaniſh ambaſſador, and an *account of Mr. Tytler's Vindication of Mary, Queen of Scots*, in the Gentleman's Magazine for October.

This year Mr. Murphy having thought himſelf ill treated by Dr. Franklin, in his "Diſſertation on Tragedy," publiſhed an indignant vindication in "A Poetical Epiſtle to Samuel Johnſon, A. M.,"

in which he complimented Johnſon in a juſt and elegant manner. This epiſtle has been reprinted, with conſiderable alterations and additions, in the collection of his works, in 7 vols, 8vo, 1786. As an ingenious, an elegant, and moral writer, Mr. Murphy is entitled to rank in a ſuperior claſs. In collecting his works, it is to be regretted that he ſhould have taken ſo much pains to reſcue from oblivion this epiſtle, written during the violence of literary diſſenſion, and which bears evident marks of an exaſperated mind. The expulſion of the reſpectable names of Dr. Warton and Mr. Maſon from their former places, cannot eaſily be defended upon any other ground than caprice, or perſonal diſlike.

An acquaintance firſt commenced between Johnſon and Mr. Murphy in the following manner: During the publication of his "Gray's-Inn Journal," Mr. Murphy happened to be in the country with Foote, and having mentioned that he was obliged to go to London to get ready for the preſs one of the numbers, Foote ſaid to him, "You need not go on that account. Here is a French magazine, in which you will find a very pretty oriental tale; tranſlate that, and ſend it to your printer." Mr. Murphy having read the tale, was highly pleaſed with it, and followed Foote's advice. When he returned to town, this tale was pointed out to him in the *Rambler*, from whence it had been tranſlated into the French Magazine. Mr. Murphy then waited upon Johnſon, to explain this curious incident; and a friendſhip was formed, that continued without interruption till the death of Johnſon.

In 1761, he wrote for the bookſellers the "Preface" to Rolt's Dictionary of Trade and Commerce; which diſplays a clear and comprehenſive knowledge of the ſubject, though he "never (as he ſaid) ſaw the man, and never read the book." He alſo corrected a pamphlet written by Mr. Gwyn, intituled "Thoughts on the Coronation of George III." and wrote for Mr. Newbery the *Introduction* to a collection of voyages and travels publiſhed by him, under the title of "The World Diſplayed;" which contains, in a pleaſing ſtyle, the hiſtory of navigation, and the diſcovery of America and the iſlands of the Weſt Indies.

In 1762, he wrote for Dr. Kennedy, in a ſtrain of very courtly elegance, *A Dedication to the King*, of his "Complete Syſtem of Aſtronomical Chronology," "Dedication" for Mrs. Lenox, to the Earl of Middleſex, of her "Female Quixotte," and the "Preface" to the "Catalogue of the Artiſt's Exhibition."

In this year, Fortune, who had hitherto left him to ſtruggle with the inconveniencies of a precarious ſubſiſtence, ariſing entirely from his own labours, gave him that independence which his talents and virtues long before ought to have obtained for him. In the month of July he was graced with a penſion of 300 l. *per annum*, by the King, as a recompence for the honour which the excellence of his writings, and the benefit which their moral tendency had been of to theſe kingdoms. He obtained it by the interference of Lord Bute, then firſt Lord Commiſſioner of the Treaſury, upon the ſuggeſtion of Mr. Wedderburn, now Lord Loughborough, at the inſtance of Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Murphy. For this independence he paid the uſual tax. Envy and reſentment ſoon made him the mark to ſhoot their arrows at. Some appeared to think themſelves more entitled to royal favour, and others recollected his political opinions and ſentiments of the reigning family. By ſome he was cenſured as an apoſtate, and by others ridiculed for becoming a penſioner. The "North Briton" ſupplied himſelf with arguments againſt the Miniſter for rewarding a Tory and a Jacobite, and Churchill ſaterized his political verſatility with the moſt poignant ſeverity.

How to all principles untrue,
Not fix'd to old friends, nor to new;
He damns the penſion which he takes,
And loves the Stuart he forſakes.

By this acceptance of the king's bounty, he had undoubtedly ſubjected himſelf to the apellation of a penſioner, to which he had annexed an ignominious definition in his *Dictionary*. He had received a favour from two Scotchmen, againſt whoſe country he had joined in the rabble cry of indiſcriminating invective. It was thus that even-handed Juſtice commended the poiſoned chalice to his own lips, and compelled him to an awkward, though not unpleaſant penance, for indulging in a ſplenetic prejudice, equally unworthy of his underſtanding and his heart.

The affair itſelf was equally honourable to the giver and the receiver. The offer was clogged with no ſtipulations for party ſervices, and accepted under no implied idea of being recompenſed by political writings. It was perfectly underſtood by all parties, that the penſion was merely honorary.

It is true that Johnſon did afterwards write political pamphlets in favour of adminiſtration, but it was at a period long ſubſequent to the grant of his penſion, and in ſupport of a miniſter to whom he owed no perſonal obligation. It was for the eſtabliſhment of opinions, which, however unconſtitutional, he had uniformly held, and publicly avowed.

In 1763, he furniſhed to "The Poetical Calendar," publiſhed by Fawkes and Woty, a *Character of Collins*, which he afterwards engrafted into his entire *Life of Collins*. He alſo favoured Mr. Hoole with the *Dedication* of his tranſlation of Taſſo to the Queen.

This year Mr. Boſwell was introduced to Johnſon, by Mr. Davies the bookſeller, and continued to live in the greateſt intimacy with him from that time till his death.

Churchill, in his "Ghoſt," availed himſelf of the common opinion of Johnſon's credulity, and drew a caricature of him, under the name of *Pomposo;* repreſenting him as one of the believers of the ſtory of a ghoſt in Cock-Lane, which in 1762 had gained very general credit in London. Johnſon made no reply; "for with other wiſe folks he ſat up with the ghoſt." Poſterity muſt be allowed to ſmile at the credulity of that period. Contrary, however, to the common opinion of Johnſon's credulity, Mr. Boſwell aſſerts that he was a principal agent in detecting the impoſture; and undeceived the world, by publiſhing an account of it in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for January 1762. Yet by the circumſtances of the examination, he ſeems to have gone with almoſt a willingneſs to believe, and a mind ſcarcely in ſuſpenſe. He would have been glad to ſee a traveller from that undiſcovered country, over which, like the reſt of mankind, he ſaw nothing but clouds and darkneſs.

In one of the *converſations* at the Mitre Tavern this year, Mr. Boſwell relates the following inſtance of Johnſon's profound and liberal way of thinking, on a very nice conſtitutional point, which may, in ſome meaſure, render people cautious of pronouncing deciſively on his political creed.

"Goldſmith diſputed very warmly with Johnſon, againſt the well-known maxim of the Britiſh conſtitution, "The king can do no wrong," affirming, that what was morally falſe, could not be politically true; and as the king might, in the exerciſe of his regal power, command, and cauſe the doing of what was wrong, it certainly might be ſaid, in ſenſe and in reaſon, that he *could* do wrong." *Johnſon.* "Sir, you are to conſider, that in our conſtitution, according to its true principles, the king is the head, he is ſupreme, he is above every thing, and there is no power by which he can be tried. Therefore it is, Sir, that we hold the king can do no wrong; that whatever may happen to be wrong in government may not be above our reach, by being aſcribed to majeſty. Redreſs is always to be had againſt oppreſſion, by puniſhing the immediate agents. The king, though he ſhould command, cannot force a judge to condemn a man unjuſtly; therefore it is the judge whom we proſecute and puniſh. Political inſtitutions are formed on the conſideration of what will moſt frequently tend to the good of the whole, although now and then exceptions may occur. Thus it is better that a nation ſhou'd have a ſupreme legiſlative power, although it may at times be abuſed. And then, Sir, there is this conſideration, that, *if the abuſe be enormous, nature will riſe up, and claiming her original right, overturn a corrupt political ſyſtem.*"

"This generous ſentiment," Mr. Boſwell adds, "which he uttered with great fervour, ſtruck me exceedingly, and ſtirred my blood to that pitch of fancied reſiſtance, the poſſibility of which I am glad to keep in mind, but to which, I truſt, I ſhall never be forced."

In this year, he alſo wrote the "Life of Aſcham," and the "Dedication to the Earl of Shaftſbury," prefixed to the edition of his Engliſh works, publiſhed by Mr. Bennet.

To enlarge his circle, and to find opportunities for converſation, Johnſon once more had recourſe to a club. In February 1764, was founded that club, which afterwards became diſtinguiſhed by the title of the LITERARY CLUB. Sir Joſhua Reynolds was the firſt propoſer, to which Johnſon acceded; and the original members were, beſide himſelf, Sir Joſhua Reynolds, Mr. Burke, Dr Nugent, Mr. Beauclerk, Mr. Langton, Mr. Chamier, Sir John Hawkins, and Goldſmith. They met at the Turk's Head, in Gerard Street, Soho, on every Monday evening through the year.

He wrote this year "A Review" of Grainger's "Sugar Cane," in the "London Chronicle," in conjunction with Dr. Percy, and an account of Goldſmith's "Traveller," in the "Critical Review."

About this time, he was afflicted with a ſevere return of the hypochondriac diſorder, which was ever lurking about him. He was ſo ill as to be entirely averſe to ſociety, the moſt fatal ſymptom of that malady.

The ſucceeding year, 1765, was remarkable for the commencement of his acquaintance with Henry Thrale, Eſq. one of the moſt eminent brewers in England, and member of parliament for Southwark. Mr. Murphy, who was intimate with Mr. Thrale, having ſpoken very highly of Johnſon's converſation, he was requeſted to make them acquainted. This being mentioned to Johnſon, he accepted an invitation to dinner at Mr. Thrale's, and was ſo much pleaſed with his reception, both by Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, and they ſo much pleaſed with him, that his invitations to their houſe were more and more frequent; till at laſt, in 1776, he became one of the family, and an apartment was appropriated to him, both in their houſe in Southwark, and in their villa at Streatham.

Nothing could be more fortunate for Johnſon than this connection. He had at Mr. Thrale's all the comforts, and even the luxuries of life; his melancholy was diverted, and his irregular habits leſſened by aſſociation with an agreeable and well-ordered family. He was treated with the utmoſt reſpect and even affection. Johnſon had a very ſincere eſteem for Mr. Thrale, as a man of excellent principles, a good ſcholar, well-ſkilled in trade, of a ſound underſtanding, and of manners ſuch as preſented the character of a plain independent Engliſh 'ſquire. He underſtood and valued Johnſon, without remiſſion, from their firſt acquaintance to the day of his death. Of Mrs. Thrale, now Mrs. Piozzi, a lady of lively parts, improved by education, "leſs cannot be ſaid," ſays Mr. Tyers, "than that in one of the latter opinions of Johnſon:" "if ſhe was not the wiſeſt woman in the world, ſhe was undoubtedly one of the wittieſt." She took ſuch care of him, during an illneſs of ſome continuance, that Goldſmith told her, "he owed his life to her attention." "To a natural vivacity in converſation, ſhe had reading enough, and the gods had made her poetical." The vivacity of Mrs. Thrale's literary talk rouzed him to cheerfulneſs and attention, even when they were alone. But this was not often the caſe; for he found here a conſtant ſucceſſion of what gave him the higheſt enjoyment. The ſociety of the learned, the witty, and the eminent in every way, who were aſſembled in numerous companies, called forth his wonderful powers, and gratified him with admiration, to which no man could be inſenſible.

There is ſomething in the conduct of this worthy poſſeſſor of wealth, which the mind loves to contemplate. Next to the poſſeſſion of great powers, the moſt enviable qualities, are a capacity to diſcover, and an inclination to honour them. To the credit of Thrale, let it be recorded, that the patron of literature and talents, of which Johnſon ſought in vain for the traces in Cheſterfield, he found realized in Thrale.

In July of this year, he was complimented by the Univerſity of Dublin with the degree of Doctor of Laws, as the *Diploma* expreſſes it, *ob egregiam ſcriptorum elegantiam et utilitatem*, though he does not appear to have taken the title in conſequence of it. In October, he at length gave to the world his edition of *The Plays of William Shakſpeare, with the Corrections and Illuſtrations of various Commentators; to which are added, Notes by Sam. Johnſon*, 8vo; which, as far as it fell ſhortof affording that ample ſatisfaction which was expected from it, may be aſcribed to his not having "read the books which the author read, traced his knowledge to the ſource, and compared his copies with their originals;" a promiſe he gave, but was not able to perform. Sir John Hawkins thinks it a meagre work; he complains of the paucity of the notes, of Johnſon's want of induſtry, and indeed unfitneſs for the office of a Scholiaſt. It was treated with great illiberality by Dr. Kenrick, in the firſt part of a "Review" of it, which was never completed. It is to be admitted, that he has neither ſo fully reformed the text, by accurate collations of the firſt editions, nor ſo fairly illuſtrated his author, in his notes, by quotations from the "writers who lived at the ſame time, immediately preceded, or immediately followed him," as has been done by other able and ingenious critics, who have followed him; Mr. Steevens, Mr. Capel, Mr. Malone, Mr. Reed, &c. whoſe labours have left little to add to the commentaries on Shakſpeare. But what he did as a commentator, has no ſmall ſhare of merit, though his reſearches were not ſo ample, and his inveſtigations ſo acute as they might have been. He has enriched his edition with a conciſe account of each play, and of its characteriſtic excellence. In the ſagacity of his emendatory criticiſms, and the happineſs of his interpretations of obſcure paſſages, he ſurpaſſes every editor of this poet. Mr. Malone confeſſes, "that Johnſon's vigorous and comprehenſive underſtanding threw more light on his author, than all his predeceſſors had done." His *Preface* has been pronounced by Mr. Malone, to be the fineſt compoſition in our language; and having regard to its ſubject and extent, it cer-

tainly would be difficult to name one poſſeſſing a ſuperior claim to ſuch ſuperlative praiſe. Whether we conſider the beauty and vigour of its compoſition, the abundance and claſſical ſelection of its alluſions, the juſtneſs of the general precepts of criticiſm, and its accurate eſtimate of the excellencies or defects of his author, it is equally admirable. He ſeems to raiſe his talents upon a level with thoſe of his poet, upon whoſe works he ſits as a critical judge, to rival, by the luſtre of his praiſes, the ſplendour of the original, and to follow this eagle of Britiſh poetry through all his gyres, with as keen an eye, and upon as ſtrong a wing. The *Preface* to his *Dictionary*, correct as it is, muſt yield the palm of excellence to that prefixed to his Shakſpeare; but it yields it only becauſe the ſubject was leſs favourable to the full diſplay of his powers.

In 1766, he removed from the Inner-Temple Lane, to a good houſe in Johnſon's-Court, Fleet Street, in which he accommodated Miſs Williams with an apartment on the ground floor, while Mr. Levett occupied his poſt in the garret.

This year he only wrote the *Dedication to the King*, of Gwyn's "London and Weſtminſter Improved," and furniſhed the *Preface*, and the following pieces for Miſs Williams's "Miſcellanies in Proſe and Verſe," 4to: *The Ant*, "To Miſs —, on her giving the Author a Gold and Silk Net-work Purſe of her own weaving;" "The Happy Life, *On the Death of Stephen Gray, the Electrician*," and "The Fountains," a Fairy Tale, in Proſe. The firſt ſketch of the poem on *Stephen Gray*, was written by Miſs Williams, but Johnſon told Mr. Boſwell, "that he wrote it all over again, except two lines." This publication was encouraged by a genteel ſubſcription.

In 1767, he only wrote the *Dedication to the King*, for Mr. Adams's "Treatiſe on the Globes." In February, he was honoured by a private converſation with the king, in the library at Buckingham Houſe, "which gratified his monarchic enthuſiaſm." The interview was ſought by the king without the knowledge of Johnſon. His majeſty, among other things, aſked the author of ſo many valuable works, if he intended to publiſh any more. Johnſon modeſtly anſwered, that he thought he had written enough. "And ſo ſhould I too," replied the king, "if you had not written ſo well." Johnſon was highly pleaſed with his majeſty's courteouſneſs; and afterwards obſerved to Mr. Langton, "Sir, his manners are thoſe of as fine a gentleman, as we may ſuppoſe Lewis XIV. or Charles II."

Johnſon had now arrived at that eminence which is the prize that cultivated genius always ſtruggles for, and but ſeldom obtains. His fortune, though not great, was adequate to his wants, and of moſt honourable acquiſition; for it was derived from the produce of his labours, and the rewards which his country had beſtowed upon merit. He received during life that unqualified applauſe from the world which is in general paid only to departed excellence, and he beheld his fame ſeated firmly in the public mind, without the danger of its being ſhaken by obloquy, or the hazard of its being ſhared by a rival. He could number among his friends the greateſt and moſt improved talents of the country. His company was courted by wealth, dignity, and beauty; his many peculiarities were overlooked, or forgotten in the admiration of his underſtanding, while his virtues were regarded with veneration, and his opinions adopted with ſubmiſſion. Of the uſual inſenſibility of mankind to living merit, Johnſon, at leaſt, had no reaſon to complain.

In 1768, nothing of his writing was given to the public, except the *Prologue* to his friend Goldſmith's comedy of the "Good Natured Man."

In 1769, he was altogether quieſcent as an author. On the eſtabliſhment of the Royal Academy this year, he accepted the title of Profeſſor of Ancient Literature.

In 1770, he publiſhed a political pamphlet, intituled *The Falſe Alarm*, 8vo.; intended to juſtify the conduct of miniſtry, and their majority in the Houſe of Commons, for having virtually aſſumed it as an axiom, that the expulſion of a member of parliament was equivalent to excluſion, and their having declared Colonel Luttrel to be duly elected for the county of Middleſex, notwithſtanding Mr. Wilkes had a great majority of votes. This being very juſtly conſidered as a groſs violation of the right of election; an alarm for the conſtitution extended itſelf all over the kingdom. To prove this alarm to be falſe, was the purpoſe of Johnſon's pamphlet; but his arguments and eloquence failed of effect, and the Houſe of Commons has ſince eraſed the offenſive reſolution from the Journals. This pamphlet has great merit in point of language; but it contains much groſs miſre-

pre ſentation, and much malignity, and abounds with ſuch arbitrary principles, as are totally inconſiſtent with a free conſtitution.

The next year, 1771, he defended the meaſures adopted by the miniſtry, in the diſpute with the court of Spain, in a pamphlet intituled *Thoughts on the late Tranſactions reſpecting Falkland's Iſland*, 8vo. On the ſubject of Falkland's Iſlands, ſpots "thrown aſide from human uſe, barren in ſummer, and ſtormy in winter," he appears to have followed the direction, and adopted the opinions which a puſillanimous adminiſtration wiſhed to inculcate. They were certainly erroneous in a political view. and if they were his own, ſhow that on ſuch ſubjects he was incapable of forming a juſt opinion. His deſcription of the miſeries of war, in this pamphlet, is a fine piece of eloquence, and his character of *Junius* is executed with all the force of his genius, and with the higheſt care.

When Johnſon ſhone in the plenitude of his political glory, from the celebrity of his miniſterial pamphlets, an attempt was made to bring him into the Houſe of Commons, by Mr. Strahan, the king's printer, who was himſelf in parliament, and wrote to the ſecretary of the treaſury upon the ſubject; but the application was unſucceſsful. Whether there were any particular reaſons for the refuſal, has not tranſpired. That Johnſon very much wiſhed to "try his hand" in the ſenate, he has himſelf declared; but that he would have ſucceeded as a parliamentary ſpeaker, is at leaſt doubtful. Few have diſtinguiſhed themſelves as orators, who have not begun the practice of ſpeaking in public early in life; and it may be doubted whether the habits of regular and correct compoſition are not unfavourable to that quick unpremeditated elocution which is ſo much admired, and ſo uſeful in animated debate. This at leaſt is certain, that of the many perſons eminent for literary abilities, who have had ſeats in parliament, none have gained a reputation for eloquence commenſurate with their talents and information; and of Johnſon, in particular, it is reported upon the authority of Sir William Scott, that he had ſeveral times tried to ſpeak in the Society of Arts &c. but "had found that he could not get on." It was obſerved by the late Henry Flood, Eſq. who was himſelf an eminent orator, that "Johnſon having been long uſed to ſententious brevity, and the ſhort flights of converſation, might have failed in that continued and expanded kind of argument which is requiſite in ſtating complicated matters in public ſpeaking."

In 1772, he produced no literary performance. His only publication in 1773, was a new edition of his *Dictionary*, with additions and corrections. In the autumn of 1773, he gratified a "wiſh which he had ſo long entertained, that he ſcarcely remembered how it was formed, of viſiting the Hebrides, or weſtern iſlands of Scotland." He was accompanied by Mr. Boſwell, "whoſe acuteneſs," he afterwards obſerved, "would help his inquiry, and whoſe gaiety of converſation, and civility of manners, were ſufficient to counteract the inconveniencies of travel in countries leſs hoſpitable than thoſe they were to paſs"

His ſtay in Scotland was from the 18th of Auguſt, till the 22d of November, when he ſet out on his return to London. His various adventures, and the force and vivacity of his mind, as exerciſed during his tour, have been deſcribed by Mr. Boſwell, in his "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," 8vo, 1786, in a ſtyle that ſhows he poſſeſſed, in an eminent degree, the ſkill to give connection to miſcellaneous matter, and vivacity to the whole of his narrative.

At the approach of the general election, in 1774, he publiſhed a ſhort political pamphlet, intituled *The Patriot; addreſſed to the Electors of Great Britain*, 8vo, not with any viſible application to Mr. Wilkes, but to teach the people to reject the leaders of oppoſition, who called themſelves patriots. It was called for, he tells us, by his political friends, on Friday, and was written on Saturday.

The firſt effort of his pen, in 1775, was "Propoſals for publiſhing by ſubſcription, the works of Mrs. Charlotte Lennox, in 3 vols. 4to." which was ſoon ſucceeded by a pamphlet, intituled *Taxation no Tyranny: An Anſwer to the Reſolutions and Addreſs of the American Congreſs*, 8vo. The ſcope of the argument was, that diſtant colonies which had in their aſſemblies a legiſlature of their own; were, notwithſtanding, liable to be taxed in a Britiſh Parliament, where they had neither peers in one houſe, nor repreſentatives in the other. The principle has been long abandoned; but Johnſon was of opinion, that this country was ſtrong enough to enforce obedience; "When" ſays he, "an Engliſhman is told that the Americans ſhoot up like a hydra, he naturally conſiders how the hydra

was deſtroyed." The event has ſhown how much he was miſtaken. This pamphlet was written at the deſire of the miniſtry, and in ſome places corrected by them. It contained the ſame poſitive aſſertions, ſarcaſtical ſeverity, extravagant ridicule, and arbitrary principles with his former political pieces, and the groſſeſt and moſt virulent abuſe of the Americans.

Theſe pamphlets were publiſhed on his own account, and were afterwards collected by him into a volume under the title of *Political Tracts, by the Author of the Rambler*, 8vo. 1775.

In the month of March, this year, he was gratified by the title of Doctor of Laws, conferred on him by the Univerſity of Oxford, at the ſolicitation of Lord North. In September he viſited France, for the firſt time, with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, and Mr. Baretti; and returned to England in about two months after he quitted it. Foote, who happened to be in Paris at the ſame time, ſaid, that the French were perfectly aſtoniſhed at his figure and manner, and at his dreſs; which was exactly the ſame with what he was accuſtomed to in London: his brown clothes, black ſtockings, and plain ſhirt. Of the occurrences of this tour, he kept a journal, in all probability, with a deſign of writing an account of it. The world has to regret, that from want of leiſure or inclination, he never perfected it.

This year he alſo wrote the Preface to Mr. Baretti's "Leſſons, Italian and Engliſh," and publiſhed an account of his Tour to the Hebrides, under the title of *A Journey to the Weſtern Iſlands of Scotland*, 8vo. This elegant narrative has been variouſly praiſed and abuſed in the newſpapers, magazines, and other fugitive publications. It was formally attacked by the Rev. Donald M'Nicol, in his "Remarks" &c. 8vo. 1780. That it is written with an undue prejudice againſt both the country and people of Scotland, muſt be allowed; but it abounds in extenſive philoſophical views of ſociety, and in ingenious ſentiments, and lively deſcription. Among many other diſquiſitions equally inſtructive and amuſing, he expreſſes his diſbelief of the authenticity of the poems of Oſſian, preſented to the public as a tranſlation from the Erſe, in ſuch terms as honeſt indignation is apt to hurl againſt impoſition. If there was a manuſcript, in what age was it written? and where is it? If it was collected from oral recitation in different parts of the Highlands, who put it together in its preſent form? Theſe, and ſuch like obſervations, provoked the reſentment of Mr. Macpherſon; he ſent a threatening letter to the author, and Johnſon anſwered him in the rough phraſe of ſtern defiance.

"I received your fooliſh and impudent letter. Any violence offered me, I ſhall do my beſt to repel; and what I cannot do for myſelf, the law ſhall do for me. I hope I ſhall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian.

"What would you have me retract? I thought your book an impoſture; I think it an impoſture ſtill. For this opinion I have given my reaſons to the public, which I here dare you to refute. Your rage, I deſy. Your abilities, ſince your Homer, are not ſo formidable; and what I hear of your morals inclines me to pay regard not to what you ſhall ſay, but what you ſhall prove. You may print this if you will."

The threats alluded to in this letter never were attempted to be put in execution. But Johnſon, as a proviſion for defence, furniſhed himſelf with a large oaken plant, ſix feet in height, of the diameter of an inch at the lower end, increaſing to three inches at the top, and terminating in a head (once the root) of the ſize of a large orange. This he kept in his bed-chamber, ſo near his chair, as to be within his reach.

In 1776, he wrote nothing for the public. This year he removed from No. 7. Johnſon's Court, to a larger houſe, No. 8. Bolt Court, Fleet-Street, with a garden "which he took delight in watering." A room on the ground-floor was aſſigned to Miſs Williams, and the whole of the two pair of ſtairs floors was made a repoſitory for his books, conſiſting of about 5000 volumes. Here, in the intervals of his reſidence at Streatham, he ſat every morning receiving viſits, and hearing the topics of the day, and indolently trifling away the time; and to the moſt intimate of his friends, Dr. Burney, Mr. Hoole, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Davies, Mr. Baretti, Mr. Boſwell, Mr. Langton, &c. ſometimes gave, not inelegant dinners. Chemiſtry afforded ſome amuſement. In Gough-Square, and in Johnſon's-Court, he had an apparatus for that purpoſe: and the ſame, with perhaps a few additions, was now fixed up in Bolt-Court. He had alſo a ſort of laboratory at Streatham, and diverted himſelf with drawing eſſences, and colouring liquors for Mrs. Thrale.

Johnſon's benevolence to the unfortunate, was, at all periods of his life, very remarkable. In his houſe at Bolt-Court, an apartment was appropriated to Mrs. Deſmoulins, daughter of his god-father, Dr. Swinfen, and widow of Mr. Deſmoulins, a writing-maſter, and her daughter, and a Miſs Carmichael. Such was his humanity, and ſuch his generoſity, that he allowed Mrs. Deſmoulins half-a-guinea a-week, which was above a twelfth part of his penſion.

"It ſeems" ſays *Mrs.* Piozzi, "at once vexatious and comical, to reflect that the diſſenſions thoſe people choſe to live in, diſtreſſed and mortified him exceedingly. He really was oftentimes afraid of going home, becauſe he was ſure to be met at the door with numberleſs complaints, and he uſed to lament pathetically to me, and to Mr. Saſtres, the Italian maſter, who was much his favourite, that they made his life miſerable, from the impoſſibility he found of making theirs happy; when every favour he beſtowed on one, was wormwood to the reſt. If, however, I ventured to blame their ingratitude, and condemn their conduct, he would inſtantly ſet about ſoftening the one, and juſtifying the other; and finiſhed commonly by telling me, that I knew not to make allowances for ſituations I never experienced.

To thee no reaſon, who know'ſt only good,
But evil haſt not try'd. *Milton.*"

In 1777, the fate of Dr. Dodd excited Johnſon's compaſſion, and called forth the ſtrenuous exertion of his vaſt comprehenſive mind. He thought his ſentence juſt; yet, perhaps, fearing that religion might ſuffer from the errors of one of its miniſters, he endeavoured to prevent the laſt ignominious ſpectacle. He wrote for that unhappy man, his *Speech to the Recorder of London*, at the Old Bailey, when the ſentence of death was about to be pronounced upon him; *The Convict's Addreſs to his Unhappy Brethren*, a ſermon delivered by him in the chapel of Newgate; two *Letters*, one to Lord Chancellor Bathurſt, and one to Lord Mansfield; *A Petition from Dr. Dodd to the King*; *A Petition from Mrs. Dodd to the Queen*; *Obſervations* in the newſpapers, on occaſion of Earl Percy's having preſented a petition for mercy to Dodd, ſigned by twenty thouſand people; *A Petition from the city of London*, and Dr. Dodd's *Laſt Solemn Declaration*, which he left with the ſheriff at the place of execution.

In the ſummer he wrote a *Prologue* to Kelly's comedy of "A Word to the Wiſe," acted at Covent-Garden theatre, for one night, for the benefit of the author's widow and children. He alſo made ſome *additions* to the life of Biſhop Pearce (who aſſiſted him with ſome etymologies in the compilation of his dictionary), prefixed to his poſthumous works, in 2 vols. 4to., and wrote the *Dedication to the King*.

This year he engaged to write a conciſe account of the *Lives of the Engliſh Poets*, whoſe works were inſerted in an edition undertaken by the London booksellers, at that time, in oppoſition to the edition of the "Britiſh Poets," printing by the Martins at Edinburgh, and to be ſold by Mr. Bell in London. As a recompence for an undertaking, as he thought, "not very tedious or difficult," he bargained for two hundred guineas; and was afterwards preſented by the proprietors with one hundred pounds. His deſign was only to have allotted to every poet an *Advertiſement*, like that which we find in the French miſcellanies, containing a few dates, and a general character, which would have conferred not much reputation upon the writer, nor have communicated much information to his readers. Happily for both, "the honeſt deſire of giving uſeful pleaſure," led him beyond his firſt intention. In executing this limited deſign, he found his attention ſo much engaged, that he enlarged his ſcheme, and entered more fully into the merits and value of the principal writers; and produced an ample, rich, and entertaining view of them in every reſpect. The firſt four volumes of this work were publiſhed in 1779, under the title of *Biographical and Critical Prefaces*, and the remaining five in 1781. "Some time in March" he ſays, in his *Meditations*, "I finiſhed the *Lives of the Poets*, which I wrote in my uſual way, dilatorily and haſtily, unwilling to work, and working with vigour and haſte." In a memorandum previous to this, he ſays of them: "Written, I hope, in ſuch a manner, as may tend to the promotion of piety."

In the ſelection of the poets he had no reſponſible concern; but Blackmore, Watts, Pomfret, and Yalden, were inſerted by his recommendation; and Mr. Nichols tells us, he was frequently conſulted during the printing of the collection, and reviſed many of the ſheets.

This was the laſt of Johnſon's literary labours; and though completed when he was in his ſeventy-firſt year, ſhows that his faculties were in as vigorous a ſtate as ever. His judgment and his taſte, his quickneſs in the diſcrimination of motives, and facility of moral reflection, ſhine as ſtrongly in theſe narratives, as in any of his more early performances, and his ſtyle, if not ſo energetic, is at leaſt more ſmoothed down to the taſte of the generality of critical objectors.

The *Lives of the Engliſh Poets* formed a memorable era in Johnſon's life. It is a work which has contributed to immortalize his name, and has ſecured that rational eſteem which party or partiality could not procure, and which even the injudicious zeal of his friends has not been able to leſſen.

From the cloſe of his laſt great work, the malady that perſecuted him through life came upon him with redoubled force. His conſtitution declined faſt, and the fabric of his mind ſeemed to be tottering. The contemplation of his approaching end was conſtantly before his eyes; and the proſpect of death, he declared, was terrible.

On the 4th of May 1781, he loſt his valuable friend Thrale, who appointed him one of his executors, with a legacy of 200 l. "I felt," he ſaid, "almoſt the laſt flutter of his pulſe, and looked for the laſt time upon the face that, for fifteen years, had never been turned upon me, but with reſpect and benignity." Of his departed friend he has given a true character in a Latin *epitaph*, to be ſeen in the church of Streatham.

With Thrale, many of the comforts of Johnſon's life may be ſaid to have expired. In the courſe of 1782, he complains that he "paſſed the ſummer at Streatham, but there was no Thrale." In the ſame year he received another ſhock. He was ſuddenly deprived of his old domeſtic companion Levett, and paid a tribute to his memory in an affecting and characteriſtic *Elegy*.

The ſucceſſive loſſes of thoſe acquaintances whom kindneſs had rendered dear, or habit made neceſſary to him, reminded Johnſon of his own mortality.

After the death of Thrale, his viſits to Streatham, where he no longer looked upon himſelf as a welcome gueſt, became leſs and leſs frequent; and on the 5th of April 1783, he took his final leave of Mrs. Thrale, to whom, for near twenty years, he was under the higheſt obligations.

"The original reaſon of our connection," ſays Mrs. Piozzi, in her lively and entertaining "Anecdotes," his *particularly diſordered health and ſpirits*, had been long at an end. Veneration for his virtue, reverence for his talents, delight in his converſation, and habitual endurance of a yoke my huſband firſt put upon me, and of which he contentedly bore his ſhare for ſixteen or ſeventeen years, made me go on ſo long with Mr. Johnſon; but the perpetual confinement, I will own to have been terrifying in the firſt years of our friendſhip, and irkſome in the laſt; nor would I pretend to ſupport it without help, when my coadjutor was no more."

A friendly correſpondence continued, however, between Johnſon and Mrs. Thrale, without interruption, till the Summer following, when ſhe retired to Bath, and informed him, that ſhe was going to diſpoſe of herſelf in marriage, to Signior Piozzi, an Italian muſic maſter. Johnſon, in his relation of executor to her huſband, as alſo in gratitude to his memory, was under an obligation to promote the welfare of his family. He endeavoured, therefore, by prudent counſels and friendly admonition, to prevent that which he thought one of the greateſt evils which could befal the children of his friend, the alienation of the affections of their mother. "The anſwer to his friendly monition," ſays Sir John Hawkins, "I have ſeen; it is written from Bath, and contains an indignant vindication, as well of her conduct as her fame, an inhibition of Johnſon from following her to Bath, and a farewell, concluding, "Till you have changed your opinion of ———, let us converſe no more." In his laſt letter, 8th July 1784, directed to Mrs. *Piozzi*, who then had announced her marriage to him: "he ſays, "I breathe out one ſigh more of tenderneſs, perhaps uſeleſs, but at leaſt ſincere." He gives her his beſt advice, and adds, "the tears ſtand in my eyes."

Excluded from the dwelling and family of his friend, he was compelled to return to his own houſe, to ſpend cheerleſs hours among the objects of his bounty, when increaſing age and infirmities had made their company more obnoxious than when he left them, and the ſociety of which he had been recently deprived, rendered him, by compariſon, leſs patient to endure it.

From this time, the narrative of his life is little more than a recital of the preſſures of melancholy and diſeaſe, and of numberleſs excurſions, taken to calm his anxiety, and ſooth his apprehenſions of the terrors of death, by flying, as it were, from himſelf. He was now doomed to feel all thoſe

calamities incident to length of days, which he had ſo eloquently enumerated in his *Vanity of Human Wiſhes*.

On the 17th of June 1783, he was afflicted with a paralytic ſtroke, which deprived him of ſpeech; from which, however, he gradually recovered; ſo that in July he was able to make a viſit to Mr. Langton, at Rocheſter; and made little excurſions, as eaſily as at any time of his life.

In September, while he was on a viſit at Heale, the ſeat of Mr. Bowles, in Wiltſhire, he loſt Mrs. Williams, whoſe death he lamented with all the tenderneſs which a long connection naturally inſpires. This was another ſhock to a mind like his, ever agitated with the dread of his own diſſolution.

Beſides the palſy, he was all this year afflicted with the gout, as well as with a *ſarcocele*, which he bore with uncommon firmneſs.

In December, he ſought a weak refuge from anxiety, in the inſtitution of a weekly club, at the Eſſex Head, in Eſſex Street, then kept by an old ſervant of Mr. Thrale's; but the amuſement which he promiſed himſelf from this inſtitution, was but of ſhort duration.

In the beginning of the year 1784, he was ſeized with a ſpaſmodic aſthma, which was ſoon accompanied by ſome degree of dropſy. From the latter of theſe complaints, however, he was greatly relieved by a courſe of medicine.

The interval of convaleſcence, which he enjoyed during the Summer, induced him to expreſs a wiſh to viſit Italy. Upon this ſubject, however, his wiſhes had been anticipated by the anxiety of his friends to preſerve his health. His penſion not being deemed by them adequate to ſupport the expence of the journey, application was made to the miniſter, by Mr. Boſwell and Sir Joſhua Reynolds, unknown to Johnſon, through Lord Chancellor Thurlow, for an augmentation of it, by 200l. The application was unſucceſsful; but the Chancellor, in the handſomeſt manner offered to let him have 500l. from his own purſe, under the appellation of a loan, but with the intention of conferring it as a preſent. It is alſo to be recorded to the honour of Dr. Brocklesby, that he offered to contribute 100l. per annum, during his reſidence abroad. Johnſon, however, declined both theſe offers, with a gratitude and dignity of ſentiment, riſing almoſt to an equal elevation with the generoſity of Lord Thurlow, and Dr. Brocklesby; and, indeed, he was now approaching faſt to a ſtate in which money could be of no avail.

In the beginning of July, he ſet out on a viſit to Dr. Taylor, at Aſhbourn in Derbyſhire, where his complaints appear to have met with but little alleviation. From Derbyſhire he proceeded to Litchfield, to take a laſt view of his native city. After leaving Litchfield, he viſited Birmingham and Oxford, and arrived in London on the 16th of November.

The fine and firm feelings of friendſhip which occupied ſo large a portion of Johnſon's heart, were eminently diſplayed, in the many tender interviews which took place between him and his friends in the country, during his excurſion into the North: an excurſion which ſeems to have been undertaken rather from a ſenſe of his approaching diſſolution, and a warm wiſh to bid thoſe he loved a laſt and long farewell, than from any rational hope that air and exerciſe would reſtore him to his former health and vigour.

Soon after his return to London, both the aſthma and dropſy became more violent and diſtreſsful. Eternity preſented to his imagination an awful proſpect, and with as much virtue as in general is the lot of man, he ſhuddered at the approach of his diſſolution. He felt ſtrong perturbations of mind. His friends endeavoured all in their power to awaken the comfortable reflections of a life well-ſpent. They prayed with him, and Johnſon poured out occaſionally the warmeſt effuſions of piety and devotion.

He had for ſome time kept a journal in Latin of the ſtate of his illneſs, and the remedies which he uſed, under the title of *Ægri Ephemeris*, which he began on the 6th July, but continued it no longer than the 8th November, finding, perhaps, that it was a mournful and unavailing regiſter.

His attention to the cauſe of literature was evinced, among other circumſtances, by his communicating to Mr. Nichols a liſt of the original authors of "The Univerſal Hiſtory," mentioning their ſeveral ſhares in that work. It has, according to his direction, been depoſited in the "Britiſh Muſeum," and is printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for December 1784. His integrity was evinced, by paying a ſmall debt to Mr. Faden, which he had borrowed of his father, and a larger

one to Mr. Hamilton. But the queſtion will recur, why were theſe debts ſo long ſuffered to remain? for we cannot ſuppoſe that his mind was ſuddenly enlightened, and his memory renovated.

During his ſleepleſs nights alſo, he amuſed himſelf by tranſlating into Latin verſe, from the Greek, many of the *Epigrams* in the *Anthologia*.

The ſenſe of his ſituation predominated, and "his affection for his departed relations," ſays Mr. Boſwell, "ſeemed to grow warmer as he approached nearer to the time when he might hope to ſee them again." In a letter to Mr. Green, at Litchfield, 2d December 1784, he incloſed the *Epitaph* on his father, mother, and brother, and ordered it to be engraved on a ſtone, "deep, maſſy, and hard," and laid on "the exact place of interment," in the middle aiſle of St. Michael's church. In the Summer he laid a ſtone with a Latin *Epitaph* over his wife in the chapel of Bromley, in Kent.

During his illneſs he experienced the ſteady and kind attachment of his numerous friends. Nobody was more attentive to him than Mr. Langton, to whom he tenderly ſaid, *Te teneam moriens deficiente manu*. Dr. Heberden, Dr. Brocklesby, Dr. Warren, Dr. Butter, and Mr. Cruikſhank, generouſly attended him without accepting any fees; and all that could be done from profeſſional ſkill and ability, was done, to prolong a life ſo truly valuable. But his conſtitution was decayed beyond the reſtorative powers of the medical art. Unfortunately for him, he himſelf had a ſmattering of the medical ſcience; and imagining that the dropſical collection of water which oppreſſed him, might be drawn off, by making inciſions in the calves of his legs, with his uſual defiance of pain, cut deep, when he thought Mr. Cruickſhank had done it too tenderly. An effuſion of blood followed, which brought on a dozing. Previous to his diſſolution, he burnt indiſcriminately large maſſes of papers, and among others, two quarto volumes, "containing a full and moſt particular Account of his own Life," the loſs of which is much to be regretted. The laſt days of this great man's exiſtence appear to have been unclouded by the gloomy apprehenſions which he had formerly entertained. Full of reſignation, ſtrengthened in faith, and joyful in hope, on the 13th of December, in the evening, being in the 75th year of his age, he reſigned his breath with ſo much compoſure, that his death was only known by the ceaſing of his reſpiration, which had been rendered difficult by debility and aſthma. He was buried in Weſtminſter-Abbey, near the foot of Shakſpeare's monument, and cloſe to the coffin of his friend Garrick. His funeral was attended by a reſpectable number of his friends; particularly by many of the members of the LITERARY CLUB, who were then in town, and ſeveral of the reverend chapter of Weſtminſter. His ſchoolfellow and friend, Dr. Taylor, read the funeral ſervice. Agreeable to his own requeſt, a large blue flag-ſtone was placed over his grave, with this inſcription:

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.
Obiit XIII die Decembris
Anno Domini
M DCC LXXXV.
Ætatis ſuæ LXXV.

A monument for Johnſon, in the Cathedral church of St. Paul's, in conjunction with the illuſtrious Howard, was reſolved upon, with the approbation of the Dean and Chapter, in 1789, and has been ſupported by a moſt reſpectable contribution. It is in ſuch forwardneſs, that it is expected to be opened in October 1795.

Having no near relations, he left the bulk of his property, amounting to 1500 l. to his faithful ſervant, Francis Barber, whom he looked upon as particularly under his protection, and whom he had all along treated as an humble friend. He appointed Sir Joſhua Reynolds, Sir John Hawkins, and Dr. (now Sir) William Scott, his executors.

His death attracted the public attention in an uncommon degree, and was followed by an unprecedented accumulation of literary honours, in the various forms of Sermons, Elegies, Memoirs, Lives, Eſſays, and Anecdotes. A ſermon on that event was preached before the Univerſity of Oxford, by Mr. Augutter; and Dr. Fordyce, in his "Addreſſes to the Deity," 12mo, 1785; and an "Epitaph" printed in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1785, paid an elegant and affectionate tribute to his memory. The "Elegy on the Death of Dr. Johnſon," by Samuel Hobhouſe, Eſq. 4to, 1785, was diſtinguiſhed from the maſs of elegiac verſes on that occaſion; and the juſt, diſcriminative, and elegant "Poetical Review of the Moral and Literary Character of Dr. Johnſon," by John Cour-

tenay, Esq. M. P. 4to. 1788, was perused with avidity by the admirers of wit and learning, and the real friend of virtue and liberty. His conduct and genius were examined and illustrated in the rapid "Biographical Sketch of Dr. Johnson," by Thomas Tyers, Esq. in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1784; the sprightly and entertaining "Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson," by Mrs. Piozzi, 8vo 1785; the candid and judicious "Essay on the Life, Character, and Writings of Dr. Johnson," by Joseph Towers, LL. D. 8vo, 1786; and the instructive and interesting "Life of Samuel Johnson LL. D." by James Boswell, Esq. 2 vols, 4to, 1791, which are sufficiently known to the world.

His *Works* were collected and published by Sir John Hawkins, with his "Life," in eleven volumes, 1787. In this edition, the *Lives of the Poets* are placed first, and several pieces are attributed to Johnson without foundation. In the "Life" too much foreign matter is intermixed, and Johnson himself is scarcely visible in the mass. A new edition was published in 12 vols, 8vo, 1792, with an "Essay on his Life and Genius," by Arthur Murphy, Esq. the former "Life" being thought too unwieldy for republication. In this edition, the order observed in the former edition is inverted, and the several pieces are chronologically arranged, omitting those attributed to him without foundation. Some of his *Prayers* are printed, and several of his *Letters* added to the 12th volume. Mr. Murphy has no new facts to embellish his work, but the task which has been left him, of giving a short, yet full, a faithful, yet temperate history of Johnson, has been ably executed. In the succinct review of his writings, Mr. Murphy displays his own learning, judgment, and taste. His *Prayers and Meditations* were published, from his manuscripts, by George Strahan, A. M. vicar of Islington, in 8vo, 1785. *Letters to and from Samuel Johnson, LL. D.* were published by Mrs. Piozzi, in 2 vols, 8vo, 1788. The *Sermons*, 8vo, 1790, left for publication, by Dr. Taylor, were unquestionably Johnson's; and the fact is now ascertained on the authority of Mr. Hayes, the editor. An imperfect collection of his *Poems* was published by Kearsley, in 12mo, 1785; and inserted, with considerable additions, in the edition of "The Works of the English Poets," 1790. They are reprinted in the present collection, together with the tragedy of *Irene*, and several additional pieces collected from Mr. Boswell's "Life of Johnson," and other publications.

The religious, moral, political, and literary character of Johnson will be better understood by this account of his life, than by any laboured and critical comments. Yet it may not be superfluous here to attempt to collect, into one view, his most prominent excellencies and distinguishing particularities.

His figure and manner are more generally known than those of almost any other man. His person was large, robust, and unwieldy from corpulency. His carriage was disfigured by sudden emotions, which appeared to a common observer to be involuntary and convulsive. But in the opinion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, they were the consequence of a depraved habit of accompanying his thoughts with certain untoward actions, which seemed as if they were meant to reprobate some part of his past conduct. Of his limbs, he is said never to have enjoyed the free and vigorous use. When he walked, it seemed the struggling gait of one in fetters; and when he rode, he appeared to have no command over his horse. His strength, however, was great, and his personal courage no less so. Among other instances, which exemplify his possession of both, it is related, that, being once at the Litchfield theatre, he sat upon a chair placed for him beside the scenes. Having had occasion to quit his seat, he found it occupied, upon his return, by an innkeeper of the town. He civilly demanded that it should be restored to him, but meeting with a rude refusal, he laid hold of the chair, and with it, of the intruder, and flung them both, without further ceremony, into the pit. At another time, having engaged in a scuffle with four men in the street, he resolutely refused to yield to superior numbers, and kept them all at bay, until the watch came up and carried him and his antagonists to the watch-house. In his dress he was singular and slovenly, and though he improved somewhat under the lectures of Mrs. Thrale, during his long residence at Streatham, yet he was never able completely to surmount particularity. He never wore a watch till he was sixty years of age, and then caused one to be made for him by Mudge and Dutton, which cost him seventeen guineas, with this inscription on the dial plate "for the night cometh." He was fond of good company, and of good living; and to the last, he knew of no method of regulating his appetites, but absolute restraint or unlimited indulgence. "Many a day," says Mr. Boswell, "did he fast, many a year refrain from wine; but when he did eat, it was voraciously. When he did drink wine, it was copiously.

*He could practiſe abſtinence, but not temperance.*" In converſation, he was rude, intemperate, overbearing, and impatient of contradiction. Addicted to argument, and greedy of victory, he was equally regardleſs of truth and fair reaſoning in his approaches to conqueſt. " There is no arguing with him," ſaid Goldſmith, alluding to a ſpeech in one of Cibber's plays, " for if his piſtol miſſes fire, he knocks you down with the butt end of it." In the early part of his life, he had been too much depreſſed; in his latter years, too laviſhly indulged. His temper had at firſt been ſoured by diſappointment and penury, and his petulance was afterwards flattered by univerſal ſubmiſſion. In his converſation and goodneſs of heart, his friends met with a recompenſe for that ſubmiſſion which the ſovereignty of his genius challenged, and his temper exacted from them to the uttermoſt. To great powers, he united a perpetual and ardent deſire to excel; and even in an argument on the moſt indifferent ſubject, he generally engaged with the whole force and energy of his great abilities. Of his converſation, it is true, all that has been retained by Mr. Boſwell, does not ſeem to be worth recording. Judging of it moſt favourably, it is not much diſtinguiſhed by the flaſhes of wit, or the ſtrokes of humour. Where he appears ſerious, we are not always ſure that he ſpeaks the ſentiments of his conviction. Mr. Boſwell allows that he often talked for victory, and ſometimes took up the weaker ſide, as the moſt ingenious things would be ſaid on it. Truth, and the ableſt defences of truth, are mixed with error, and the moſt ingenious gloſſes which ingenuity could invent, or addreſs enforce. Authors are exalted, or depreciated, as the moment of hilarity or gloom was connected with the ſubject, or as the opinion of the ſpeaker was adverſe, and the whole is given as the ſentiment of Johnſon. But for the inferiority of his converſation, to our opinion of the man, he has himſelf made a prophetic apology, in his firſt interview with his biographer, who was deſtined to retail it. " People may be taken in once, who imagine that an author is greater in private life than another man. Uncommon parts require uncommon opportunities for their exertions."

With theſe defects, there was, however, ſcarcely a virtue of which he was not in principle poſſeſſed. He was humane, charitable, affectionate, and generous. His moſt intemperate ſallies were the effects of an irritable habit; he offended only to repent. To the warm and active benevolence of his heart, all his friends have borne teſtimony. " He had nothing," ſays Goldſmith, " of the bear but his ſkin." Misfortune had only to form her claim, in order to found her right to the uſe of his purſe, or the exerciſe of his talents. His houſe was an aſylum for the unhappy, beyond what a regard to perſonal convenience would have allowed; and his income was diſtributed in the ſupport of his inmates, to an extent greater than general prudence would have permitted. The moſt honourable teſtimony to his moral and ſocial character, is the cordial eſteem of his friends and acquaintances. He was known by no man by whom his loſs was not regretted. Another great feature of his mind, was the love of independence. While he felt the ſtrength of his own powers, he deſpiſed, except in one inſtance, pecuniary aid. His penſion has been often mentioned, and ſubjected him to ſevere imputations. But let thoſe, who, like Johnſon, had no patrimony, who were not always willing to labour, and felt the conſtant recurrence of neceſſities, reject, without an adequate reaſon, an independent income, which left his ſentiments free, and required neither the ſervility of adulation, nor the labours of ſervice. It is not uncommon to ſee a deſire to be independent, degenerate into avarice. Johnſon did not feel it early, for his benevolence counteracted it; but he declined going to Italy when worth 1500 l. beſides his penſion, becauſe of the expence; and we ſee the ſurly dignity, which formerly ſpurned at an obligation, relaxed in his refuſal of Dr. Brocklesby's aſſiſtance, and Lord Thurlow's very delicate offer of the ſame kind. Some little cenſure is due to him for his eaſy faith, occaſioned by his political prejudices, in the forgeries of Lauder. That he ſhould have appeared in public, in company with this defamer of Milton, is to be lamented. Yet his renunciation of all connection with Lauder, when his forgeries were detected, is only a proof of his having believed (a common weakneſs of worthy minds), without examination, not that he was an accomplice with the impoſtor.

If there is any one trait by which Johnſon's mind can be diſcriminated, it is gigantic vigour. In information and taſte he was excelled; but what he ſeriouſly attempted, he executed with that maſterly original boldneſs, which leaves us to regret his indolence, that he exerted himſelf only in

the moment when his powers were wanting, and relapſed again into his literary idleneſs. He united in himſelf what ſeldom are united, a vigorous and excurſive imagination, with a ſtrong and ſteady judgment His memory was remarkably tenacious, and his apprehenſion wonderfully quick and accurate. He was rather a man of learning than of ſcience. He had accumulated a vaſt fund of knowledge, without much of ſyſtem or methodical arrangement. His reading ſeems to have been caſual, generally deſultory. To converſation he owed much of his varied knowledge, and to his vigorous comprehenſive powers, he was indebted for that clearneſs of diſtinction, that pointed judicious diſcrimination, which elucidated every queſtion, and aſtoniſhed every hearer. From this caſual reading he roſe with a mind ſeldom fatigued, endowed with a clear accurate perception; the variety of his ſtudies relieved, without fatiguing or perplexing him; the ideas arranged in order, were ready for uſe, adorned with all the energy of language, and the force of manner. But the labour of literature was a taſk from which he always wiſhed to eſcape; and as he could excel others without great exertion, we ſeldom perceive his faculties brought forward in their full power. We ſcarcely ſee any attempt, beyond a periodical paper, which he did not profeſſedly continue with laſſitude and fatigue.

He deſerves the character of maſter of the Latin language; but it is eaſy to perceive that his acquaintance with Greek literature was, what it is commonly ſuppoſed to be, general and ſuperficial, rather than curious or profound. Of natural ſcience he knew but little; and moſt of his notions on that branch of philoſophy were obſolete and erroneous. In his writings he appears to have taken more from his own mind than from books, and he diſplays his learning rather in alluſions to the opinions of others, than in the direct uſe of them. Hiſtory he profeſſed to diſregard; yet his memory was ſo tenacious, that we ſeldom find him at a loſs upon any topic, ancient or modern.

From early prejudices, which all his philoſophy and learning could never overcome, he was a zealous and ſcrupulous high-church-man, following to the uttermoſt tenet, the notions of *Laud*, whoſe talents he has praiſed, and whoſe genius he has deplored in his *Vanity of Human Wiſhes*. In his political ſentiments, he was a rank Tory, and till his preſent Majeſty's acceſſion to the throne, a violent Jacobite. He had never examined either his religious or political creed. Bigotted as to a particular ſyſtem of politics, he appears obſtinately to have cloſed his eyes againſt the light of truth; and ſo far from ſeeking information on the ſubject, ſtudiouſly reſiſted it. His piety was truly venerable and edifying. In divinity, however, his reſearches were limited. He was well acquainted with the general evidences of Chriſtianity; but he does not appear to have read his Bible with a critical eye, nor to have intereſted himſelf concerning the elucidation of obſcure or difficult paſſages. It was his favourite maxim, "that the proper ſtudy of mankind is man;" and we muſt confeſs that in all the departments of moral ſcience, his excellence is unrivalled. His acute penetration was conſtantly alive to "catch the manners living as they riſe," and but few follies or peculiarities could eſcape his obſervation.

The habitual weakneſſes of his mind form a ſtriking and melancholy contraſt to the vigour of his underſtanding. His opinions were tainted with prejudices almoſt too coarſe and childiſh for the vulgar to imbibe. His attachment to the univerſity of Oxford, to which in his youth he owed no great obligations, led him unjuſtly to depreciate the merit of every perſon who had ſtudied at that of Cambridge. His averſion to Whigs, Diſſenters, and Preſbyterians, and his diſlike to Scotland, and many more extravagancies of opinion, that it would be painful to enumerate, inflamed his converſation, and influenced his conduct. He was ſo prone to ſuperſtition as to make it a rule that a particular foot ſhould conſtantly make the firſt actual movement, when he came cloſe to the threſhold of any door or paſſage, which he was about to enter, or to quit. So deeply was he infected upon this ſubject, that Mr Boſwell relates that he has often ſeen him "when he had neglected or gone wrong in this ſort of magical movement, go back again, put himſelf in a proper poſture to begin the ceremony, and having gone through it, break from his abſtraction, walk briſkly on, and join his companion." He took off his hat in token of reverence, when he approached the places on which Popiſh churches had formerly ſtood; and bowed before the monaſtic veſtiges. He was ſolicitous to give

authenticity to ſtories of apparitions, and eager to credit the exiſtence of a ſecond ſight, while he appeared ſcrupulous and ſceptical as to particular facts. Theſe mental diſtempers were the offspring of his melancholic temperament, and were foſtered by ſolitary contemplation, till they had laid fetters upon the imagination too ſtrong for reaſon to burſt through. We ſee it exerted in different circumſtances, and expanding its gloomy influence, till at laſt it terminated little ſhort of inſanity. To this ſtate we muſt attribute his mentioning ſecret tranſgreſſions, his conſtant fear of death, and his religious terrors, not very conſiſtent with his ſtrength of mind, or his conviction of the goodneſs of God. This, at leaſt, ſeems to have been his own opinion of the progreſs of theſe diſeaſes, as appears from his hiſtory of the *Mad Aſtronomer* in *Raſſelas*, the deſcription of whoſe mind he ſeems to have intended as a repreſentation of his own.

But let us turn from theſe foibles and ſingularities, which ſhow him weaker than the generality of his fellow men, and point to thoſe perfections of mind which prove him to have been of a rank ſo much above them.

As an author, Johnſon has diſtinguiſhed himſelf as a *philologiſt*, a *biographer*, a *critic*, a *moraliſt*, a *noveliſt*, a *political writer*, and a *poet*.

On his *Dictionary of the Engliſh Language*, it is unneceſſary to enlarge. It is in every body's hands; its utility is univerſally acknowledged; and its popularity is its beſt eulogium. The etymologies, though they exhibit learning and judgment, are not entitled to unqualified praiſe. The definitions exhibit aſtoniſhing proofs of acuteneſs of intellect, and preciſion of language. A few of them muſt be admitted to be erroneous. Thus, *Windward* and *Leeward*, though directly of oppoſite meaning, are defined identically the ſame way. The definition of *Net-work* has been often quoted with ſportive malignity, as obſcuring a thing in itſelf very plain. His introducing his own opinions, and even prejudices, under general definitions of words, as *Tory*, *Whig*, *Penſion*, *Oats*, *Exciſe*, and a few more, muſt be placed to the account of capricious and humourous indulgence. To his liſt of technical and provincial words, nine thouſand have been added by Mr. Herbert Croft, in his "Dictionary of the Engliſh Language;" the publication of which is delayed for want of ſuitable encouragement.

As a *biographer*, his merit is of the higheſt kind. His narration in general is vigorous, connected, and perſpicuous; and his reflections numerous, appoſite, and moral. But it muſt be owned that he neither dwells with pleaſure or ſucceſs upon thoſe minuter anecdotes of life, which oftener ſhow the genuine man, than actions of greater importance. Sometimes, alſo, his colourings receive a tinge from prejudice, and his judgment is inſenſibly warped by the particularity of his private opinion. Theſe obſervations apply to his *Life of Savage*, the moſt finiſhed of his biographical diſquiſitions; and his *Lives* of ſeveral other eminent men, which were originally printed in the "Gentleman's Magazine," and in other periodical publications, and afterwards collected by Mr. Davies, in his "Miſcellaneous and Fugitive Pieces," and to his *Lives of the Poets*.

As a *critic*, he is entitled to the praiſe of being the greateſt that our nation has produced. He has not, like his predeceſſors, tried merely to learn the art, and not to feel it. He has not gone to Dacier or to Boſſu, to borrow rules to fetter genius by example, and impart diſtinctions which lead to no end, but, poſſeſſed of two qualities, without which a critic is no more than a caviller, ſtrong ſenſe, and an intimate knowledge of human nature, he has followed his own judgment, unbiaſſed by authority, and has adopted all the good ſenſe of Ariſtotle, untrammelled by his forms. This praiſe he has merited by his *Preface to Shakſpeare*, and the detached pieces of criticiſm which appear among his works. But his critical powers ſhine with more concentrated radiance in the *Lives of the Poets*. Theſe compoſitions, abounding in ſtrong and juſt illuſtrations of criticiſm, evince the vigour of his mind, and that happy art of moralization, by which he gives to well-known incidents the grace of novelty and the force of inſtruction; and "grapples the attention," by expreſſing common thoughts with uncommon ſtrength and elegance. Of many paſſages, it is ſcarcely hyperbolical to affirm, that they are executed with all the ſkill and penetration of Ariſtotle, and animated and embelliſhed with all the fire of Longinus. The *Lives* of *Cowley*, *Milton*, *Butler*, *Waller*, *Dryden*, *Addiſon*, and *Pope*, are elaborately compoſed, and exhibit the robleſt ſpecimens of entertaining and ſolid criticiſm, that ancient or modern times have produced. The diſſertation in

the *Life of Cowley*, on the metaphyſical poets of the laſt century, has all the attraction of novelty, as well as ſound obſervation. In the review of his works, falſe wit is detected in all its ſhapes; and the Gothic taſte for glittering conceits, and far-fetched alluſions, is exploded, never, it is hoped, to revive again. The "Paradiſe Loſt," is a poem which the mind of *Milton* only could have produced; the criticiſm upon it is ſuch as, perhaps, the pen of Johnſon only could have written. His eſtimate of *Dryden* and *Pope*, challenges Quintilian's remarks upon Demoſthenes and Cicero, and rivals the fineſt ſpecimens of elegant compoſition, and critical acuteneſs in the Engliſh language. Some caution, however, is required to peruſe theſe admirable compoſitions with advantage. The preſent writer means not to ſay that they are perfect, or that, on the whole, they are executed with propriety. If they be regarded merely as containing narrations of the lives, delineations of the characters, and ſtrictures of the ſeveral authors, they are far from being always to be depended upon. Johnſon, as he has had occaſion to remark, in reviewing his judgments of the ſeveral poets who have fallen under his conſideration, brought to the production of this work ideas already formed, opinions tinctured with his uſual hues of party and prejudice, and the rigid unfeeling philoſophy, which could neither bend to excuſe failings, or judge of what was not capable of a diſpaſſionate diſquiſition.

To think for himſelf in critical, as in all other matters, is a privilege to which every one is undoubtedly entitled. This privilege of critical independence, an affectation of ſingularity, or ſome other principle not immediately viſible, is frequently betraying into a dogmatical ſpirit of contradiction to received opinion. Of this there need no farther proofs, than his almoſt uniform attempt to depreciate the writers of blank verſe, and his degrading eſtimate of the exquiſite compoſitions of Prior, Hammond, Collins, Gray, Shenſtone, and Akenſide, and his pronouncing the "Paradiſe Loſt" "one of thoſe books which the reader admires and lays down, and forgets to take it up again." In his judgments of theſe poets, he may be juſtly accuſed of being inflamed by prejudice, reſolutely blind to merit. His rigorous condemnation, and puerile criticiſms upon Gray, and his faſtidious judgment of Shenſtone, have drawn down upon him the united cenſures of thoſe who admire poetry in her moſt daring attitudes and gorgeous attire, and thoſe who are pleaſed with her modeſt beauties, moſt humble ſteps, and leaſt adorned guiſe. He obſerves of Shenſtone, that he ſet little value upon thoſe parts of knowledge which he had not cultivated himſelf. His own taſte of poetry ſeems in ſome degree regulated by a ſimilar ſtandard; method, ratiocination, and argument, eſpecially if the vehicle be rhyme, often obtaining his regard and commendation, while the bold and enthuſiaſtic, though perhaps irregular flights of imagination, are paſt by with obſtinate and perverſe indifference. It is not, then, to be wondered at, that the panegyriſt of Blackmore ſhould withhold from Collins and Gray the commendation he has beſtowed on Savage and Yalden; and that his praiſes of the whole claſs of deſcriptive poets are parſimoniouſly beſtowed, and too frigid to make an impreſſion. This is to be attributed to the natural turn of his mind, and to the bent which his feelings had received from the habits of his life. A certain inelegance of taſte, a frigid churliſhneſs of temper, unſubdued and unqualified by that melting ſenſibility, that divine enthuſiaſm of ſoul, which are eſſential to a hearty reliſh of poetical compoſition, too often counteracted and corrupted the other poetical virtues of his intellect. Poetry pleaſes only as it is the image of reality. He who has never delighted in the ſilent beauties of creation, can feel no emotions, as they are reflected to him in deſcription. Accuſtomed to dogmatize in his cloſet, and ſwelter in ſome alley in the city, Johnſon's mind never throbbed with poetic thrills, as nature expanded her rural glories to his eye; and he preferred the duſt of Fleet-Street, or the windings of the Strand, to the air of Hampſtead, or the beauties of Greenwich.

One general remark may be ventured upon here: Through the whole of his work, the deſire of praiſe, except in the caſe of ſome very favourite author, is almoſt always overpowered by his diſpoſition to cenſure; and while beauties are paſſed over "with the neutrality of a ſtranger, and the coldneſs of a critic," the ſlighteſt blemiſh is examined with microſcopical ſagacity. The truth of this obſervation is particularly obvious, when he deſcends to his contemporaries, for whom he appears to have little more brotherly kindneſs, than they might have expected at Conſtantinople. The preſent writer is under no apprehenſion of being charged with an unjuſtifiable partiality in this opinion of

him, by thoſe who know his diſpoſition, and the habits of his life. All that is great and genuinely good in Johnſon, have had no warmer encomiaſt. He has uniformly praiſed his genius, his learning, his good ſenſe, the ſtrength of his reaſonings, the ſagacity of his critical deciſions, the happineſs of his illuſtrations, and the animation and energy of his ſtyle. He has acknowledged that there is no ſatiety in the delight he inſpires on moral and religious themes; and he makes no ſcruple to declare that, though there are many opinions erroneous, and many obſervations improper, a great part of his *Lives of the Poets* is ſuch as no one but himſelf could have executed, and in which he will not be followed with ſucceſs.

As a *moraliſt*, his periodical papers are diſtinguiſhed from thoſe of other writers, who have derived celebrity from ſimilar publications. He has neither the wit nor the graceful eaſe of Addiſon, nor does he ſhine with the humour and claſſic ſuavity of Goldſmith. His powers are of a more grave, energic, and dignified kind, than any of his competitors, and if he entertains us leſs, he inſtructs us more. He ſhows himſelf maſter of all the receſſes of the human mind, able to detect vice, when diſguiſed in her moſt ſpecious form, and equally poſſeſſed of a corroſive to eradicate, or a lenitive to aſſuage the follies and ſorrows of the heart. Virtuous in his object, juſt in his conceptions, ſtrong in his arguments, and powerful in his exhortations, he arreſts the attention of levity by the luxuriance of his imagery, and grandiloquence of his diction; while he awes detected guilt into ſubmiſſion by the majeſty of his declamation, and the ſterling weight of his opinions. But his genius is only formed to chaſtiſe graver faults, which require to be touched with an heavier hand He could not chaſe away ſuch lighter foibles as buzz in our ears in ſociety, and fret the feelings of our leſs important hours. His gigantic powers were able to prepare the immortal path to heaven, but could not ſtoop to decorate our manners with theſe leſſer graces, which make life amiable. Johnſon, at ſuch a taſk, was Hercules at the diſtaff, a lion courſing of a mouſe, or an eagle ſtooping at a fly. He was formed to ſuſtain the character of a majeſtic teacher of moral and religious wiſdom. His *Rambler* furniſhes ſuch an aſſemblage of diſcourſes on practical religion and moral duty, of critical inveſtigations, and allegorical and oriental tales, that no mind can be thought very deficient, that has by conſtant ſtudy and meditation aſſimilated to itſelf all that may be found there. Though inſtruction be its predominant purpoſe, yet it is enlivened with a conſiderable portion of amuſement. Nos. 19, 44, 82, 88, 179, 182, 194, 195, 197, and 198, may be appealed to for inſtances of fertility of fancy, and accurate deſcription of real life. Every page of the *Rambler* ſhows a mind teeming with claſſical alluſion and poetical imagery; illuſtrations from other writers, are upon all occaſions ſo ready, and mingle ſo eaſily in his periods, that the whole appears of one uniform vivid texture. The ſerious papers in his *Idler*, though inferior to thoſe in the Rambler, in ſublimity and ſplendor, are diſtinguiſhed by the ſame dignified morality and ſolemn philoſophy, and lead to the ſame great end of diffuſing wiſdom, virtue, and happineſs. The humourous papers are light and lively, and more in the manner of Addiſon.

As a *noveliſt*, the amazing powers of his imagination, and his unbounded knowledge of men and manners, may be plainly traced in the *oriental tales* in the *Rambler*, in which he has not only ſupported to the utmoſt, the ſublimity of the eaſtern manner of expreſſion, but even greatly excelled any of the oriental writers, in the fertility of his invention, the conduct of his plots, and the juſtneſs and ſtrength of his ſentiments. His capital work of that kind is his *Raſſelas*. None of his writings have been ſo extenſively diffuſed over Europe. Such a reception demonſtrates great beauties in the work; and there is no doubt that great beauties do exiſt there. The language enchants us with harmony; the arguments are acute and ingenious; the reflections novel, yet juſt. It aſtoniſhes with the ſublimity of its ſentiments, and at the fertility of its illuſtrations, and delights with the abundance and propriety of its imagery. The fund of thinking which it contains, is ſuch, that almoſt every ſentence of it may furniſh a ſubject of long meditation. But it is not without its faults. It is barren of intereſting incidents, and deſtitute of originality, or diſtinction of characters. There is little difference in the manner of thinking and reaſoning of the philoſopher and the female, of the prince and the waiting woman. *Nebagab* and *Imlac*, *Raſſelas* and *Pekuah*, are all equally argumentative, abſtracted, eloquent, and obſtinate. Of that dark catalogue of ca-

lamities, which are deſcribed as incident to the ſeveral ſituations of life which he contemplates, ſome are not the neceſſary conſequence of the ſituation, but of the temper; and others are not thoſe which are moſt generally or ſeverely felt there The moral that he ſeeks to inculcate, that there is no ſuch thing as happineſs, is one ungrateful to the human heart. If he could ſucceed in eſtabliſhing it, it would cripple every incitement to virtue, and palſy every ſtimulus to action. It would leave man contented to be drifted down the ſtream of life, without an object or an end; to loſe attainable excellence for the want of exertion, and ſink under ſurmountable difficulties, without a ſtruggle. Though there may not be permanent happineſs in the gratification of our wiſhes, there is much in our expectations that they will be gratified. Hope is the ſweet and innocent ſolace of our frail natures. It is the ſtaff of the unhappy; and however feeble its ſupport, it is immoral and unkind to wreſt it from our hands.

The effect of *Raſſelas*, and of Johnſon's other moral *tales*, is thus beautifully illuſtrated by Mr. Courtenay, in his "Poetical Review:"

> Impreſſive truth, in ſplendid fiction dreſt,
> Checks the vain wiſh, and calms the troubled breaſt;
> O'er the dark mind a light celeſtial throws,
> And ſooths the angry paſſions to repoſe.
> As oil effus'd illumes and ſmooths the deep,
> When round the bark the ſwelling ſurges ſweep.

As a *political writer*, his productions are more diſtinguiſhed by ſubtlety of diſquiſition, poignancy of ſarcaſm, and dignity and energy of ſtyle, than by truth, equity, or candour. He makes much more uſe of his rhetoric than of his logic, and often gives his reader high-ſounding declamation inſtead of fair argument. In peruſing his repreſentations of thoſe who differed from him on political ſubjects, we are ſometimes inclined to aſſent to a propoſition of his own, that, "there is no credit due to a rhetorician's account, either of good or evil." Many poſitions are laid down in admirable language, and in highly-poliſhed periods, which are inconſiſtent with the principles of the Britiſh conſtitution, and repugnant to the common rights of mankind. It muſt always be regretted, that a man of Johnſon's intellectual powers, ſhould have had ſo ſtrong a propenſity to defend arbitrary principles of government. But, on this ſubject, the ſtrength of his language was not more manifeſt, than the weakneſs of his arguments. In apology for him, it may be admitted, that he was a Tory from principle, and that moſt of what he wrote, was conformable to his real ſentiments. But to defend all that was written by him, his warmeſt friends will find impoſſible.

In his poſthumous writings, there is little that can be ſaid to be intereſting to ſcience or criticiſm. His *Letters* are valuable, as we find in them the picture, which, without intending it, he has left of himſelf, to be that of a man, who, to great intellectual powers, added extraordinary piety, and many excellent moral qualities. Of letter writing, he gives his idea in the following paſſage: "Some, when they write to their friends, are all affection; ſome are wiſe and ſententious; ſome ſtrain their powers for effects of gravity; ſome write news; and ſome write ſecrets; but to make a letter without affection, without wiſdom, without gravity, without news, and without ſecrets, is doubtleſs the great epiſtolic ſtyle. There is a pleaſure in correſponding with a friend, where doubt and miſtruſt have no place, and every thing is ſaid as it is thought. Theſe are the letters by which ſouls are united, and by which minds, naturally in uniſon, move each other, as they are moved themſelves. Let me know where you are, how you got thither, how you live there? and every thing that one friend loves to know of another." Such is the account of his *Letters*. The value of them is, that we have the man before us for near twenty years. We ſee him in his undreſs, that is, the undreſs of his mind, which, unlike that of his body, was never ſlovenly. We ſee him in health and in ſickneſs, and in all the petty buſineſs of life. From himſelf, and in his own words, we are enabled to collect the trueſt and beſt information. He writes always in his own ſtyle. His words are now and then too pompous for familiar letters; but his ſkill in letter writing comes out fully in this collection, and entitles him to rank with the beſt epiſtolary writers of our nation. His letters on the death of Mrs. Saluſbury (mother of Mrs. Piozzi), and Mr. Thrale's eldeſt ſon, are at once moral and pathetic. They flow from a man, who

loved them, and the surviving family. His solicitude for Mr. Thrale, during a long illness, and his feelings at his death, do honour to the memory of Mr. Thrale, and to Johnson's gratitude and sensibility. "I am afraid," he says, "of thinking what I have lost: I never had such a friend before." To Mrs. Thrale, he says, "To see and hear you, is always to hear wit and see virtue." He seems at times to think her regard for him is abated; and a letter of kindness from her appears to have revived and comforted him. After lamenting the loss of Williams and Levett, he says: "Such society I had with them, and such I had——where I am never likely to have it more. When I came to "love and honour," in your letter, I said to myself, "How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails me not," Shall we never again exchange our thoughts by the fireside?" After seeing him struggle with illness and morbid melancholy, it is comfortable to hear him say, almost at the close of life "Attention and respect give pleasure, however late, and however useless. But they are not useless, even when they are late; it is reasonable to rejoice as the day declines, to find that it has been spent with the approbation of mankind."

His *Prayers and Meditations*, published by Mr. Strahan, "at his own request," have occasioned much concern, disquietude, and offence in the minds of many, who apprehend that the cause in which he stood forth, will suffer by the infirmities of the advocate being exposed in this publication, to the prying and malignant eye of the world. It is not merely the name of Johnson that is to do service to any cause. His admirable arguments in favour of religion and morality, are not weakened by the proofs of his practical errors. These are always precisely what they were, once good, and always good. His arguments in favour of self-denial do not lose their force, *because he fasted*; nor those in favour of devotion, *because he said his prayers*. His fasting and his prayers add strength to his pious reasonings, from the proof they afford, that he believed in the religion he inculcated. Human nature is frail; common frailties must inevitably preclude perfection to the least faulty professor of Christianity. The world never supposed Johnson to have been a perfect character. His stupendous abilities, and great learning, it is well known, could not preserve their possessor from the depredations of melancholy. But his failings leaned to the side of virtue. His superstition seems to have arisen from the most amiable disposition in the world, "a pious awe, and fear to have offended," a wish rather to do too much than too little. Such a disposition one loves, and always wishes to find in a friend; and it cannot be disagreeable in the sight of Him who made us. It argues a sensibility of heart, a tenderness of conscience, and the fear of God. That he should not be conscious of the abilities with which Providence had blessed him, was impossible. He felt his own powers; he felt what he was capable of having performed, and he saw how little, comparatively speaking, he had performed. Hence his apprehensions on the near prospect of the account to be made, viewed through the medium of constitutional and morbid melancholy, which often excluded from his sight the bright beams of divine mercy. His self-abasement was strictly ingenuous; but his expressions, when compared with the tenor of his conduct, seem too disparaging. Christianity does not require us to deny any one quality we possess, or to represent ourselves, in defiance of truth, as one mass of deformity and guilt. The instruction of St. Paul, enforced by the most sacred example, is singly this, that we "think not of ourselves more highly than we ought to think; but that we think soberly." Johnson walked at all times humbly with his God; but when we follow him through all his weaknesses, his religious horrors, and sacred punctilios, we are inclined to pity the constitutional feebleness of his nature, while we admire the perseverance, and fervour of his devotion. We owe to the excellencies of the Supreme Being, every possible degree of veneration and honour; but that virtue should tremble in the presence of Infinite Goodness, is not less contrary to reason, than it is contrary to heroism. In the presence of Infinite Goodness it feels a congeniality, and assumes a confidence that leaps, as it were, the gulf between, and dares to aspire to sentiments of attachment, fidelity and love. But it would be unfair to conclude from this circumstance, that the piety and humility of Johnson were of no value; and the sincerity of his repentance, the stedfastness of his faith, and the fervor of his charity, of no use. There is something so great and awful in the idea of a God, and something so fascinating in the effusions of gratitude, that there are numbers of men intrepid and heroical, in

every other regard, that cannot boaſt of all the ſerenity and aſſurance in the buſineſs of religion, that are ſo earneſtly to be deſired; and yet the piety of theſe men is edifying and venerable. Indeed the fate of "the unprofitable ſervant" may juſtly beget apprehenſions in the ſtouteſt mind. Language affords no finer expreſſions than thoſe in which the *Prayers* of Johnſon are conceived. They are ſhort, ſimple, and unadorned. They bear ſome reſemblance to the Collects in the "Common Prayer Book," without that dignity which is derived to the latter, from the venerable antiquity of the ſtyle and expreſſion. They have no particular method, no diſplay of genius, and no beauties that ſhould characterize the man under whoſe name they appear. They have nothing that might not have been produced by any man of plain common ſenſe. At the ſame time they contain few traces of weakneſs or abſurdity. Never did there exiſt a greater diſparity between the performances of the ſame author, than between this publication and the *Lives of the Poets*, or the numbers of the *Rambler*. His *Meditations*, as they are improperly called, are merely minutes; at one time of reſolutions for his future conduct, and at another, in the ſtyle of a diary or journal. Neither of them deſerve the commendation which has been beſtowed upon the *Prayers*. They are full of frivolous minuteneſſes, and feminine weakneſs, beyond any thing of which an abſtract deſcription can ſuggeſt the idea. They tell us, that Johnſon, in ſpite of all the contemptuous ridicule with which he has treated that delicate frame, which depends for its compoſure on the clouds and the winds, was himſelf not exempt from languor, ſluggiſhneſs, and procraſtination; that he was full of the moſt pitiable religious credulity; and that his attention was often engroſſed by things in the laſt degree frivolous, futile, and unimportant. But if theſe obſervations are rather diſadvantageous to Johnſon, it is no leſs unqueſtionable that he diſplays a ſenſibility and a humane benevolence of heart, that have rarely been equalled. Mr. Strahan's apology for Johnſon's *ſeeming* to pray for his deceaſed wife, is ſupported by his opinion, reſpecting purgatory, recorded by Mr Boſwell. In his cooler moments he did not think ſuch prayers proper, except with the limitations there expreſſed; but his morbid melancholy did not always allow him to be cool; there were many moments when his language countenanced a very different opinion. The ſtruggles in a breaſt, conſtituted as his was, between the ſevere principles of Proteſtantiſm, and the genuine undiſciplinable feelings of the heart, illuſtrates the kindneſs of his nature more than it could be illuſtrated by any other circumſtance.

His *Sermons*, publiſhed under the name of *Dr. Taylor*, are not unworthy of the author of the *Rambler*, and afford additional proof of his ardour in the cauſe of piety, and every moral duty. The laſt diſcourſe in the collection was intended to be delivered by Dr. Taylor, at the funeral of Johnſon's wife, but he declined the office, becauſe, as he told Mr. Hayes, the praiſe of the deceaſed was too much amplified. He who reads the diſcourſe, will find it a beautiful moral leſſon, written with temper, and no where overcharged with ambitious ornaments. The reſt of the diſcourſes were the fund which Dr. Taylor, from time to time, carried with him to the pulpit.

The *ſtyle* of his proſe writings has been too often criticiſed, to need being noticed here. It has been cenſured, applauded, and imitated, to extremes equally dangerous to the purity of the Engliſh tongue. That he has innovated upon our language by his adoption of Latin derivatives, and his preference of abſtract to concrete terms, cannot be denied. But the danger from his innovation would be trifling, if thoſe alone would copy him who can think with equal preciſion; for few paſſages can be pointed out from his works, in which his meaning could be as accurately expreſſed by ſuch words as are in more familiar uſe. His comprehenſion of mind was the mould for his language. Had his comprehenſion been narrower, his expreſſion would have been eaſier. His ſentences have a dignified march, ſuitable to the elevation of his ſentiments, and the pomp of his ſonorous phraſeology. And it is to be remembered, that while he has added harmony and dignity to our language, he has neither vitiated it by the inſertion of foreign idioms, or the affectation of anomaly in the conſtruction of his ſentences. While the flowers of poetic imagination luxuriantly adorn his ſtyle, it is never enfeebled by their plenitude. It is cloſe without obtenebration, perſpicuous without languor, and ſtrong without impetuoſity. No periods are ſo harmonious; none ſo nervous. He has laboured his ſtyle with the greateſt attention; perhaps its elaborateneſs is too apparent. It has, per-

haps, too unwieldy and too uniform a dignity. He ſeems to have been particularly ſtudious of the glitter of an antitheſis between the epithet and the ſubſtantive. This ſtrikes while it is new; but to the more experienced reader, though it may ſeem ſometimes forcible, yet it will often prove tireſome. It is remarkable that Johnſon's early performances bear few marks of the ſtyle which he adopted in his *Rambler*. In his *Life of Savage*, the ſtyle is elegant, but not oſtentatious. His ſentences are naturally arranged, and muſical without artifice. He affects not the meaſuring of clauſes, and the balancing of periods. He aims not at ſplendid, glowing diction. He ſeeks not pointed phraſes, and elaborate contraſts. It is alſo worthy of remark, on this ſubject, that Johnſon has altered, and perhaps improved his ſtyle, long after his reputation had been eſtabliſhed, and his *Rambler* had appeared. The compoſition of this work differs a good deal from that of *Raſſelas*, the *Journey to the Weſtern Iſlands*, and *The Lives of the Poets*. The native vigour, and peculiarity of feature, are indeed preſerved, but they are poliſhed to greater elegance, and taught to wear the appearance of a happier eaſe. In the *Rambler* his periods are longer, and his meaning more condenſed; he is more fond of abſtract terms, and ambitious of ſeſquipedalian words. But this work was written while he was occupied in collecting authorities for his *Dictionary*; at a time when Browne and Hooker, Bacon and Hakewell were continually before him; men whom it was difficult to read, and remain free from the temptation to imitate. In his latter productions, particularly his *Lives of the Poets*, his ſentences are ſhorter, their conſtruction more ſimple, and the uſe of Latin derivations leſs frequent. He has made his ſtyle in a greater degree elegant without conſtraint, dignified without ambitious ornament, ſtrong without rigidity, and harmonious without elaboration. He has adopted a meaſured pauſe, and a correſpondent length in the numbers of his periods, which gives to his proſe much of the harmony, and ſometimes ſomewhat of the monotony of verſe. As Homer gave a peculiar language to his gods, to expreſs their divine conceptions, let us allow to Johnſon, and to men like him, a ſtyle ſuch as he has uſed; for we have as yet found none more grand and energetic. It is certain that his example has given a general elevation to the language of his country; for many of our beſt writers have approached very near to him; and from the influence which he has had upon our compoſition, ſcarcely any thing is written now that is not better expreſſed than was uſual before he appeared to lead the national taſte. This circumſtance is well deſcribed by Mr. Courtenay, in his "Poetical Review;" a performance which ſhows that he has caught no mean degree of the expanſion and harmony which characterize the ſtyle of Johnſon.

> By nature's gifts ordain'd mankind to rule,
> He like a Titian form'd his brilliant ſchool,
> And taught congenial ſpirits to excel,
> While from his lips impreſſive wiſdom fell.

Among the congenial ſpirits "who formed the ſchool of Johnſon," Mr. Courtenay celebrates the reſpectable names of Goldſmith, Sir Joſhua Reynolds, Dr. Burney, Mr. Malone, Mr. Steevens, Dr. Hawkeſworth, Sir William Jones, and Mr. Boſwell, and concludes his deſcription in the following animated lines:

> Nor was his energy confin'd alone
> To friends around his philoſophic throne;
> *His influence wide improv'd our letter'd iſle,*
> *And lucid vigour mark'd the general ſtyle;*
> As Nile's proud waves, ſwoln from their oozy bed,
> Firſt o'er the neighb'ring mead majeſtic ſpread,
> Till, gathering force, they more and more expand,
> And with due virtue fertilize the land.

Among the imitators of Johnſon's ſtyle, whether intentionally, or by the imperceptible effect of its ſtrength and animation, may be reckoned a great proportion of the moſt diſtinguiſhed writers in our language ſince he appeared, Dr. Robertſon, Dr. Blair, Mr. Gibbon, Dr. Leland, Dr. Fergu-ſon, Dr. Knox, Dr. Stuart, Dr. Parr, Dr. Thomſon, Dr. Gillies, &c. Perhaps the moſt perfect imitation of Johnſon is a profeſſed one, intituled "A Criticiſm on Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-Yard," ſaid to be written by Dr. Young, Profeſſor of Greek at Glaſgow. It has not only the peculiarities of Johnſon's ſtyle, but that very ſpecies of literary diſcuſſion and illuſtration for which he

was eminent. But let men of moderate conceptions beware of ill-judged imitations. Their attempt to copy his language is Salmoneus thundering at Elis, or a mortal wielding the spear of Pelides. It is to raise a melancholy contrast between the slimness of the thought, and the capacity of the expression, to cover the head of a pigmy with the casque of a giant.

As a *poet*, the merit of Johnson, though considerable, yet falls far short of that which he has displayed in those provinces of literature in which we have already surveyed him. As far as strength of expression, fruitfulness of invention, and abundance of imagery, constitute poetry, he is much more of a poet in his prose works, than in his metrical compositions. Metaphor, to the merit of which he was blind and uncharitable, is so much the soul and essence of poetry, that without it rhyme and metre are vain. There may be smoothness, syllabic arrangement, and good sense, in a metrical production, but there can be no true poetry without imagery, warm expression, and an enthusiasm which intoxicates the reader, lifts him above the ground, and makes him forget that he is mortal. Poetry is passion; passion is a temporary phrenzy, during which we both hear and see what we are totally insensible to in our sober senses. What did the ancients mean by the Pythian priestess being *numine afflata*, when she received inspiration, and delivered it in verse, and in applying the same idea to poets, but that they had such a temporary delirium? Ratiocination prevailed in Johnson much more than sensibility. He has no daring sublimities, nor gentle graces; he never glows with the enthusiasm of the god, or kindles a sympathetic emotion in the bosom of his readers. His poems are the plain and sensible effusions of a mind never hurried beyond itself, to which the use of rhyme adds no beauty, and from which the use of prose would detract no force. His versification is smooth, flowing, and unrestrained; but his pauses are not sufficiently varied, to rescue him from the imputation of monotony. He seems never at a loss for rhyme, or destitute of a proper expression; and the manner of his verse appears admirably adapted to didactic or satiric poetry, for which his powers were equally, and perhaps alone qualified.

His tragedy of *Irene* may be considered as the greatest effort of his genius. It is a legitimate dramatic composition. The unities of time, place, and action, are strictly observed. The diction is nervous, rich, and elegant; but splendid language, and melodious numbers, will make a fine poem, not a tragedy. The substance of the story is shortly this. In 1453, Mahomet the Great, first emperor of the Turks, laid siege to Constantinople, and having reduced the place, became enamoured of a fair Greek, whose name was *Irene*. The sultan invited her to embrace the law of Mahomet, and to grace his throne. Enraged at this intended marriage, the Janizaries formed a conspiracy to dethrone the emperor. To avert the impending danger, Mahomet, in a full assembly of the grandees, "catching with one hand," as Knolles expresses it, "the fair Greek by the hair of her head, and drawing his faulchion with the other, he, at one blow, struck off her head, to the great terror of them all; and having so done, said unto them, "Now, by this, judge whether your emperor is able to bridle his affections or not." The story is simple, and it remained for Johnson to amplify it with proper episodes, and give it complication and variety. But he has altered the character and catastrophe, which he found in the historian, so as to diminish the dramatic effect. Many faults may be found with the conduct of the fable. The principal one is, that the plot is double, and has the most striking faults of such a fable; for it divides the spectator's attention and regard between characters, whose interests are opposite, and whose happiness or misery is made to depend upon the same events. We cannot hope the escape of *Demetrius* and *Aspasia*, without dreading the condemnation of *Irene*; and our wishes as to each, operating in contradiction, must diminish our concern for both. The catastrophe, which is made to depend upon the fate of *Irene*, is meanly worked up. It is brought about too suddenly, without a due connection with preparatory incidents, and at the very moment when we have not leisure to contemplate it, and are alone interested for the escape of *Demetrius* and *Aspasia*. We neither anticipate it with sufficient perspicuity, nor consider it with solemnity, so as to be affected upon its occurrence, with genuine dramatic grief or terror. The characters of the piece have nothing discriminative. They are not representations of different tempers, passions, and minds, but of different degrees of virtue and vice. They are so naked of pecu-

liarity, that we cannot know why the ſame incidents ſhould operate differently upon any one of them, ſo as to impel them to a different action, or produce an emotion even varying in ſtrength from what it would have done in any other. They poſſeſs too much of a balanced importance in the conduct of the drama, ſo that the mind knows not how to make its election of a principal character, or to fix its attention upon any perſonage to whoſe felicity it may attach its wiſhes, and upon whoſe fate it may ſuſpend its ſympathy. From the name of the tragedy, we muſt ſuppoſe that Johnſon conſidered *Irene* as the *heroine*, yet the reader feels more concern, even for the ſtoic virtue and cool fondneſs of *Aſpaſia*. The former is too much of a mixed character; neither her goodneſs, nor her weakneſs, nor her depravity are predominant. She has not ſufficient virtue to awaken our ſympathy for the ſufferings of innocence, nor ſufficient vice to arouſe our terror at the puniſhment of guilt. The ſpeeches are oftener the recollections of paſt feelings, than the ebullitions of immediate paſſions, ſtarted by the paſſing actions of the ſcene. Little is made preſent to the ſpectator's mind, and of that little, nothing has life. His critique upon the tragic poets, of the commencement of this century, is, perhaps, in no inſtance, more true than it is of himſelf.

> From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
> And declamation roar'd whilſt paſſion ſlept;
> Yet ſtill did virtue deign the ſtage to tread,
> Philoſophy remain'd, though nature fled.

He has nothing of the fire of Lee, or the pathos of Otway. He is more declamatory than Rowe, and *Irene*, if poſſible, is colder than "Cato." There is not, throughout the play, a ſingle ſituation to excite curioſity, and raiſe a conflict of paſſions. The ſentiments are juſt and always moral, but ſeldom appropriated to the character, and generally too philoſophic. His poetical imagery is neither ſtriking nor abundant. The language in which the thoughts are conveyed, is, in general, vigorous, accurately poliſhed, and regularly muſical. It would be difficult to ſelect a paſſage in dramatic poetry more nobly conceived, or finely expreſſed, than the reply of *Demetrius* to the complaint of his friend, that no prodigy from Heaven had foretold the calamities of Greece.

> A thouſand horrid prodigies foretold it;
> A feeble government, eluded laws,
> A factious populace, luxurious nobles,
> And all the maladies of ſinking ſtates;
> When public villany, too ſtrong for juſtice,
> Shows his bold front, the harbinger of ruin,
> Can brave Leontius call for any wonders,
> Which cheats interpret, and which fools regard?
> When ſome neglected fabric nods beneath
> The weight of years, and totters to the tempeſt,
> Muſt Heaven diſpatch the meſſengers of light,
> Or wake the dead to warn us of its fall?

As an alloy to the beauties of this paſſage, impartial criticiſm is compelled to turn to another, which is ſurely little ſhort of nonſenſe, and well worthy of a place in the treatiſe of "Scriblerus."

> Oft have I rag'd, when their wide-waſting cannon
> Lay pointed at our batteries, *yet unform'd*,
> And *broke* the *meditated lines* of war.

*Irene* may be added to ſome other plays in our language, which have loſt their place in the theatre, but continue to pleaſe in the cloſet. As it is the drama of our great Engliſh moraliſt, the preſent writer ſhould wiſh to ſee it revived.

Of the poetical compoſitions, which are known to be of his writing, the Imitations of *Juvenal* are the beſt; and are, perhaps, the nobleſt imitations to be found in any language. They are not ſo cloſe as thoſe done by Pope from Horace; but they are infinitely more ſpirited and energetic. In Pope, the moſt peculiar images of Roman life are adapted with ſingular addreſs to our own times; in Johnſon, the ſimilitude is only in general paſſages, ſuitable to every age in which refinement has degenerated into depravity.

His *London* breathes the true vehement contemptuous indignation of Juvenal's ſatire. It is more popular in its ſubject, and more animated in its compoſition, than his *Vanity of Human Wiſhes*. It

blazes forth with the genuine fire of poetry, in the livelineſs of its correſpondent alluſions, the energy of its expreſſions, and the frequency of its apoſtrophes. The *Vanity of Human Wiſhes* is more grave, moral, ſententious, and ſtately. In his *London* he often takes nothing more than the ſubject from the Roman poet, proves or illuſtrates it according to the originality of his own conceptions, or the warmth of his own fancy; and ſometimes, too, he deſerts him altogether, and that not only where the modeſty of an Engliſh ear, and the inapplicability of the original to modern cuſtoms require it, but in places where the topics and the moral uſe is as applicable to London as they are to ancient Rome. Thus he has either totally neglected, or but ſlightly imitated that beautiful paſſage beginning at ver. 137,

Dat teſtem Romæ tam ſanctum, quam fuit hoſpes
Numinis Idæi, &c.———

and ending with ver. 190.

———præſtare tributa clientes
Cogimur, et cultis augere peculia ſervis.

The *Vanity of Human Wiſhes* follows the original more cloſely, but ſtill with many omiſſions. The ſubject is taken from the ſecond "Alcibiades" of Plato, and has an intermixture of the ſentiments of Socrates, concerning the object of prayers offered up to the Deity. The general propoſition is, that good and evil are ſo little underſtood by mankind, that their wiſhes, when granted, are always deſtructive. This is exemplified in a variety of inſtances, ſuch as riches, ſtate preferment, eloquence, military glory, long life, and the advantages of beauty. Juvenal's concluſion is admirable. "Let us," he ſays, "leave it to the gods to judge what is fitteſt for us. Man is dearer to his Creator than to himſelf. If we muſt pray for any ſpecial grace, let it be for a ſound mind, in a ſound body. Let us pray for fortitude, that we may think the labours of Hercules, and all his ſufferings, preferable to a life of luxury, diſſipation, and the ſoft repoſe of Sardanapulus. This is a bleſſing within the reach of every man; this we can give ourſelves. It is virtue, and virtue only, that can make us happy." For the characters which Juvenal has choſen to illuſtrate his doctrine, Johnſon has ſubſtituted others from modern hiſtory; for Sejanus, he gives Cardinal *Wolſey*, *Buckingham*, ſtabbed by Felton, *Strafford* and *Clarendon*; for Demoſthenes and Cicero, *Lydiat*, *Galileo*, and *Laud*; for Hannibal, *Charles XII*; and to ſhow the conſequences of long life, he ſays,

From *Marlb'rough's* eyes the ſtreams of dotage flow,
And *Swift* expires a driveller and a ſhow.

and of beauty he ſays,

Yet Vane would tell what ills from beauty ſpring,
And *Sedley* curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.

This laſt example is ill choſen; for it is well known that the Counteſs of Dorcheſter, miſtreſs to James II. was not handſome. Owing to the dearth of modern examples, his inſtances are leſs numerous and leſs ſtriking than thoſe of Juvenal. His thoughts are not ſo compreſſed in the expreſſion, or ſo energetically conveyed to the mind, as thoſe of the Roman ſatiriſt; but his diction is leſs laboured and affected, and he flows in a ſtream of verſification ſcarcely leſs rapid and eloquent, but infinitely more ſmooth than the Latin poet. He has preſerved all the beauties and virtue of the original moral, but ſtripped it, with infinite art, from all appearance of Epicurean infidelity, and filled it with precepts worthy of a philoſopher, and wiſhes fitting for a Chriſtian. He has ſucceeded wonderfully in giving to his imitation the air of an original. The Chriſtian had to ſtruggle with the Heathen poet, and though we cannot ſay that he has ſurpaſſed him, he has, at leaſt, entered into a noble competition.

Of his ſmaller poems, the *Prologue for the Opening of Drury-Lane Theatre*, has been univerſally admired, as a maſterly and comprehenſive criticiſm upon the ſeveral ages of Engliſh dramatic poetry. The ſubject and the moral were well conceived, and are as nobly expreſſed. The character of Shakſpeare is delineated with a felicity of expreſſion, that challenges the whole compaſs of Engliſh poetry. His other *Prologues* are copies of his mind, clear and comprehenſive, pointed and energetic. Of his *Odes* upon the ſeaſons, his addreſſes to *Autumn* and *Winter* ſeem the beſt. Many of the

ſtanzas are exceedingly beautiful; as uſual, moral, and unuſually pathetic. They manifeſt, however, that his deſcriptive poetry is not the production of a warm fancy, impelled to give vent by poeſy to its overflowing feelings. Thoſe paſſions and objects which would inſpire the genuine poetic mind with enthuſiaſm, paſs by him unfelt and unnoticed. He is melancholy in Spring, jocund in Winter; he laviſhes no encomiums upon the perfumed zephyrs, but flies to melancholy morals, or commemorates the comforts of a cheering flaggon and a ſnug fire-ſide. His *Ode to Evening*, addreſſed to *Stella*, the *Natural Beauty*, and the *Vanity of Wealth*, are in general elegant. The firſt is warm and ſentimental, and ſhows that he was neither ignorant of the feelings, nor inſenſible to the joys of a lover. Of his addreſs *To Lyce*, the idea perhaps is not original, but the images are happily ſelected, and well expreſſed. *Stella in Mourning*, the verſes to *Lady Firebrace*, *To an elderly Lady*, and *On the Sprig of Myrtle*, are occaſional compoſitions, and of courſe derive their merit chiefly from local and temporary circumſtances. The principal art in ſuch performances, is to make a trifling circumſtance poetical or witty. In the verſes *on the Sprig of Myrtle*, he has very happily ſucceeded. The *Print* muſt be allowed to be nervous and elegant, the *ode on Friendſhip* eaſy and ſentimental; and the verſes *on the Death of Stephen Grey* are worthy the pen of Pope.

The *Elegy on the Death of Mr. Levett*, as it was among the laſt, ſo it is one of the beſt of his performances. It is moral, characteriſtic, and pathetic. The following ſtanzas are exquiſitely beautiful.

Yet ſtill he fills affection's eye,
Obſcurely wiſe and coarſely kind;
Nor letter'd arrogance deny
This praiſe to merit unrefin'd.
When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hovering death prepar'd the blow,
His vigorous remedy diſplay'd
The power of art without the ſhow:
In miſery's darkeſt cavern known,
His uſeful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeleſs anguiſh pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retir'd to die.
No ſummons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain diſdain'd by pride;
The modeſt wants of every day
The toil of every day ſupply'd.

The concluding lines are exceptionable:

Death broke at once the *vital chain*,
And forc'd his ſoul the *neareſt way*.

Since it is the ſoul which gives *life*, the chain that confines the ſoul is corporeal: The *vital* chain cannot be ſaid, with propriety, to be broken by death. Johnſon would not have forgiven an error of this kind in Gray.

Of his remaining pieces, ſome are mere impromptus, which were never intended for the public eye, and others were the ſuggeſtions of temporary incidents. Many of them are ſprightly and elegant, and may be read with pleaſure; but they require no diſtinct enumeration, or particular criticiſm.

Among our Engliſh poets, it is no unpleaſant reflection to be able to find ſo many elegant writers of Latin verſe; in the firſt rank of which, Johnſon ſtands very high. Jonſon, Craſhaw, Cowley, May, Milton, Marvel, Addiſon, Gray, Smart, Warton, and Johnſon, are ſuch writers of Latin verſe, as any country might with juſtice be proud to own. Johnſon was eminently ſkilled in the Latin tongue, and ſtrongly attached to the cultivation of Latin poetry. The firſt fruits of his genius were compoſitions in Latin verſe. His tranſlation of the *Meſſiah*, gained him reputation in the college in which it was written, and was approved by Pope. Virgil ſeems to have been his model for language and verſification. He has copied the varied pauſes of his verſe, the length of his periods, the peculiar grace of his expreſſions, and his majeſtic dignity, with conſiderable ſucceſs. But his compoſition is ſometimes unclaſſical and incorrect. The moſt exceptionable line is the firſt; *tollere concentum*, if allowable, is ſurely an awkward phraſe for "begin the ſong." His *Odes*, particularly, the *Ode*

*Inchkenneth*, *Ode in the Isle of Sky*, and that *to Mrs. Thrale*, from the same place, are easy, elegant, and poetical. They unite classical language, tender sentiment, and harmonious verse. His poem, Γνῶθι σεαυτον, is nervous and energetic. His *Epitaphs* are distinguished by elegance of composition, and a masterly style. That on *Goldsmith* seems the best. His *Epigrams* are neat and pointed. In the *Anthologia*, we admire sometimes a happy imitation, and sometimes regret inelegant expressions.

For obvious reasons, his Latin pieces, though excellent in their kind, can never acquire the popularity of the English. Those who read with pleasure the Latin classics, see their inferiority; to others, they are uninteresting and unintelligible. "The delight which they afford," to use his own words, in criticising the Latin poetry of Milton, "is rather by the exquisite imitation of the ancient writers, by the purity of the diction, and the harmony of the numbers, than by any power of invention, or vigour of sentiment." This character will generally suit our modern Latin poetry; for if we except that noble ode of Gray's, written at the Grande Chartreuse, and some few others, there are not many of the *Poemata Anglorum*, that contain much "power of invention, or vigour of sentiment."

Upon the whole, the various productions of Johnson show a life spent in study and meditation. It may be fairly allowed, as he used to say of himself, that *he has written his share*. His oddities and infirmities in common life, will, after a while, be overlooked and forgotten; but his writings will remain a monument of his genius and learning; still more and more studied and admired, while Britons shall continue to be characterized by a love of elegance and sublimity, of good sense and virtue. In the works of Johnson, the reader will find a perpetual source of pleasure and instruction. With due precaution, men may learn to give to their style, elegance, harmony, and precision; they may be taught to think with vigour and perspicuity; and all, by a diligent attention to his writings, may advance in virtue.

The character of Johnson, as given by Mr. Boswell in the conclusion of his work, is delineated with a masterly pencil. The drawing appears to be sufficiently accurate, the light and shade well distributed, and the colouring very little overchaged or heightened; though a favourable likeness was perhaps in some degree intended, as far as might seem consistent with the truth of resemblance, and no farther.

"His figure was large and well-formed, and his countenance of the cast of an ancient statue; yet his appearance was rendered strange and somewhat uncouth, by convulsive cramps, by the scars of that distemper which it was once imagined the royal touch could cure, and by a slovenly mode of dress. He had the use only of one eye; yet so much does mind govern, and even supply the deficiency of organs, that his visual perceptions, as far as they extended, were uncommonly quick and accurate. So morbid was his temperament, that he never knew the natural joy of a free and vigorous use of his limbs: when he walked, it was like the struggling gait of one in fetters; when he rode, he had no command or direction of his horse, but was carried as if in a balloon. That with his constitution and habits of life he should have lived seventy-five years, is a proof that an inherent *vivida vis* is a powerful preservative of the human frame.

"Man is in general made up of contradictory qualities, and these will ever show themselves in strange succession, where a consistency in appearance at least, if not in reality, has not been attained by long habits of philosophical discipline. In proportion to the native vigour of the mind, the contradictory qualities will be the more prominent, and more difficult to be adjusted; and therefore we are not to wonder, that Johnson exhibited an eminent example of this remark which I have made upon human nature. At different times he seemed a different man, in some respects; not, however, in any great or essential article, upon which he had fully employed his mind and settled certain principles of duty, but only in his manners, and in displays of argument and fancy in his talk. He was prone to superstition, but not to credulity. Though his imagination might incline him to a belief of the marvellous and the mysterious, his vigorous reason examined the evidence with jealousy. He was a sincere and zealous Christian of high Church of England and monarchical principles, which he would not tamely suffer to be questioned; and had perhaps, at an early period, narrowed his mind somewhat too much, both as to religion and politics. His being impressed with the danger of extreme latitude in either, though he was of a very independent spirit, occasioned his appearing some-

what unfavourable to the prevalence of that noble freedom of ſentiment which is the beſt poſſeſſion of man. Nor can it be denied, that he had many prejudices; which, however, frequently ſuggeſted many of his pointed ſayings, that rather ſhow a playfulneſs of fancy than any ſettled malignity. He was ſteady and inflexible in maintaining the obligations of religion and morality, both from a regard for the order of ſociety, and from a veneration for the Great Source of all order; correct, nay ſtern in his taſte; hard to pleaſe, and eaſily offended; impetuous and irritable in his temper, but of a moſt humane and benevolent heart, which ſhowed itſelf not only in a moſt liberal charity, as far as his circumſtances would allow, but in a thouſand inſtances of active benevolence. He was afflicted with a bodily diſeaſe which made him reſtleſs and fretful, and with a conſtitutional melancholy, the clouds of which darkened the brightneſs of his fancy, and gave a gloomy caſt to his whole courſe of thinking: we therefore ought not to wonder at his ſallies of impatience and paſſion at any time, eſpecially when provoked by obtruſive ignorance or preſuming petulance; and allowance muſt be made for his uttering haſty and ſatirical ſallies, even againſt his beſt friends. And ſurely, when it is conſidered, that "amidſt ſickneſs and ſorrow," he exerted his faculties in ſo many works for the benefit of mankind, and particularly that he achieved the great and admirable Dictionary of our language, we muſt be aſtoniſhed at his reſolution. The ſolemn text of "him to whom much is given, much will be required," ſeems to have been ever preſent to his mind in a rigorous ſenſe, and to have made him diſſatisfied with his labours and acts of goodneſs, however comparatively great; ſo that the unavoidable conſciouſneſs of his ſuperiority was in that reſpect a cauſe of diſquiet. He ſuffered ſo much from this, and from the gloom which perpetually haunted him, and made ſolitude frightful, that it may be ſaid of him, "If in this life only he had hope, he was of all men moſt miſerable." He loved praiſe when it was brought to him; but was too proud to ſeek for it. He was ſomewhat ſuſceptible of flattery. As he was general and unconfined in his ſtudies, he cannot be conſidered as maſter of any one particular ſcience; but he had accumulated a vaſt and various collection of learning and knowledge, which was ſo arranged in his mind, as to be ever in readineſs to be brought forth. But his ſuperiority over other learned men conſiſted chiefly in what may be called the art of thinking, the art of uſing his mind; a certain continual power of ſeizing the uſeful ſubſtance of all that he knew, and exhibiting it in a clear and forcible manner; ſo that knowledge which we often ſee to be no better than lumber in men of dull underſtanding, was in him true, evident, and actual wiſdom. His moral precepts are practical; for they are drawn from an intimate acquaintance with human nature. His maxims carry conviction; for they are founded on the baſis of common ſenſe. His mind was ſo full of imagery, that he might have been perpetually a poet; yet it is remarkable, that however rich his proſe is in that reſpect, the poetical pieces which he wrote were in general not ſo, but rather ſtrong ſentiment and acute obſervation, conveyed in good verſe, particularly in heroic couplets. Though uſually grave and even awful in his deportment, he poſſeſſed uncommon and peculiar powers of wit and humour: he frequently indulged himſelf in colloquial pleaſantry; and the heartieſt merriment was often enjoyed in his company; with this great advantage, that as it was entirely free from any poiſonous tincture of vice or impiety, it was ſalutary to thoſe who ſhared in it. He had accuſtomed himſelf to ſuch accuracy in his common converſation, that he at all times delivered himſelf with a force, choice, and elegance of expreſſion, the effect of which was aided by his having a loud voice, and a ſlow and deliberate utterance. He united a moſt logical head with a moſt fertile imagination, which gave him an extraordinary advantage in arguing; for he could reaſon cloſe or wide, as he ſaw beſt for the moment. Exulting in his intellectual ſtrength and dexterity, he could, when he pleaſed, be the greateſt ſophiſt that ever contended in the liſts of declamation; and from a ſpirit of contradiction, and a delight in ſhowing his powers, he would often maintain the wrong ſide with equal warmth and ingenuity: ſo that when there was an audience, his real opinions could ſeldom be gathered from his talk; though when he was in company with a ſingle friend he would diſcuſs a ſubject with genuine fairneſs. But he was too conſcientious to make error permanent and pernicious, by deliberately writing it; and in all his numerous works, he earneſtly inculcated what appeared to him to be the truth. His piety was conſtant, and was the ruling principle of all his

conduct; and the more we conſider his character, we ſhall be the more diſpoſed to regard him with admiration and reverence."

His character as given by Mrs. Piozzi in her "Anecdotes" is drawn with ſpirit and propriety; though ſomewhat leſs favourably.

"His ſtature was remarkably high, and his limbs exceedingly large: his ſtrength was more than common I believe, and his activity had been greater, I have heard, than ſuch a form gave one reaſon to expect: his features were ſtrongly marked, and his countenance particularly rugged; though the original complexion had certainly been fair, a circumſtance ſomewhat unuſual: his ſight was near, and otherwiſe imperfect; yet his eyes, though of a light-gray colour, were ſo wild, ſo piercing, and at times ſo fierce, that fear was, I believe, the firſt emotion in the hearts of all his beholders. His mind was ſo comprehenſive, that no language but that he uſed could have expreſſed its contents; and ſo ponderous was his language, that ſentiments leſs lofty and leſs ſolid than his were, would have been encumbered, not adorned by it.

"Mr. Johnſon was not intentionally, however, a pompous converſer; and though he was accuſed of uſing big words, as they are called, it was only when little ones could not expreſs his meaning as clearly, or when, perhaps, the elevation of the thought would have been diſgraced by a dreſs leſs ſuperb. He uſed to ſay, "that the ſize of a man's underſtanding might always be juſtly meaſured by his mirth;" and his own was never contemptible. He would laugh at a ſtroke of genuine humour, or ſudden ſally of odd abſurdity, as heartily and freely as I ever yet ſaw any man; and though the jeſt was often ſuch as few felt beſides himſelf, yet his laugh was irreſiſtible, and was obſerved immediately to produce that of the company, not merely from the notion that it was proper to laugh when he did, but purely out of want of power to forbear it. He was no enemy to ſplendour of apparel, or pomp of equipage. "Life," he would ſay, "is barren enough, ſurely, with all her trappings; let us therefore be cautious how we ſtrip her."

"Of Mr. Johnſon's erudition the world has been the judge; and we who produce each a ſcore of his ſayings, as proofs of that wit which in him was inexhauſtible, reſemble travellers, who, having viſited Delhi or Golconda, bring home each a handful of oriental pearl, to evince the riches of the Great Mogul.

"As his purſe was ever open to alms-giving, ſo was his heart tender to thoſe who wanted relief, and his ſoul ſuſceptible of gratitude, and of every kind impreſſion; yet, though he had refined his ſenſibility, he had not endangered his quiet, by encouraging in himſelf a ſolicitude about trifles, which he treated with the contempt they deſerve.

"Mr. Johnſon had a roughneſs in his manner which ſubdued the ſaucy, and terrified the meek: this was, when I knew him, the prominent part of a character which few durſt venture to approach ſo nearly, and which was for that reaſon in many reſpects groſsly and frequently miſtaken; and it was, perhaps, peculiar to him, that the lofty conſciouſneſs of his own ſuperiority, which animated his looks, and raiſed his voice in converſation, caſt likewiſe an impenetrable veil over him when he ſaid nothing. His talk, therefore, had commonly the complexion of arrogance, his ſilence of ſupercilioufneſs. He was, however, ſeldom inclined to be ſilent when any moral or literary queſtion was ſtarted; and it was on ſuch occaſions that, like the ſage in *Raſſelas*, he ſpoke, and attention watched his lips: he reaſoned, and conviction cloſed his periods: if poetry was talked of, his quotations were the readieſt; and had he not been eminent for more ſolid and brilliant qualities, mankind would have united to extol his extraordinary memory. His manner of repeating deſerves to be deſcribed, though, at the ſame time, it defeats all power of deſcription; but whoever once heard him repeat an ode of Horace, would be long before they could endure to hear it repeated by another.

"His equity in giving the character of living acquaintance, ought not, undoubtedly, to be omitted in his own, whence partiality and prejudice were totally excluded, and truth alone preſided in his tongue; a ſteadineſs of conduct the more to be commended, as no man had ſtronger likings or averſions. His veracity was indeed, from the moſt trivial to the moſt ſolemn occaſions, ſtrict, even to ſeverity; he ſcorned to embelliſh a ſtory with fictitious circumſtances, which (he uſed to ſay), took off from its real value. "A ſtory," ſays Johnſon, "ſhould be a ſpecimen of life and manners;

but if the ſurrounding circumſtances are falſe, as it is no more a repreſentation of reality, it is no longer worthy our attention."

"For the reſt---That beneficence which during his life increaſed the comforts of ſo many, may after his death be, perhaps, ungratefully forgotten; but that piety which dictated the ſerious papers in the *Rambler*, will be for ever remembered, for ever, I think, revered. That ample repoſitory of religious truth, moral wiſdom, and accurate criticiſm, breathes, indeed, the genuine emanations of its great author's mind, expreſſed, too, in a ſtyle ſo natural to him, and ſo much like his common mode of converſing, that I was myſelf but little aſtoniſhed when he told me that he had ſcarcely read over one of thoſe inimitable eſſays before they went to the preſs.

"I will add one or two peculiarities more: Though at an immeaſurable diſtance from content in the contemplation of his own uncouth form and figure, he did not like another man much the leſs for being a coxcomb. Though a man of obſcure birth himſelf, his partiality to people of family was viſible on every occaſion; his zeal for ſubordination warm even to bigotry; his hatred to innovation, and reverence for the old feudal times, apparent, whenever any poſſible manner of ſhowing them occurred. I have ſpoken of his piety, his charity, and his truth, the enlargement of his heart, and the delicacy of his ſentiments; and when I ſearch for ſhadow to my portrait, none can I find but what was formed by pride, differently modified as different occaſions ſhowed it; yet never was pride ſo purified as Johnſon's, at once from meanneſs and from vanity. The mind of this man was, indeed, expanded beyond the common limits of human nature, and ſtored with ſuch variety of knowledge, that I uſed to think it reſembled a royal pleaſure-ground, where every plant, of every name and nation, flouriſhed in the full perfection of their powers, and where, though lofty woods and falling cataracts firſt caught the eye, and fixed the earlieſt attention of beholders, yet neither the trim parterre, nor the pleaſing ſhrubbery, nor even the antiquated evergreens, were denied a place in ſome fit corner of the happy valley."

His character, as given by Dr. Towers, in his "Eſſay," appears to have been written under no impreſſions of prepoſſeſſion or prejudice, and exhibits a very commendable degree of candour, impartiality, and preciſion.

"He poſſeſſed extraordinary powers of underſtanding, which were much cultivated by ſtudy, and ſtill more by meditation and reflection. His memory was remarkably retentive, his imagination uncommonly vigorous, and his judgment keen and penetrating. He had a ſtrong ſenſe of the importance of religion; his piety was ſincere, and ſometimes ardent; and his zeal for the intereſts of virtue was often manifeſted in his converſation and in his writings. The ſame energy which was diſplayed in his literary productions, was exhibited alſo in his converſation, which was various, ſtriking, and inſtructive; and, perhaps, no man ever equalled him for nervous and pointed repartees.

"The great originality which ſometimes appeared in his conceptions, and the perſpicuity and force with which he delivered them, greatly enhanced the value of his converſation, and the remarks that he delivered, received additional weight from the ſtrength of his voice, and the ſolemnity of his manner. He was conſcious of his own ſuperiority; and when in company with literary men, or with thoſe with whom there was any poſſibility of rivalſhip or competition, this conſciouſneſs was too apparent. With inferiors, and thoſe who readily admitted all his claims, he was often mild and agreeable; but to others, ſuch was often the arrogance of his manners, that the endurance of it required no ordinary degree of patience. He was very dextrous at argumentation; and when his reaſonings were not ſolid, they were at leaſt artful and plauſible. His retorts were ſo powerful, that his friends and acquaintance were generally cautious of entering the liſts againſt him, and the ready acquieſcence of thoſe with whom he aſſociated, in his opinions and aſſertions, probably rendered him more dogmatic than he might otherwiſe have been. With thoſe, however, with whom he lived, and with whom he was familiar, he was ſometimes cheerful and ſprightly, and ſometimes indulged himſelf in ſallies of wit and pleaſantry. He ſpent much of his time, eſpecially his latter years, in converſation, and ſeems to have had ſuch an averſion to being left without company, as was ſometimes extraordinary in a man poſſeſſed of ſuch intellectual powers, and whoſe underſtanding had been ſo highly cultivated.

" He ſometimes diſcovered much impetuoſity of temper, and was too ready to take offence at others; but when conceſſions were made, he was eaſily appeaſed. For thoſe from whom he had received kindneſs in the earlier part of his life, he ſeemed ever to retain a particular regard, and manifeſted much gratitude towards thoſe by whom he had at any time been benefited. He was ſoon offended with pertneſs or ignorance; but he ſometimes ſeemed to be conſcious of having anſwered the queſtions of others with too much roughneſs, and was then deſirous to diſcover more gentleneſs of temper, and to communicate information with more ſuavity of manners. When not under the influence of perſonal pique, of pride, or of religious or political prejudices, he ſeems to have had great ardour of benevolence, and, on ſome occaſions, he gave ſignal proofs of generoſity and humanity.

" He was naturally melancholy, and his views of human life appear to have been habitually gloomy. This appears from his *Raſſelas*, and in many paſſages of his writings. It was alſo a ſtriking part of the character of Johnſon, that with powers of mind that did honour to human nature, he had weakneſſes and prejudices that ſeemed ſuited only to the loweſt of the ſpecies. His piety was ſtrongly tinctured with ſuperſtition; and we are aſtoniſhed to find the author of the *Rambler* expreſſing ſerious concern, becauſe he had put milk into his tea on a Good Friday. His cuſtom of praying for the dead, though unſupported by reaſon or by Scripture, was a leſs irrational ſuperſtition. Indeed, one of the great features of Johnſon's character, was a degree of bigotry, both in politics and in religion, which is now ſeldom to be met with in perſons of a cultivated underſtanding. Few other men could have been found in the preſent age, whoſe political bigotry would have led them to ſtyle the celebrated John Hampden " the zealot of rebellion;" and the religious bigotry of the man, who, when at Edinburgh, would not go to hear Dr. Robertſon preach, becauſe he would not be preſent at a Preſbyterian aſſembly, is not eaſily to be paralleled in this age and in this country. His habitual incredulity with reſpect to facts, of which there was no reaſonable ground for doubt, as ſtated by Mrs. Piozzi, and which was remarked by Hogarth, was alſo a ſingular treat in his character, and eſpecially when contrary to his ſuperſtitious credulity on other occaſions. To the cloſe of life he was not only occupied in forming ſchemes of religious reformation, but even to a very late period of it he ſeems to have been ſolicitous to apply himſelf to ſtudy with renewed diligence and vigour. It is remarkable, that in his ſixty-fourth year, he attempted to learn the Low Dutch language, and in his ſixty-ſeventh year he made a reſolution to apply himſelf vigorouſly to ſtudy, particularly the Greek and Italian tongues.

" The faults and the foibles of Johnſon, whatever they were, are now deſcended with him to the grave; but his virtues ſhould be the object of our imitation. His works, with all their defects, are a moſt valuable and important acceſſion to the literature of England. His political writings will probably be little read on any other account, than for the dignity and energy of his ſtyle; but his *Dictionary*, his moral eſſays, and his productions in polite literature, will convey uſeful inſtructions and elegant entertainment, as long as the language in which they are written ſhall be underſtood, and give him a juſt claim to a diſtinguiſhed rank among the beſt and ableſt writers that England has produced."

The eſtimate of his literary character given by Mr. Murphy in his " Eſſay" is, with a very few exceptions, fair, candid, and juſt. He ſometimes admits his errors and ſometimes endeavours to apologize for them. His compariſon between Johnſon and Addiſon is excellent; and though long, is of too much value to be withheld.

" Like Milton and Addiſon, Dr. Johnſon ſeems to have been fond of his Latin poetry. Thoſe compoſitions ſhow that he was an early ſcholar; but his verſes have not the graceful eaſe that gave ſo much ſuavity to the poems of Addiſon. The tranſlation of the *Meſſiah* labours under two diſadvantages; it is firſt to be compared with Pope's inimitable performance, and afterwards with the Pollio of Virgil. It may appear trifling to remark, that he has made the letter *o*, in the word *Virgo*, long and ſhort in the ſame line; *Virgo, Virgo parit*. But the tranſlation has great merit, and ſome admirable lines. In the *Odes* there is a ſweet flexibility, particularly *To his Worthy Friend Dr Laurence*, on *Himſelf at the Theatre, March* 8, 1771, the *Ode* in the Iſle of Sky, and that to *Mrs. Thrale*, from the ſame place.

" His Engliſh poetry is ſuch as leaves room to think, if he had devoted himſelf to the Muſes, that he would have been the rival of Pope. His firſt production in this kind was *London*, a poem, in imitation of the third ſatire of Juvenal The vices of the metropolis are placed in the room of ancient manners. The author had heated his mind with the ardour of Juvenal, and, having the ſkill to poliſh his numbers, he became a ſharp accuſer of the times. The *Vanity of Human Wiſhes* is an imitation of the tenth ſatire of the ſame author. Though it is tranſlated by Dryden, Johnſon's imitation approaches neareſt to the ſpirit of the original.

" What Johnſon has ſaid of the Tragedy of Cato, may be applied to *Irene*: " It is rather a poem in dialogue than a drama; rather a ſucceſſion of juſt ſentiments in elegant language, than a repreſentation of natural affections. Nothing excites or aſſuages emotion. The events are expected without ſolicitude, and are remembered without joy or ſorrow. Of the agents we have no care; we conſider not what they are doing, nor what they are ſuffering; we wiſh only to know what they have to ſay. It is unaffecting elegance, and chill philoſophy."

" The prologue to *Irene* is written with elegance, and, in a peculiar ſtrain, ſhows the literary pride and lofty ſpirit of the author. The epilogue, we are told in a late publication, was written by Sir William Yonge. This is a new diſcovery, but by no means probable. When the appendages to a dramatic performance are not aſſigned to a friend, or an unknown hand, or a perſon of faſhion, they are always ſuppoſed to be written by the author of the play. It is to be wiſhed, however, that the epilogue in queſtion could be transferred to any other writer. It is the worſt *Jeu d'Eſprit* that ever fell from Johnſon's pen.

" Of his *miſcellaneous tracts* and *philological diſſertations*, it will ſuffice to ſay, they are the productions of a man who never wanted decorations of language, and always taught his reader to think. The *life of the late King of Pruſſia*, as far as it extends, is a model of the biographical ſtyle. The *review* of the " Origin of Evil" was, perhaps, written with aſperity; but the angry epitaph, which it provoked from Soame Jenyns, was an ill-timed reſentment, unworthy of the genius of that amiable author.

" The *Rambler* may be conſidered as Johnſon's great work. It was the baſis of that high reputation which went on increaſing to the end of his days. In this collection, Johnſon is the great moral teacher of his countrymen; his eſſays form a body of ethics; the obſervations on life and manners are acute and inſtructive; and the papers, profeſſedly critical, ſerve to promote the cauſe of literature. It muſt, however, be acknowledged, that a ſettled gloom hangs over the author's mind; and all the eſſays, except eight or ten, coming from the ſame fountain-head, no wonder that they have the racineſs of the ſoil from which they ſprung. Of this uniformity Johnſon was ſenſible. He uſed to ſay, that if he had joined a friend or two, who would have been able to intermix papers of a ſprightly turn, the collection would have been more miſcellaneous, and by conſequence, more agreeable to the generality of readers.

" It is remarkable that the pomp of diction, which has been objected to Johnſon, was firſt aſſumed in the *Rambler*. His *Dictionary* was going on at the ſame time, and in the courſe of that work, as he grew familiar with technical and ſcholaſtic words, he thought that the bulk of his readers were equally learned, or at leaſt would admire the ſplendour and dignity of the ſtyle. And yet it is well known, that he praiſed in Cowley the eaſe and unaffected ſtructure of the ſentences. Cowley may be placed at the head of thoſe who cultivated a clear and natural ſtyle. Dryden, Tillotſon, and Sir William Temple, followed. Addiſon, Swift, and Pope, with more correctneſs, carried our language well nigh to perfection." " Of Addiſon, Johnſon was uſed to ſay, he is the Raphael of eſſay writers. How he differed ſo widely from ſuch elegant models, is a problem not to be ſolved, unleſs it be true that he took an early tincture from the writers of the laſt century, particularly Sir Thomas Brown.—Hence the peculiarities of his ſtyle, new combinations, ſentences of an unuſual ſtructure, and words derived from the learned languages. His own account of the matter is, " when common words were leſs pleaſing to the ear, or leſs diſtinct in their ſignification, I familiarized the terms of philoſophy, by applying them to popular ideas." But he forgot the obſervation of Dryden: *If too many foreign words are poured in upon us, it looks as if they were deſigned, not to aſſiſt the natives, but to conquer them.* There

is, it must be admitted, a swell of language, often out of all proportion to the sentiment; but there is, in general, a fulness of mind, and the thought seems to expand with the sound of the words. Determined to discard colloquial barbarisms and licentious idioms, he forgot the elegant simplicity that distinguishes the writings of Addison. He had what Locke calls a round-about view of his subject; and, though he was never tainted like many modern wits, with the ambition of shining in the paradox, he may be fairly called an *original thinker*. His reading was extensive. He treasured in his mind whatever was worthy of notice; but he added to it from his own meditation. He collected, *quæ reconderet, atlaque promeret*. Addison was not so profound a thinker. He was born to write, converse, and live with ease; and he found an early patron in Lord Somers. He depended, however, more upon a fine taste, than the vigour of his mind. His Latin poetry shows, that he relished, with a just selection, all the refined and delicate beauties of the Roman classics; and when he cultivated his native language, no wonder that he formed that graceful style, which has been so justly admired; simple, yet elegant; adorned, yet never over-wrought; rich in allusion, yet pure and perspicuous; correct, without labour, and, though sometimes deficient in strength, yet always musical. His essays, in general, are on the surface of life; if ever original, it was in pieces of humour. Sir Roger de Coverly, and the Tory Fox hunter, need not be mentioned. Johnson had a fund of humour but he did not know it; nor was he willing to descend to the familiar idiom and the variety of diction which that mode of composition required. The letter, in the *Rambler*, No. 12. from a young girl that wants a place, will illustrate this observation. Addison possessed an unclouded imagination, alive to the first objects of nature and of art. He reaches the sublime without any apparent effort. When he tells us, "if we consider the fixed stars as so many oceans of flame, that are each of them attended with a different set of planets; if we still discover new firmaments and new lights, that are sunk further in those unfathomable depths of æther, we are lost in a labyrinth of suns and worlds, and confounded with the magnificence and immensity of nature," the ease with which this passage rises to an unaffected grandeur, is the secret charm that captivates the reader. Johnson is always lofty; he seems to use Dryden's phrase, to be o'er-inform'd with meaning, and his words do not appear to himself adequate to his conception. He moves in state, and his periods are always harmonious. His *Oriental Tales* are in the true style of eastern magnificence, and yet none of them are so much admired as the Visions of Mirza. In matters of criticism, Johnson is never the echo of preceding writers. He thinks and decides for himself. If we except the Essays on the Pleasures of Imagination, Addison cannot be called a philosophical critic. His Moral Essays are beautiful; but in that province nothing can exceed the *Rambler*; though Johnson used to say, that the essays on the burdens of mankind (in the Spectator, No. 558) was the most exquisite he had ever read. Talking of himself, Johnson said, "Topham Beauclerk has wit, and every thing comes from him with ease; but when I say a good thing, I seem to labour." When we compare him with Addison, the contrast is still stronger. Addison lends grace and ornament to truth; Johnson gives it force and energy. Addison makes virtue amiable; Johnson represents it as an awful duty. Addison insinuates himself with an air of modesty; Johnson commands like a dictator; but a dictator in his splendid robes, not labouring at his plough. Addison is the Jupiter of Virgil, with placid serenity talking to Venus,

"Vultu, quo cœlum tempestatesque serenat."

Johnson is *Jupiter tonans*: he darts his lightning, and rolls his thunder, in the cause of virtue and piety. The language seems to fall short of his ideas; he pours along, familiarising the terms of philosophy with bold inversions and sonorous periods; but we may apply to him what Pope has said of Homer: "it is the sentiment that swells and fills out the diction, which rises with it, and forms itself about it; like glass in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude, as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intense."

"The essays written by Johnson in the "Adventurer," may be called a continuation of the *Rambler*. The *Idler*, in order to be consistent with the assumed character, is written with abated vigour, in a style of ease and unlabour'd elegance. It is the Odyssey after the Iliad. Intense thinking

would not become the *Idler*. The firſt number preſents a well-drawn portrait of an idler; and from that character no deviation could be made. Accordingly Johnſon forgets his auſtere manner, and plays us into ſenſe. He ſtill continues his lectures on human life; but he adverts to common occurrence, and is often content with the topic of the day. This account of the *Idler* may be cloſed, after obſerving, that the author's mother being buried on the 23d of January 1759 there is an admirable paper, occaſioned by that event, on Saturday the 27th of the ſame month, No. 41. The reader, if he pleaſes, may compare it with another fine paper in the *Rambler*, No. 41, on the conviction that ruſhes on the mind at the bed of a dying friend.

"*Raſſelas*," ſays Sir John Hawkins, "is a ſpecimen of our language ſcarcely to be paralleled; it is written in a ſtyle refined to a degree of *immaculate purity*, and diſplays the whole force of *turgid* eloquence." One cannot but ſmile at this encomium. Raſſelas is undoubtedly both elegant and ſublime. It is a view of human life, diſplayed, it muſt be owned, in gloomy colours. The author's natural melancholy, depreſſed at the time by the approaching diſſolution of his mother, darkened the picture. A tale that ſhould keep curioſity awake by the artifice of unexpected incidents, was not the deſign of a mind pregnant with better things. He who reads the heads of the chapters, will find that it is not a courſe of adventures that invites him forward, but a diſcuſſion of intereſting queſtions; Reflections on Human Life; the Hiſtory of Imlac, the Man of Learning; a Diſſertation upon Poetry; the Character of a Wife and Happy Man, who diſcourſes with energy on the government of the paſſions, and on a ſudden, when death deprives him of his daughter, forgets all his maxims of wiſdom, and the eloquence that adorned them, yielding to the ſtroke of affliction with all the vehemence of the bittereſt anguiſh. It is by pictures of life, and profound moral reflection, that expectation is engaged and gratified throughout the work. The Hiſtory of the Mad Aſtronomer, who imagines that for five years he poſſeſſed the regulation of the weather, and that the ſun paſſed from tropic to tropic by his direction, repreſents in ſtriking colours the ſad effects of a diſtempered imagination. It becomes the more affecting, when we recollect that it proceeds from one who lived in fear of the ſame dreadful viſitation; from one who ſays emphatically, "Of the uncertainties in our preſent ſtate, the moſt dreadful and alarming is the uncertain continuance of reaſon." The inquiry into the cauſe of madneſs, and the dangerous prevalence of imagination, till in time ſome particular train of ideas fixes the attention, and the mind recurs conſtantly to the favourite conception, is carried on in a ſtrain of acute obſervation; but it leaves us room to think that the author was tranſcribing from his own apprehenſions. The diſcourſe on the nature of the ſoul gives us all that philoſophy knows; not without a tincture of ſuperſtition. It is remarkable that the vanity of human purſuits was, about the ſame time, the ſubject that employed both Johnſon and Voltaire; but *Candide* is the work of a lively imagination, and Raſſelas, with all its ſplendour of eloquence, exhibits a gloomy picture.

"The *Dictionary*, though in ſome inſtances abuſe has been loud, and in others malice has endeavoured to undetermine its fame, ſtill remains the *Mount Atlas* of Engliſh literature.

> Though ſtorms and tempeſts thunder on its brow,
> And ocean's break their billows at its feet,
> It ſtands unmov'd, and glories in its height.

"That Johnſon was eminently qualified for the office of a commentator on *Shakſpeare*, no man can doubt; but it was an office which he never cordially embraced. The public expected more than he had diligence to perform; and yet his edition has been the ground on which every ſubſequent commentator has choſe to build. The general obſervations at the end of the ſeveral plays, with great elegance and preciſion, give a ſummary view of each drama. The preface is a tract of great erudition and philoſophical criticiſm.

"Johnſon's *political pamphlets*, whatever was his motive for writing them, whether gratitude for his penſion, or the ſolicitation of men in power, did not ſupport the cauſe for which they were undertaken. They are written in a ſtyle truly harmonious, and with his uſual dignity of language. When it is ſaid that he advanced poſitions repugnant to *the common rights of mankind*, the virulence of party may be ſuſpected. It is, perhaps, true, that in the clamour raiſed throughout the kingdom,

Johnſon ever-heated his mind; but he was a friend to the rights of man, and he was greatly ſuperior to the littleneſs of ſpirit that might incline him to advance what he did not think and firmly believe.

"The account of his *Journey to the Hebrides* or Weſtern Iſles of Scotland, is a model for ſuch as ſhall hereafter relate their travels. The author did not viſit that part of the world in the character of an antiquary, to amuſe us with wonders taken from the dark and fabulous ages; nor as a mathematician, to meaſure a degree, and ſettle the longitude and latitude of the ſeveral iſlands. Thoſe who expected ſuch information, expected what was never intended.

In every work regard the writer's end.

Johnſon went to ſee men and manners, modes of life, and the progreſs of civilization. His remarks are ſo artfully blended with the rapidity and elegance of his narrative, that the reader is inclined to wiſh, as Johnſon did with regard to Gray, that *to travel, and to tell his travels, had been more of his employment.*

"We come now to the *Lives of the Poets*, a work undertaken at the age of ſeventy, yet the moſt brilliant, and certainly the moſt popular of all our author's writings. For this performance he needed little preparation. Attentive always to the hiſtory of letters, and by his own natural bias fond of biography, he was the more willing to embrace the propoſition of the booksellers. He was verſed in the whole body of the Engliſh poetry, and his rules of criticiſm were ſettled with preciſion. The facts are related upon the beſt intelligence, and the beſt vouchers that could be gleaned, after a great lapſe of time. Probability was to be inferred from ſuch materials as could be procured, and no man better underſtood the nature of hiſtorical evidence than Johnſon; no man was more religiouſly an obſerver of truth. If his hiſtory is any where defective, it muſt be imputed to the want of better information, and the errors of uncertain tradition.

Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.

If the ſtrictures on the works of the various authors are not always ſatisfactory, and if erroneous criticiſm may ſometimes be ſuſpected, who can hope, that in matters of taſte all ſhall agree? The inſtances in which the public mind has differed from the poſitions advanced by the author, are few in number. It has been ſaid, that juſtice has not been done to Swift; that Gay and Prior are undervalued; and that Gray has been harſhly treated. This charge, perhaps, ought not to be diſputed. Johnſon, it is well known, had conceived a prejudice againſt Swift. His friends trembled for him when he was writing that life, but were pleaſed, at laſt, to ſee it executed with temper and moderation. As to Prior, it is probable that he gave his real opinion, but an opinion that will not be adopted by men of lively fancy. With regard to Gray, when he condemns the apoſtrophe, in which Father Thames is deſired to tell who drives the hoop or toſſes the ball, and then adds, that Father Thames had no better means of knowing than himſelf; when he compares the abrupt beginning of the firſt ſtanza of the "Bard" to the ballad of "Johnny Armſtong," "*Is there ever a man in all Scotland;*" there are, perhaps, few friends of Johnſon, who would not wiſh to blot out both the paſſages."

The following quotation from Horace is given by Mr. Murphy as containing Johnſon's picture in miniature.

"Iracundior eſt paulo minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum, rideri poſſit, eo quid
Ruſticius tonſa toga deſluit, et male laxus
In pede calceus hæret. At eſt bonus, ut melior vir
Non alius quiſquam; at tibi amicus, at ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc ſub corpore."———

His moral and literary character has been delineated by Miſs Seward the poteſs of Litchfield, in the "European Magazine" for 1785, with equal accuracy of diſcrimination and ſtrength of colouring.

"Dr Johnſon's learning and knowledge were deep and univerſal. His conception was ſo clear, and his intellectual ſtores were marſhalled with ſuch preciſion, that his ſtyle in common converſa-

tion equalled that of his moral eſſays. Whatever charge of pedantic ſtiffneſs may have been brought againſt thoſe eſſays, by prejudice, or by perſonal reſentment, they are certainly not leſs ſuperior to all other Engliſh compoſitions of that ſort, in the happy fertility and efflorescence of imagination, harmony of period, and luminous arrangement of ideas, than they are in ſtrength of expreſſion and force of argument. His Latiniſms, for which he has been much cenſured, have extended the limits of our native dialect, beſides enriching its ſounds with that ſonorous ſweetneſs, which the intermixture of words from a more harmonious language muſt neceſſarily produce; I mean in general, for it cannot be denied that they ſometimes deform the Johnſonian page, though they much oftener adorn it. His *London* is a very brilliant and nervous ſatiric poem, and his *Vanity of Human Wiſhes* appears to me a much finer ſatire than the beſt of Pope's. Perhaps its poetic beauty is not excelled by any compoſition in heroic rhyme which this country can boaſt, rich as ſhe is in that ſpecies of writing. As a moraliſt, Dr. Johnſon was reſpectable, ſplendid, ſublime; but as a critic, the faults of his diſpoſition have diſgraced much of his fine writings with frequent paradox unprincipled miſrepreſentation, mean and needleſs expoſure of bodily infirmities (as in the life of Pope), irreconcileable contradictions, and with deciſions of the laſt abſurdity. Dr. Johnſon had ſtrong affections where literary envy did not interfere; but that envy was of ſuch deadly potency, as to load his converſation, as it has loaded his biographic works, with the rancour of party violence, with national averſion, bitter ſarcaſm, and unchriſtian-like invective. It is in vain to deſcant upon the improbability that Dr. Johnſon, under the conſciouſneſs of abilities ſo great, and of a fame ſo extenſive, ſhould envy any man, ſince it is more than improbable, it is wholly impoſſible, that an imagination ſo ſublime, and a judgment ſo correct, on all abſtract ſubjects, ſhould decide as he has decided upon the works of *ſome*, who were at leaſt his equals, and upon *one* who is yet greater than himſelf. Dr. Johnſon was a furious Jacobite while one hope for the Stuart line remained; and his politics, always leaning towards deſpotiſm, were inimical to liberty, and the natural rights of mankind. He was punctual in his devotions; but his religious faith had much more of bigot-fierceneſs than of that gentleneſs which the goſpel inculcates. To thoſe who had never entered the literary confines, or, entering them, had paid him the tribute of unbounded praiſe and total ſubjection, he was an affectionate and generous friend, ſoothing in his behaviour to them, and active in promoting their domeſtic comforts; though, in ſome ſpleenful moments, he could not help ſpeaking diſreſpectfully both of their mental powers and of their virtues. His pride was infinite; yet, amidſt all the overbearing arrogance it produced, his heart melted at the ſight, or at the repreſentation, of diſeaſe and poverty; and, in the hours of affluence, his purſe was ever open to relieve them. In ſeveral inſtances his affections ſeemed unaccountably engaged by people of whoſe diſpoſition and abilities he ſcrupled not to ſpeak contemptuouſly at all times, and in all humours. To ſuch he often devoted, and eſpecially of late years, a large portion of that time which might naturally be ſuppoſed to have been precious to him, who ſo well knew how to employ it. When his attention was called to modern writings, particularly if they were celebrated, and not written by any of his "little ſenate," he generally liſtened with angry impatience. "No, Sir, I ſhall not read the book," was his common reply. He turned from the compoſitions of riſing genius with a viſible horror, which too plainly proved, that envy was the boſom ſerpent of this literary deſpot, whoſe life had been unpolluted by licentious crimes, and who had ſome great and noble qualities, accompanying a ſtupendous reach of underſtanding.

His character, as a poetical biographer, has been given by his townſman Dr. Newton in his poſthumous work, not perhaps with his powers, but with his deciſion and ſeverity of cenſure.

"Dr. Johnſon's *Lives of the Poets* afford much amuſement, but candour was hurt and offended at the malevolence that preponderated in every part. Never was any biographer more ſparing of his praiſes, or more abundant in his cenſures. He delights more in expoſing blemiſhes, than in recommending beauties; ſlightly paſſes over excellencies, enlarges upon imperfections; and, not content with his own ſevere reflections, revives old ſcandal, and produces large quotations from the long-forgotten works of former critics. The panegyriſt of Savage in his youth, may, in his

old age, become the ſatiriſt of the moſt favoured authors, his encomium as unjuſt and undeſerved as his cenſures."

The teſtimony of the claſſical editor of Milton may be compared with the eulogy pronounced by Dr. Parr, the learned and eloquent editor of "Bellendenus" in his edition of "Tracts by Warburton and a Warburtonian."

"Of literary merit, Johnſon, as we all know, was a ſagacious but a moſt ſevere judge. Such was his diſcernment, that he pierced into the moſt ſecret ſprings of human actions; and ſuch was his integrity, that he always weighed the moral characters of his fellow creatures in the balance of the ſanctuary."

# THE WORKS OF JOHNSON.

## POEMS.

### LONDON: A POEM.

IN IMITATION OF THE THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL, 1738.

" ——Quis ineptæ
" Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat ſe?"
JUV.

(*a*) THOUGH grief and fondneſs in my breaſt rebel
When injur'd Thales bids the town farewel,
Yet ſtill my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praiſe the hermit, but regret the friend,
Reſolv'd at length, from vice and London far,
To breathe in diſtant fields a purer air.
And, fix'd on Cambria's ſolitary ſhore,
Give to St. David one true Britain more.
(*b*) For who wou'd leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
There none are ſwept by ſudden fate away,
But all whom hunger ſpares, with age decay:
Here malice, rapine, accident, conſpire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambuſh here relentleſs ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houſes thunder on your head,
And here a female atheiſt talks you dead.
(*c*) While Thales waits the wherry that contains
Of diſſipated wealth the ſmall remains,
On Thame's banks, in ſilent thought we ſtood,
Where Greenwich ſmiles upon the ſilver flood;
Struck with the ſeat that gave Eliza * birth,
We kneel, and kiſs the conſecrated earth;

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JUV. SAT. III.

(*a*) Quamvis digreſſu veteris confuſis amici;
Laudo, tamen, vacuis quod ſedem figere Cumis
Deſtinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.
(*b*) ——Ego vel Prochytam præpono Suburræ,
Nam quid tam miſerum, tam ſolum vidimus, ut non
Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapſus
Tectorum aſſiduos, et mille pericula fævæ
Urbis, et Auguſto recitantes menſe poetas?
(*c*) Sed, dum tota domus rhedâ componitur unâ,
Subſtitit ad veteres arcus.——

* *Queen Elizabeth, born at Greenwich.*

In pleaſing dreams the bliſsful age renew,
And call Britannia's glories back to view;
Behold her croſs triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain,
Ere maſquerades debauch'd, exciſe oppreſs'd,
Or Engliſh honour grew a ſtanding jeſt.
A tranſient calm the happy ſcenes beſtow,
And for a moment lull the ſenſe of woe.
At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
Indignant Thales eyes the neighb'ring town.
(*d*) Since worth, he cries, in theſe degen'rate days
Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praiſe;
In thoſe curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded ſcience toils in vain;
Since hope but ſoothes to double my diſtreſs,
And ev'ry moment leaves my little leſs;
While yet my ſteady ſteps no (*e*) ſtaff ſuſtains,
And life ſtill vig'rous revels in my veins;
Grant me, kind Heaven, to find ſome happier place,
Where honeſty and ſenſe are no diſgrace;
Some pleaſing bank where verdant oſiers play,
Some peaceful vale with nature's paintings gay;
Where once the haraſs'd Briton found repoſe,
And ſafe in poverty defy'd his foes:
Some ſecret cell, ye pow'rs, indulgent give,
(*f*) Let — live here, for — has learn'd to live.
Here let thoſe reign, whom penſions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for * pirates in the face of day;

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(*d*) Hic tunc Umbricius: Quando artibus, inquit, honeſtis
Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
Res hodie minor eſt, heri quam fuit, atque eadem cras
Deteret exiguis aliquid: proponimus illuc
Ire, fatigatas ubi Dædalus exuit alas;
Dum nova canities——
(*e*) ——et pedibus me
Porto meis, nullo dextram ſubeunte bacillo.
(*f*) Cedamus patriâ: vivant Arturius iſtic ſtunt,
Et Catulus: maneant qui nigrum in candida ver-

* *The invaſions of the Spaniards were defended in the houſes of parliament.*

With ſlaviſh tenets taint our poiſon'd youth,
And lend a lie the confidence of truth.
(g) Let ſuch raiſe palaces, and manors buy,
Collect a tax, or farm a lottery;
With warbling eunuchs fill our *ſilenc'd ſtage,
And lull to ſervitude a thoughtleſs age. [hold?
Heroes, proceed! what bounds your pride ſhall
What check reſtrain your thirſt of pow'r and gold?
Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.
To ſuch, the plunder of a land is giv'n,
When public crimes inflame the wrath of heav'n:
(h) But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
Who ſtart at theft, and bluſh at perjury?
Who ſcarce forbear, though Britain's court he ſing,
To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing;
A ſtateſman's logic unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to ſlumber o'er the †Gazetteer;
Deſpiſe a fool in half his penſion dreſs'd,
And ſtrive in vain to laugh at Clodio's jeſt.
(i) Others with ſofter ſmiles, and ſubtler art,
Can ſap the principles, or taint the heart;
With more addreſs a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.
Well may they riſe, while I, whoſe ruſtic tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varniſh wrong,
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a ſpy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.
(k) For what but ſocial guilt the friend endears?
Who ſhares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune ſhares.
(l) But thou, ſhould tempting villany preſent
All Marlb'rough hoarded, or all Villiers ſpent,
Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy ſcornful eye,
Nor ſell for gold, what gold could never buy,
The peaceful ſlumber, ſelf-approving day,
Unſullied fame, and conſcience ever gay.
(m) The cheated nation's happy fav'rites, ſee!
Mark whom the great careſs, who frown on me!
London! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
The common-ſewer of Paris, and of Rome;
With eager thirſt, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted ſtate.
Forgive my tranſports on a theme like this,
(n) I cannot bear a French metropolis.

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(g) Queis facile eſt ædem conducere, flumina, portus,
Siccandam eluviem, portandum ad buſta cadaver.—
Munera nunc edunt.

(h) Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri neſcio: librum,
Si malus eſt, nequeo laudare et poſcere.—

(i) —— Ferre ad nuptas quæ mittit adulter,
Quæ mandat noctes alii; me nemo miniſtro
Fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo.

(k) Quis nunc diligitur niſi conſcius?——
Carus erit Verri qui Verrem tempore, quo vult,
Accuſare poteſt.———

(l) ——Tanti tibi non ſit opaci [rum,
Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur au-
Ut ſomno careas.———

(m) Quæ nunc divitibus gens acceptiſſima noſtris,
Et quos præcipue fugiam, properabo fateri.

(n) ———Non poſſum ferre, Quirites,
Græcam urbem.———

* *The licenſing act was then lately made.*

† *The paper which at that time contained apologies for the court.*

(o) Illuſtrious Edward! from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of ſaints ſurvey;
Nor hope the Britiſh lineaments to trace,
The ruſtic grandeur, or the ſurly grace,
But loſt in thoughtleſs eaſe, and empty ſhow,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
Senſe, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.
All that at home no more can beg or ſteal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;
Hiſs'd from the ſtage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dreſs, their politics import;
(p) Obſequious, artful, voluble and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
No gainful trade their induſtry can 'ſcape,
(q) They ſing, they dance, clean ſhoes, or cure a clap:
All ſciences a faſting Monſieur knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.
(r) Ah! what avails it, that, from flav'ry far,
I drew the breath of life in Engliſh air;
Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
And liſp the tale of Henry's victories;
If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery prevails when arms are vain?
(s) Studious to pleaſe, and ready to ſubmit,
The ſupple Gaul was born a paraſite:
Still to his int'reſt true, where'er he goes,
Wit, brav'ry, worth, his laviſh tongue beſtows;
In ev'ry face a thouſand graces ſhine,
From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.
(t) Theſe arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lie,
And get a kick for awkward flattery.
Beſides, with juſtice, this diſcerning age
Admires their wond'rous talents for the ſtage:
(u) Well may they venture on the mimic's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part;
Practis'd their maſter's notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face;
With ev'ry wild abſurdity comply,
And view its object with another's eye;
To ſhake with laughter ere the jeſt they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear;
And as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To ſhake in Dog-days, in December ſweat.
(w) How, when competitors like theſe contend,
Can ſurly virtue hope to fix a friend?

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(o) Ruſticus ille tuus ſumit trechedipna, Quireni,
Et ceromatico fert niciteria collo.

(p) Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, ſermo
Promptus.———

(q) Augur, ſchœnobates, medicus, magus: omnia novit,
Græculus eſuriens, in cœlum, juſſeris, ibit. [cœlum

(r) Uſque adeo nihil eſt, quod noſtra infantia
Hauſit Aventini?———

(s) Quid! quod adolandi gens prudentiſſima laudat
Sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici?

(t) Hæc eadem licet et nobis laudare: ſed illis
Creditur.———

(u) Natio comœda eſt. Rides? majore cachinno
Concutitur, &c.

(w) Non ſumus ergo pares: melior, qui ſemper et omni
Nocte dieque poteſt alienum ſumere vultum,

Slaves that with ferious impudence beguile,
And lie without a blufh, without a fmile;
Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,
Your taſte in fnuff, your judgment in a whore;
Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and fwear
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.
For arts like theſe preferr'd, admir'd, careſs'd,
They firſt invade your table, then your breaſt;
(x) Explore your ſecrets with inſidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ranſack all the heart;
Then ſoon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.
(y) By numbers here from ſhame or cenſure free,
All crimes are ſafe but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law purſues,
This, only this, provokes the ſnarling muſe.
The ſober trader at a tatter'd cloak,
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;
With briſker air the ſilken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thouſand ways.
(z) Of all the griefs that haraſs the diſtreſs'd,
Sure the moſt bitter is a ſcornful jeſt;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's inſult points the dart.
(a) Has Heaven reſerv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathleſs waſte, or undiſcover'd ſhore?
No ſecret iſland in the boundleſs main?
No peaceful deſert yet unclaim'd * by Spain?
Quick let us riſe, the happy ſeats explore,
And bear oppreſſion's inſolence no more.
This mournful truth is ev'ry where confeſs'd,
(b) *Slow riſes worth, by poverty depreſs'd:*
But here more ſlow, where all are ſlaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandiſe, and ſmiles are ſold;
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favours of his lord. [cries
But hark! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous
Roll through the ſtreets, and thunder to the ſkies:
Rais'd from ſome pleaſing dream of wealth and pow'r,
Some pompous palace, or ſome bliſsful bow'r,
Aghaſt you ſtart, and ſcarce with aching ſight
Suſtain the approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from purſuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little *all* to flames a prey; [roam.
(c) Then through the world a wretched vagrant
For where can ſtarving merit find a home?

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A facie jactare manus. laudare paratus,
Si bene ructavit, ſi rectum minxit amicus.———
(x) Scire volunt ſecreta domus, atque inde timeri.
(y) ——Materiem præbet cauſaſque jocorum
Omnibus hic idem? ſi fœda et ſciſſa lacerna, &c.
(z) Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in ſe,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.
(a) ———Agmine facto.
Debuerant olim tenues migraſſe Quirites. [obſtat
(b) Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus
Res anguſta domi, ſed Romæ durior illis
Conatus.———
———Omnia Romæ
Cum pretio.———
Cogimur, et cultis augere peculia ſervis.
(c) ——Ultimus autem [tem
Ærumnæ cumulus, quod nudum, et fruſtra rogan-
Nemo cibo, nemo hoſpitio, tectoque juvabit.

* *The Spaniards at this time were ſaid to make claim to ſome of our American provinces.*

In vain your mournful narrative diſcloſe,
While all neglect, and moſt inſult your woes.
(d) Should Heaven's juſt bolts Orgilio's wealth confound,
And ſpread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o'er the land the direful rumour flies,
And public mournings pacify the ſkies;
The laureat tribe in venal verſe relate,
How virtue wars with perſecuting fate;
(e) With well feign'd gratitude the penſion'd band
Refund the plunder of the begar'd land.
See! while he builds, the gaudy vaſſals come,
And crowd with ſudden wealth the riſing dome;
The price of boroughs and of ſouls reſtore;
And raiſe his treaſures higher than before:
Now bleſs'd with all the baubles of the great,
The poliſh'd marble, and the ſhining plate,
(f) Orgilio ſees the golden pile aſpire,
And hopes from angry Heav'n another fire.
(g) Could'ſt thou reſign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;
There might'ſt thou find ſome elegant retreat,
Some hireling ſenator's deſerted ſeat;
And ſtretch thy proſpects o'er the ſmiling land,
For leſs than rent the dungeons of the Strand:
There prune thy walks, ſupport thy drooping flow'rs,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs;
And, while thy grounds a cheap repaſt afford,
Deſpiſe the dainties of a venal lord:
There ev'ry buſh with nature's muſic rings,
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings;
On all thy hours ſecurity ſhall ſmile,
And bleſs thine evening walk and morning toil.
(h) Prepare for death if here at night you roam,
And ſign your will before you ſup from home.
(i) Some fiery ſop, with new commiſſion vain,
Who ſleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feaſt,
Provokes a broil, and ſtabs you for a jeſt
(k) Yet ev'n theſe heroes, miſchievouſly gay,
Lords of the ſtreet, and terrors of the way;

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(d) Si magna Aſturici cecidit domus, horrida mater,
Pullati proceres.———
(e) ——Jam accurrit, qui marmora donet,
Conferet impenſas: hic, &c.
Hic modium argenti.———
(f) ———Meliora, ac plura reponit
Perſicus orborum luctiſſimus.———
(g) Si potes avelli Circenſibus, optima Soræ,
Aut Fabretariæ domus, aut Fuſinone paratur,
Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.
Hortulus hic.———
Vive bidentis amans, et culti villicus horti
Unde epulum poſſis centum dare Pythagoreis.
(h) ———Poſſis ignavus haberi,
Et ſubiti caſus improvidus, ad cœnam ſi
Inteſtatus eas.———
(i) Ebrius et petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,
Dat pœnas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum
Peleidæ.———
(k) ———Sed, quamvis improbus annis, [læna
Atque mero fervens cavet hanc quem coccina
Vitari jubet, et comitum longiſſimus ordo
Multum præterea flammarum, atque aenea lampas.

Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train, and golden coach.
(*l*) In vain these dangers past, your doors you close,
And hope the balmy blessings of repose:
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
And leaves, unseen, a dagger in your breast.
(*m*) Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.
Propose your schemes ye senatorian band,
Whose *ways and means support the sinking land;
Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,
To rig another convoy for the king †.
(*n*) A single gaol, in Alfred's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair justice then, without constraint ador'd,
Held high the steady scale, but sheath'd the sword;
No spies were paid, no special juries known,
Blest age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!
(*o*) Much could I add,---but see the boat at hand,
The tide retiring, calls me from the land:
(*p*) Farewel!---When youth, and health, and fortune spent,
Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent;
And tir'd like me with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warn'st succeeding times,
Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,
Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade;
In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,
Thy satire point, and animate thy page.

## THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES,

IN IMITATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

Let† observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;

(*l*) Nec tamen hoc tantum metuas: nam qui spoliet te
Non deerit: clausis domibus, &c.
(*m*) Maximus in vinclis ferri modus; ut timeas, ne
Vomer deficiat, ne marræ et farcula desint.
(*n*) Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas
Secula, quæ quondam sub regibus atque tribunis
Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.
(*o*) His alias poteram, et pluries subnectere causas:
Sed jumenta vocant.———
(*p*) ——— Ergo vale nostri memor: et quoties te
Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,
Me quoque ad Eleusinam Cererem, vestramque Dianam
Convelle à Cumis: satirarum ego, ni pudet illas,
Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros.

* *A cant term in the house of commons for methods of raising money.*

† *The nation was discontented at the visits made by the king to Hanover.*

‡ *Ver.* 1.---11.

Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,
To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good.
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice.
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art,
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.
* But scarce † observ'd, the knowing and the bold,
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold;
Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.
Let hist'ry tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madded land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord;
Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.
The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches and his peace destroy,
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade,
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.
Yet† still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.
Once ‡ more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest:
Thou who couldst laugh where want enchain'd caprice,
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner dy'd;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judg'd a cause;
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?

* *Ver.* 12.---22. † *Ver.* 23.---27.
‡ *Ver.* 28.---55

Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye.
To thee were solemn toys or empty show,
The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at every glance on human kind;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search every state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r.

* Unnumber'd suppliant's crowd preferment's gate,
A thirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive fortune hears th' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From ev'ry room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place,
And smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes doom, or guard her fav'rites zeal?
Through freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controuling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r;
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
At length his sov'reign frowns---the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate
Where-e'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end be thine?

* *Ver.* 56.---107.

Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolsey near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?
Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below?

What * gave great Villiers to the assassin's knife,
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?
What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign?

When † first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown:
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And ‡ Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? proceed, illustrious youth,
And virtue guard thee to the throne of truth!
Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,
Till captive science yields her last retreat;
Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty doubt resistless day;
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting novelty thy cell refrain,
And sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause a while from learning, to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life§, and Galileo's end.

* *Ver.* 108.---113. † *Ver.* 114.---132.

‡ *There is a tradition, that the study of Friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall, when a man greater than Bacon shall pass under it.*

§ *A very learned divine and mathematician, fellow of New College Oxford, and rector of Okerton near Banbury. He wrote, among many others, a Latin Treatise De Natura Cœli, &c. in which he attacked the sentiments of Scaliger and Aristotle; not bearing to hear it urged that some things are true in philosophy and false in divinity. He made above six hundred sermons on the harmony of the Evangelists. Being unsuccessful in publishing his works, he lay in the prison of Bocardo at Oxford, and the King's-Bench; till Bishop Usher, Dr. Laud, Sir William Boswell, and Dr. Pink, released him by paying his debts. He petitioned King Charles I. to be sent into Ethiopia, &c. to procure MSS. Having spoke in favour of monarchy and bishops, he was plundered by the parliament forces, and twice carried away prisoner from his rectory; and afterwards had not a shirt to shift him in three*

Nor deem, when learning her laſt prize beſtows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes;
See when the vulgar 'ſcapes, deſpis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons ſeize on Laud.
From meaner minds, though ſmalier fines content
The plunder'd palace or ſequeſter'd rent;
Mark'd out by dang'rous parts he meets the ſhock,
And fatal learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let art and genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and ſleep.

The * feſtal blazes, the triumphal ſhow,
The raviſh'd ſtandard, and the captive foe,
The ſenate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force reſiſtleſs o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Aſia whirl'd,
For ſuch the ſteady Romans ſhook the world;
For ſuch in diſtant lands the Britons ſhine,
And ſtain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This pow'r has praiſe, that virtue ſcarce can warm,
Till fame ſupplies the univerſal charm.
Yet reaſon frowns on war's unequal game,
Where waſted nations raiſe a ſingle name,
And mortgag'd ſtates their grandſires wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlaſting debt;
Wreaths which at laſt the dear-bought right convey
To ruſt on medals, or on ſtones decay.

On † what foundation ſtands the warrior's pride,
How juſt his hopes let Swediſh Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a ſoul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleaſure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific ſceptres yield,
War ſounds the trump, he ruſhes to the field;
Behold ſurrounding kings their pow'r combine,
And one capitulate, and one reſign;
Peace courts his hand, but ſpreads her charms in vain; [main,
"Think nothing gain'd, he cries, till nought re-
"On Moſcow's walls till Gothic ſtandards fly,
"And all be mine beneath the polar ſky."
The march begins in military ſtate,
And nations on his eye ſuſpended wait;
Stern famine guards the ſolitary coaſt,
And winter barricades the realms of froſt;
He comes, nor want nor cold his courſe delay;—
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquiſh'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And ſhows his miſeries in diſtant lands;
Condemn'd a needy ſupplicant to wait,
While ladies interpoſe, and ſlaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did no ſubverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hoſtile millions preſs him to the ground?
His fall was deſtin'd to a barren ſtrand,
A petty fortreſs, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All ‡ times their ſcenes of pompous woes afford,
From Perſia's tyrant, to Bavaria's lord.

In gay hoſtility, and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his ſide,
Great Xerxes comes to ſeize the certain prey,
And ſtarves exhauſted regions in his way;
Attendant flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads ſooth his pride no more;
Freſh praiſe is try'd till madneſs fires his mind,
The waves he laſhes, and enchains the wind;
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are ſtill beſtow'd,
Till rude reſiſtance lops the ſpreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial ſhow,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe;
Th' inſulted ſea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A ſingle ſkiff to ſpeed his flight remains;
Th' encumber'd oar ſcarce leaves the dreaded coaſt
Through purple billows and a floating hoſt.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckleſs hour,
Tries the dread ſummits of Cæſarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions burſts away,
And ſees defenceleſs realms receive his ſway;
Short ſway! fair Auſtria ſpreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, ſets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacons rouſing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praiſe;
The fierce Croation, and the wild Huſſar,
With all the ſons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince in honour's flatt'ring bloom
Of haſty greatneſs finds the fatal doom,
His foes deriſion, and his ſubjects blame,
And ſteals to death from anguiſh and from ſhame.

Enlarge * my life with multude of days,
In health, in ſickneſs, thus the ſuppliant prays;
Hides from himſelf his ſtate, and ſhuns to know,
That life protracted, is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to deſtroy,
And ſhuts up all the paſſages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous ſeaſons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r,
With liſtleſs eyes the dotard views the ſtore,
He views, and wonders that they pleaſe no more;
Now pall the taſteleſs meats, and joyleſs wines,
And luxury with ſighs her ſlave reſigns.
Approach, ye minſtrels, try the ſoothing ſtrain,
Diffuſe the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No ſounds, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witneſs'd Orpheus near;
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
Nor ſweeter muſic of a virtuous friend,
But everlaſting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perverſely grave, or poſitively wrong.
The ſtill returning tale, and ling'ring jeſt,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd gueſt,
While growing hopes ſcarce awe the gath'ring ſneer,
And ſcarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful gueſts ſtill hint the laſt offence,
The daughter's petulance, the ſon's expence,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous ſkill,
And mould his paſſions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay ſiege to life, and preſs the dire blockade;

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*months, without he borrowed it, and died very poor in* 1646.

* *Ver.* 133.---146. † *Ver.* 147.---167.
‡ *Ver.* 168.---187.

* *Ver.* 188.---288.

But unextinguiſh'd av'rice ſtill remains,
And dreaded loſſes aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with ſuſpicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bleſs with an age exempt from ſcorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modeſt innocence away;
Whoſe peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whoſe night congratulating conſcience cheers;
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend:
Such age there is, and who ſhall wiſh its end?

Yet ev'n on this her load miſfortune flings,
To preſs the weary minutes flagging wings;
New ſorrow riſes as the day returns,
A ſiſter ſickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred merit fills the ſable bier,
Now lacerated friendſhip claims a tear.
Year chaſes year, decay purſues decay,
Still drops ſome joy from with'ring life away;
New forms ariſe, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the ſtage,
Till pitying nature ſigns the laſt releaſe,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like theſe await,
Who ſet unclouded in the gulfs of fate.
From Lydia's monarch ſhould the ſearch deſcend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's laſt ſcene what prodigies ſurpriſe,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wiſe?
From Marlb'rough's eyes the ſtreams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a ſhow.

The * teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face:
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty ſpring;
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of roſy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom pleaſure keeps too buſy to be wiſe,
Whom joys with ſoft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night,
Who frown with vanity, who ſmile with art,
And aſk the lateſt faſhion of the heart,
What care, what rules your heedleſs charms ſhall ſave,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your ſlave?
Againſt your fame with fondneſs hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lovers mines.
With diſtant voice neglected virtue calls,
Leſs heard and leſs, the faint remonſtrance falls;
Tir'd with contempt, ſhe quits the ſlipp'ry reign,
And pride and prudence take her ſeat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the paſs defend,
The harmleſs freedom, and the private friend.
The guardians yield, by force ſuperior ply'd;
To int'reſt, prudence; and to flatt'ry, pride.
Here beauty falls betray'd, deſpis'd, diſtreſs'd,
And hiſſing infamy proclaims the reſt.

Where † then ſhall hope and fear their objects find?
Muſt dull ſuſpenſe corrupt the ſtagnant mind?
Muſt helpleſs man, in ignorance ſedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Muſt no diſlike alarm, no wiſhes riſe,
No cries invoke the mercies of the ſkies?
Inquirer, ceaſe, petitions yet remain,
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raiſe for good the ſupplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the meaſure and the choice.
Safe in his pow'r, whoſe eyes diſcern afar
The ſecret ambuſh of a ſpecious pray'r.
Implore his aid, in his deciſions reſt,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the beſt.
Yet when the ſenſe of ſacred preſence fires,
And ſtrong devotion to the ſkies aſpires,
Pour forth thy ſervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient paſſions, and a will reſign'd;
For love, which ſcarce collective man can fill;
For patience, ſov'reign o'er tranſmuted ill;
For faith, that panting for a happier ſeat,
Counts death kind nature's ſignal of retreat:
Theſe goods for man the laws of heav'n ordain,
Theſe goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
With theſe celeſtial wiſdom calms the mind,
And makes the happineſs ſhe does not find.

* *Ver.* 289.---345. † *Ver.* 346.---366.

## PROLOGUE SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK,

AT THE OPENING OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE, 1747.

When learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
Firſt rear'd the ſtage, immortal Shakſpeare roſe;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhauſted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Exiſtence ſaw him ſpurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toil'd after him in vain.
His powerful ſtrokes preſiding truth impreſs'd,
And unreſiſted paſſion ſtorm'd the breaſt.

Then Jonſon came, inſtructed from the ſchool,
To pleaſe in method, and invent by rule;
His ſtudious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach eſſay'd the heart:
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays;
For thoſe who durſt not cenſure, ſcarce could praiſe.
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a laſting tomb.

The wits of Charles found eaſier ways to fame,
Nor wiſh'd for Jonſon's art, or Shakſpeare's flame.
Themſelves they ſtudied; as they felt, they writ:
Intrigue was plot, obſcenity was wit.
Vice always found a ſympathetic friend;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like theſe aſpir'd to laſting praiſe,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.
Their cauſe was gen'ral, their ſupports were ſtrong;
Their ſlaves were willing, and their reign was long:
Till ſhame regain'd the poſt that ſenſe betray'd,
And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.

Then crumb'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the pow'r of tragedy declin'd;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd whilſt paſſion ſlept;
Yet ſtill did virtue deign the ſtage to tread,
Tho' ſophiſt-like apart retain'd her head.
But ſoar'd at length, her ancient reign to quit,
When ſhe ſaw great Fauſtus lay the ghoſt of wit;

Exulting folly hail'd the joyous day,
And pantomime and song confirm'd her sway.
But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in store;
Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet dy'd,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet * may dance.
Hard is his lot that here by fortune plac'd,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice;
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.
Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
Of rescu'd nature, and reviving sense;
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth and salutary woe;
Bid scenic virtue from the rising age,
And truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

## PROLOGUE

*Spoken by Mr. Garrick, April 5. 1750, before the Masque of Comus, acted at Drury-Lane Theatre, for the benefit of Milton's grand-daughter.*

Ye patriot crowds who burn for England's fame,
Ye nymphs whose bosoms beat at Milton's name,
Whose generous zeal, unbought by flatt'ring rhymes,
Shames the mean pensions of Augustan times;
Immortal patrons of succeeding days,
Attend this prelude of perpetual praise;
Let wit condemn'd the feeble war to wage,
With close malevolence, or public rage;
Let study, worn with virtue's fruitless lore,
Behold this theatre, and grieve no more.
This night, distinguish'd by your smiles, shall tell
That never Britain can in vain excel;
The sighted arts futurity shall trust,
And rising ages hasten to be just.
At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
Fill the loud voice of universal praise;
And baffled spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,
Yields to renown the centuries to come;
With ardent haste each candidate of fame,
Ambitious catches at his tow'ring name;
He sees, and pitying sees, vain wealth bestow
Those pageant honours which he scorn'd below,
While crowds aloft the laureat bust behold,
Or trace his form on circulating gold.
Unknown—unheeded, long his offspring lay,
And want hung threat'ning o'er her slow decay.
What though she shine with no Miltonian fire,
No favouring muse her morning dreams inspire?
Yet softer claims the melting heart engage,
Her youth laborious, and her blameless age;
Hers the mild merits of domestic life,
The patient sufferer, and the faithful wife.
Thus grac'd with humble virtue's native charms
Her grandsire leaves her in Britannia's arms;
Secure with peace, with competence to dwell,
While tutelary nations guard her cell.
Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wise, ye brave!
'Tis yours to crown desert—beyond the grave.

* *Hunt a famous boxer on the stage: Mahomet, a rope dancer, who had exhibited at Covent-Garden theatre the winter before, said to be a Turk.*

## PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF THE GOOD-NATURED MAN 1769.

Prest by the load of life, the weary mind
Surveys the general toil of human kind,
With cool submission joins the lab'ring train,
And social sorrow loses half its pain;
Our anxious bard without complaint may share
This bustling season's epidemic care;
Like Cæsar's pilot dignify'd by fate,
Toss in one common storm with all the great;
Distrest alike the statesman and the wit,
When one a borough courts, and one the pit.
The busy candidates for power and fame
Have hopes, and fears, and wishes just the same;
Disabled both to combat, or to fly,
Must hear all taunts, and hear without reply.
Uncheck'd on both, loud rabbles vent their rage,
As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.
Th' offended burgess hoards his angry tale,
For that blest year when all that vote may rail
Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss,
Till that glad night when all that hate may hiss.
"This day the powder'd curls and golden coat,"
Says swelling Crispin, "begg'd a cobler's vote;"
"This night our wit," the pert apprentice cries,
"Lies at my feet; I hiss him, and he dies."
The great 'tis true, can charm th' electing tribe,
The bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe.
Yet judg'd by those whose voices ne'er were sold
He feels no want of ill-persuading gold;
But confident of praise, if praise be due,
Trusts without fear to merit and to you.

## PROLOUGE

*To the Comedy of A Word to the Wise *, spoken by Mr. Hull.*

This night presents a play which public rage,
Or right, or wrong, once hooted from the stage †.
From zeal or malice, now no more we dread,
For English vengeance wars not with the dead.
A generous foe regards with pitying eye
The man whom fate has laid, where all must lie.
To wit reviving from its author's dust,
Be kind ye judges, or at least be just.
For no renew'd hostilities invade
Th' oblivious grave's inviolable shade.
Let one great payment every claim appease,
And him who cannot hurt, allow to please;

* *Performed at Covent-Garden theatre in 1777. for the benefit of Mrs. Kelly, widow of Hugh Kelly, Esq. (the author of the play) and her children.*

† *Upon the first representation of this play, 1770 a party assembled to damn it, and succeeded.*

To pleaſe by ſcenes unconſcious of offence,
By harmleſs merriment, or uſeful ſenſe.
Where aught of bright, or fair the piece diſplays,
Approve it only—'tis too late to praiſe.
If want of ſkill, or want of care appear,
Forbear to hiſs—the poet cannot hear.
By all like him muſt praiſe and blame be found,
At beſt a fleeting gleam, or empty ſound.
Yet then ſhall calm reflection bleſs the night,
When liberal pity dignify'd delight;
When pleaſure fir'd her torch at virtue's flame,
And mirth was bounty with an humbler name.

## SPRING,

AN ODE.

Stern Winter now, by Spring repreſs'd,
Forbears the long continued ſtrife;
And nature on her naked breaſt,
Delights to catch the gales of life,

Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft pleaſure with her laughing train,
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And vegetation plants the plain.

Unhappy! whom to beds of pain,
Arthritic * tyranny conſigns;
Whom ſmiling nature courts in vain,
Though rapture ſings and beauty ſhines.

Yet though my limbs diſeaſe invades,
Her wings imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful ſhades
Where ——'s humble turret's riſe.

Here ſtop, my ſoul, thy rapid flight,
Nor from the pleaſing groves depart,
Where firſt great nature charm'd my ſight,
Where wiſdom firſt inform'd my heart.

Here let me through the vales purſue
A guide—a father—and a friend,
Once more great nature's works renew,
Once more on wiſdom's voice attend.

From falſe careſſes, cauſeleſs ſtrife,
Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd;
Here let me learn the uſe of life,
When beſt enjoy'd—when moſt improv'd.

Teach me, thou venerable bower,
Cool meditation's quiet ſeat,
The generous ſcorn of venal power,
The ſilent grandeur of retreat.

When pride by guilt to greatneſs climbs,
Or raging faction's ruſh to war,
Here let me learn to ſhun the crimes
I can't prevent, and will not ſhare.

But leſt I fall by ſubtler foes,
Bright wiſdom teach me Curio's art,
The ſwelling paſſions to compoſe,
And quell the rebels of the heart.

## MIDSUMMER,

AN ODE.

O Phœbus! down the weſtern ſky,
Far hence diffuſe thy burning ray,
Thy light to diſtant worlds ſupply,
And wake them to the cares of day.

Come gentle eve, the friend of care,
Come Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
Refreſh me with a cooling breeze,
And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me, where o'er the verdant ground
Her living carpet nature ſpreads;
Where the green bower with roſes crown'd,
In ſhowers its fragrant foliage ſheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
Let muſic die along the grove;
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
And every ſtrain be tun'd to love.

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart!
Come, born to fill its vaſt deſires!
Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
Thy voice perpetual love inſpires.

While all my wiſh and thine complete,
By turns we languiſh and we burn,
Let ſighing gales our ſighs repeat,
Our murmurs—murmuring brooks return.

Let me when nature calls to reſt,
And bluſhing ſkies the morn foretel,
Sink on the down of Stella's breaſt,
And bid the waking world farewel.

## AUTUMN,

AN ODE.

Alas! with ſwift and ſilent pace,
Impatient time rolls on the year;
The ſeaſons change, and nature's face
Now ſweetly ſmiles, now frowns ſevere.

'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow;
The flowers of Spring are ſwept away,
And Summer fruits deſert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
And wanton'd on the weſtern breeze,
Now trod in duſt neglected lie,
As Boreas ſtrips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
As ruſſet heaths are wild and bare;
Not moiſt with dew, but drench'd in rain,
Nor health, nor pleaſure wanders there.

No more while through the midnight ſhade,
Beneath the moon's pale orb I ſtray,
Soft pleaſing woes my heart invade,
As Progne pours the melting lay.

From this capricious clime ſhe ſoars,
O! wou'd ſome god but wings ſupply!
To where each morn the Spring reſtores,
Companion of her flight I'd fly.

Vain wiſh! me fate compels to bear
The downward ſeaſons iron reign,
Compels to breathe polluted air,
And ſhiver on a blaſted plain.

* *The author being ill of the gout*

What bliſs to life can Autumn yield,
If glooms, and ſhowers, and ſtorms prevail;
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flowers, and fruits, and Phœbus fail?

Oh! what remains, what lingers yet,
To cheer me in the darkening hour?
The grape remains! the friend of wit,
In love, and mirth, of mighty power.

Haſte—preſs the cluſters, fill the bowl;
Apollo! ſhoot thy parting ray:
This gives the ſunſhine of the ſoul,
This god of health, and verſe, and day.

Still—ſtill the jocund ſtrain ſhall flow,
The pulſe with vigorous rapture beat;
My Stella with new charms ſhall glow,
And every bliſs in wine ſhall meet.

## WINTER,

### AN ODE.

No more the morn, with tepid rays,
Unfolds the flower of various hue;
Noon ſpreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve diſtils the dew.

The lingering hours prolong the night,
Uſurping darkneſs ſhares the day;
Her miſts reſtrain the force of light,
And Phœbus holds a doubtful ſway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
With ſighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafleſs wood, the naked field,
The ſnow-topt cot, the frozen rill.

No muſic warbles through the grove,
No vivid colours paint the plain;
No more with devious ſteps I rove
Through verdant paths now fought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempeſt roars,
Congeal'd, impetuous ſhowers deſcend;
Haſte, cloſe the windows, bar the doors,
Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.

In nature's aid let art ſupply
With light and heat my little ſphere;
Rouze, rouze the fire, and pile it high,
Light up a conſtellation here.

Let muſic ſound the voice of joy!
Or mirth repeat the jocund tale;
Let love his wanton wiles employ,
And o'er the ſeaſon wine prevail.

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
When mirth's gay tale ſhall pleaſe no more;
Nor muſic charm—though Stella ſings;
Nor love, nor wine, the ſpring reſtore.

Catch then, O! catch the tranſient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a ſhort ſummer—man a flower,
He dies—alas! how ſoon he dies!

## THE WINTER'S WALK.

Behold, my fair, where'er we rove,
What dreary proſpects round us riſe;
The naked hill, the leafleſs grove,
The hoary ground, the frowning ſkies!

Not only thought the waſted plain,
Stern Winter in thy force confeſs'd
Still wider ſpreads thy horrid reign,
I feel thy power uſurp my breaſt.

Enlivening hope, and fond deſire,
Reſign the heart to ſpleen and care
Scarce frighted love maintains her fire,
And rapture ſaddens to deſpair.

In groundleſs hope and cauſeleſs fear,
Unhappy man! behold thy doom;
Still changing with the changeful year,
The ſlave of ſunſhine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys, and falſe alarms,
With mental and corporeal ſtrife,
Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
And ſcreen me from the ills of life.

## TO MISS *****,

*On her giving the Author a Gold and ſilk Net-work Purſe of her own weaving*[*].

Though gold and ſilk their charms unite
To make thy curious web delight,
In vain the varied work would ſhine,
If wrought by any hand but thine;
Thy hand that knows the ſubtler art,
To weave thoſe nets that catch the heart.
Spread out by me, the roving coin
Thy nets may catch, but not confine;
Nor can I hope thy ſilken chain
The glittering vagrants ſhall reſtrain.
Why, Stella, was it then decreed
The heart once caught ſhould ne'er be freed?

## TO MISS *****,

*On her playing upon the Harpſicord in a Room hung with Flower-pieces of her own Painting* *.

When Stella ſtrikes the tuneful ſtring
In ſcenes of imitated Spring,
Where beauty laviſhes her powers
On beds of never-fading flowers,
And pleaſure propagates around
Each charm of modulated ſound;
Ah! think not in the dangerous hour,
The nymph fictitious as the flower,
But ſhun, raſh youth, the gay alcove,
Nor tempt the ſnares of wily love.
When charms thus preſs on every ſenſe,
What thought of flight, or of defence?
Deceitful hope, and vain deſire,
For ever flutter o'er her lyre,
Delighting as the youth draws nigh,
To point the glances of her eye,
And forming with unerring art
New chains to hold the captive heart.
But on thoſe regions of delight
Might truth intrude with daring flight.
Could Stella, ſprightly, fair, and young,
One moment hear the moral ſong,

* *Printed among Mrs. Williams's Miſcellanies.*

Inſtruction with her flowers might ſpring,
And wiſdom warble from her ſtring.
Mark when from thouſand mingled dyes
Thou feeſt one pleaſing form ariſe,
How active light, and thoughtful ſhade,
In greater ſcenes each other aid.
Mark when the different notes agree
In friendly contrariety,
How paſſions well accorded ſtrife,
Gives all the harmony of life;
Thy pictures ſhall thy conduct frame,
Conſiſtent ſtill, though not the ſame;
Thy muſic teach the nobler art,
To tune the regulated heart.

## EVENING,

### AN ODE. TO STELLA.

EVENING now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts ſhe brings;
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
Cooling breezes ſhake the reed;
Shake the reed, and curl the ſtream
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam;
Near the chequer'd, lonely grove,
Hears, and keeps thy ſecrets, love.
Stella, thither let us ſtray!
Lightly o'er the dewy way.
Phœbus drives his burning car,
Hence, my lovely Stella, far;
In his ſteed, the queen of night
Round us pours a lambent light;
Light that ſeems but juſt to ſhow
Breaſts that beat, and cheeks that glow;
Let us now, in whiſper'd joy,
Evening's ſilent hours employ,
Silence beſt, and conſcious ſhades,
Pleaſe the hearts that love invades
Other pleaſures give them pain,
Lovers all but love diſdain.

## TO THE SAME.

WHETHER Stella's eyes are found,
Fix'd on earth, or glancing round,
If her face with pleaſure glow,
If ſhe ſigh at others woe,
If her eaſy air expreſs
Conſcious worth or ſoft diſtreſs,
Stella's eyes, and air, and face,
Charm with undiminiſh'd grace.
If on her we ſee diſplay'd
Pendant gems, and rich brocade,
If her chintz with leſs expence
Flows in eaſy negligence;
Still ſhe lights the conſcious flame,
Still her charms appear the ſame;
If ſhe ſtrikes the vocal ſtrings,
If ſhe's ſilent, ſpeaks, or ſings,
If ſhe ſit, or if ſhe move,
Still we love, and ſtill approve.
Vain the caſual, tranſient glance,
Which alone can pleaſe by chance,
Beauty, which depends on art,
Changing with the changing art,
Which demands the toilet's aid,
Pendant gems and rich brocade.
I thoſe charms alone can prize,
Which from conſtant nature riſe,
Which nor circumſtance, nor dreſs,
E'er can make, or more, or leſs.

## TO A FRIEND.

No more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
With avarice painful vigils keep;
Still unenjoy'd the preſent ſtore,
Still endleſs ſighs are breath'd for more.
O! quit the ſhadow, catch the prize,
Which not all India's treaſure buys!
To purchaſe heaven has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendſhip's pleaſures to be ſold?
No—all that's worth a wiſh—a thought.
Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
Ceaſe then on traſh thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.
With ſcience tread the wond'rous way,
Or learn the muſes moral lay;
In ſocial hours indulge thy ſoul,
Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl;
To virtuous love reſign thy breaſt,
And be, by bleſſing beauty—bleſt.
Thus taſte the feaſt by nature ſpread,
Ere youth and all its joys are fled;
Come taſte with me the balm of life,
Secure from pomp, and wealth and ſtrife.
I boaſt whate'er for man was meant,
In health, and Stella, and content;
And ſcorn! Oh! let that ſcorn be thine!
Mere things of clay, that dig the mine.

## STELLA IN MOURNING.

WHEN lately Stella's form diſplay'd
The beauties of the gay brocade,
The nymphs who found their power decline,
Proclaim'd her not ſo fair as ſine.
"Fate! ſnatch away the bright diſguiſe,
"And let the goddeſs truſt her eyes."
Thus blindly pray'd the fretful fair,
And fate malicious heard the pray'r;
But brighten'd by the ſable dreſs,
As virtue riſes in diſtreſs,
Since Stella ſtill extends her regin,
Ah! how ſhall envy ſooth her pain?
Th' adoring youth and envious fair,
Henceforth ſhall form one common prayer;
And love and hate alike implore
The ſkies—"That Stella mourn no more."

## TO STELLA.

NOT the ſoft ſighs of vernal gales,
The fragrance of the flowery vales,
The murmurs of the cryſtal rill,
The vocal grove, the verdant hill;
Not all their charms, though all unite,
Can touch my boſom with delight.

Not all the gems on India's ſhore,
Not all Peru's unbounded ſtore,
Not all the power, nor all the fame,
That heroes, kings, or poets claim;

Nor knowledge which the learn'd approve,
To form one wish my soul can move.

Yet nature's charms allure my eyes,
And knowledge, wealth, and fame I prize;
Fame, wealth, and knowledge I obtain,
Nor seek I nature's charms in vain;
In lovely Stella all combine,
And, lovely Stella! thou art mine.

## VERSES,

*Written at the Request of a Gentleman to whom a Lady had given a Sprig of Myrtle *.*

What hopes—what terrors does this gift create!
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate.
The myrtle (ensign of supreme command,
Consign'd to Venus by Meliſſa's hand)
Not less capricious than a reigning fair,
Oft favours, oft rejects a lover's prayer.
In myrtle shades oft sings the happy swain,
In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain.
The myrtle crowns the happy lovers heads,
The unhappy lovers graves the myrtle spreads.
Oh! then, the meaning of thy gift impart,
And ease the throbbings of an anxious heart.
Soon must this sprig, as you shall fix its doom,
Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

## TO LADY FIREBRACE †,

AT BURY ASSIZES.

At length must Suffolk beauties shine in vain,
So long renown'd in B——n's deathless strain?
Thy charms at least, fair Firebrace, might inspire
Some zealous bard to wake the sleeping lyre;
For such thy beautoous mind and lovely face,
Thou seem'st at once, bright nymph, a muse and grace.

## TO LYCE,

AN ELDERLY LADY.

Ye nymphs whom starry rays invest,
By flattering poets given,
Who shine by lavish lovers drest,
In all the pomp of heaven;

Engross not all the beams on high,
Which gild a lover's lays,
But as your sister of the sky,
Let Lyce share the praise.

Her silver locks display the moon,
Her brows a cloudy show,
Strip'd rainbows round her eyes are seen,
And showers from either flow.

Her teeth the night with darkness dyes,
She's starr'd with pimples o'er;
Her tongue like nimble lightning plies,
And can with thunder roar.

But some Zelinda, while I sing,
Denies my Lyce shines;
And all the pens of Cupid's wing
Attack my gentle lines.

Yet spite of fair Zelinda's eye,
And all her bards express,
My Lyce makes as good a sky,
And I but flatter less.

## ON THE DEATH OF MR. ROBERT LEVETT,

A PRACTISER IN PHYSIC.

Condemn'd to hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

Well try'd through many a varying year,
See Levet to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;
Nor letter'd arrogance deny
Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hovering death prepar'd the blow,
His vigorous remedy display'd
The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retir'd to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain disdain'd by pride;
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supply'd.

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* *These verses were first printed in a Magazine for* 1768, *under the name of Hammond, and have frequently been ascribed to Mr. Derrick. According to the statement of Miss Seward and Mr. White of Litchfield, they were written by Johnson, when a school-boy, and addressed to Lucy Porter, the first object of his early love, whose mother he married; and afterwards given to Mr. Hector of Birmingham, in* 1731, *for his friend Mr. Morgan Graves, without thinking it material to avow their pre-existence. Lucy Porter was then on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Hunter, brother of Mr. Porter of Birmingham, and second wife of Mr. Hunter, Johnson's schoolmaster. She was four years younger than Johnson; and uniformly said, that the verses were addressed to "herself, when he was a lad," on her having given him some myrtle. See* "Gentleman's Magazine," for 1793, 1794.

† *This lady was Bridget, third daughter of Philip Bacon, Esq. of Ipswich, and relict of Philip Evers, Esq. of that town; she became the second wife of Sir Cordell Firebrace, the last Baronet of that name (to whom she brought a fortune of* 25,000 *l.), July* 26. 1737. *Being again left a widow in* 1759, *she was a third time married, April* 7. 1762, *to William Campbell, Esq. uncle to the present Duke of Argyll, and died July* 3. 1782.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pauſe, nor left a void;
And ſure th' Eternal Maſter found
The ſingle talent well employ'd.

The buſy day—the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his ſoul the neareſt way.

## EPITAPH

### ON CLAUDE PHILLIPS,

*An Itinerant Muſician*.*

PHILLIPS! whoſe touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty pow'r and hapleſs love,
Reſt here, diſtreſt by poverty no more,
Find here that calm thou gav'ſt ſo oft before;
Sleep undiſturb'd within this peaceful ſhrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

## EPITAPHIUM

### IN THOMAM HANMER, BARONETTUM.

Honorabilis admodum THOMAS HANMER,
Baronnettus,
Wilhelmi Hanmer armigeri è Peregrina Henrici
North
De Mildenhal in Com: Suffolciæ Baronetti ſorore
et hærede.
Filius
Johannis Hanmer de Hanmer Baronetti
Hæres patruelis
Antiquo gentis ſuæ et titulo, et patrimonio ſucceſſit
Duas uxores ſortitus eſt;
Alteram Iſabellam, honore à parte derivato de
Arlington comitiſſam
Deindè celciſſimi principis ducis de Graftonviduam
dotariam
Alteram Elizabetham Thomæ Folks de Barton in
Com. Suff. armigeri.
Filiam et hæredem
Inter humanitates ſtudia felicitèr enutritus
Omnes liberalium artium diſciplinas avidè arripuit,
Quas morum ſuavitate haud leviter ornavit.

Poſtquam exceſſit et ephebis
Continuo inter populares ſuos fama eminens
Et comitatus ſui legatus ad Parliamentum miſſus
Ad ardua regni negotia per annos prope triginta
Si accinxit
Cumq. apud illos ampliſſimorum virorum ordines
Solent nihil temerè effutire
Sed *probe* perpenſa differtè expromere
Orator gravis et preſſus
Non minus integritatis quam eloquentia laude
commendatus
Æquè omnium utcunq. inter ſe alioqui diſſidentium
Aures atque animos attraxit
Annoque demum M.DCC.XIII. regnante Annâ
Feliciſſima, florentiſſimæque memoriæ regina
Ad prolocutoris cathedram
Communi ſenatûs univerſi voce deſignatus eſt:
Quod munus
Cum nullo tempore non difficile
Tum illo certè negotiis
Et varus et lubricis et implicatus difficillimum
Cum dignitate ſuſtinuit.
Honores alios, et omnia, quæ ſibi in lucrum cederent,
munera
Sedulò detrectavit
Ut rei totus inſerviret publicæ
Juſti rectique tenax
Et fide in patriam incorrupta notus.
Ubi omnibus, quæ virum civimque bonum decent
officiis ſatis feciſſet,
Paulatim ſe à publicis conſiliis in otium recipiens
Inter literarum amœnitates,
Inter ante-actæ vitæ haud inſuaves recordationes,
Inter amicorum convictus et amplexus
Honorificè conſenuit,
Et bonis omnibus, quibus chariſſimus vixit,
Deſideratiſſimus obiit.

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* *Theſe lines are among Mrs. Williams's Miſcellanies. They were written by Johnſon, almoſt extempore, upon Garrick's repeating an Epitaph on Phillips, by a Dr. Wilkes, in theſe words:*

" Exalted ſoul! whoſe harmony could pleaſe
" The love-ſick virgin, and the gouty eaſe;
" Could jarring diſcord, like Amphion, move
" To beauteous order, and harmonious love,
" Reſt here in peace, till angels bid thee riſe,
" And meet thy bleſſed Saviour in the ſkies.

*Phillips was a travelling fiddler up and down Wales, and was greatly celebrated for his performance.*

## PARAPHRASE OF THE ABOVE EPITAPH.

### BY DR. JOHNSON *,

THOU who ſurvey'ſt theſe walls with curious eye,
Pauſe at this tomb where HANMER's aſhes lie;
His various worth through varied life attend,
And learn his virtues while thou mourn'ſt his end.
His force of genius burn'd in early youth,
With thirſt of knowledge, and with love of truth;
His learning, join'd with each endearing art,
Charm'd ev'ry ear, and gain'd on ev'ry heart.
Thus early wiſe, th' endanger'd realm to aid,
His country call'd him from the ſtudious ſhade;
In life's firſt bloom his public toils began,
At once commenc'd the ſenator and man.
In buſineſs dext'rous, weighty in debate,
Thrice ten long years he labour'd for the ſtate;
In every ſpeech perſuaſive wiſdom flow'd,
In every act refulgent virtue glow'd:
Suſpended faction ceas'd from rage and ſtrife,
To hear his eloquence, and praiſe his life.
Reſiſtleſs merit fix'd the ſenate's choice,
Who hail'd him Speaker with united voice.

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* *This Paraphraſe is inſerted in Mrs. Williams's Miſcellanies. The Latin is there ſaid to be written by Dr. Friend. Of the perſon whoſe memory it celebrates, a copious account may be ſeen in the Appendix to the Supplement to the Biographia Britannica.*

Illuſtrious age! how bright thy glories ſhone,
While Hammer fill'd the chair—and Anne the throne!

Then when dark arts obſcur'd each fierce debate,
When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of ſtate,
The moderator firmly mild appear'd—
Beheld with love—with veneration heard.

This taſk perform'd—he ſought no gainful poſt,
Nor wiſh'd to glitter at his country's coſt;
Strict on the right he fix'd his ſtedfaſt eye,
With temperate zeal and wife anxiety;
Nor e'er from virtue's paths was lur'd aſide,
To pluck the flow'rs of pleaſure, or of pride.
Her gifts deſpis'd, corruption bluſh'd and fled,
And fame purſu'd him where conviction led.

Age call'd, at length, his active mind to reſt,
With honour fated, and with cares oppreſt;
To letter'd eaſe retir'd and honeſt mirth,
To rural grandeur and domeſtic worth:
Delighted ſtill to pleaſe mankind, or mend,
The patriot's fire yet ſparkled in the friend.

Calm conſcience then, his former life ſurvey'd,
And recollected toils endear'd the ſhade,
Till nature call'd him to the general doom,
And virtue's ſorrow dignified his tomb.

## TO MISS HICKMAN *,

PLAYING ON THE SPINNET.

Bright Stella, form'd for univerſal reign,
Too well you know to keep the ſlaves you gain;
When in your eyes reſiſtleſs lightnings play,
Aw'd into love our conquer'd hearts obey,
And yield reluctant to deſpotic ſway:
But when your muſic ſooths the raging pain,
We bid propitious Heav'n prolong your reign,
We bleſs the tyrant, and we hug the chain.

When old Timotheus ſtruck the vocal ſtring,
Ambition's fury fir'd the Grecian king:
Unbounded projects lab'ring in his mind,
He pants for room in one poor world confin'd.
Thus wak'd to rage, by muſic dreadful pow'r
He bids the ſword deſtroy, the flame devour.
Had Stella's gentle touches mov'd the lyre,
Soon had the monarch felt a nobler fire:
No more delighted with deſtructive war,
Ambitious only now to pleaſe the fair;
Reſign'd his thirſt of empire to her charms,
And found a thouſand worlds in Stella's arms.

## PARAPHRASE

OF PROVERBS, CHAP. VI. VERSES 6,—11.

"*Go to the Ant, thou Sluggard*†."

Turn on the prudent ant thy heedleſs eyes,
Obſerve her labours, ſluggard, and be wiſe:
No ſtern command, no monitory voice
Preſcribes her duties, or directs her choice;
Yet timely provident, ſhe haſtes away,
To ſnatch the bleſſings of the plenteous day;
When fruitful Summer loads the teeming plain,
She crops the harveſt, and ſhe ſtores the grain.

How long ſhall ſloth uſurp thy uſeleſs hours,
Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy pow'rs?
While artful ſhades thy downy couch encloſe,
And ſoft ſolicitation courts repoſe.
Amidſt the drowſy charms of dull delight,
Year chaſes year with unremitted flight,
Till want now following, fraudulent and ſlow,
Shall ſpring to ſeize thee like an ambuſh'd foe.

## HORACE,

LIB. IV. ODE VII. TRANSLATED.

The ſnow diſſolv'd, no more is ſeen,
The fields and woods, behold! are green.
The changing year renews the plain,
The rivers know their banks again,
The ſprightly nymph and naked grace
The mazy dance together trace.
The changing year's ſucceſſive plan
Proclaims mortality to man.
Rough Winter's blaſts to Spring give way,
Spring yields to Summer's ſovereign ray;
Then Summer ſinks in Autumn's reign,
And Winter chills the world again:
Her loſſes ſoon the moon ſupplies,
But wretched man, when once he lies
Where Priam and his ſons are laid,
Is nought but aſhes and a ſhade.
Who knows if Jove, who counts our ſcore,
Will toſs us in a morning more?
What with our friend you nobly ſhare
At leaſt you reſcue from your heir.
Not you Torquatus, boaſt of Rome,
When Minos once has fix'd your doom,
Or eloquence, or ſplendid birth,
Or virtue, ſhall reſtore to earth.
Hippolytus, unjuſtly ſlain,
Diana calls to life in vain:
Nor can the might of Theſeus rend
The chains of hell that hold his friend.

*November* 1784.

## ON SEEING A BUST OF MRS. MONTAGUE.

Had this fair figure which this frame diſplays,
Adorn'd in Roman time the brighteſt days,
In every dome, in every ſacred place,
Her ſtatue would have breath'd an added grace,
And on its baſis would have been enroll'd,
"This is Minerva, caſt in virtue's mould."

---

*The following Tranſlations, Parodies, and Burleſque Verſes, moſt of them extempore, are taken from Anecdotes of Dr. Johnſon, publiſhed, by Mrs. Piozzi, (formerly Mrs. Thrale) in 8vo,* 1785.

## ANACREON, ODE IX.

Lovely courier of the ſky,
Whence and whither doſt thou fly?

---

* *Theſe lines, which have been communicated by Dr. Turton, ſon to Mrs. Turton, the lady to whom they are addreſſed by her maiden name of Hickman, muſt have been written at leaſt as early as the year* 1734, *as that was the year of her marriage: at how much earlier a period of Johnſon's life they may have been written, is not known.*

† *In Mrs. Williams's Miſcellanies, but now printed from the original in Johnſon's own handwriting.*

:att'ring, as thy pinions play,
iquid fragrance all the way:
i it buſineſs? is it love?
'ell me, tell me, gentle dove.
Soft Anacreon's vows I hear,
'ows to Myrtale the fair;
Grac'd with all that charms the heart,
Bluſhing nature, ſmiling art.
'enus, courted by an ode,
)n the bard her dove beſtow'd:
'eſted with a maſter's right,
Jow Anacreon rules my flight;
Iis the letters that you ſee,
Weighty charge, conſign'd to me:
Chink not yet my ſervice hard,
oyleſs talk without reward;
miling at my maſter's gates,
reedom my return awaits;
But the liberal grant in vain.
'empts me to be wild again.
Can a prudent dove decline
Bliſsful bondage ſuch as mine?
)ver hills and fields to roam,
'ortune's gueſt without a home;
Jnder leaves to hide one's head,
lightly ſhelter'd, coarſely fed:
Jow my better lot beſtows
weet repaſt, and ſoft repoſe;
Jow the generous bowl I ſip
As it leaves Anacreon's lip:
'oid of care, and free from dread,
rom his fingers ſnatch his bread;
'hen with luſcious plenty gay,
.ound his chamber dance and play;
t from wine as courage ſprings,
'er his face extend my wings;
.nd when feaſt and frolic tire,
'rop aſleep upon his lyre.
'his is all, be quick and go,
lore than all thou canſt not know;
et me now my pinions ply,
have chatter'd like a pye.

## LINES

*Written in ridicule of certain Poems, publiſhed in 1777.*

'HERESOE'ER I turn my view,
ll is ſtrange, yet nothing new;
ndleſs labour all along,
ndleſs labour to be wrong;
,raſe that time has flung away,
ncouth words in diſarray,
ick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,
de, and elegy, and ſonnet.

## PARODY OF A TRANSLATION

FROM THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

IR ſhall they not, who reſolute explore
Times gloomy backward with judicious eyes;
And ſcanning right the practices of yore,
Shall deem our hoar progenitors unwiſe.

They to the dome where ſmoke with curling play
Announc'd the dinner to the regions round,
Summon'd the ſinger blythe, and harper gay,
And aided wine with dulcet-ſtreaming ſound.

The better uſe of notes, or ſweet or ſhrill,
By quivering ſtring or modulated wind;
Trumpet or lyre—to their harſh boſoms chill,
Admiſſion ne'er had fought, or could not find.

Oh! ſend them to the ſullen manſions dun,
Her baleful eyes where ſorrow rolls around;
Where gloom-enamour'd miſchief loves to dwell,
And murder, all blood-bolter'd, ſchemes the wound.

When cates luxuriant pile the ſpacious diſh,
And purple nectar glads the feſtive hour;
The gueſt, without a want, without a wiſh,
Can yield no room to muſic's ſoothing pow'r.

## BURLESQUE

*Of the Modern Verſifications of Ancient Legendary Tales.*

AN IMPROMPTU.

THE tender infant meek and mild,
Fell down upon the ſtone;
The nurſe took up the ſqueaſing child,
But ſtill the child ſqueal'd on.

## TRANSLATION

*Of the Two Firſt Stanzas of the Song* "Rio verde, Rio verde," *printed in Biſhop Percy's Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry.*

AN IMPROMPTU.

GLASSY water, glaſſy water,
Down whoſe current clear and ſtrong,
Chiefs confus'd in mutual ſlaughter,
Moor and Chriſtian roll along.

## IMITATION OF THE STYLE OF ——

HERMIT hoar, in ſolemn cell
Wearing out life's evening gray;
Strike thy boſom ſage, and tell
What is bliſs, and which the way.

Thus I ſpoke, and ſpeaking ſigh'd,
Scarce repreſs'd the ſtarting tear,
When the hoary ſage reply'd,
Come, my lad, and drink ſome beer.

## BURLESQUE

*Of the following Lines of Lopez de Vega.*

AN IMPROMPTU.

SE acquien los leones vence
Vence una muger hermoſa

O el de flaco averguençe
O ella di ſer mas furioſa.

If the man who turnips cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

## TRANSLATION

*Of the following Lines at the End of Baretti's Eaſy Phraſeology.*

AN IMPROMPTU.

Viva viva la padrona,
Tutta bella, e tutta buona,
La padrona è un angiolella
Tutta buona e tutta bella;
Tutta bella e tutta buona;
Viva! viva la padrona!

Long may live my lovely Hetty!
Always young and always pretty,
Always pretty, always young,
Live my lovely Hetty long!
Always young and always pretty,
Long may live my lovely Hetty!

## IMPROVISO TRANSLATION

*Of the following Diſtich on the Duke of Modena's running away from the Comet in* 1742 *or* 1743.

Se al venir voſtro i principi ſe n' vanno
Deh venga ogni dì—durate un anno.

If at your coming princes diſappear,
Comets! come every day—and ſtay a year.

## IMPROVISO TRANSLATION

*Of the following Lines of Monſ. Benſerade* "à ſon "lit."

Theatre des ris, et des pleurs,
Lit! ou je nais, et ou je meurs,
Tu nous fais voir comment voiſins,
Sont nos plaiſirs, et nos chagrins.

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And born in bed, in bed we die;
The near approach a bed may ſhow
Of human bliſs to human woe.

## EPITAPH FOR MR. HOGARTH.

The hand of him here torpid lies,
That drew th' eſſential form of grace;
Here clos'd in death th' attentive eyes,
That ſaw the manners in the face.

## TRANSLATION

*Of the following Lines written under a Print repreſenting Perſons ſkaiting.*

Sur un mince chryſtal l'hyver conduit leurs pas
Le precipice eſt ſous la glace;
Telle eſt de nos plaiſirs la legere ſurface,
Gliſſez mortels; n' appuyez pas.

O'er ice the rapid ſkaiter flies,
With ſport above and death below;
Where miſchief lurks in gay diſguiſe,
Thus lightly touch and quickly go.

## IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION

*Of the Same.*

O'er crackling ice, o'er gulfs profound,
With nimble glide the ſkaiters play;
O'er treacherous pleaſure's flow'ry ground
Thus lightly ſkim, and haſte away.

## TO MRS. THRALE,

*On her completing her Thirty-fifth Year.*

AN IMPROMPTU.

Oft in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty-five;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty-five.
Could philoſophers contrive
Life to ſtop at thirty-five,
Time his hours ſhould never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.
High to ſoar, and deep to dive,
Nature gives at thirty-five.
Ladies, ſtock and tend your hive,
Triſle not at thirty-five;
For, howe'er we boaſt and ſtrive,
Life declines from thirty-five:
He that ever hopes to thrive
Muſt begin by thirty-five;
And all who wiſely wiſh to wive
Muſt look on Thrale at thirty-five.

## IMPROMPTU

*On hearing Miſs Thrale conſulting with a Frien about a Gown and Hat ſhe was inclined t wear.*

Wear the gown, and wear the hat,
Snatch thy pleaſures while they laſt;
Hadſt thou nine lives, like a cat,
Soon thoſe nine lives would be paſt.

## IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION

*Of an Air in the Clemenza de Tito of Metaſtaſi beginning,* "Deh ſe piacermi vuoi."

Would you hope to gain my heart,
Bid your teazing doubts depart;
He who blindly truſts, will find
Faith from every generous mind:
He who ſtill expects deceit,
Only teaches how to cheat.

## TRANSLATION

*Of a Speech of Aquileio, in the Adriano of Mi taſtaſio, beginning,* "Tu che in Corte inv "chiaſti."

Grown old in courts, thou art not ſurely one
Who keeps the rigid rules of ancient honour;

Well ſkill'd to ſooth a foe with looks of kindneſs,
To ſink the fatal precipice before him,
And then lament his fall with ſeeming friendſhip:
Open to all, true only to thyſelf,
Thou know'ſt thoſe arts which blaſt with envious praiſe,
Which aggravate a fault with feign'd excuſes,
And drive diſcountenanc'd virtue from the throne:
That leave the blame of rigour to the prince,
And of his ev'ry gift uſurp the merit;
That hide in ſeeming zeal a wicked purpoſe,
And only build upon another's ruin.

---

*The following Tranſlations and Miſcellaneous pieces now firſt collected into Johnſon's works, are taken from the Life of Samuel Johnſon, LL. D. publiſhed by James Boſwell, Eſq. in 2 vols. 4to. 1791.*

## TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL.

### PASTORAL I.

*Melibæus.*

Now, Tityrus, you, ſupine and careleſs laid,
Play on your pipe beneath this beechen ſhade;
While wretched we about the world muſt roam,
And leave our pleaſing fields and native home,
Here at your eaſe you ſing your amorous flame,
And the wood rings with Amarillis' name.

*Tityrus.*

Thoſe bleſſings, friend, a deity beſtow'd,
For I ſhall never think him leſs than God;
Oft on his altar ſhall my firſtlings lie,
Their blood the conſecrated ſtones ſhall dye:
He gave my flocks to graze the flowery meads,
And me to tune at eaſe th' unequal reeds.

*Melibæus.*

My admiration only I expreſt,
(No ſpark of envy harbours in my breaſt)
That when confuſion o'er the country reigns,
To you alone this happy ſtate remains.
Here I, though faint myſelf, muſt drive my goats,
Far from their ancient fields and humble cots.
This ſcarce I lead, who left on yonder rock
Two tender kids, the hopes of all the flock.
Had we not been perverſe and careleſs grown,
This dire event by omens was foreſhown;
Our trees were blaſted by the thunder ſtroke,
And left-hand crows, from an old hollow oak,
Foretold the coming evil by their diſmal croak.

## TRANSLATION OF HORACE,

### BOOK I. ODE XXII.

The man, my friend, whoſe conſcious heart
With virtue's ſacred ardour glows,
Nor taints with death the envenom'd dart,
Nor needs the guard of Mooriſh bows:

Though Scythia's icy cliffs he treads,
Or horrid Afric's faithleſs ſands;
Or where the fam'd Hydaſpes ſpreads
His liquid wealth o'er barbarous lands.

For while by Chloe's image charm'd,
Too far in Sabine woods I ſtray'd;
Me ſinging, careleſs and unarm'd,
A grilly wolf ſurpris'd, and fled.

No ſavage more portentous ſtain'd
Apulia's ſpacious wilds with gore;
None fiercer Juba's thirſty land,
Dire nurſe of raging lions, bore.

Place me where no ſoft ſummer gale
Among the quivering branches ſighs;
Where clouds condens'd for ever veil
With horrid gloom the frowning ſkies:

Place me beneath the burning line,
A clime deny'd to human race;
I'll ſing of Chloe's charms divine,
Her heav'nly voice, and beauteous face.

## TRANSLATION OF HORACE,

### BOOK II. ODE IX.

Clouds do not always veil the ſkies,
Nor ſhowers immerſe the verdant plain;
Nor do the billows always riſe,
Or ſtorms afflict the ruffled main.

Nor, Valgius, on th' Armenian ſhores
Do the chain'd waters always freeze;
Not always furious Boreas roars,
Or bends with violent force the trees.

But you are ever drown'd in tears,
For Myſtes dead you ever mourn;
No ſetting Sol can eaſe your care,
But finds you ſad at his return.

The wiſe experienc'd Grecian ſage,
Mourn'd not Antilochus ſo long;
Nor did King Priam's hoary age
So much lament his ſlaughter'd ſon.

Leave off, at length, theſe woman's ſighs,
Auguſtus' numerous trophies ſing;
Repeat that prince's victories,
To whom all nations tribute bring.

Niphates rolls an humbler wave,
At length the undaunted Scythian yields,
Content to live the Romans' ſlave,
And ſcarce forſakes his native fields.

*Tranſlation of part of the Dialogue between Hector and Andromache; from the ſixth Book of Homer's Iliad.*

She ceas'd: then godlike Hector anſwer'd kind,—
(His various plumage ſporting in the wind)
That poſt, and all the reſt, ſhall be my care;
But ſhall I, then, forſake the unfiniſh'd war?
How would the Trojans brand great Hector's name!
And one baſe action ſully all my fame,
Acquir'd by wounds, and battles bravely fought!
Oh! how my ſoul abhors ſo mean a thought

Long have I learn'd to slight this fleeting breath,
And view with cheerful eyes approaching death.
The inexorable sisters have decreed
That Priam's house, and Priam's self shall bleed:
The day shall come, in which proud Troy shall yield,
And spread its smoking ruins o'er the field.
Yet Hecuba's, nor Priam's hoary age,
Whose blood shall quench some Grecian's thirsty rage,
Nor my brave brothers that have bit the ground,
Their souls dismiss'd through many a ghastly wound,
Can in my bosom half that grief create,
As the sad thought of your impending fate:
When some proud Grecian dame shall tasks impose,
Mimic your tears, and ridicule your woes:
Beneath Hyperia's waters shall you sweat,
And, fainting, scarce support the liquid weight:
Then shall some Argive loud insulting cry,
Behold the wife of Hector, guard of Troy!
Tears, at my name, shall drown those beauteous eyes,
And that fair bosom heave with rising sighs!
Before that day, by some brave hero's hand,
May I lie slain, and spurn the bloody sand!

## TO A YOUNG LADY,

### ON HER BIRTH-DAY *.

This tributary verse, receive, my fair,
Warm with an ardent lover's fondest prayer.
May this returning day for ever find
Thy form more lovely, more adorn'd thy mind;
All pains, all cares, may favouring Heav'n remove,
All but the sweet solicitudes of love!
May powerful nature join with grateful art,
To point each glance, and force it to the heart!
O then, when conquer'd crowds confess thy sway,
When even proud wealth and prouder wit obey,
My fair, be mindful of the mighty trust,
Alas! 'tis hard for beauty to be just.
Those sovereign charms with strictest care employ;
Nor give the generous pain, the worthless joy:
With his own form acquaint the forward fool,
Shown in the faithful glass of ridicule;
Teach mimic censure her own faults to find,
No more let coquettes to themselves be blind,
So shall Belinda's charms improve mankind.

## THE YOUNG AUTHOR †.

When first the peasant, long inclin'd to roam,
Forsakes his rural sports and peaceful home,
Pleas'd with the scene the smiling ocean yields;
He scorns the verdant meads and flow'ry fields;
Then dances jocund o'er the watery way,
While the breeze whispers, and the streamers play:

Unbounded prospects in his bosom roll,
And future millions lift his rising soul;
In blissful dreams he digs the golden mine,
And raptur'd sees the new-found ruby shine.
Joys insincere! thick clouds invade the skies,
Loud roar the billows, high the waves arise;
Sick'ning with fear, he longs to view the shore,
And vows to trust the faithless deep no more.
So the young author, panting after fame,
And the long honours of a lasting name,
Intrusts his happiness to human kind,
More false, more cruel, than the seas or wind.
"Toil on, dull crowd, in ecstasies he cries,
For wealth or title, perishable prize;
While I those transitory blessings scorn,
Secure of praise from ages yet unborn." [late,
This thought once form'd, all counsel comes too
He flies to press, and hurries on his fate;
Swiftly he sees the imagin'd laurels spread,
And feels the unfading wreath surround his head.
Warn'd by another's fate, vain youth, be wise,
Those dreams were Settle's once, and Ogilby's!
The pamphlet spreads, incessant hisses rise,
To some retreat the baffled writer flies;
Where no sour critics snarl, no sneers molest,
Safe from the tart lampoon, and stinging jest;
There begs of Heav'n a less distinguish'd lot,
Glad to be hid, and proud to be forgot.

## EPILOGUE,

*Intended to have been spoken by a Lady, who was to personate the Ghost of Hermoine* ‡.

Ye blooming train, who give despair or joy,
Bless with a smile, or with a frown destroy;
In whose fair cheeks destructive Cupids wait,
And with unerring shafts distribute fate;
Whose snowy breasts, whose animated eyes,
Each youth admires, though each admirer dies;
Whilst you deride their pangs in barb'rous play,
Unpitying see them weep, and hear them pray,
And unrelenting sport ten thousand lives away;
For you, ye fair, I quit the gloomy plains,
Where sable night in all her horror reigns;

---

* *This was made almost impromptu, in the presence of Mr. Hector.*

† *Alterations in the copy printed in the "Gentleman's Magazine,"* 1743.

Ver. 2, 3, 4, 5.
Forsakes his rural seats and peaceful home,
Charm'd with the scene the smiling ocean yields,
He scorns the flow'ry vales and verdant fields;
Jocund he dances o'er the wat'ry way.

Ver. 12.
Loud roars the tempest, high the billows rise.

Ver. 15, 16.
So the young author panting for a name,
And fir'd with pleasing hope of endless fame.

Ver. 19.
'Toil on, dull crowd, in ecstacy, he cries.

Ver. 21, 22.
'While I these transitory blessings scorn,
'Secure of praise from nations yet unborn.'

Ver. 24.
He plies the press, and hurries on his fate.

Ver. 26.
He feels th' unfading wreath surround his head.

Ver. 28.
These dreams were Settle's once and Ogilby's.

Ver. 31, 32.
Where no four critics damn, nor sneers molest,
Safe from the keen lampoon and stinging jest.

‡ *Some young ladies at Litchfield having proposed to act "The Distressed Mother," Johnson wrote this and gave it to Mr. Hector to convey privately to them.*

No fragrant bowers, no delightful glades,
Receive th' unhappy ghosts of scornful maids.
For kind, for tender nymphs the myrtle blooms,
And weaves herbending boughs in pleasing glooms;
Perennial roses deck each purple vale,
And scents ambrosial breathe in every gale:
Far hence are banish'd vapours, spleen, and tears,
Tea, scandal, ivory teeth, and languid airs;
No pug, nor favourite Cupid there enjoys
The balmy kiss, for which poor Thyrsis dies;
Form'd to delight, they use no foreign arms,
Nor torturing whalebones pinch them into charms;
No conscious blushes there their cheeks inflame,
For those who feel no guilt can know no shame;
Unfaded still their former charms they show,
Around them pleasures wait, and joys for ever new.
But cruel virgins meet severer fates;
Expell'd and exil'd from the blissful seats,
To dismal realms, and regions void of peace,
Where furies ever howl, and serpents hiss,
O'er the sad plains perpetual tempests sigh;
And pois'nous vapours, black'ning all the sky,
With livid hue the fairest face o'ercast,
And every beauty withers at the blast:
Where'er they fly their lover's ghosts pursue,
Inflicting all those ills which once they knew;
Vexation, fury, jealousy, despair,
Vex ev'ry eye, and ev'ry bosom tear;
Their foul deformities by all descry'd,
No maid to flatter, and no paint to hide.
Then melt, ye fair, while crowds around you sigh,
Nor let disdain sit lowring in your eye;
With pity soften every awful grace,
And beauty smile auspicious in each face;
To ease their pains exert your milder power,
So shall you guiltless reign, and all mankind adore.

## FRIENDSHIP:

### AN ODE.

*Printed in the "Gentleman's Magazine."* 1743.

Friendship, peculiar boon of heaven,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only given,
To all the lower world deny'd.

While love, unknown among the blest,
Parent of thousand wild desires,
The savage and the human breast
Torments alike with raging fires.

With bright, but oft destructive gleam,
Alike o'er all his lightnings fly,
Thy lambent glories only beam
Around the fav'rites of the sky.

Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys
On fools and villains ne'er descend

In vain for thee the tyrant sighs,
And hugs a flatterer for a friend.

Directress of the brave and just,
O guide us through life's darksome way!
And let the tortures of mistrust
On selfish bosoms only prey.

Nor shall thine ardours cease to glow,
When souls to peaceful climes remove:
What rais'd our virtue here below,
Shall aid our happiness above.

## TO A LADY *.

### WHO SPOKE IN DEFENCE OF LIBERTY.

Liber ut esse velim, suasisti, pulchra Maria,
Ut maneam liber, pulchra Maria, vale.

## AD LAURAM PARITURAM EPIGRAMMA †.

Angliacus inter pulcherrima Laura puellas,
Mox uteri pondus depositura grave,
Adsit, Laura, tibi facilis Lucina dolenti,
Neve tibi noceat prænituisse Deæ.

O qui perpetuâ mundum ratione gubernas,
Terrarum cœlique fator!——
Disjice terrenæ nubulas et pondera molis,
Atque tuo splendore mica! Tu namque serenum,
Tu requies tranquilla piis. Te cernere finis,
Principium, vector, dux, semita, terminus, idem.

O thou whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.
'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast,
With silent confidence and holy rest;
From thee, great God! we spring, to thee we tend,
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

## EPIGRAM

### ON GEORGE II. AND COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ. POET LAUREAT.

Augustus still survives in Maro's strain,
And Spenser's verse prolongs Eliza's reign,
Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber sing;
For nature form'd the poet for the king.

---

* *Miss Molly Aston.*

† *Mr. Hector was present when this epigram was made impromptu. The first line was proposed by Dr. James, and Johnson was called upon by the company to finish it, which he instantly did.*

# IRENE, A TRAGEDY.

PERFORMED AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE, IN THE YEAR M.DCC.XLIX.

*PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.*

MEN.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| MAHOMET, | Emperor of the Turks, | Mr. Barry. |
| CALI BASSA, | First Vifier, | Mr. Berry. |
| MUSTAPHA, | A Turkifh Aga, | Mr. Sowden. |
| ABDALLA, | An Officer, | Mr. Havard. |
| HASAN, | Turkifh Captains, | Mr. Usher. |
| CARAZA, | | Mr. Burton. |
| DEMETRIUS. | Greek Noblemen, | Mr Garrick. |
| LEONTIUS. | | Mr. Blakes. |
| MURZA, | An Eunuch, | Mr. ———— |

WOMEN.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| ASPASIA | Greek Ladies. | Mrs. Cibber. |
| IRENE, | | Mrs. Pritchard. |

Attendants on IRENE.

## PROLOGUE.

Ye glitt'ring train! whom lace and velvet blefs,
Suſpend the ſoft ſolicitudes of dreſs;
From grov'ling buſineſs and ſuperfluous care,
Ye ſons of avarice! a moment ſpare:
Vot'ries of fame and worſhippers of pow'r!
Diſmiſs the pleaſing phantoms for an hour.
Our daring bard, with ſpirit uncoofin'd,
Spreads wide the mighty moral of mankind.
Learn here how heav'n ſupports the virtuous mind,
Daring, though calm; and vigorous, though reſign'd.
Learn here what anguiſh racks the guilty breaſt,
In pow'r dependent, in ſucceſs depreſt.
Learn here that peace from innocence muſt flow;
All elſe is empty ſound, and idle ſhow.
If truths like theſe with pleaſing language join;
Ennobled, yet unchang'd, if nature ſhine:
If no wild draught depart from reaſon's rules,
Nor gods his heroes, nor his lovers fools:
Intriguing wits! his artleſs plot forgive;
And ſpare him, beauties! though his lovers live.
Be this at leaſt his praiſe; be this his pride;
To force applauſe no modern arts are try'd.
Should partial cat-calls all his hopes confound,
He bids no trumpet quell the fatal ſound.
Should welcome ſleep relieve the weary wit.
He rolls no thunders o'er the drowſy pit.
No ſnares to captivate the judgment ſpreads;
Nor bribes your eyes to prejudice your heads.
Unmov'd though witlings ſneer and rivals rail;
Studious to pleaſe, yet not aſham'd to fail.
He ſcorns the meek addreſs, the ſuppliant ſtrain,
With merit needleſs, and without it vain.
In reaſon, nature, truth he dares to truſt:
Ye fops, be ſilent! and ye wits, be juſt!

## ACT I.—SCENE I.

DEMETRIUS and LEONTIUS in Turkiſh Habits.

*Leontius.*

And is it thus Demetrius meets his friend,
Hid in the mean diſguiſe of Turkiſh robes,
With ſervile ſecrecy to lurk in ſhades,
And vent our ſuff'rings in clandeſtine groans?

*Demetrius.*

Till breathleſs fury reſted from deſtruction
Theſe groans were fatal, theſe diſguiſes vain:
But now our Turkiſh conquerors have quench'd
Their rage, and pall'd their appetite of murder;
No more the glutted ſabre thirſts for blood,
And weary cruelty remits her tortures.

*Leontius.*

Yet Greece enjoys no gleam of tranſient hope,
No ſoothing interval of peaceful ſorrow;
The luſt of gold ſucceeds the rage of conqueſt,
The luſt of gold, unfeeling and remorſeleſs!
The laſt corruption of degenerate man!
Urg'd by th' imperious ſoldier's fierce command,
The groaning Greeks break up their golden caverns
Pregnant with ſtores, that India's mines might envy
Th' accumulated wealth of toiling ages.

*Demetrius.*

That wealth, too ſacred for their country's uſe!
That wealth, too pleaſing to be loſt for freedom!

That wealth, which granted to their weeping prince,
Had rang'd embattled nations at our gates:
But thus reserv'd to lure the wolves of Turkey,
Adds shame to grief, and infamy to ruin.
Lamenting av'rice now too late discovers
Her own neglected, in the public safety.

*Leontius.*

Reproach not misery—The sons of Greece,
Ill-fated race! so oft besieg'd in vain,
With false security beheld invasion.
Why should they fear?—That power that kindly spreads
The clouds, a signal of impending show'rs,
To warn the wand'ring linnet to the shade,
Beheld without concern expiring Greece,
And not one prodigy foretold our fate.

*Demetrius.*

A thousand horrid prodigies foretold it.
A feeble government, eluded laws,
A factious populace, luxurious nobles,
And all the maladies of sinking states.
When public villany, too strong for justice,
Shows his bold front, the harbinger of ruin,
Can brave Leontius call for airy wonders,
Which cheats interpret, and which fools regard?
When some neglected fabric nods beneath
The weight of years, and totters to the tempest,
Must heaven dispatch the messengers of light,
Or wake the dead to warn us of its fall?

*Leontius.*

Well might the weakness of our empire sink
Before such foes of more than human force;
Some pow'r invisible, from heav'n or hell,
Conducts their armies and asserts their cause.

*Demetrius.*

And yet, my friend, what miracles were wrought
Beyond the power of constancy and courage?
Did unresisted lightning aid their cannon?
Did roaring whirlwinds sweep us from the ramparts?
'Twas vice that shook our nerves, 'twas vice, Leontius,
That froze our veins, and wither'd all our powers.

*Leontius.*

Whate'er our crimes, our woes demand compassion.
Each night, protected by the friendly darkness,
Quitting my close retreat, I range the city,
And weeping, kiss the venerable ruins:
With silent pangs I view the tow'ring domes,
Sacred to prayer, and wander through the streets;
Where commerce lavish'd unexhausted plenty,
And jollity maintain'd eternal revels.—

*Demetrius.*

—How chang'd, alas!—Now ghastly desolation
In triumph sits upon our shatter'd spires;
Now superstition, ignorance, and error,
Usurp our temples, and profane our altars.

*Leontius.*

From ev'ry palace burst a mingled clamour,
The dreadful dissonance of barb'rous triumph,
Shrieks of affright, and wailings of distress.
Oft when the cries of violated beauty
Arose to heav'n, and pierc'd my bleeding breast,
I felt thy pains, and trembled for Aspasia.

*Demetrius.*

Aspasia! spare that lov'd, that mournful name:
Dear hapless maid—tempestous grief o'erbears
My reasoning pow'rs—Dear, hapless, lost Aspasia!

*Leontius.*

Suspend the thought.

*Demetrius.*

All thought on her is madness:
Yet let me think—I see the helpless maid,
Behold the monsters gaze with savage rapture,
Behold how lust and rapine struggle round her.

*Leontius.*

Awake, Demetrius, from this dismal dream,
Sink not beneath imaginary sorrows:
Call to your aid your courage, and your wisdom;
Think on the sudden change of human scenes;
Think on the various accidents of war;
Think on the mighty pow'r of awful virtue;
Think on that providence that guards the good.

*Demetrius.*

O Providence! extend thy care to me,
For courage droops unequal to the combat,
And weak philosophy denies her succours.
Sure some kind sabre in the heat of battle,
Ere yet the foe found leisure to be cruel,
Dismiss'd her to the sky.

*Leontius.*

Some virgin martyr,
Perhaps, enamour'd of resembling virtue,
With gentle hand restrain'd the streams of life,
And snatch'd her timely from her country's fate.

*Demetrius.*

From those bright regions of eternal day,
Where now thou shin'st among thy fellow-saints,
Array'd in purer light, look down on me:
In pleasing visions, and assuasive dreams,
O sooth my soul, and teach me how to lose thee.

*Leontius.*

Enough of unavailing tears, Demetrius;
I came obedient to thy friendly summons,
And hop'd to share thy counsels, not thy sorrows:
While thus we mourn the fortune of Aspasia,
To what are we reserv'd?

*Demetrius.*

To what I know not:
But hope, yet hope, to happiness and honour;
If happiness can be without Aspasia.

*Leontius.*

But whence this new-sprung hope!

*Demetrius.*

From Cali Bassa:
The chief, whose wisdom guides the Turkish counsels.
He, tir'd of slav'ry, though the highest slave,
Projects at once our freedom and his own;
And bids us thus disguis'd await him here.

*Leontius.*

Can he restore the state he could not save?
In vain, when Turkey's troops assail'd our walls,
His kind intelligence betray'd their measures;
Their arms prevail'd, though Cali was our friend.

*Demetrius.*

When the tenth sun had set upon our sorrows,
At midnight's private hour a voice unknown
Sounds in my sleeping ear, "Awake, Demetrius,
"Awake, and follow me to better fortunes;"
Surpris'd I start, and bless the happy dream;

Then rouſing know the fiery Chief Abdalla,
Whoſe quick impatience ſeiz'd my doubtful hand,
And led me to the ſhore where Cali ſtood,
Penſive and liſt'ning to the beating ſurge.
There in ſoft hints and in ambiguous phraſe,
With all the diffidence of long experience,
That oft had practis'd fraud, and oft detected,
The vet'ran courtier half reveal'd his project.
By his command, equipp'd for ſpeedy flight,
Deep in a winding creek a galley lies,
Mann'd with the braveſt of our fellow captives,
Selected by my care, a hardy band,
That long to hail thee chief.

*Leontius.*

But what avails
So ſmall a force? or why ſhould Cali fly?
Or how can Cali's flight reſtore our country?

*Demetrius.*

Reſerve theſe queſtions for a ſafer hour,
Or hear himſelf, for ſee the Baſſa comes.

## SCENE II.

DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, CALI BASSA.

*Cali.*

Now ſummon all thy ſoul, illuſtrious Chriſtian!
Awake each faculty that ſleeps within thee,
The courtier's policy, the ſage's firmneſs,
The warrior's ardour, and the patriot's zeal;
If chaſing paſt events with vain purſuit,
Or wand'ring in the wilds of future being,
A ſingle thought now rove, recal it home.
But can thy friend ſuſtain the glorious cauſe,
The cauſe of liberty, the cauſe of nations?

*Demetrius.*

Obſerve him cloſely with a ſtateſman's eye,
Thou that haſt long perus'd the draughts of nature,
And know'ſt the characters of vice and virtue,
Left by the hand of heav'n on human clay.

*Cali.*

His mien is lofty, his demeanour great,
Nor ſprightly folly wantons in his air,
Nor dull ſerenity becalms his eyes.
Such had I truſted once as ſoon as ſeen,
But cautious age ſuſpects the flatt'ring form,
And only credits what experience tells.
Has ſilence preſs'd her ſeal upon his lips?
Does adamantine faith inveſt his heart?
Will he not bend beneath a tyrant's frown?
Will he not melt before ambition's fire?
Will he not ſoften in a friend's embrace?
Or flow diſſolving in a woman's tears?

*Demetrius.*

Sooner theſe trembling leaves ſhall find a voice,
And tell the ſecrets of their conſcious walks;
Sooner the breeze ſhall catch the flying ſounds,
And ſhock the tyrant with a tale of treaſon.
Your ſlaughter'd multitudes that ſwell the ſhore,
With monuments of death proclaim his courage;
Virtue and liberty engroſs his ſoul,
And leave no place for perfidy or fear.

*Leontius.*

I ſcorn a truſt unwillingly repos'd;
Demetrius will not lead me to diſhonour;
Conſult in private, call me when your ſcheme
Is ripe for action, and demands the ſword. [*Going.*

*Demetrius.*

Leontius, ſtay.

*Cali.*

Forgive an old man's weakneſs,
And ſhare the deepeſt ſecrets of my ſoul,
My wrongs, my fears, my motives, my deſigns.—
When unſucceſsful wars, and civil factions,
Embroil'd the Turkiſh ſtate—our ſultan's father
Great Amurath, at my requeſt, forſook
The cloiſter's eaſe, reſum'd the tott'ring throne,
And ſnatch'd the reigns of abdicated pow'r
From giddy Mahomet's unſkilful hand.
This fir'd the youthful king's ambitious breaſt,
He murmurs vengeance at the name of Cali,
And dooms my raſh fidelity to ruin.

*Demetrius.*

Unhappy lot of all that ſhine in courts;
For forc'd compliance, or for zealous virtue,
Still odious to the monarch or the people.

*Cali.*

Such are the woes when arbitrary pow'r,
And lawleſs paſſion hold the ſword of juſtice.
If there be any land, as fame reports,
Where common laws reſtrain the prince and ſubject,
A happy land, where circulating pow'r
Flows through each member of th' embodied ſtate,
Sure, not unconſcious of the mighty bleſſing,
Her grateful ſons ſhine bright with ev'ry virtue;
Untainted with the luſt of innovation,
Sure all unite to hold her league of rule
Unbroken as the ſacred chain of nature,
That links the jarring elements in peace.

*Leontius.*

But ſay, great Baſſa, why the ſultan's anger,
Burning in vain, delays the ſtroke of death?

*Cali.*

Young, and unſettled in his father's kingdoms,
Fierce as he was, he dreaded to deſtroy
The empire's darling, and the ſoldier's boaſt;
But now confirm'd, and ſwelling with his conqueſts,
Secure he tramples my declining fame,
Frowns unreſtrain'd, and dooms me with his eyes.

*Demetrius.*

What can reverſe thy doom?

*Cali.*

The tyrant's death.

*Demetrius.*

But Greece is ſtill forgot.

*Cali.*

On Aſia's coaſt,
Which lately bleſs'd my gentle government,
Soon as the ſultan's unexpected fate
Fills all th' aſtoniſh'd empire with confuſion,
My policy ſhall raiſe an eaſy throne;
The Turkiſh pow'rs from Europe ſhall retreat,
And haraſs Greece no more with waſteful war.
A galley mann'd with Greeks, thy charge Leontius,
Attends to waft us to repoſe and ſafety.

*Demetrius.*

That veſſel, if obſerv'd, alarms the court,
And gives a thouſand fatal queſtions birth;
Why ſtor'd for flight? and why prepar'd by Cali?

*Cali.*

This hour I'll beg, with unſuſpected face,
Leave to perform my pilgrimage to Mecca;

Which granted, hides my purpoſe from the world,
And, though refus'd, conceals it from the ſultan.

*Demetrius.*

How can a ſingle hand attempt a life
Which armies guard, and citadels encloſe?

*Cali.*

Forgetful of command, with captive beauties,
Far from his troops, he toys his hours away.
A roving ſoldier ſeiz'd in Sophia's temple
A virgin ſhining with diſtinguiſh'd charms,
And brought his beauteous plunder to the Sultan.

*Demetrius.*

In Sophia's temple!—What alarm!—Proceed.

*Cali.*

The ſultan gaz'd, he wonder'd, and he lov'd;
In paſſion loſt, he bade the conqu'ring fair
Renounce her faith, and be the queen of Turkey;
The pious maid, with modeſt indignation,
Threw back the glitt'ring bribe.

*Demetrius.*

Celeſtial goodneſs!
It muſt, it muſt be ſhe; her name?

*Cali.*

Aſpaſia.

*Demetrius.*

What hopes, what terrors ruſh upon my ſoul!
O lead me quickly to the ſcene of fate;
Break through the politician's tedious forms,
Aſpaſia calls me, let me fly to ſave her.

*Leontius.*

Did Mahomet reproach or praiſe her virtue?

*Cali.*

His offers oft repeated, ſtill refus'd,
At length rekindled his accuſtom'd fury, [whiſper
And chang'd th' endearing ſmile and am'rous
To threats of torture, death, and violation.

*Demetrius.*

Theſe tedious narratives of frozen age
Diſtract my ſoul, diſpatch thy ling'ring tale;
Say, did a voice from heaven reſtrain the tyrant?
Did interpoſing angels guard her from him?

*Cali.*

Juſt in the moment of impending fate,
Another plund'rer brought the bright Irene;
Of equal beauty, but of ſofter mien,
Fear in her eye, ſubmiſſion on her tongue,
Her mournful charms attracted his regards,
Diſarm'd his rage, and in repeated viſits
Gain'd all his heart; at length his eager love
To her transferr'd the offer of a crown.

*Leontius.*

Nor found again the bright temptation fail?

*Cali.*

Trembling to grant, nor daring to refuſe,
While heav'n and Mahomet divide her fears,
With coy careſſes and with pleaſing wiles
She feeds his hopes, and ſooths him to delay.
For her repoſe is baniſh'd from the night
And buſineſs from the day. In her apartments
He lives.————

*Leontius.*

And there muſt fall.

*Cali.*

But yet th' attempt
Is hazardous.

*Leontius.*

Forbear to ſpeak of hazards;
What has the wretch that has ſurviv'd his country,
His friends, his liberty, to hazard?

*Cali.*

Life.

*Demetrius.*

Th' ineſtimable privilege of breathing!
Important hazard! What's that airy bubble
When weigh'd with Greece, with virtue, with
Aſpaſia?
A floating atom, duſt that falls unheeded
Into the adverſe ſcale, nor ſhakes the balance.

*Cali.*

At leaſt this day be calm.——If we ſucceed,
Aſpaſia's thine, and all thy life is rapture.—
See! Muſtapha, the tyrant's minion, comes;
Inveſt Leontius with his new command;
And wait Abdalla's unſuſpected viſits:
Remember freedom, glory, Greece, and love.

[*Exeunt* Demetrius *and* Leontius.

## SCENE III.

CALI, MUSTAPHA.

*Muſtapha.*

By what enchantment does this lovely Greek
Hold in her chains the captivated ſultan?
He tires his fav'rites with Irene's praiſe,
And ſeeks the ſhades to muſe upon Irene;
Irene ſteals unheeded from his tongue,
And mingles unperceiv'd with ev'ry thought.

*Cali.*

Why ſhould the ſultan ſhun the joys of beauty,
Or arm his breaſt againſt the force of love?
Love, that with ſweet viciſſitude relieves
The warrior's labours, and the monarch's cares.
But will ſhe yet receive the faith of Mecca?

*Muſtapha.*

Thoſe pow'rful tyrants of the female breaſt,
Fear and ambition, urge her to compliance;
Dreſs'd in each charm of gay magnificence,
Alluring grandeur courts her to his arms,
Religion calls her from the wiſh'd embrace,
Paints future joys, and points to diſtant glories.

*Cali.*

Soon will th' unequal conteſt be decided.
Proſpects obſcur'd by diſtance faintly ſtrike;
Each pleaſure brightens at its near approach,
And every danger ſhocks with double horror.

*Muſtapha.*

How ſhall I ſcorn the beautiful apoſtate!
How will the bright Aſpaſia ſhine above her!

*Cali.*

Should ſhe, for proſelytes are always zealous,
With pious warmth receive our prophet's law—

*Muſtapha.*

Heav'n will contemn the mercenary fervour,
Which love of greatneſs, not of truth, inflames.

*Cali.*

Ceaſe, ceaſe thy cenſures, for the ſultan comes
Alone, with am'rous haſte to ſeek his love.

## SCENE IV.

MAHOMET, CALI BASSA, MUSTAPHA.

*Cali.*

Hail, terror of the monarchs of the world,
Unſhaken be thy throne as earth's firm baſe,

Live till the sun forgets to dart his beams,
And weary planets loiter in their courses.

*Mahomet.*

But, Cali, let Irene share thy prayers;
For what is length of days without Irene?
I come from empty noise, and tasteless pomp,
From crowds that hide a monarch from himself,
To prove the sweets of privacy and friendship,
And dwell upon the beauties of Irene.

*Cali.*

O may her beauties last unchang'd by time,
As those that bless the mansions of the good.

*Mahomet.*

Each realm where beauty turns the graceful shape,
Swells the fair breast or animates the glance,
Adorns my palace with its brightest virgins;
Yet unacquainted with these soft emotions
I walk'd superior, through the blaze of charms,
Prais'd without rapture, left without regret.
Why rove I now, when absent from my fair,
From solitude to crowds, from crowds to solitude,
Still restless, till I clasp the lovely maid,
And ease my loaded soul upon her bosom?

*Mustapha.*

Forgive, great sultan, that intrusive duty
Inquires the final doom of Menodorus,
The Grecian counsellor.

*Mahomet.*

Go see him die;
His martial rhet'ric taught the Greeks resistance;
Had they prevail'd, I ne'er had known Irene.

[*Exit* Mustapha.

## SCENE V.

MAHOMET, CALI.

*Mahomet.*

Remote from tumult, in th' adjoining palace,
Thy care shall guard this treasure of my soul;
There let Aspasia, since my fair entreats it,
With converse chase the melancholy moments.
Sure, chill'd with sixty winter camps, thy blood
At sight of female charms will glow no more.

*Cali.*

These years, unconquer'd Mahomet, demand
Desires more pure, and other cares than love.
Long have I wish'd, before our prophet's tomb,
To pour my prayers for thy successful reign,
To quit the tumults of the noisy camp,
And sink into the silent grave in peace.

*Mahomet.*

What! think of peace while haughty Scanderbeg,
Elate with conquest, in his native mountains,
Prowls o'er the wealthy spoils of bleeding Turkey?
While fair Hungaria's unexhausted valleys
Pour forth their legions, and the roaring Danube
Rolls half his floods unheard through shouting camps?
Nor could'st thou more support a life of sloth
Than Amurath———

*Cali.*

Still full of Amurath! [*Aside.*

*Mahomet.*

Than Amurath, accustom'd to command,
Could bear his son upon the Turkish throne.

*Cali.*

This pilgrimage our lawgiver ordain'd—

*Mahomet.*

For those who could not please by nobler service.—
Our warlike prophet loves an active faith,
The holy flame of enterprising virtue,
Mocks the dull vows of solitude and pennance,
And scorns the lazy hermit's cheap devotion;
Shine thou distinguish'd by superior merit,
With wonted zeal pursue the task of war,
Till every nation reverence the Koran,
And ev'ry suppliant lift his eyes to Mecca.

*Cali.*

This regal confidence, this pious ardour,
Let prudence moderate, though not suppress.
Is not each realm that smiles with kinder suns,
Or boasts a happier soil, already thine?
Extended empire, like expanded gold,
Exchanges solid strength for feeble splendour.

*Mahomet.*

Preach thy dull politics to vulgar kings, [ness,
Thou know'st not yet thy master's future great-
His vast designs, his plans of boundless pow'r.
When ev'ry storm in my domain shall roar,
When ev'ry wave shall beat a Turkish shore,
Then, Cali, shall the toils of battle cease,
Then dream of prayer, and pilgrimage, and peace.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.—SCENE I.

ASPASIA, IRENE.

*Irene.*

Aspasia, yet pursue the sacred theme;
Exhaust the stores of pious eloquence,
And teach me to repel the sultan's passion.
Still at Aspasia's voice a sudden rapture
Exalts my soul, and fortifies my heart.
The glitt'ring vanities of empty greatness,
The hopes and fears, the joys and pains of life,
Dissolve in air, and vanish into nothing.

*Aspasia.*

Let nobler hopes and juster fears succeed,
And bar the passes of Irene's mind
Against returning guilt.

*Irene.*

When thou art absent
Death rises to my view, with all his terrors;
Then visions horrid as a murd'rer's dreams
Chill my resolves, and blast my blooming virtue:
Stern torture shakes his bloody scourge before me,
And anguish gnashes on the fatal wheel.

*Aspasia.*

Since fear predominates in every thought,
And sways thy breast with absolute dominion,
Think on th' insulting scorn, the conscious pangs,
The future miseries that wait the apostate;
So shall timidity assist thy reason,
And wisdom into folly turn thy frailty.

*Irene.*

Will not that pow'r that form'd the heart of woman,
And wove the feeble texture of her nerves,
Forgive those fears that shake the tender frame?

*Aspasia.*

The weakness we lament, ourselves create;
Instructed from our infant years to court
With counterfeited fears the aid of man,
We learn to shudder at the rustling breeze,

Start at the light, and tremble in the dark;
Till affectation, rip'ning to belief,
And folly, frighted at her own chimeras,
Habitual cowardice usurps the soul.

*Irene.*

Not all like thee can brave the shocks of fate,
Thy soul by nature great, enlarg'd by knowledge,
Soars unencumber'd with our idle cares,
And all Aspasia, but her beauty, 's man.

*Aspasia.*

Each generous sentiment is thine, Demetrius,
Whose soul, perhaps, yet mindful of Aspasia,
Now hovers o'er this melancholy shade,
Well pleas'd to find thy precepts not forgotten.
O! could the grave restore the pious hero,
Soon would his art or valour set us free,
And bear us far from servitude and crimes.

*Irene.*

He yet may live.

*Aspasia.*

Alas! delusive dream?
Too well I know him, his immod'rate courage,
Th' impetuous sallies of excessive virtue,
Too strong for love, have hurried him on death.

## SCENE II.

ASPASIA, IRENE, CALI, ABDALLA.

*Cali to Abdalla, as they advance.*

Behold our future sultaness, Abdalla;
Let artful flatt'ry now, to lull suspicion,
Glide through Irene to the sultan's ear.
Wouldst thou subdue th' obdurate cannibal
To tender friendship, praise him to his mistress.

*To Irene.*

Well may those eyes that view these heav'nly charms
Reject the daughters of contending kings;
For what are pompous titles, proud alliance,
Empire or wealth, to excellence like thine?

*Abdalla.*

Receive th' impatient sultan to thy arms;
And may a long posterity of monarchs,
The pride and terror of succeeding days,
Rise from the happy bed; and future queens
Diffuse Irene's beauty through the world.

*Irene.*

Can Mahomet's imperial hand descend
To clasp a slave? or, can a soul like mine,
Unus'd to power, and form'd for humbler scenes,
Support the splendid miseries of greatness?

*Cali.*

No regal pageant deck'd with casual honours,
Scorn'd by his subjects, trampled by his foes;
No feeble tyrant of a petty state
Courts thee to shake on a dependent throne;
Born to command, as thou to charm mankind,
The sultan from himself derives his greatness.
Observe, bright maid, as his resistless voice
Drives on the tempest of destructive war,
How nation after nation falls before him.

*Abdalla.*

At his dread name the distant mountains shake
Their cloudy summits, and the sons of fierceness,
That range unciviliz'd from rock to rock,
Distrust th' eternal fortresses of nature,
And wish their gloomy caverns more obscure.

*Aspasia.*

Forbear this lavish pomp of dreadful praise;
The horrid images of war and slaughter
Renew our sorrows, and awake our fears.

*Abdalla.*

Cali, methinks yon waving trees afford
A doubtful glimpse of our approaching friends;
Just as I mark'd them, they forsook the shore,
And turn'd their hasty steps towards the garden.

*Cali.*

Conduct these queens, Abdalla, to the palace:
Such heav'nly beauty form'd for adoration,
The pride of monarchs, the reward of conquest
Such beauty must not shine to vulgar eyes.

## SCENE III.

*Cali* solus.

How heav'n, in scorn of human arrogance,
Commits to trivial chance the fate of nations!
While with incessant thought laborious man
Extends his mighty schemes of wealth and pow'r,
And tow'rs and triumphs in ideal greatness;
Some accidental gust of opposition
Blasts all the beauties of his new creation,
O'erturns the fabric of presumptuous reason,
And whelms the swelling architect beneath it.
Had not the breeze untwin'd the meeting boughs,
And through the parted shade disclos'd the Greeks
Th' important hour had pass'd unheeded by,
In all the sweet oblivion of delight,
In all the fopperies of meeting lovers;
In sighs and tears, in transports and embraces,
In soft complaints, and idle protestations.

## SCENE IV.

CALI, DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS.

*Cali.*

Could omens fright the resolute and wise,
Well might we fear impending disappointments.

*Leontius.*

Your artful suit, your monarch's fierce denial,
The cruel doom of hapless Menodorus.——

*Demetrius.*

And your new charge, that dear, that heav'nly maid.—

*Leontius.*

All this we know already from Abdalla.

*Demetrius.*

Such slight defeats but animate the brave
To stronger efforts and maturer counsels.

*Cali.*

My doom confirm'd establishes my purpose:
Calmly he heard, till Amurath's resumption
Rose to his thought, and set his soul on fire:
When from his lips the fatal name burst out,
A sudden pause th' imperfect sense suspended,
Like the dread stillness of condensing storms.

*Demetrius.*

The loudest cries of nature urge us forward;
Despotic rage pursues the life of Cali;
His groaning country claims Leontius' aid;
And yet another voice, forgive me, Greece,
The pow'rful voice of love inflames Demetrius,
Each ling'ring hour alarms me for Aspasia.

*Cali.*

What passions reign among thy crew, Leontius?
Does cheerless diffidence oppress their hearts?

Or ſprightly hope exalt their kindling ſpirits?
Do they with pain repreſs the ſtruggling ſhout,
And liſten eager to the riſing wind?

*Leontius.*

All there is hope, and gaiety, and courage,
No cloudy doubts, or languiſhing delays;
Ere I could range them on the crowded deck,
At once a hundred voices thunder'd round me,
And every voice was liberty and Greece.

*Demetrius.*

Swift, let us ruſh upon the careleſs tyrant,
Nor give him leiſure for another crime.

*Leontius.*

Then let us now reſolve, nor idly waſte
Another hour in dull deliberation.

*Cali.*

But ſee, where deſtin'd to protract our counſels,
Comes Muſtapha.—Your Turkiſh robes conceal you,
Retire with ſpeed, while I prepare to meet him
With artificial ſmiles, and ſeeming friendſhip.

## SCENE V.

CALI and MUSTAPHA.

*Cali.*

I ſee the gloom that low'rs upon thy brow,
Theſe days of love and pleaſure charm not thee;
Too ſlow theſe gentle conſtellations roll,
Thou long'ſt for ſtars that frown on human kind,
And ſcatter diſcord from their baleful beams.

*Muſtapha.*

How bleſt art thou, ſtill jocund and ſerene,
Beneath the load of buſineſs, and of years.

*Cali.*

Sure by ſome wond'rous ſympathy of ſouls,
My heart ſtill beats reſponſive to the ſultan's;
I ſhare, by ſecret inſtinct, all his joys,
And feel no ſorrow while my ſov'reign ſmiles.

*Muſtapha.*

The ſultan comes, impatient for his love;
Conduct her hither, let no rude intruſion
Moleſt theſe private walks, or care invade
Theſe hours aſſign'd to pleaſure and Irene.

## SCENE VI.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA.

*Mahomet.*

Now, Muſtapha, purſue thy tale of horror.
Has treaſon's dire infection reach'd my palace?
Can Cali dare the ſtroke of heav'nly juſtice,
In the dark precincts of the gaping grave,
And load with perjuries his parting ſoul?
Was it for this, that ſick'ning in Epirus,
My father call'd me to his couch of death,
Join'd Cali's hand to mine, and fault'ring cry'd,
Reſtrain the fervour of impetuous youth
With venerable Cali's faithful counſels?
Are theſe the counſels? This the faith of Cali?
Were all our favours laviſh'd on a villain?
Confeſt?———

*Muſtapha.*

Confeſt by dying Menodorus.
In his laſt agonies the gaſping coward,
Amidſt the tortures of the burning ſteel,
Still fond of life, groan'd out the dreadful ſecret,
Held forth this fatal ſcroll, then ſunk to nothing.

Mahomet, *examining the paper.*

His correſpondence with our foes of Greece!
His hand! His ſeal! The ſecrets of my ſoul
Conceal'd from all but him! All! all conſpire
To baniſh doubt, and brand him for a villain.
Our ſchemes for ever croſs'd, our mines diſcover'd,
Betray'd ſome traitor lurking near my boſom.
Oft have I rag'd, when their wide-waſting cannon
Lay pointed at our batt'ries yet unform'd,
And broke the meditated lines of war.
Deteſted Cali too, with artful wonder,
Would ſhake his wily head, and cloſely whiſper,
Beware of Muſtapha, beware of treaſon.

*Muſtapha.*

The faith of Muſtapha diſdains ſuſpicion;
But yet, great emperor, beware of treaſon.
Th' inſidious Baſſa ſir'd by diſappointment——

*Mahomet.*

Shall feel the vengeance of an injur'd king.
Go, ſeize him, load him with reproachful chains;
Before th' aſſembled troops proclaim his crimes;
Then leave him ſtretch'd upon the ling'ring rack,
Amidſt the camp to howl his life away.

*Muſtapha.*

Should we before the troops proclaim his crimes,
I dread his arts of ſeeming innocence,
His bland addreſs, and ſorcery of tongue;
And ſhould he fall unheard, by ſudden juſtice,
Th' adoring ſoldiers would revenge their idol.

*Mahomet.*

Cali, this day with hypocritic zeal,
Implor'd my leave to viſit Mecca's temple;
Struck with the wonder of a ſtateſman goodneſs,
I rais'd his thoughts to more ſublime devotion.
Now let him go, purſu'd by ſilent wrath,
Meet unexpected daggers in his way,
And in ſome diſtant land obſcurely die.

*Muſtapha.*

There will his boundleſs wealth, the ſpoil of Aſia,
Heap'd by your father's ill-plac'd bounties on him,
Diſperſe rebellion through the Eaſtern world;
Bribe to his cauſe and liſt beneath his banners
Arabia's roving troops, the ſons of ſwiftneſs,
And arm the Perſian heretic againſt thee;
There ſhall he waſte thy frontiers, check thy conqueſts,
And though at length ſubdued, elude thy vengeance.

*Mahomet.*

Elude my vengeance! no—My troops ſhall range
Th' eternal ſnows that freeze beyond Meotis,
And Afric's torrid ſands, in ſearch of Cali.
Should the fierce North upon his frozen wings
Bear him aloft above the wond'ring clouds,
And ſeat him in the Pleiads' golden chariots,
Thence ſhould my fury drag him down to tortures;
Wherever guilt can fly, revenge can follow.

*Muſtapha.*

Wilt thou diſmiſs the ſavage from the toils,
Only to hunt him round the ravag'd world?

*Mahomet.*

Suſpend his ſentence—Empire and Irene
Claim my divided ſoul. This wretch, unworthy
To mix with nobler cares, I'll throw aſide
For idle hours, and cruſh him at my leiſure.

*Muſtapha.*

Let not th' unbounded greatneſs of his mind
Betray my king to negligence of danger.

Perhaps the clouds of dark conſpiracy
Now roll full fraught with thunder o'er your head.
Twice ſince the morning roſe I ſaw the Baſſa,
Like a fell adder ſwelling in a brake,
Beneath the covert of this verdant arch
In private conference; beſide him ſtood
Two men unknown, the partners of his boſom;
I mark'd them well, and trac'd in either face
The gloomy reſolution, horrid greatneſs,
And ſtern compoſure of deſpairing heroes;
And, to confirm my thought, at ſight of me,
As blaſted by my preſence, they withdrew
With all the ſpeed of terror and of guilt.

*Mahomet.*

The ſtrong emotions of my troubled ſoul
Allow no pauſe for art or for contrivance;
And dark perplexity diſtracts my counſels.
Do thou reſolve: For ſee Irene comes!
At her approach each ruder guſt of thought
Sinks like the ſighing of a tempeſt ſpent,
And gales of ſofter paſſion fan my boſom.

[Cali *enters with* Irene, *and exit with* Muſtapha

## SCENE VII.

MAHOMET, IRENE.

*Mahomet.*

Wilt thou deſcend, fair daughter of perfection,
To hear my vows, and give mankind a queen?
Ah! ceaſe, Irene, ceaſe thoſe flowing ſorrows,
That melt a heart impregnable till now,
And turn thy thoughts henceforth to love and empire.
How will the matchleſs beauties of Irene,
Thus bright in tears, thus amiable in ruin,
With all the graceful pride of greatneſs heighten'd,
Amidſt the blaze of jewels and of gold,
Adorn a throne, and dignify dominion.

*Irene.*

Why all this glare of ſplendid eloquence,
To paint the pageantries of guilty ſtate?
Muſt I for theſe renounce the hope of heav'n,
Immortal crowns and fullneſs of enjoyment?

*Mahomet.*

Vain raptures all—For your inferior natures
Form'd to delight, and happy by delighting,
Heav'n has reſerv'd no future Paradiſe,
But bids you rove the paths of bliſs, ſecure
Of total death and careleſs of hereafter;
While heav'ns high miniſter, whoſe awful volume
Records each act, each thought of ſovereign man,
Surveys your plays with inattentive glance,
And leaves the lovely trifler unregarded.

*Irene.*

Why then has nature's vain munificence
Profuſely pour'd her bounties upon woman?
Whence then thoſe charms thy tongue has deign'd to flatter,
That air reſiſtleſs and enchanting bluſh,
Unleſs the beauteous fabric was deſign'd
A habitation for a fairer ſoul?

*Mahomet.*

Too high, bright maid, thou rat'ſt exterior grace:
Not always do the faireſt flow'rs diffuſe
The richeſt odours, nor the ſpeckled ſhells
Conceal the gem; let female arrogance
Obſerve the feather'd wand'rers of the ſky;
With purple varied and bedropp'd with gold,
They prune the wing, and ſpread the glofſy plumes,
Ordain'd, like you, to flutter and to ſhine,
And cheer the weary paſſenger with muſic.

*Irene.*

Mean as we are, this tyrant of the world
Implores our ſmiles, and trembles at our feet:
Whence flow the hopes and fears, deſpair and rapture,
Whence all the bliſs and agonies of love?

*Mahomet.*

Why, when the balm of ſleep deſcends on man,
Do gay deluſions, wand'ring o'er the brain,
Sooth the delighted ſoul with empty bliſs?
To want give affluence? and to ſlav'ry freedom?
Such are love's joys, the lenitives of life,
A fancy'd treaſure, and a waking dream.

*Irene.*

Then let me once, in honour of our ſex,
Aſſume the boaſtful arrogance of man.
Th' attractive ſoftneſs, and th' endearing ſmile,
And pow'rful glance, 'tis granted, are our own;
Nor has impartial nature's frugal hand
Exhauſted all her nobler gifts on you;
Do not we ſhare the comprehenſive thought,
Th' enlivening wit, the penetrating reaſon?
Beats not the female breaſt with gen'rous paſſions,
The thirſt of empire, and the love of glory?

*Mahomet.*

Illuſtrious maid, new wonders fix me thine,
Thy ſoul completes the triumphs of thy face.
I thought, forgive my fair, the nobleſt aim,
The ſtrongeſt effort of a female ſoul,
Was but to chooſe the graces of the day;
To tune the tongue, to teach the eyes to roll,
Diſpoſe the colours of the flowing robe,
And add new roſes to the faded cheek.
Will it not charm a mind like thine exalted,
To ſhine the goddeſs of applauding nations,
To ſcatter happineſs and plenty round thee,
To bid the proſtrate captive riſe and live,
To ſee new cities tow'r at thy command,
And blaſted kingdoms flouriſh at thy ſmile?

*Irene.*

Charm'd with the thought of bleſſing human kind,
Too calm I liſten to the flatt'ring ſounds.

*Mahomet.*

O ſeize the power to bliſs—Irene's nod
Shall break the fetters of the groaning Chriſtian;
Greece, in her lovely patroneſs ſecure,
Shall mourn no more her plunder'd palaces.

*Irene.*

Forbear—O do not urge me to my ruin!

*Mahomet.*

To ſtate and pow'r I court thee, not to ruin:
Smile on my wiſhes, and command the globe.
Security ſhall ſpread her ſhield before thee,
And love enfold thee with his downy wings.
If greatneſs pleaſe thee, mount th' imperial ſeat;
If pleaſure charm thee, view this ſoft retreat;
Here ev'ry warbler of the ſky ſhall ſing;
Here ev'ry fragrance breathe of ev'ry ſpring:
To deck theſe bow'rs each region ſhall combine,
And ev'n our prophet's gardens envy thine:
Empire and love ſhall ſhare the bliſsful day,
And varied life ſteal unperceiv'd away.

## ACT III.—SCENE I.

CALI, ABDALLA.

*Cali enters with a diſcontented air; to him enters Abdalla.*

*Cali.*

Is this the fierce conſpirator Abdalla?
Is this the reſtleſs diligence of treaſon?
Where haſt thou linger'd while th' encumber'd hours
Fly lab'ring with the fate of future nations,
And hungry ſlaughter ſcents imperial blood?

*Abdalla.*

Important cares detain'd me from your counſels.

*Cali.*

Some petty paſſion! ſome domeſtic trifle;
Some vain amuſement of a vacant ſoul!
A weeping wife perhaps, or dying friend,
Hung on your neck, and hinder'd your departure.
Is this a time for ſoftneſs or for ſorrow?
Unprofitable, peaceful, female virtues!
When eager vengeance ſhows a naked foe,
And kind ambition points the way to greatneſs.

*Abdalla.*

Muſt then ambition's votaries inſringe
The laws of kindneſs, break the bonds of nature?
And quit the names of brother, friend, and father?

*Cali.*

This ſovereign paſſion, ſcornful of reſtraint,
Ev'n from the birth affects ſupreme command,
Swells in the breaſt, and with reſiſtleſs force
O'erbears each gentler motion of the mind.
As when a deluge overſpreads the plains,
The wand'ring rivulet, and ſilver lake,
Mix undiſtinguiſh'd with the gen'ral roar.

*Abdalla.*

Yet can ambition in Abdalla's breaſt
Claim but the ſecond place: there mighty love
Has fix'd his hopes, inquietudes, and fears,
His glowing wiſhes, and his jealous pangs.

*Cali.*

Love is indeed the privilege of youth;
Yet, on a day like this, when expectation
Pants for the dread event—But let us reaſon—

*Abdalla.*

Haſt thou grown old amidſt the crowd of courts,
And turn'd th' inſtructive page of human life,
To cant, at laſt, of reaſon to a lover?
Such ill-tim'd gravity, ſuch ſerious folly,
Might well beſit the ſolitary ſtudent,
Th' unpractis'd derviſe, or ſequeſter'd faquir.
Know'ſt thou not yet, when love invades the ſoul,
That all her faculties receive his chains?
That reaſon gives her ſceptre to his hand,
Or only ſtruggles to be more enſlav'd!
Aſpaſia, who can look upon thy beauties?
Who hear thee ſpeak, and not abandon reaſon?
Reaſon! the hoary dotard's dull directreſs,
That loſes all becauſe ſhe hazards nothing:
Reaſon! the tim'rous pilot, that to ſhun
The rocks of life, for ever ſlies the port.

*Cali.*

But why this ſudden warmth?

*Abdalla.*

Becauſe I love:
Becauſe my ſlighted paſſion burns in vain!
Why roars the lioneſs diſtreſs'd by hunger?
Why foam the ſwelling waves when tempeſts riſe?
Why ſhakes the ground, when ſubterraneous fires
Fierce through the burſting caverns rend their way?

*Cali.*

Not till this day thou ſaw'ſt this fatal fair;
Did ever paſſion make ſo ſwift a progreſs?
Once more reflect, ſuppreſs this infant folly.

*Abdalla.*

Groſs fires, enkindled by a mortal hand,
Spread by degrees, and dread th' oppreſſing ſtream;
The ſubtler flames emitted from the ſky,
Flaſh out at once, with ſtrength above reſiſtance.

*Cali.*

How did Aſpaſia welcome your addreſs?
Did you proclaim this unexpected conqueſt?
Or pay with ſpeaking eyes a lover's homage?

*Abdalla.*

Confounded, aw'd, and loſt in admiratſon,
I gaz'd, I trembled; but I could not ſpeak:
When ev'n as love was breaking off from wonder,
And tender accents quiver'd on my lips,
She mark'd my ſparkling eyes, and heaving breaſt,
And ſmiling, conſcious of her charms, withdrew.

*Enter* Demetrius *and* Leontius.

*Cali.*

Now be ſome moments maſter of thyſelf,
Nor let Demetrius know thee for a rival.
Hence! or be calm—To diſagree is ruin.

## SCENE II.

CALI, DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, ABDALLA.

*Demetrius.*

When will occaſion ſmile upon our wiſhes,
And give the tortures of ſuſpence a period?
Still muſt we linger in uncertain hope?
Still languiſh in our chains, and dream of freedom,
Like thirſty ſailors gazing on the clouds,
Till burning death ſhoots through their wither'd limbs?

*Cali.*

Deliverance is at hand; for Turkey's tyrant,
Sunk in his pleaſures, confident and gay,
With all the hero's dull ſecurity,
Truſts to my care his miſtreſs and his life,
And laughs and wantons in the jaws of death.

*Leontius.*

So weak is man, when deſtin'd to deſtruction,
The watchful ſlumber, and the craſy truſt.

*Cali.*

At my command yon iron gates unfold;
At my command the ſentinels retire;
With all the licence of authority,
Through bowing ſlaves, I range the private rooms,
And of to-morrow's action fix the ſcene.

*Demetrius.*

To-morrow's action! Can that hoary wiſdom
Borne down with years, ſtill doat upon to-morrow?
That fatal miſtreſs of the young, the lazy,
The coward, and the fool, condemn'd to loſe
An uſeleſs life in waiting for to-morrow,
To gaze with longing eyes upon to-morrow,
Till interpoſing death deſtroys the proſpect!
Strange! that this gen'ral fraud from day to day
Could fill the world with wretches undetected.

The ſoldier lab'ring through a winter's march,
Still ſees to-morrow dreſt in robes of triumph;
Still to the lover's long-expecting arms,
To-morrow brings the viſionary bride.
But thou, too old to bear another cheat,
Learn, that the preſent hour alone is man's.

*Leontius.*

The preſent hour with open arms invites,
Seize the kind fair, and preſs her to thy boſom.

*Demetrius.*

Who knows, ere this important morrow riſe,
But fear or mutiny may taint the Greeks?
Who knows if Mahomet's awaking anger
May ſpare the fatal bow-ſtring till to-morrow?

*Abdalla.*

Had our firſt Aſian foes but known this ardour,
We ſtill had wander'd on Tartarian hills.
Rouſe, Cali, ſhall the ſons of conquer'd Greece
Lead us to danger, and abaſh their victors?
This night with all her conſcious ſtars be witneſs,
Who merits moſt?—Demetrius or Abdalla.

*Demetrius.*

Who merits moſt!—I knew not we were rivals.

*Cali.*

Young man, forbear—The heat of youth, no more—
Well,—'tis decreed—This night ſhall fix our fate.
Soon as the veil of evening clouds the ſky,
With cautious ſecrecy, Leontius ſteer,
Th' appointed veſſel to yon ſhaded bay,
Form'd by this garden jutting on the deep;
There, with your ſoldiers arm'd, and ſails expanded,
Await our coming, equally prepar'd
For ſpeedy flight, or obſtinate defence.

[*Exit* Leont.

## SCENE III.

CALI, ABDALLA, DEMETRIUS.

*Demetrius.*

Now pauſe, great Baſſa, from the thoughts of blood,
And kindly grant an ear to gentler ſounds.
If e'er thy youth has known the pangs of abſence,
Or felt th' impatience of obſtructed love,
Give me, before th' approaching hour of fate,
Once to behold the charms of bright Aſpaſia,
And draw new virtue from her heav'nly tongue.

*Cali.*

Let prudence, ere the ſuit he farther urg'd,
Impartial weigh the pleaſure with the danger.
A little longer, and ſhe's thine for ever.

*Demetrius.*

Prudence and love conſpire in this requeſt,
Leſt, unacquainted with our bold attempt,
Surpriſe o'erwhelm her, and retard our flight.

*Cali.*

What I can grant, you cannot aſk in vain—

*Demetrius.*

I go to wait thy call; this kind conſent
Completes the gift of freedom and of life.

[*Exit.* Dem.

## SCENE IV.

CALI, ABDALLA.

*Abdalla.*

And this is my reward—to burn, to languiſh,
To rave unheeded, while the happy Greek,
The refuſe of our ſwords, the droſs of conqueſt,
Throws his fond arms about Aſpaſia's neck,
Dwells on her lips, and ſighs upon her breaſt;
Is't not enough, he lives by our indulgence,
But he muſt live to make his maſters wretched?

*Cali.*

What claim haſt thou to plead?

*Abdalla.*

The claim of pow'r,
Th' unqueſtion'd claim of conquerors, and kings!

*Cali.*

Yet in the uſe of pow'r remember juſtice.

*Abdalla.*

Can then th' aſſaſſin lift his treach'rous hand
Againſt his king, and cry, remember juſtice.
Juſtice demands the forfeit life of Cali;
Juſtice demands that I reveal your crimes;
Juſtice demands—But ſee th' approaching ſultan.
Oppoſe my wiſhes, and—Remember juſtice.

*Cali.*

Diſorder ſits upon thy face—retire.

[*Exit* Abdalla, *Enter* Mahomet.

## SCENE V.

CALI, MAHOMET.

*Cali.*

Long be the ſultan bleſs'd with happy love;
My zeal marks gladneſs dawning on thy cheek,
With raptures ſuch as fire the pagan crowds,
When pale, and anxious for their years to come,
They ſee the ſun ſurmount the dark eclipſe,
And hail unanimous their conqu'ring god.

*Mahomet.*

My vows, 'tis true, ſhe hears with leſs averſion,
She ſighs, ſhe bluſhes, but ſhe ſtill denies.

*Cali.*

With warmer courtſhip preſs the yielding fair,
Call to your aid with boundleſs promiſes
Each rebel wiſh, each traitor inclination
That raiſes tumults in the female breaſt,
The love of pow'r, of pleaſure, and of ſhow.

*Mahomet.*

Theſe arts I try'd, and to inflame her more,
By hateful buſineſs hurried from her ſight,
I bade a hundred virgins wait around her,
Sooth her with all the pleaſures of command,
Applaud her charms, and court her to be great.

[*Exit* Mahomet.

## SCENE VI.

*Cali* ſolus.

He's gone—Here reſt, my ſoul, thy fainting wing,
Here recollect thy diſſipated pow'rs.——
Our diſtant int'reſts, and our different paſſions
Now haſte to mingle in one common centre,
And fate lies crowded in a narrow ſpace.
Yet in that narrow ſpace what dangers riſe!—
Far more I dread Abdalla's fiery folly,
Than all the wiſdom of the grave divan.
Reaſon with reaſon fights on equal terms,
The raging madman's unconnected ſchemes
We cannot obviate, for we cannot gueſs.
Deep in my breaſt be treaſured this reſolve,
When Cali mounts the throne, Abdalla dies,
Too fierce, too faithleſs for neglect or truſt.

[*Enter* Irene *with Attendants.*

## SCENE VII.

CALI, IRENE, ASPASIA, &c.

*Cali.*

Amidſt the ſplendor of encircling beauty,
Superior majeſty proclaims the queen,
And nature juſtifies our monarch's choice.

*Irene.*

Reſerve this homage for ſome other fair,
Urge me not on to glittering guilt, nor pour
In my weak ear th' intoxicating ſounds.

*Cali.*

Make haſte, bright maid, to rule the willing world;
Aw'd by the rigour of the ſultan's juſtice,
We court thy gentleneſs.

*Aſpaſia.*

Can Cali's voice
Concur to preſs a helpleſs captive's ruin?

*Cali.*

Long would my zeal for Mahomet and thee
Detain me here. But nations call upon me,
And duty bids me chooſe a diſtant walk,
Nor taint with care the privacies of love.

## SCENE VIII.

IRENE, ASPASIA, Attendants.

*Aſpaſia.*

If yet this ſhining pomp, theſe ſudden honours,
Swell not thy ſoul beyond advice or friendſhip,
Nor yet inſpire the follies of a queen,
Or tune thine ear to ſoothing adulation,
Suſpend a while the privilege of pow'r
To hear the voice of truth; diſmiſs thy train,
Shake off th' encumbrances of ſtate a moment,
And lay the tow'ring ſultaneſs aſide,
[Irene *ſigns to her attendants to retire.*
While I foretel thy fate; that office done,—
No more I boaſt th' ambitious name of friend,
But ſink among thy ſlaves without a murmur.

*Irene.*

Did regal diadems inveſt my brow,
Yet ſhould my ſoul, ſtill faithful to her choice,
Eſteem Aſpaſia's breaſt the nobleſt kingdom.

*Aſpaſia.*

The ſoul once tainted with ſo foul a crime,
No more ſhall glow with friendſhip's hallow'd ardour:
Thoſe holy beings, whoſe ſuperior care
Guides erring mortals to the paths of virtue,
Affrighted at impiety like thine,
Reſign their charge to baſeneſs and to ruin.

*Irene.*

Upbraid me not with fancy'd wickedneſs,
I am not yet a queen, or an apoſtate.
But ſhould I ſin beyond the hope of mercy,
If, when religion prompts me to refuſe,
The dread of inſtant death reſtrains my tongue?

*Aſpaſia.*

Reflect that life and death, affecting ſounds,
Are only varied modes of endleſs being;
Reflect that life, like ev'ry other bleſſing,
Derives its values from its uſe alone;
Not for itſelf but for a nobler end
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
When inconſiſtent with a greater good,
Reaſon commands to caſt the leſs away;
Thus life, with loſs of wealth is well preſerv'd.
And virtue cheaply ſav'd with loſs of life.

*Irene.*

If built on ſettled thought, this conſtancy
Not idly flutters on a boaſtful tongue,
Why, when deſtruction rag'd around our walls,
Why fled this haughty heroine from the battle?
Why then did not this warlike Amazon
Mix in the war, and ſhine among the heroes?

*Aſpaſia.*

Heav'n, when its hand pour'd ſoftneſs on our limbs,
Unfit for toil, and poliſh'd into weakneſs,
Made paſſive fortitude the praiſe of woman:
Our only arms are innocence and meekneſs.
Not then with raving cries I fill'd the city,
But while Demetrius, dear lamented name!
Pour'd ſtorms of fire upon our fierce invaders,
Implor'd th' eternal power to ſhield my country,
With ſilent ſorrows, and with calm devotion.

*Irene.*

O! did Irene ſhine the Queen of Turkey, [jected.
No more ſhould Greece lament thoſe prayers re-
Again ſhould golden ſplendour grace her cities,
Again her proſtrate palaces ſhould riſe,
Again her temples ſound with holy muſic:
No more ſhould danger fright, or want diſtreſs
The ſmiling widows, and protected orphans.

*Aſpaſia.*

Be virtuous ends purſued by virtuous means,
Nor think th' intention ſanctifies the deed:
That maxim publiſh'd in an impious age,
Would looſe the wild enthuſiaſt to deſtroy,
And fix the fierce uſurper's bloody title.
Then bigotry might ſend her ſlaves to war.
And bid ſucceſs become the teſt of truth;
Unpitying maſſacre might waſte the world,
And perſecution boaſt the call of heav'n.

*Irene.*

Shall I not wiſh to cheer afflicted kings,
And plan the happineſs of mourning millions?

*Aſpaſia.*

Dream not of pow'r thou never canſt attain:
When ſocial laws firſt harmoniz'd the world,
Superior man poſſeſs'd the charge of rule,
The ſcale of juſtice, and the ſword of pow'r,
Nor left us aught but flattery and ſtate.

*Irene.*

To me my lover's fondneſs will reſtore,
Whate'er man's pride has raviſh'd from our ſex.

*Aſpaſia.*

When ſoft ſecurity ſhall prompt the ſultan,
Freed from the tumults of unſettled conqueſt,
To fix his court and regulate his pleaſures,
Soon ſhall the dire ſeraglio's horrid gates
Cloſe like th' eternal bars of death upon thee,
Immur'd, and buried in perpetual ſloth,
That gloomy ſlumber of the ſtagnant ſoul;
There ſhalt thou view from far the quiet cottage,
And ſigh for cheerful poverty in vain:
There wear the tedious hours of life away,
Beneath each curſe of unrelenting heav'n,
Deſpair, and ſlav'ry, ſolitude, and guilt.

*Irene.*

There ſhall we find the yet untaſted bliſs
Of grandeur and tranquillity combin'd.

*Aſpaſia.*

Tranquility and guilt, diſjoin'd by heav'n,

Still ſtretch in vain their longing arms afar;
Nor dare to paſs th' inſuperable bound.
Ah! let me rather ſeek the convent's cell;
There when my thoughts, at interval of pray'r,
Deſcend to range theſe manſions of misfortune,
Oft' ſhall I dwell on our diſaſtrous friendſhip,
And ſhed the pitying tear for loſt Irene.

*Irene.*

Go languiſh on in dull obſcurity;
Thy dazzled ſoul, with all its boaſted greatneſs,
Shrinks at th' o'erpow'ring gleams of regal ſtate,
Stoops from the blaze like a degenerate eagle,
And flies for ſhelter to the ſhades of life.

*Aſpaſia.*

On me, ſhould Providence, without a crime,
The weighty charge of royalty confer;
Call me to civilize the Ruſſian wilds,
Or bid ſoft ſcience poliſh Britain's heroes:
Soon ſhouldſt thou ſee, how falſe thy weak reproach.
My boſom feels, enkindled from the ſky,
The lambent flames of mild benevolence,
Untouch'd by fierce ambition's raging fires.

*Irene.*

Ambition is the ſtamp, impreſs'd by heav'n
To mark the nobleſt minds; with active heat
Inform'd they mount the precipice of pow'r,
Graſp at command, and tow'r in queſt of empire;
While vulgar ſouls compaſſionate their cares,
Gaze at their height and tremble at their danger:
Thus meaner ſpirits with amazement mark
The varying ſeaſons, and revolving ſkies,
And aſk, what guilty pow'r's rebellious hand
Rolls with eternal toil the pond'rous orbs:
While ſome archangel, nearer to perfection,
In eaſy ſtate preſides o'er all their motions,
Directs the planets with a careleſs nod,
Conducts the ſun, and regulates the ſpheres.

*Aſpaſia.*

Well may'ſt thou hide in labyrinths of ſound
The cauſe that ſhrinks from reaſon's powerful voice.
Stoop from thy flight, trace back th' entangled thought,
And ſet the glit'ring fallacy to view.
Not pow'r I blame, but pow'r obtain'd by crime,
Angelic greatneſs is angelic virtue.
Amidſt the glare of courts, the ſhout of armies,
Will not th' apoſtate feel the pangs of guilt,
And wiſh too late for innocence and peace?
Curſt as the tyrant of th' infernal realms,
With gloomy ſtate and agonizing pomp.

## SCENE IX.

IRENE, ASPASIA, MAID.

*Maid.*

Turkiſh ſtranger, of majeſtic mien,
Aſks at the gate admiſſion to Aſpaſia,
Commiſſion'd, as he ſays, by Cali Baſſa.

*Irene.*

Whoe'er thou art, or whatſo'er thy meſſage, [*Aſide*
Thanks for this kind relief—With ſpeed admit him.

*Aſpaſia.*

He comes, perhaps, to ſeparate us for ever;
When I am gone remember, O! remember,
That none are great, or happy, but the virtuous.

[*Exit* Irene, *Enter* Demetrius.

## SCENE X.

ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS.

*Demetrius.*

'Tis ſhe—my hope, my happineſs, my love!
Aſpaſia! do I once again behold thee?
Still, ſtill the ſame—unclouded by misfortune!
Let my bleſt eyes for ever gaze——

*Aſpaſia.*

Demetrius!

*Demetrius.*

Why does the blood forſake thy lovely cheek?
Why ſhoots this chillneſs through thy ſhaking nerves?
Why does thy ſoul retire into herſelf?
Recline upon my breaſt thy ſinking beauties:
Revive—Revive to freedom and to love.

*Aſpaſia.*

What well-known voice pronounc'd the grateful ſounds
Freedom and love? Alas! I'm all confuſion,
A ſudden miſt o'ercaſts my darken'd ſoul,
The preſent, paſt, and future ſwim before me,
Loſt in a wild perplexity of joy.

*Demetrius.*

Such ecſtaſy of love! ſuch pure affection,
What worth can merit? or what faith reward?

*Aſpaſia.*

A thouſand thoughts, imperfect and diſtracted,
Demand a voice, and ſtruggle into birth;
A thouſand queſtions preſs upon my tongue,
But all give way to rapture and Demetrius.

*Demetrius.*

O ſay, bright being, in this age of abſence,
What fears, what griefs, what dangers haſt thou known?
Say, how the tyrant threaten'd, flatter'd, ſigh'd,
Say, how he threaten'd, flatter'd, ſigh'd in vain!
Say, how the hand of violence was rais'd,
Say, how thou call'dſt in tears upon Demetrius!

*Aſpaſia.*

Inform me rather, how thy happy courage
Stem'd in the breach the deluge of deſtruction,
And paſs'd uninjur'd through the walks of death?
Did ſavage anger, and licentious conqueſt,
Behold the hero with Aſpaſia's eyes?
And thus protected in the gen'ral ruin,
O ſay, what guardian pow'r convey'd thee hither.

*Demetrius.*

Such ſtrange events, ſuch unexpected chances,
Beyond my warmeſt hope, or wildeſt wiſhes,
Concur'd to give me to Aſpaſia's arms,
I ſtand amaz'd, and aſk, if yet I claſp thee.

*Aſpaſia.*

Sure heav'n, for wonders are not wrought in vain,
That joins us thus, will never part us more.

## SCENE XI.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, ABDALLA.

*Abdalla.*

It parts you now—The haſty ſultan ſign'd
The laws unread, and flies to his Irene.

*Demetrius.*

Fix'd and intent on his Irene's charms,
He envies none the converſe of Aſpaſia.

*Abdalla.*

Aſpaſia's abſence will inflame ſuſpicion;
She cannot, muſt not, ſhall not linger here,
Prudence and friendſhip bid me force her from you.

*Demetrius.*

Force her! profane her with a touch, and die.

*Abdalla.*

'Tis Greece, 'tis freedom calls Aſpaſia hence,
Your careleſs love betrays your country's cauſe.

*Demetrius.*

If we muſt part—

*Aſpaſia.*

No! let us die together.

*Demetrius.*

If we muſt part—

*Abdalla.*

Diſpatch; th' increaſing danger
Will not admit a lover's long farewell,
The long-drawn intercourſe of ſighs and kiſſes.

*Demetrius.*

Then—O my fair, I cannot bid thee go;
Receive her, and protect her, gracious Heav'n!
Yet let me watch her dear departing ſteps,
If fate purſues me, let it find me here.
Reproach not, Greece, a lover's fond delays,
Nor think thy cauſe neglected while I gaze;
New force, new courage, from each glance I gain,
And find our paſſions not infus'd in vain.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.—SCENE I.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, *enter as talking.*

*Aſpaſia.*

Enough—reſiſtleſs reaſon calms my ſoul—
Approving juſtice ſmiles upon your cauſe,
And nature's rights entreat th' aſſerting ſword.
Yet when your hand is lifted to deſtroy,
Think—but excuſe a woman's needleſs caution,
Purge well thy mind from ev'ry private paſſion,
Drive int'reſt, love, and vengeance from thy thoughts,
Fill all thy ardent breaſt with Greece and virtue,
Then ſtrike ſecure, and Heav'n aſſiſt the blow!

*Demetrius.*

Thou kind aſſiſtant of my better angel,
Propitious guide of my bewilder'd ſoul,
Calm of my cares, and guardian of my virtue!

*Aſpaſia.*

My ſoul, firſt kindled by thy bright example
To noble thought and gen'rous emulation,
Now but reflects thoſe beams that flow'd from thee.

*Demetrius.*

With native luſtre and unborrow'd greatneſs,
Thou ſhin'ſt, bright maid, ſuperior to diſtreſs;
Unlike the trifling race of vulgar beauties,
Thoſe glitt'ring dew-drops of a vernal morn,
That ſpread their colours to the genial beam,
And ſparkling quiver to the breath of May;
But when the tempeſt with ſonorous wing
Sweeps o'er the grove, forſake the lab'ring bough,
Diſpers'd in air, or mingled with the duſt.

*Aſpaſia.*

Forbear this triumph—ſtill new conflicts wait us,
Foes unforſeen, and dangers unſuſpected.
Oft when the fierce beſieger's eager hoſt
Beholds the fainting garriſon retire,
And ruſhes joyful to the naked wall,
Deſtruction flaſhes from th' inſidious mine,
And ſweeps th' exulting conqueror away:
Perhaps in vain the ſultan's anger ſpar'd me,
To find a meaner fate from treach'rous friendſhip—
Abdalla!——

*Demetrius.*

Can Abdalla then diſſemble?
That fiery chief, renown'd for gen'rous freedom,
For zeal unguarded, undiſſembled hate,
For daring truth, and turbulence of honour?

*Aſpaſia.*

This open friend, this undeſigning hero,
With noiſy falſehoods forc'd me from your arms,
To ſhock my virtue with a tale of love.

*Demetrius.*

Did not the cauſe of Greece reſtrain my ſword,
Aſpaſia ſhould not fear a ſecond inſult.

*Aſpaſia.*

His pride and love by turns inſpir'd his tongue,
And intermix'd my praiſes with his own;
His wealth, his rank, his honours he recounted,
Till, in the midſt of arrogance and fondneſs,
Th' approaching ſultan forc'd me from the palace
Then while he gaz'd upon his yielding miſtreſs,
I ſtole unheeded from their raviſh'd eyes,
And ſought this happy grove in queſt of thee.

*Demetrius.*

Soon may the final ſtroke decide our fate,
Left baneful diſcord cruſh our infant ſcheme,
And ſtrangled freedom periſh in the birth!

*Aſpaſia.*

My boſom, haraſs'd with alternate paſſions,
Now hopes, now fears—

*Demetrius.*

Th' anxieties of love.

*Aſpaſia.*

Think how the ſov'reign arbiter of kingdoms
Deteſts thy falſe aſſociates' black deſigns,
And frowns on perjury, revenge and murder.
Embark'd with treaſon on the ſeas of fate,
When heav'n ſhall bid the ſwelling billows rage
And point vindictive lightnings at rebellion,
Will not the patriot ſhare the traitor's danger?
Oh could thy hand unaided free thy country,
Nor mingled guilt poilute the ſacred cauſe!

*Demetrius.*

Permitted oft, though not inſpir'd by heav'n,
Succeſsful treaſons puniſh impious kings.

*Aſpaſia.*

Nor end my terrors with the ſultan's death;
Far as futurity's untravell'd waſte
Lies open to conjecture's dubious ken,
On ev'ry ſide confuſion, rage and death,
Perhaps the phantoms of a woman's fear,
Beſet the treacherous way with fatal ambuſh;
Each Turkiſh boſom burns for thy deſtruction,
Ambitious Cali dreads the ſtateſman's arts,
And hot Abdalla hates the happy lover.

*Demetrius.*

Capricious man! to good and ill inconſtant,
Too much to fear, or truſt, is equal weakneſs.
Sometimes the wretch unaw'd by heav'n or he
With mad devotion idolizes honour.

The Baſſa, reeking with his maſter's murder,
Perhaps may ſtart at violated friendſhip.

*Aſpaſia.*

How ſoon, alas! will int'reſt fear, or envy,
O'erthrow ſuch weak, ſuch accidental virtue,
Nor built on faith, nor fortify'd by conſcience!

*Demetrius.*

When deſp'rate ills demand a ſpeedy cure,
Diſtruſt is cowardice, and prudence folly.

*Aſpaſia.*

Yet think a moment, ere you court deſtruction,
What hand, when death has ſnatch'd away Demetrius,
Shall guard Aſpaſia from triumphant luſt.

*Demetrius.*

Diſmiſs theſe needleſs fears—a troop of Greeks
Well known, long try'd, expect us on the ſhore.
Borne on the ſurface of the ſmiling deep,
Soon ſhalt thou ſcorn, in ſafety's arms repos'd,
Abdalla's rage and Cali's ſtratagems.

*Aſpaſia.*

Still, ſtill diſtruſt ſits heavy on my heart.
Will e'er an happier hour reviſit Greece?

*Demetrius.*

Should Heav'n yet unappeas'd refuſe its aid,
Diperſe our hopes, and fruſtrate our deſigns,
Yet ſhall the conſcience of the great attempt
Diffuſe a brightneſs on our future days;
Nor will his country's groans reproach Demetrius.
But how canſt thou ſupport the woes of exile?
Canſt thou forget hereditary ſplendours,
To live obſcure upon a foreign coaſt,
Content with ſcience, innocence, and love?

*Aſpaſia.*

Nor wealth, nor titles, make Aſpaſia's bliſs.
O'erwhelm'd and loſt amidſt the public ruins,
Unmov'd I ſaw the glitt'ring trifles periſh,
And thought the petty droſs beneath a ſigh.
Cheerful I follow to the rural cell,
Love be my wealth, and my diſtinction virtue.

*Demetrius.*

Submiſſive and prepar'd for each event,
Now let us wait the laſt award of Heav'n,
Secure of happineſs from flight or conqueſt,
Nor fear the fair and learn'd can want protection.
The mighty Tuſcan courts the baniſh'd arts
To kind Italia's hoſpitable ſhades;
There ſhall ſoft leiſure wing th' excurſive ſoul,
And peace propitious ſmile on fond deſire;
There ſhall deſpotic eloquence reſume
Her ancient empire o'er the yielding heart;
There poetry ſhall tune her ſacred voice,
And wake from ignorance the weſtern world.

## SCENE II.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, CALI.

*Cali.*

At length th' unwilling ſun reſigns the world
To ſilence and to reſt. The hours of darkneſs,
Propitious hours to ſtratagem and death,
Purſue the laſt remains of ling'ring light.

*Demetrius.*

Count not theſe hours as parts of vulgar time,
Think them a ſacred treaſure lent by Heav'n,
Which ſquander'd by neglect, or fear, or folly,
No pray'r recals, no diligence redeems;
To-morrow's dawn ſhall ſee the Turkiſh king
Stretch'd in the duſt, or tow'ring on his throne;
To-morrow's dawn ſhall ſee the mighty Cali
The ſport of tyranny, or lord of nations.

*Cali.*

Then waſte no longer theſe important moments
In ſoft endearments, and in gentle murmurs,
Nor loſe in love the patriot and the hero.

*Demetrius.*

'Tis love combin'd with guilt alone, that melts
The ſoften'd ſoul to cowardice and ſloth;
But virtuous paſſion prompts the great reſolve,
And fans the ſlumb'ring ſpark of heav'nly fire.
Retire, my fair; that pow'r that ſmiles on goodneſs
Guide all thy ſteps, calm ev'ry ſtormy thought,
And ſtill thy boſom with the voice of peace!

*Aſpaſia.*

Soon may we meet again, ſecure and free,
To feel no more the pangs of ſeparation! [*Exit.*

DEMETRIUS, CALI.

*Demetrius.*

This night alone is ours—Our mighty foe,
No longer loſt in am'rous ſolitude,
Will now remount the ſlighted ſeat of empire,
And ſhow Irene to the ſhouting people:
Aſpaſia left her ſighing in his arms,
And liſt'ning to the pleaſing tale of pow'r,
With ſoften'd voice ſhe dropp'd the faint refuſal,
Smiling conſent ſhe ſat, and bluſhing love.

*Cali.*

Now, tyrant, with ſatiety of beauty
Now feaſt thine eyes, thine eyes that ne'er here-after
Shall dart their am'rous glances at the fair,
Or glare on Cali with malignant beams.

## SCENE III.

DEMETRIUS, CALI, LEONTIUS, ABDALLA.

*Leontius.*

Our bark unſeen has reach'd th' appointed bay,
And where yon trees wave o'er the foaming ſurge
Reclines againſt the ſhore: our Grecian troop
Extends its lines along the ſandy beach,
Elate with hope, and panting for a foe.

*Abdalla.*

The fav'ring winds aſſiſt the great deſign,
Sport in our ſails, and murmur o'er the the deep.

*Cali.*

'Tis well—A ſingle blow completes our wiſhes:
Return with ſpeed, Leontius, to your charge;
The Greeks, diſorder'd by their leader's abſence,
May droop diſmay'd, or kindle into madneſs.

*Leontius.*

Suſpected ſtill?—What villain's pois'nous tongue
Dares join Leontius' name with fear or falſehood?
Have I for this preſerv'd my guiltleſs boſom,
Pure as the thoughts of infant innocence?
Have I for this defy'd the chiefs of Turkey,
Intrepid in the flaming front of war?

*Cali.*

Haſt thou not ſearch'd my ſoul's profoundeſt thoughts?
Is not the fate of Greece and Cali thine?

*Leontius.*

Why has thy choice then pointed out Leontius,

Unfit to ſhare this night's illuſtrious toils?
To wait remote from action and from honour,
An idle liſt'ner to the diſtant cries
Of ſlaughter'd infidels, and claſh of ſwords!
Tell me the cauſe, that while thy name, Demetrius,
Shall ſoar triumphant on the wings of glory,
Deſpis'd and curs'd, Leontius muſt deſcend
Through hiſſing ages, a proverbial coward,
The tale of women, and the ſcorn of fools?

*Demetrius.*

Can brave Leontius be the ſlave of glory?
Glory, the caſual gift of thoughtleſs crowds!
Glory, the bribe of avaricious virtue!
Be but my country free, be thine the praiſe;
I aſk no witneſs, but atteſting conſcience,
No records, but the records of the ſky.

*Leontius.*

Wilt thou then head the troop upon the ſhore,
While I deſtroy th' oppreſſor of mankind?

*Demetrius.*

What canſt thou boaſt ſuperior to Demetrius?
Aſk to whoſe ſword the Greeks will truſt their cauſe,
My name ſhall echo through the ſhouting field;
Demand whoſe force yon Turkiſh heroes dread,
The ſhudd'ring camp ſhall murmur out Demetrius.

*Cali.*

Muſt Greece, ſtill wretched by her children's folly,
For ever mourn their avarice or factions?
Demetrius juſtly pleads a double title,
The lover's int'reſt aids the patriot's claim.

*Leontius.*

My pride ſhall ne'er protract my country's woes;
Succeed, my friend, unenvied by Leontius.

*Demetrius.*

I feel new ſpirit ſhoot along my nerves,
My ſoul expands to meet approaching freedom.
Now hover o'er us with propitious wings,
Ye ſacred ſhades of patriots and of martyrs;
All ye, whoſe blood tyrannic rage effus'd,
Or perſecution drank, attend our call;
And from the manſions of perpetual peace
Deſcend, to ſweeten labours once your own.

*Cali.*

Go then, and with united eloquence
Confirm your troops; and when the moon's fair beam
Plays on the quiv'ring waves, to guide our flight,
Return, Demetrius, and be free for ever.

[*Exeunt* Dem. and Leon.

## SCENE IV.

CALI, ABDALLA.

*Abdalla.*

How the new monarch, ſwell'd with airy rule,
Looks down, contemptuous, from his fancy'd height,
And utters fate, unmindful of Abdalla!

*Cali.*

Far be ſuch black ingratitude from Cali;
When Aſia's nations own me for their lord,
Wealth, and command, and grandeur, ſhall be thine

*Abdalla.*

Is this the recompence reſerv'd for me?
Dar'ſt thou thus dally with Abdalla's paſſion?
Henceforward hope no more my ſlighted friendſhip,
Wake from thy dream of pow'r to death and tortures,
And bid thy viſionary throne farewell.

*Cali.*

Name, and enjoy thy wiſh—

*Abdalla.*

I need not name it;
Aſpaſia's lovers know but one deſire,
Nor hope, nor wiſh, nor live, but for Aſpaſia.

*Cali.*

That fatal beauty plighted to Demetrius,
Heav'n makes not mine to give.

*Abdalla.*

Nor to deny.

*Cali.*

Obtain her and poſſeſs, thou know'ſt thy rival.

*Abdalla.*

Too well I know him, ſince on Thracia's plains
I felt the force of his tempeſtuous arm,
And ſaw my ſcatter'd ſquadrons fly before him.
Nor will I truſt th' uncertain chance of combat;
The rights of princes let the ſword decide,
The petty claims of empire and of honour:
Revenge and ſubtle jealouſy ſhall teach
A ſurer paſſage to his hated heart.

*Cali.*

O ſpare the gallant Greek, in him we loſe
The politician's arts, and hero's flame.

*Abdalla.*

When next we meet, before we ſtorm the palace,
The bowl ſhall circle to confirm our league,
Then ſhall theſe juices taint Demetrius' draught,

[*Shewing a phial.*

And ſtream deſtructive through his freezing veins:
Thus ſhall he live to ſtrike th' important blow,
And periſh ere he taſtes the joys of conqueſt.

## SCENE V.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, CALI, ABDALLA.

*Mahomet.*

Henceforth for ever happy be this day,
Sacred to love, to pleaſure, and Irene:
The matchleſs fair has bleſs'd me with compliance
Let every tongue reſound Irene's praiſe,
And ſpread the general tranſport through mankind.

*Cali.*

Bleſt prince, for whom indulgent Heav'n ordain
At once the joys of paradiſe and empire,
Now join thy people's, and thy Cali's prayers,
Suſpend thy paſſage to the ſeats of bliſs,
Nor wiſh for houries in Irene's arms.

*Mahomet.*

Forbear—I know the long-try'd faith of Cali.

*Cali.*

O, could the eyes of kings, like thoſe of Heav'n,
Search to the dark receſſes of the ſoul,
Oft would they find ingratitude and treaſon,
By ſmiles, and oaths, and praiſes ill diſguis'd!
How rarely would they meet, in crowded courts
Fidelity ſo firm, ſo pure, as mine!

*Muſtapha.*

Yet, ere we give our looſen'd thoughts to raptur
Let prudence obviate an impending danger
Tainted by ſloth, the parent of ſedition,

The hungry janizary burns for plunder,
And growls in private o'er his idle fabre.

*Mahomet.*

To ſtill their murmurs, ere the twentieth ſun
Shall ſhed his beams upon the bridal bed,
I rouze to war, and conquer for Irene.
Then ſhall the Rhodian mourn his ſinking tow'rs,
And Buda fall, and proud Vienna tremble,
Then ſhall Venetia feel the Turkiſh pow'r,
And ſubject ſeas roar round their queen in vain.

*Abdalla.*

Then ſeize fair Italy's delightful coaſt,
To fix your ſtandard in imperial Rome.

*Mahomet.*

Her ſons malicious clemency ſhall ſpare,
To form new legends, ſanctify new crimes,
To canonize the ſlaves of ſuperſtition,
And fill the world with follies and impoſtures,
Till angry Heav'n ſhall mark them out for ruin,
And war o'erwhelm them in their dream of vice.
O could her fabled ſaints, and boaſted prayers,
Call forth her ancient heroes to the field,
How ſhould I joy, 'midſt the fierce ſhock of nations,
To croſs the tow'rings of an equal ſoul,
And bid the maſter genius rule the world!
Abdalla, Cali, go—proclaim my pupoſe.

[*Exeunt* Cali *and* Abdalla.

## SCENE VI.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA.

*Mahomet.*

Still Cali lives, and muſt he live to-morrow?
That fawning villain's forc'd congratulations
Will cloud my triumphs, and pollute the day.

*Muſtapha.*

With cautious vigilance, at my command,
Two faithful captains, Haſan and Caraza,
Purſue him through his labyrinths of treaſon,
And wait your ſummons to report his conduct.

*Mahomet.*

Call them—but let them not prolong their tale,
Nor preſs too much upon a lover's patience.

[*Exit* Muſtapha.

## SCENE VII.

*Mahomet* ſolus.

Whome'er the hope, ſtill blaſted, ſtill renew'd,
Of happineſs, lures on from toil to toil,
Remember Mahomet, and ceaſe thy labour.
Behold him here, in love, in war ſucceſsful,
Behold him wretched in his double triumph;
His fav'rite faithleſs, and his miſtreſs baſe.
Ambition only gave her to my arms,
By reaſon not convinc'd, nor won by love.
Ambition was her crime, but meaner folly
Dooms me to lothe at once, and doat on falſehood,
And idolize th' apoſtate I contemn.
If thou art more than the gay dream of fancy,
More than a pleaſing ſound without a meaning,
O happineſs! ſure thou art all Aſpaſia's.

## SCENE VIII.

MAMOMET, MUSTAPHA, HASSAN, AND CARAZA.

*Mahomet.*

Caraza, ſpeak—have ye remark'd the Baſſa?

*Caraza.*

Cloſe, as we might unſeen, we watch'd his ſteps;
His air diſorder'd, and his gait unequal,
Betray'd the wild emotions of his mind.
Sudden he ſtops, and inward turns his eyes,
Abſorb'd in thought; then ſtarting from his trance,
Conſtrains a ſullen ſmile, and ſhoots away.
With him Abdalla we beheld—

*Muſtapha.*

Abdalla!

*Mahomet.*

He wears of late reſentment on his brow,
Deny'd the government of Servia's province.

*Caraza.*

We mark'd him ſtorming in exceſs of fury,
And heard, within the thicket that conceal'd us,
An undiſtinguiſh'd ſound of threat'ning rage.

*Muſtapha.*

How guilt once harbour'd in the conſcious breaſt,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great!
See Cali, dread of kings, and pride of armies,
By treaſon levell'd with the dregs of men!
Ere guilty fear depreſs'd the hoary chief,
An angry murmur, a rebellious frown,
Had ſtretch'd the fiery boaſter in the grave.

*Mahomet.*

Shall monarchs fear to draw the ſword of juſtice,
Aw'd by the crowd, and by their ſlaves reſtrain'd?
Seize him this night, and through the private paſſage
Convey him to the priſon's inmoſt depths,
Reſerv'd to all the pangs of tedious death.

[*Exeunt* Mahomet *and* Muſtapha.

## SCENE IX.

HASAN, CARAZA.

*Haſan.*

Shall then the Greeks, unpuniſh'd and conceal'd,
Contrive, perhaps, the ruin of our empire,
League with our chiefs, and propagate ſedition?

*Caraza.*

Whate'er their ſcheme, the Baſſa's death defeats it,
And gratitude's ſtrong ties reſtrain my tongue.

*Haſan.*

What ties to ſlaves? what gratitude to foes?

*Caraza.*

In that black day when ſlaughter'd thouſands fell
Around theſe fatal walls, the tide of war
Bore me victorious onward, where Demetrius
Tore unreſiſted from the giant hand
Of ſtern Sebaſtus, the triumphant creſcent,
And daſh'd the night of Aſem from the ramparts.
There I became, nor bluſh to make it known,
The captive of his ſword. The coward Greeks,
Enrag'd by wrongs, exulting with ſucceſs,
Doom'd me to die with all the Turkiſh captains;
But brave Demetrius ſcorn'd the mean revenge,
And gave me life——

*Haſan.*

Do thou repay the gift,
Leſt unrewarded mercy loſe its charms.
Profuſe of wealth, or bounteous of ſucceſs,
When Heav'n beſtows the privilege to bleſs;
Let no weak doubt the gen'rous hand reſtrain,
For when was pow'r beneficent in vain? [*Exit.*

## ACT V.—SCENE I.

*Aſpaſia* ſolus.

In theſe dark moments of ſuſpended fate,
While yet the future fortune of my country

Lies in the womb of Providence conceal'd,
And anxious angels wait the mighty birth;
O grant thy facred influence, pow'rful virtue!
Attention rife, furvey the fair creation,
Till, confcious of th' encircling deity,
Beyond the mifts of care thy pinion tow'rs.
This calm, thefe joys, dear innocence, are thine,
Joys ill exchang'd for gold, and pride, and empire.
[*Enter* Irene *and* attendants.

## SCENE II.

ASPASIA, IRENE, ATTENDANTS.

*Irene.*

See how the moon through all th' unclouded fky
Spreads her mild radiance, and defcending dews
Revive the languid flow'rs; thus nature fhone
New from the Maker's hand, and fair array'd
In the bright colours of primæval Spring;
When purity, while fraud was yet unknown,
Play'd fearlefs in th' inviolated fhades.
This elemental joy, this gen'ral calm,
Is fure the fmile of unoffended Heav'n.
Yet! why——

*Maid.*

Behold, within th' emhow'ring grove
Afpafia ftands——

*Irene.*

With melancholy mien,
Penfive, and envious of Irene's greatnefs.
Steal unperceiv'd upon her meditations—
But fee, the lofty maid, at our approach,
Refumes th' imperious air of haughty virtue.
Are thefe th' unceafing joys, th' unmingled plea-
fures [*To* Afpafia.
For which Afpafia fcorn'd the Turkifh crown?
Is this th' unfhaken confidence in Heav'n?
Is this the boafted blifs of confcious virtue?
When did content figh out her cares in fecret?
When did felicity repine in deferts?

*Afpafia.*

Ill fuits with guilt the gaieties of triumph;
When daring vice infults eternal juftice,
The miniflers of wrath forget compaffion,
And fnatch the flaming bolt with hafty hand.

*Irene.*

Forbear thy threats, proud prophetefs of ill,
Vers'd in the fecret counfels of the fky.

*Afpafia.*

Forbear—But thou art funk beneath reproach;
In vain affected raptures flufh the cheek,
And fongs of pleafure warble from the tongue,
When fear and anguifh labour in the breaft,
And all within is darknefs and confufion;
Thus on deceitful Ætna's flow'ry fide,
Unfading verdure glads the roving eye,
While fecret flames, with unextinguifh'd rage,
Infatiate on her wafted entrails prey,
And melt her treach'rous beauties into ruin.
[*Enter* Demetrius.

## SCENE III.

ASPASIA, IRENE, DEMETRIUS.

*Demetrius.*

Fly, fly, my love, deftruction rufhes on us,
The rack expects us, and the fword purfues.

*Afpafia.*

Is Greece deliver'd? is the tyrant fall'n?

*Demetrius.*

Greece is no more, the profp'rous tyrant lives,
Referv'd, for other lands, the fcourge of Heav'n.

*Afpafia.*

Say, by what fraud, what force were you defeated?
Betray'd by falfehood, or by crowds o'erborn?

*Demetrius.*

The preffing exigence forbids relation.
Abdalla——

*Afpafia.*

Hated name! his jealous rage
Broke out in perfidy—Oh curs'd Afpafia,
Born to complete the ruin of her country!
Hide me, oh hide me from upbraiding Greece!
Oh, hide me from myfelf!

*Demetrius.*

Be fruitlefs grief
The doom of guilt alone, nor dare to feize
The breaft where virtue guards the throne of peace.
Devolve, dear maid, thy forrows on the wretch,
Whofe fear, or rage, or treachery, betray'd us.

*Irene* afide.

A private ftation may difcover more;
Then let me rid them of Irene's prefence:
Proceed, and give a loofe to love and treafon.
[*Withdraws.*

*Afpafia.*

Yet tell.

*Demetrius.*

To tell, or hear, were wafte of life.

*Afpafia.*

The life, which only this defign fupported,
Were now well loft, in hearing how you fail'd.

*Demetrius.*

Or meanly fraudulent, or madly gay,
Abdalla, while we waited near the palace,
With ill-tim'd mirth propos'd the bowl of love.
Juft as it reach'd my lips, a fudden cry
Urg'd me to dafh it to the ground untouch'd,
And feize my fword with difencumber'd hand.

*Afpafia.*

What cry? The ftratagem? Did then Abdalla?—

*Demetrius.*

At once a thoufand paffions fir'd his cheek!
Then all is paft, he cried—and darted from us;
Nor at the call of Cali deign'd to turn.

*Afpafia.*

Why did you ftay? Deferted and betray'd?
What more could force attempt, or art contrive?

*Demetrius.*

Amazement feiz'd us, and the hoary Baffa
Stood torpid in fufpenfe; but foon Abdalla
Return'd with force that made refiftance vain,
And bade his new confederate feize the traitors.
Cali difarm'd, was borne away to death;
Myfelf efcap'd, or favour'd, or neglected.

*Afpafia.*

O Greece! renown'd for fcience and for wealth,
Behold thy boafted honours fnatch'd away.

*Demetrius.*

Though difappointment blaft our general fcheme,
Yet much remains to hope. I fhall not call
The day difaft'rous that fecures our flight;
Nor think that effort loft which refcues thee.
[*Enter* Abdalla.

## SCENE IV.

IRENE, ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS, ABDALLA.

*Abdalla.*

At length the prize is mine—The haughty maid
That bears the fate of empires in her air,

Henceforth shall live for me; for me alone
Shall plume her charms, and, with attentive watch,
Steal from Abdalla's eye the sign to smile.

*Demetrius.*

Cease this wild roar of savage exultation;
Advance, and perish in the frantic boast.

*Aspasia.*

Forbear Demetrius, 'tis Aspasia calls thee;
Thy love, Aspasia, calls; restrain thy sword;
Nor rush on useless wounds with idle courage.

*Demetrius.*

What now remains?

*Aspasia.*

It now remains to fly?

*Demetrius.*

Shall then the savage live, to boast his insult;
Tell how Demetrius shunn'd his single hand,
And stole his life and mistress from his sabre?

*Abdalla.*

Infatuate loiterer, has fate, in vain,
Unclasp'd his iron gripe to set thee free?
Still dost thou flutter in the jaws of death;
Snar'd with thy fears, and maz'd in stupefaction!

*Demetrius.*

Forgive, my fair, 'tis life, 'tis nature calls,
Now, traitor, feel the fear, that chills my hand.

*Aspasia.*

'Tis madness to provoke superfluous danger,
And cowardice to dread the boast of folly.

*Abdalla.*

Fly, wretch, while yet my pity grants thee flight;
The power of Turkey waits upon my call.
Leave but this maid, resign a hopeless claim,
And drag away thy life in scorn and safety,
Thy life, too mean a prey to lure Abdalla.

*Demetrius.*

Once more I dare thy sword; behold the prize,
Behold, I quit her to the chance of battle!

[*Quitting* Aspasia.

*Abdalla.*

Well may'st thou call thy master to the combat,
And try the hazard, that hast nought to stake;
Alike my death, or thine, is gain to thee;
But soon thou shalt repent: another moment
Shall throw th' attending janizaries round thee.

[*Exit hastily* Abdalla.

## SCENE V.

ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS.

*Irene.*

Abdalla fails, now fortune all is mine. [*Aside.*
Haste, Murza, to the palace, let the sultan

[*To one of her attendants.*

Dispatch his guards to stop the flying traitors,
While I protract their stay. Be swift and faithful.

[*Exit* Murza.

This lucky stratagem shall charm the Sultan, [*Aside.*
Secure his confidence, and fix his love.

*Demetrius.*

Behold a boaster's worth! Now snatch, my fair,
The happy moment, hasten to the shore,
Ere he return with thousands at his side.

*Aspasia.*

In vain I listen to th' inviting call
Of freedom and of love: My trembling joints,
Relax'd with fear, refuse to bear me forward.
Depart, Demetrius, lest my fate involve thee;
Forsake a wretch abandon'd to despair,
To share the miseries herself has caus'd.

*Demetrius.*

Let us not struggle with th' eternal will,
Nor languish o'er irreparable ruins;
Come, haste and live—Thy innocence and truth
Shall bless our wand'rings, and propitiate Heav'n.

*Irene.*

Press not her flight, while yet her feeble nerves
Refuse their office, and uncertain life
Still labours with imaginary woe;
Here let me tend her with officious care,
Watch each unquiet flutter of the breast,
And joy to feel the vital warmth return,
To see the cloud forsake her kindling cheek,
And hail the rosy dawn of rising health.

*Aspasia.*

Oh! rather scornful of flagitious greatness,
Resolve to share our dangers and our toils,
Companion of our flight, illustrious exile,
Leave slav'ry, guilt, and infamy behind.

*Irene.*

My soul attends thy voice, and banish'd virtue
Strives to regain her empire of the mind:
Assist her efforts with thy strong persuasion;
Sure 'tis the happy hour ordain'd above,
When vanquish'd vice shall tyrannize no more.

*Demetrius.*

Remember, peace and anguish are before thee,
And honour and reproach, and heav'n and hell.

*Aspasia.*

Content with freedom, and precarious greatness.

*Demetrius.*

Now make thy choice, while yet the pow'r of choice
Kind Heaven affords thee, and inviting mercy
Holds out her hand to lead thee back to truth.

*Irene.*

Stay—in this dubious twilight of conviction,
The gleams of reason, and the clouds of passion,
Irradiate and obscure my breast by turns:
Stay but a moment, and prevailing truth
Will spread resistless light upon my soul.

*Demetrius.*

But since none knows the danger of a moment,
And Heav'n forbids to lavish life away,
Let kind compulsion terminate the contest.

[*Seizing her hand.*

Ye Christian captives, follow me to freedom:
A galley waits us, and the winds invite.

*Irene.*

Whence is this violence?

*Demetrius.*

Your calmer thought
Will teach a gentler term.

*Irene.*

Forbear this rudeness,
And learn the rev'rence due to Turkey's queen:
Fly, slaves, and call the sultan to my rescue.

*Demetrius.*

Farewell, unhappy maid: May ev'ry joy
Be thine, that wealth can give, or guilt receive!

*Aspasia.*

And when, contemptuous of imperial pow'r,
Disease shall chase the phantoms of ambition,
May penitence attend thy mournful bed,
And wing thy latest pray'r to pitying Heav'n!

[*Exeunt* Dem. Asp. *with part of the attendants.*

## SCENE VI.

Irene *walks at a diſtance from her attendants.*

*After a pauſe.*

Againſt the head which innocence ſecures,
Inſidious malice aims her darts in vain;
'Turn'd backwards by the powerful breath of Heav'n.
Perhaps ev'n now the lovers unpurſu'd
Bound o'er the ſparkling waves. Go, happy bark,
Thy ſacred freight ſhall ſtill the raging main.
To guide thy paſſage ſhall th' aërial ſpirits
Fill all the ſtarry lamps with double blaze;
'Th' applauding ſky ſhall pour forth all its beams,
'To grace the triumph of victorious virtue.
While I, not yet familiar to my crimes,
Recoil from thought, and ſhudder at myſelf.
How am I chang'd! How lately did Irene
Fly from the buſy pleaſures of her ſex,
Well pleas'd to ſearch the treaſures of remembrance,
And live her guiltleſs moments o'er anew!
Come, let us ſeek new pleaſures in the palace,
Till ſoft fatigue invite us to repoſe.
[*To her attendants, going off.*

## SCENE VII.

*Enter* Muſtapha, *meeting and ſtopping her.*

*Muſtapha.*

Fair falſehood ſtay.

*Irene.*

What dream of ſudden power
Has taught my ſlave the language of command!
Henceforth be wiſe, nor hope a ſecond pardon.

*Muſtapha.*

Who calls for pardon from a wretch condemn'd?

*Irene.*

Thy look, thy ſpeech, thy action, all is wildneſs—
Who charges guilt on me?

*Muſtapha.*

Who charges guilt!
Aſk of thy heart; attend the voice of conſcience—
Who charges guilt! lay by this proud reſentment
That fires thy cheek, and elevates thy mien,
Nor thus uſurp the dignity of virtue.
Review this day.

*Irene.*

Whate'er thy accuſation,
The ſultan is my judge.

*Muſtapha.*

That hope is paſt;
Hard was the ſtrife of juſtice and of love;
But now 'tis o'er, and juſtice has prevail'd. [trius?
Know'ſt thou not Cali? know'ſt thou not Deme-

*Irene.*

Bold ſlave, I know them both—I know them traitors.

*Muſtapha.* [traitors.

Perfidious!—yes—too well thou know'ſt them

*Irene.*

Their treaſon throws no ſtain upon Irene.
This day has prov'd my fondneſs for the ſultan;
He knew Irene's truth.

*Muſtapha.*

The ſultan knows it,
He knows how near apoſtacy to treaſon—
But 'tis not mine to judge—I ſcorn and leave thee.
I go, leſt vengeance urge my hand to blood,
To blood, too mean to ſtain a ſoldier's ſabre.
[*Exit* Muſtapha.

Irene *to her attendants.*

Go, bluſt'ring ſlave.—He has not heard of Murza.
That dext'rous meſſage frees me from ſuſpicion.

## SCENE VIII.

*Enter* Haſan, Caraza, *with* Mutes, *who throw the black rope upon* Irene, *and ſign to her attendants to withdraw.*

*Haſan.*

Forgive, fair excellence, th' unwilling tongue,
The tongue that, forc'd by ſtrong neceſſity,
Bids beauty, ſuch as thine, prepare to die.

*Irene.*

What wild miſtake is this? Take hence with ſpeed
Your robe of mourning, and your dogs of death.
Quick from my ſight, you inauſpicious monſters,
Nor dare henceforth to ſhock Irene's walks.

*Haſan.*

Alas! they come, commanded by the ſultan,
Th' unpitying miniſters of Turkiſh juſtice,
Nor dare to ſpare the life his frown condemns.

*Irene.*

Are theſe the rapid thunderbolts of war,
That pour with ſudden violence on kingdoms,
And ſpread their flames reſiſtleſs o'er the world?
What ſleepy charms benumb theſe active heroes,
Depreſs their ſpirits, and retard their ſpeed?
Beyond the fear of ling'ring puniſhment,
Aſpaſia now within her lover's arms
Securely ſleeps, and, in delightful dreams,
Smiles at the threat'nings of defeated rage.

*Caraza.*

We come, bright virgin, though relenting nature
Shrinks at the hated taſk, for thy deſtruction;
When, ſummon'd by the ſultan's clam'rous fury,
We aſk'd, with tim'rous tongue, th' offender's name,
He ſtruck his tortur'd breaſt, and roar'd Irene:
We ſtarted at the ſound, again inquir'd,
Again his thund'ring voice return'd Irene.

*Irene.*

Whence is this rage? what barb'rous tongue has wrong'd me? [cenſe?
What fraud miſleads him? or what crimes in-

*Haſan.*

Expiring Cali nam'd Irene's chamber,
The place appointed for his maſter's death.

*Irene.*

Irene's chamber! From my faithful boſom
Far be the thought—But hear my proteſtation.

*Caraza.*

'Tis ours, alas, to puniſh, not to judge;
Not call'd to try the cauſe, we heard the ſentence,
Ordain'd the mournful meſſengers of death.

*Irene.*

Some ill-deſigning ſtateſman's baſe intrigue!
Some cruel ſtratagem of jealous beauty!
Perhaps yourſelves the villains that defame me,
Now haſte to murder, ere returning thought
Recal th' extorted doom.——It muſt be ſo,
Confeſs your crime, or lead me to the ſultan,
There dauntleſs truth ſhall blaſt the vile accuſer
Then ſhall you feel what language cannot utter,
Each piercing torture, every change of pain,
That vengeance can invent, or pow'r inflict.
[*Enter* Abdalla, *he ſtops ſhort and liſtens.*

## SCENE IX.

IRENE, HASAN, CARAZA, ABDALLA.

*Abdalla* aſide.

All is not loſt, Abdalla, ſee the queen,
See the laſt witneſs of thy guilt and fear
Enrob'd in death—Diſpatch her and be great.

*Caraza.*

Unhappy fair! compaſſion calls upon me
To check this torrent of imperious rage;
While unavailing anger crowds thy tongue
With idle threats and fruitleſs exclamation,
The fraudful moments ply their ſilent wings,
And ſteal thy life away. Death's horrid angel
Already ſhakes his bloody ſabre o'er thee.
The raging ſultan burns till our return,
Curſes the dull delays of ling'ring mercy,
And thinks his fatal mandates ill obey'd.

*Abdalla.*

Is then your ſov'reign's life ſo cheaply rated,
That thus you parley with detected treaſon?
Should ſhe prevail to gain the ſultan's preſence,
Soon might her tears engage a lover's credit;
Perhaps her malice might tranſfer the charge,
Perhaps her pois'nous tongue might blaſt Abdalla.

*Irene.*

O let me but be heard, nor fear from me
Or flights of pow'r, or projects of ambition!
My hopes, my wiſhes, terminate in life,
A little life for grief, and for repentance.

*Abdalla.*

I mark'd her wily meſſenger afar,
And ſaw him ſkulking in the cloſeſt walks:
I gueſs'd her dark deſigns, and warn'd the ſultan,
And bring her former ſentence new confirm'd.

*Haſan.*

Then call it not our cruelty, nor crime,
Deem us not deaf to woe, nor blind to beauty,
That, thus conſtrain'd, we ſpeed the ſtroke of death.
[*Beckons the mutes.*

*Irene.*

O name not death! Diſtraction and amazement,
Horror and agony, are in that ſound!
Let me but live, heap woes on woes upon me,
Hide me with murd'rers in the dungeon's gloom,
Send me to wander on ſome pathleſs ſhore,
Let ſhame and hooting infamy purſue me,
Let ſlav'ry haraſs, and let hunger gripe.

*Caraza.*

Could we reverſe the ſentence of the ſultan,
Our bleeding boſoms plead Irene's cauſe.
But cries and tears are vain, prepare with patience
To meet that fate we can delay no longer.
[*The mutes at the ſign lay hold of her.*

*Abdalla.*

Diſpatch, ye ling'ring ſlaves, or nimbler hands
Quick at my call ſhall execute your charge;
Diſpatch, and learn a fitter time for pity.

*Irene.*

Grant me one hour, O grant me but a moment,
And bounteous Heaven repay the mighty mercy
With peaceful death, and happineſs eternal!

*Caraza.*

The prayer I cannot grant——I dare not hear.
Short be thy pains. [*Signs again to the mutes.*

*Irene.*

Unutterable anguiſh!
Guilt and deſpair! pale ſpectres, grin around me,
And ſtun me with the yellings of damnation!
O, hear my pray'rs! accept, all-pitying Heaven,
Theſe tears, theſe pangs, theſe laſt remains of life,
Nor let the crimes of this deteſted day
Be charg'd upon my ſoul. O mercy! mercy!
[*Mutes force her out.*

## SCENE X.

ABDALLA, HASAN, CARAZA.

*Abdalla* aſide.

Safe in her death, and in Demetrius' flight,
Abdalla, bid thy troubled breaſt be calm;
Now ſhalt thou ſhine the darling of the ſultan,
The plot all Cali's, the detection thine.

*Haſan* to *Caraza.*

Does not thy boſom, for I know thee tender,
A ſtranger to th' oppreſſor's ſavage joy,
Melt at Irene's fate, and ſhare her woes?

*Caraza.*

Her piercing cries yet fill the loaded air,
Dwell on my ear, and ſadden all my ſoul;
But let us try to clear our clouded brows,
And tell the horrid tale with cheerful face;
The ſtormy ſultan rages at our ſtay.

*Abdalla.*

Frame your report with circumſpective art,
Inflame her crimes, exalt your own obedience,
But let no thoughtleſs hint involve Abdalla.

*Caraza.*

What need of caution to report the fate
Of her the ſultan's voice condemn'd to die?
Or why ſhould he, whoſe violence of duty
Has ſerv'd his prince ſo well, demand our ſilence?

*Abdalla.*

Perhaps my zeal too fierce, betray'd my prudence;
Perhaps my warmth exceeded my commiſſion,
Perhaps I will not ſtoop to plead my cauſe;
Or argue with the ſlave that ſav'd Demetrius.

*Caraza.*

From his eſcape learn thou the pow'r of virtue,
Nor hope his fortune while thou want'ſt his worth.

*Haſan.*

The ſultan comes, ſtill gloomy, ſtill enrag'd.

## SCENE XI.

HASAN, CARAZA, MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, ABDALLA.

*Mahomet.*

Where's this fair trait'reſs? Where's this ſmiling
miſchief?
Whom neither vows could fix, nor favours bind?

*Haſan.*

Thine orders, mighty ſultan, are perform'd,
And all Irene now is breathleſs clay.

*Mahomet.*

Your haſty zeal defrauds the claim of juſtice,
And diſappointed vengeance burns in vain;
I came to heighten tortures by reproach,
And add new terrors to the face of death. [pire!
Was this the maid whoſe love I bought with em-
True, ſhe was fair; the ſmile of innocence
Play'd on her cheek—So ſhone the firſt apoſtate—
Irene's chamber! Did not roaring Cali,
Juſt as the rack forc'd out his ſtruggling ſoul,
Name for the ſcene of death Irene's chamber?

*Muſtapha.*

His breath prolong'd but to detect her treaſon,
Then in ſhort ſighs forſook his broken frame.

*Mahomet.*

Decreed to periſh in Irene's chamber!
There had ſhe lull'd me with endearing falſehoods,
Claſp'd in her arms, or ſlumb'ring on her breaſt,
And bar'd my boſom to the ruffian's dagger.

## SCENE XII.

HASAN, CARAZA, MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, MURZA, ABDALLA.

*Murza.*

Forgive, great ſultan! that by fate prevented,
I bring a tardy meſſage from Irene.

*Mahomet.*

Some artful wile of counterfeited love!
Some ſoft decoy to lure me to deſtruction!
And thou, the curs'd accomplice of her treaſon,
Declare thy meſſage, and expect thy doom.

*Murza.*

The queen requeſted that a choſen troop
Might intercept the traitor Greek, Demetrius,
Then ling'ring with his captive miſtreſs here.

*Muſtapha.*

The Greek, Demetrius! whom th' expiring Baſſa
Declar'd the chief aſſociate of his guilt.

*Mahomet.*

A choſen troop—to intercept—Demetrius—
The queen requeſted.—Wretch, repeat the meſſage;
And if one varied accent prove thy falſehood,
Or but one moment's pauſe betray confuſion,
Thoſe trembling limbs—Speak out, thou ſhiv'ring traitor.

*Murza.*

The queen requeſted—

*Mahomet.*

Who? the dead Irene?
Was ſhe then guiltleſs! Has my thoughtleſs rage
Deſtroy'd the faireſt workmanſhip of Heav'n!
Doom'd her to death unpity'd and unheard,
Amidſt her kind ſolicitudes for me!
Ye ſlaves of cruelty, ye tools of rage,
[*To* Haſan *and* Caraza.
Ye blind officious miniſters of folly, [der?
Could not her charms repreſs your zeal for mur-
Could not her prayers, her innocence, her tears,
Suſpend the dreadful ſentence for an hour?
One hour had freed me from the fatal error,
One hour had ſav'd me from deſpair and madneſs.

*Caraza.*

Your fierce impatience forc'd us from your preſence,
Urg'd us to ſpeed, and bade us baniſh pity,
Nor truſt our paſſions with her fatal charms.

*Mahomet.*

What hadſt thou loſt by ſlighting thoſe commands?
Thy life perhaps—Were but Irene ſpar'd,
Well if a thouſand lives like thine had periſh'd;
Such beauty, ſweetneſs, love, were cheaply bought,
With half the grov'ling ſlaves that load the globe.

*Muſtapha.*

Great is thy woe! but think, illuſtrious ſultan,
Such ills are ſent for ſouls like thine to conquer.
Shake off this weight of unavailing grief,
Puſh to the war, diſplay thy dreadful banners,
And lead thy troops victorious round the world.

*Mahomet.* [umph,

Robb'd of the maid with whom I wiſh'd to tri-
No more I burn for fame, or for dominion;
Succeſs and conqueſt now are empty ſounds,
Remorſe and anguiſh ſeize on all my breaſt;
Thoſe groves, whoſe ſhades embower'd the dear Irene,
Heard her laſt cries, and fann'd her dying beauties,
Shall hide me from the taſteleſs world for ever.
[Mahomet *goes back and returns.*
Yet, ere I quit the ſceptre of dominion,
Let one juſt act conclude the hateful day.
Hew down, ye guards, thoſe vaſſals of diſtraction,
[*Pointing to* Haſan *and* Caraza.
Thoſe hounds of blood, that catch the hint to kill;
Bear off with eager haſte th' unfiniſh'd ſentence,
And ſpeed the ſtroke, leſt mercy ſhould o'ertake them.

*Caraza.*

Then hear, great Mahomet, the voice of truth:

*Mahomet.*

Hear! ſhall I hear thee! didſt thou hear Irene?

*Caraza.*

Hear but a moment.

*Mahomet.*

Hadſt thou heard a moment,
Thou might'ſt have liv'd, for thou hadſt ſpar'd Irene.

*Caraza.*

I heard her, pitied her, and wiſh'd to ſave her.

*Mahomet.*

And wiſh'd—Be ſtill thy fate to wiſh in vain.

*Caraza.*

I heard, and ſoften'd, till Abdalla brought
Her final doom, and hurried her deſtruction.

*Mahomet.*

Abdalla brought her doom! Abdalla brought it!
The wretch, whoſe guilt declar'd by tortur'd Cali,
My rage and grief had hid from my remembrance;
Abdalla brought her doom!

*Haſan.*

Abdalla brought it,
While yet ſhe begg'd to plead her cauſe before thee.

*Mahomet.*

O ſeize me, madneſs—Did ſhe call on me!
I feel, I ſee the ruffian's barb'rous rage.
He ſeiz'd her melting in the ſond appeal,
And ſtopp'd the heav'nly voice that call'd on me.
My ſpirits fail, a while ſupport me, vengeance—
Be juſt, ye ſlaves, and, to be juſt, be cruel,
Contrive new racks, imbitter every pang,
Inflict whatever treaſon can deſerve,
Which murder'd innocence that call'd on me.
[*Exit* Mahomet.
[Abdalla *is dragged off.*

## SCENE XIII.

MAHOMET, HASAN, CARAZA, MUSTAPHA, MURZA.

*Muſtapha* to *Murza.*

What plagues, what tortures are in ſtore for thee,
Thou ſluggiſh idler, dilatory ſlave?
Behold the model of conſummate beauty,
Torn from the mourning earth by thy neglect.

*Murza.*

Such was the will of Heav'n—A band of Grecks
That mark'd my courſe, ſuſpicious of my purpoſe,
Ruſh'd out and ſeiz'd me, thoughtleſs and unarm'd,
Breathleſs, amaz'd, and on the guarded beach
Detain'd me till Demetrius ſet me free.

*Muſtapha.*

So ſure the fall of greatneſs rais'd on crimes,
So fix'd the juſtice of all-conſcious Heav'n.
When haughty guilt exults with impious joy,
Miſtake ſhall blaſt, or accident deſtroy;
Weak man with erring rage may throw the dart,
But Heav'n ſhall guide it to the guilty heart.

EPILOGUE.

MARRY a Turk! a haughty, tyrant king,
Who thinks us women born to dreſs and ſing,
To pleaſe his fancy——ſee no other man——
Let him perſuade me to it——if he can:
Beſides, he has fifty wives; and who can bear
To have the fiftieth part her paltry ſhare?
'Tis true, the fellow's handſome, ſtrait, and tall;
But how the devil ſhould he pleaſe us all!
My ſwain is little——true——but be it known,
My pride's to have that little all my own.
Men will be ever to their error's blind,
Where woman's not allow'd to ſpeak her mind;
I ſwear this eaſtern pageantry is nonſenſe,
And for one man—one wife's enough in conſcience.
In vain proud man uſurps what's woman's due;
For us alone, they honour's paths purſue:
Inſpir'd by us, they glory's heights aſcend;
Woman the ſource, the object, and the end.
Though wealth, and pow'r, and glory they receive,
Theſe all are trifles, to what we can give.
For us the ſtateſman labours, hero fights,
Bears toilſome days, and wakes long tedious nights:
And when bleſt peace has ſilenc'd war's alarms,
Receives his full reward in beauty's arms.

# POEMATA.

[JAN. 20, 21, 1773.]

VITÆ qui varias vices
Rerum perpetuus temperat Arbiter,
Læto cedere lumini
Noctis triſtitiam qui gelidæ jubet,
Acri ſanguine turgidos,
Obductoſque oculos nubibus humidis
Sanari voluit meos.
Et me, cuncta beans cui nocuit dies,
Luci reddidit et mihi.
Qua te laude, Deus qua prece proſequar?
Sacri diſcipulus libri
Te ſemper ſtudiis utilibus colam:
Grates, ſumme Pater, tuis
Recte qui fruitur muneribus, dedit.

[DEC. 25, 1779.]

NUNC dies Chriſto memoranda nato
Fulſit, in pectus mihi fonte purum
Gaudium ſacro fluat, et benigni
Gratia Cœli!

Chriſte da tutam trepido quietam,
Chriſte, ſpem præſta ſtabilem timenti;
Da fidem certam, precibuſque fidis
Annue, Chriſte.

[IN LECTO, DIE PASSIONIS. APR. 13, 1781.]

SUMME Deus, qui ſemper amas quodcunque creâſti;
Judice quo, ſcelerum eſt pœnituiſſe ſalus:
Da veteres noxas animo ſic flere novato,
Per Chriſtum ut veniam ſit reperire mihi.

[IN LECTO. DEC. 25, 1782.]

SPE non inani confugis,
Peccator, ad latus meum;
Quod poſcis, haud unquam tibi
Negabitur ſolatium.

[NOCTE, INTER 16 ET 17 JUNII, 1783 *.]

SUMME Pater, quodcunque tuum † de corpore
‡ Numen
Hoc ‖ ſtatuat, § precibus Chriſtus adeſſe velit:
Ingenio parcas, nec ſit mihi culpa ¶ rogâſſe,
Qua ſolum potero parte, ** placere tibi.

[CAL. JAN. IN LECTO, ANTE LUCEM. 1784.]

SUMME dator vitæ, naturæ æterne magiſter,
Cauſarum ſeries quo moderante fluit,
Reſpice quem ſubigit ſenium, morbique ſeniles,
Quem terret vitæ meta propinqua ſuæ,
Reſpice inutiliter lapſi quem pœnitet ævi;
Recte ut pœniteat, reſpice, magne parens.

PATER benigne, ſumma ſemper lenitas,
Crimine gravatam plurimo mentem leva:
Concede veram pœnitentiam, precor,
Concede agendam legibus vitam tuis.
Sacri vagantes luminis greſſus face
Rege, et tuere, quæ nocent pellens procul;

* *The night above referred to by Johnſon was that in which a paralytic ſtroke had deprived him of his voice, and, in the anxiety he felt leſt it ſhould likewiſe have impaired his underſtanding, he compoſed the above lines, and ſaid concerning them, that he knew at the time that they were not good, but then he deemed his diſcerning this, to be ſufficient for the quieting the anxiety before mentioned, as it ſhowed him that his power of judging was not diminiſhed.*

† *Al tuæ.* ‡ *Al. leges.* ‖ *Al. ſtatuant.*
§ *Al. votis.* ¶ *Al. precari.* ** *Al. litare.*

Veniam petenti, ſumme da veniam, pater;
Veniæque ſancta pacis adde gaudia:
Sceleris ut expers omni, et vacuus metu,
Te, mente purâ, mente tranquillâ colam:
Mihi dona morte hæc impetret Chriſtus ſuâ.

[JAN. 18, 1784.]

SUMME Pater, puro colluſtra lumine pectus,
Anxietas noceat ne tenebroſa mihi.
In me ſparſa manu virtutum ſemina larga
Sic ale, proveniat meſſis ut ampla boni.
Noctes atque dies animo ſpes læta recurſet,
Certa mihi ſancto flagret amore fides.
Certa vetet dubitare fides, ſpes læta timere,
Velle vetet cuiquam non bene ſanctus amor.
Da, ne ſint permiſſa, pater, mihi præmia fruſtra,
Et colere, et leges ſemper amare tuas.
Hæc mihi, quo gentes, quo ſecula, Chriſte, piâſti,
Sanguine, precanti promereare tuo!

[FEB. 27, 1784.]

MENS mea quid quereris? veniet tibi mollior hora,
In ſummo ut videas numine læta patrem;
Divinam in fontes iram placavit Jeſus;
Nunc eſt pro pœna pœnituiſſe reis.

## CHRISTIANUS PERFECTUS.

QUI cupit in ſanctos Chriſto cogente referri,
Abſtergat mundi labem, nec gaudia carnis
Captans, nec faſtu tumidus, ſemperque futuro
Inſtet, et evellens terroris ſpicula corde,
Suſpiciat tandem clementem in numine patrem.
Huic quoque, nec genti nec ſectæ noxius ulli,
Sit ſacer orbis amor, miſeris qui ſemper adeſſe
Geſtiat, et, nullo pietatis limite clauſus,
Cunctorum ignoſcat vitiis, pietate fruatur.
Ardeat huic toto ſacer ignis pectore, poſſit
Ut vitam, poſcat ſi res, impendere vero.
Cura placere Deo ſit prima, ſit ultima, ſanctæ
Irruptum vitæ cupiat ſervare tenorem;
Et ſibi, delirans quanquam et peccator in horas
Diſpliceat, ſervet tutum ſub pectore rectum:
Nec natet, et nunc has partes, nunc eligat illas,
Nec dubitet quem dicat herum, ſed, totus in uno,
Se fidum addicat Chriſto, mortalia temnens.
Sed timeat ſemper, caveatque ante omnia turbæ
Ne ſtolidæ ſimilis, leges, ſibi ſegreget audax
Quas ſervare velit, leges quas lentus omittat,
Plenum opus effugiens, aptans juga mollia collo
Sponte ſua demens; nihilum decedere ſummæ
Vult Deus, at, qui cuncta dedit tibi, cuncta repoſcit.
Denique perpetuo contendit in ardua niſu,
Auxilioque Dei fretus, jam mente ſerena
Pergit, et imperiis ſentit ſe dulcibus actum.
Paulatim mores, animum, vitamque refingit,
Effigiemque Dei, quantum ſervare licebit,
Induit, et, terris major, cœleſtia ſpirat.

ÆTERNE rerum conditor,
Salutis æternæ dator;
Felicitatis ſedibus
Qui nec ſceleſtos exigis,
Quoſcumque ſcelerum pœnitet:
Da, Chriſte, pœnitentiam,
Veniamque, Chriſte, da mihi;
Ægrum trahenti ſpiritum
Succurre præſens corpori,
Multo gravatum crimine,
Mentem benignus alleva.

LUCE colluſtret mihi pectus alma,
Pellat et triſtes animi tenebras,
Nec ſinat ſemper tremere ac dolore,
Gratia Chriſti:

Me pater tandem reducem benigno
Summus amplexu foveat, beato
Me gregi ſanctus ſocium beatum
Spiritus addat.

## JEJUNIUM ET CIBUS.

SERVIAT ut menti corpus jejunia ſerva,
Ut mens utatur corpore, ſume cibos.

URBANE, nullis feſſe laboribus,
Urbane, nullis victe columniis,
Cui fronte ſertum in erudita
Perpetuo viret, et virebit;

Quid moliatur gens imitantium,
Quid et minetur, ſollicitus parum,
Vacare ſolis perge Muſis,
Juxta animo ſtudiiſque fælix.

Linguæ procacis plumbea ſpicula,
Fidens, ſuperbo frange ſilentio;
Victrix per obſtantes catervas
Sedulitas animoſa tendet.

Intende nervos fortis, inanibus
Riſurus olim niſibus emuli;
Intende jam nervos, habebis
Participes opera camœnas.

Non ulla Muſis pagina gratior,
Quam quæ ſeveris ludicra jungere
Novit, fatigatamque nugis
Utilibus recreare mentem.

Texente nymphis ſerta Lycoride,
Roſæ ruborem ſic viola adjuvat
Immiſta, ſic Iris refulget
Æthereis variata fucis.

## IN RIVUM A MOLA STOANA LICHFELDIÆ DIFFLUENTEM.

ERRAT adhuc vitreus per prata virentia rivus,
Quo toties lavi membra tenella puer;
Hic deluſa rudi fruſtrabar brachia motu,
Dum docuit blanda voce natare pater.
Fecerunt rami latebras, tenebriſque diurnis
Pendula ſecretas abdidit arbor aquas.
Nunc veteres duris periêre ſecuribus umbræ,
Longinquiſque oculis nuda lavacra patent.
Lympha tamen curſus agit indefeſſa perennis,
Tectaque qua fluxit, nunc et aperta fluit.
Quid ferat externi velox, quid deterat ætas,
Tu quoque ſecurus res age, Niſe, tuas.

## ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ.

[*Poſt Lexicon Anglicanum auctum et emendatum.*]

Lexicon ad finem longo luctamine tandem
Scaliger ut duxit, tenuis pertæſus opellæ,
Vile indignatus ſtudiam, nugaſque moleſtas,
Ingemit exoſus, ſcribendaque lexica mandat
Damnatis, pœnam pro pœnis omnibus unam.
Ille quidem recte, ſublimis, doctus et acer,
Quem decuit majora ſequi, majoribus aptum,
Qui veterum modo facta ducum, modo carmina vatum,
Geſſerat et quicquid virtus, ſapientia quicquid,
Dixerat, imperiique vices, cœlique meatus,
Ingentemque animo ſeclorum volveret orbem.
Fallimur exemplis; temere ſibi turba ſcholarum
Ima tuas credit permitti Scaliger iras.
Quiſque ſuum nôrit modulum; tibi, prime virorum
Ut ſtudiis ſperem, aut auſim par eſſe querelis,
Non mihi ſorte datum; lenti ſeu ſanguinis obſint
Frigora, ſeu nimium longo jacuiſſe veterno,
Sive mihi mentem dederit natura minorem.
Te ſterili functum cura, vocumque ſalebris
Tuto eluctatum ſpatiis ſapientia dia
Excipit æthereis, ars omnis plaudit amico,
Linguarumque omni terra diſcordia concors
Multiplici reducem circum ſonatore magiſtrum.
Me, penſi immunis cum jam mihi reddor, inertis
Deſidiæ ſors dura manet, graviorque labore
Triſtis et atra quies, et tardæ tædia vitæ.
Naſcuntur curis curæ, vexatque dolorum
Importuna cohors, vacuæ mala ſomnia mentis.
Nunc clamoſa juvant nocturnæ gaudia menſæ,
Nunc loca ſola placent; fruſtra te, Somne, recumbens
Alme voco, impatiens noctis metuenſque diei
Omnia percurro trepidus, circum omnia luſtro,
Si qua uſquam pateat melioris ſemita vitæ,
Nec quid agam invenio, meditatus grandia, cogor
Notior ipſe mihi fieri, incultumque fateri
Pectus, et ingenium vano ſe robore jactans.
Ingenium niſi materiem doctrina miniſtrat,
Ceſſat inops rerum, ut torpet, ſi marmoris abſit
Copia, Phidiaci fœcunda potentia cœli.
Quicquid agam, quocunque ferar, conatibus obſtat
Res anguſta domi, et macræ penuria mentis.
Non rationis opes animus, nunc parta recenſens
Conſpicit aggeſtas, et ſe miratur in illis,
Nec ſibi de gaza præſens quod poſtulat uſus
Summus adeſſe jubet celſa dominator ab arce;
Non, operum ſerie feriem dum computat ævi,
Præteritis fruitur, lætos aut ſumit honores
Ipſe ſui judex, actæ bene munera vitæ;
Sed ſua regna videns, loca nocte ſilentia late
Horret, ubi vanæ ſpecies, umbræque fugaces,
Et rerum volitant raræ per inane figuræ.
Quid faciam? tenebriſne pigram damnare ſenectam
Reſtat? an accingar ſtudiis gravioribus audax?
Aut, hoc ſi nimium eſt, tandem nova lexica poſcam?

## AD THOMAM LAURENCE,

MEDICUM DOCTISSIMUM.

*Cum filium peregre agentem deſiderio nimis triſti proſequeretur.*

Fateris ergo, quod populus ſolet
Crepare vœcors, nil ſapientiam
Prodeſſe vitæ, literaſque;
In dubiis dare terga rebus

Tu, queis laborat fors hominum, mala,
Nec vincis acer, nec pateris pius,
Te mille ſuccorum potentem
Deſtituit medicina mentis.

Per cæca noctis tædia turbidæ,
Pigræ per horas lucis inutiles,
Torpeſque, langueſciſque, curis
Solicitus nimis heu! paternis.

Tandem dolori plus ſatis eſt datum,
Exurge fortis, nunc animis opus,
Te, docta, Laurenti; vetuſtas,
Te medici revocant labores.

Permitte ſummo quicquid habes patri,
Permitte fidens, et muliebribus,
Amice, majorem quetelis
Redde tuis, tibi redde, mentem.

## IN THEATRO, MARCH 8, 1771.

Tertii verſo quater orbe luſtri,
Quid theatrales tibi, Criſpe, pompæ?
Quam decet canos male literatos
Sera voluptas!

Tene mulceri fidibus canoris?
Tene cantorum modulis ſtupere?
Tene per pictas oculo elegante
Currere formas?

Inter æquales, ſine felle liber,
Codices, veri ſtudioſus, inter
Rectius vives. Sua quiſque carpat
Gaudia gratus.

Luſibus gaudet puer otioſis,
Luxus oblectat juvenem theatri,
At ſeni fluxo ſapienter uti
Tempore reſtat.

## INSULA KENNETHI, INTER HEBRIDAS.

Parva quidem regio, ſed religione priorum
Clara Caledonias panditur inter aquas.
Voce ubi Cennethus populos domuiſſe feroces
Dicitur, et vanos dedocuiſſe deos.
Huc ego delatus placido per cærula curſu,
Scire locus velui quid daret iſte novi.
Illic Leniades humili regnabat in aula,
Leniades, magnis nobilitatus avis.
Una duas cepit caſa cum genitore puellas,
Quas Amor undarum crederet eſſe deas.
Nec tamen inculti gelidis latuere ſub antris,
Accola Danubii qualia ſævus habet.
Mollia non deſunt vacuæ ſolatia vitæ
Sive libros, poſcant otia, ſive lyram.

Fulserat illa dies, legis qua docta supernæ
Spes hominum et curas gens procul esse jubet.
Ut precibus justas avertat numinis iras
Et summi accendat pectus amore boni.
Ponti inter strepitus non sacri munera cultus
Cessarunt, pietas hic quoque cura fuit.
Nil opus est æris sacra de turre sonantis
Admonitu, ipsa suas nunciat hora vices.
Quid, quod sacrifici versavit fœmina libros!
Sint pro legitimis pura labella sacris.
Quo vagor ulterius? quod ubique requiritur hic est,
Hic secura quies, hic et honestus amor.

## SKIA.

Ponti profundis clausa recessibus,
Strepens procellis, rupibus obsita,
Quam grata defesso virentem,
Skia, sinum nebulosa pandis!

His, cura, credo, sedibus exulat;
His blanda certe pax habitat locis;
Non ira, non mœror quietis
Insidias meditatur horis.

At non cavatâ rupe latescere,
Menti nec ægræ montibus aviis
Prodest vagari, nec frementes
In specula numerare fluctus.

Humana virtus non sibi sufficit;
Dator nec æquum cuique animum sibi
Parare posse, utcunque jactet
Grandiloquus nimis alta Zeno.

Exæstuantis pectoris impetum
Rex summe, solus tu regis, arbiter;
Mentisque, te tollente, fluctus;
Te, resident, moderante fluctus.

## ODE, DE SKIA INSULA.

Permeo terras ubi nuda rupes
Saxeas miscet nebulis ruinas,
Torva ubi rident steriles coloni
Rura labores.

Pervagor gentes hominum ferorum,
Vita ubi nullo decorata cultu
Squallet informis, tigurîque fumis
Fæda latescit.

Inter erroris salebrosa longi,
Inter ignotæ strepitus loquelæ,
Quot modis, mecum, quid agat, requiro,
Thralia dulcis?

Seu viri curas, pia nupta mulcet,
Seu fovet mater sobolem benigna,
Sive cum libris novitate pascit
Sedula mentem.

Sit memor nostri, fideique solvat
Fida mercedem, meritoque blandum
Thraliæ discant resonare nomen
Littora Skiæ.

## SPES.

*Apr.* 16, 1783.

Hora sic peragit citata cursum;
Sic diem sequitur dies fugacem!
Spes novas nova lux parit, secunda
Spondens omnia credulis homullis;
Spes ludit stolidas, metuque cæco
Lux angit, miseros ludens homullos.

## VERSUS, COLLARI CAPRÆ DOMINI BANKS.

INSCRIBENDI.

Perpetui, ambitiâ bis terrâ prema lactis
Hæc habet, altrici capra secunda Jovis.

*Ad Fœminam quandam Generosam quæ Libertatis Causæ in Sermone patrocinata fuerat.*

Liber ut esse velim, suasisti, pulchra Maria:
Ut maneam liber, pulchra Maria, vale.

## JACTURA TEMPORIS.

Hora perit furtim lætis, mens temporis ægra
Pigritiam incusat, nec minus hora perit.

Quas navis recipit, quantum sit pondus aquarum,
Dimidium tanti ponderis intret onus.

Quot vox missa pedes abit horæ parte secunda?
Undecies centum denos quater adde duosque.

## Εἰς ΒΙΡΧΙΟΝ *.

Εἶδεν Ἀληθείη πρῴην χαίρουσα γράφοντα
Ἡρώων τε βίους Βίρχιον, ἠδὲ σοφῶν,
Καὶ βίον εἶπεν, ὅταν ῥίψης θανάτοιο βέλεσσε,
Σοῦ ποτε γραψόμενον Βίρχιον ἄλλον ἔχοις.

Εἰς τὸ τῆς Ἐ'ΛΙΣΣΗΣ † περὶ τῶν Ὀνείρων Αἴνιγμα.

Τῇ κάλλους δυνάμει τὶ τέλος; Ζευς πάντα δεδωκεν
Κύπριδι, μὴδ' αὐτοῦ σκῆπτρα μέμηλε Θεῷ.
Εκ' Διὸς ἐστὶν Ὄναρ, θεῖος ποτ' ἔγραψεν Ὅμηρος,
Ἀλλὰ τόδ' εἰς θνητοὺς Κύπρις ἔπεμψεν Ὄναρ·
Ζεὺς μοῦνος φγογόεντι πόλεις ἔκπερσε κεραυνῷ,
Ὄμμασι λαμπρὰ Διὸς Κύπρις οἴστὰ φέρει.

## IN ELIZÆ ENIGMA.

Quis formæ modus imperio? Venus arrogat audax
Omnia, nec curæ sunt sua sceptra Jovi.
Ab Jove Mœnides descendere somnia narrat;
Hæc veniunt Cypriæ somnia missa Deæ.
Jupiter unus erat, qui stravit fulmine gentes;
Nunc armant Veneris lumina tela Jovis.

---

* *The Rev. Dr. Thomas Birch, author of the History of the Royal Society, and other works of note.*

† *The Lady on whom these verses, and the Latin ones which immediately follow, were written, is the celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, who translated the works of Epictetus from the Greek.*

## MESSIA.

" Ex alieno ingenio poeta, ex suo tantum versificator." *Scalig. Poet.*

TOLLITE concentum, Solymææ tollite nymphæ!
Nil mortale loquor; cœlum mihi carminis alta
Materies; poscunt gravius cœlestia plectrum.
Muscosi fontes, sylvestria tecta valete,
Aonidesque Deæ, et mendacis somnia Pindi:
Tu, mihi, qui flammâ movisti pectora sancti
Sidereâ Isaiæ, dignos accende furores!
Immatura calens rapitur per sæcula vates
Sic orsus—Qualis rerum mihi nascitur ordo!
Virgo! virgo parit! felix radicibus arbor
Jessæis surgit, mulcentesque æthera flores
Cœlestes lambunt animæ, ramisque columba,
Nuncia sacra Dei, plaudentibus insidet alis.
Nectareos rores, alimentaque mitia cœlum
Præbeat, et tacite fœcundos irriget imbres
Huc, fœdat quos lepra, urit quos febris, adeste,
Dia salutares spirant medicamina rami;
Hic requies sessis; non sacra sævit in umbra
Vis Boreæ gelida, aut rapidi violentia solis.
Irrita vanescent prisca vestigia fraudis
Justitiæque manus pretio intemerata bilancem
Attollet reducis; bellis prætendet olivas
Compositis pax alma suas, terraque revisens
Sedatas niveo virtus lucebit amictu:
Volvantur celeres anni! lux purpuret ortum
Expectata diu! naturæ claustra refringens,
Nascere, magne puer! tibi primas, ecce, corollas
Deproperat tellus, fundit tibi munera, quicquid
Carpit Arabs, hortis quicquid frondescit Eois.
Altius, en! Lebanon gaudentia culmina tollit,
En! summo exultant nutantes vertice sylvæ.
Mittit aromaticas vallis Saronica nubes,
Et juga Carmeli recreant fragrantia cœlum.
Deserti lætâ! mollescunt aspera voce
Auditur Deus! ecce Deus! reboantia circum
Saxa sonant, Deus; ecce Deus! deflectitur æther,
Demissumque Deum tellus capit; ardua cedrus,
Gloria sylvarum, dominum inclinata salutet.
Surgite convalles, tumidi subsidite montes!
Sternite saxa viam, rapidi discedite fluctus:
En! quem turba diu eccinerunt enthea, vates
En! salvator adest; vultus agnoscite cæci
Divinos, surdos sacra vox permulceat aures.
Ille cutim spissam visus hebetare vetabit,
Reclusisque oculis insundet amabile lumen;
Obstrictasque diu linguas in carmina solvet
Ille vias vocis pandet, flexusque liquentis
Harmoniæ purgata novos mirabitur auris.
Accrescunt teneris tactu nova robora nervis:
Consuetus fulcro innixus reptare bacillo
Nunc saltu capreas, nunc cursu provocat euros.
Non planctus, non mœsta sonant suspiria, pectus
Singultans mulcet, lachrymantes tergit ocellos.
Vincla coercebunt luctantem adamantina mortem,
Æternoque Orci dominator vulnere languens
Invalidi raptos sceptri plorabit honores.
Ut qua dulce strepent scatebræ, qua lata virescunt
Pascua, qua blandum spirat purissimus aer,
Pastor agit pecudes, teneros, modo suscipit agnos
Et gremio sotis selectas porrigit herbas,
Amissas modo quærit oves, revocatque vagantes;
Fidus adest custos, seu nox furat horrida nimbis,
Sive dies medius morientia torreat arva.
Postera sic pastor divinus sæcla beabit,
Et curas felix patrias testabitur orbis.
Non ultra infestis concurrent agmina signis,
Hostiles oculis flammas jaculantia torvis;
Non itui accendent bellum, non campus ahenis
Trite coruscabit radiis dabit hasta recusa
Vomerem, et in falcem rigidus curvabitur ensis.
Atria, pacis opus, surgent, sinemque caduci
Natus ad ostratum perducet cæpta parentis.
Qui duxit sulcos, illi teret arca messem,
Si feræ texent vites umbracula proli.
Assyrii dumeta vident inculta coloni
Suave rubere rosis, fitientesque inter arenas
Garrula murantur salientis murmura rivi.
Per saxa, ignivomi nuper spelæa draconis,
Canna viret, junctique tremit variabilis umbra.
Horruit implexo quæ vallis sente, figuræ
Surgit amans abies teretis, buxique sequaces
Artificis frondent dextræ palmisque rubeta
Aspera, odoratæ cedunt mala gramina myrto.
Per valles sociata lupo lasciviet agna,
Cumque leone petet tutus præsepe juvencus.
Florea manuetæ petulantes vincula tigri
Per ludum pueri injicient, et fessa colubri
Membra viatoris recreabunt frigore linguæ.
Serpentes teneris nil jam lethale micantes
Tractabit palmis infans, motusque trisulcæ
Ridebit linguæ innocuos, squamasque virentes
Aureaque admirans rutilantis fulgura cristæ.
Indue reginam, turritæ frontis honores
Tolle Salema sacros, quam circum gloria pennas
Explicat, incinctam radiatæ luce tiaræ!
En! formosa tibi spatiosa per atria, proles
Ordinibus surgit densis, vitamque requirit
Impatiens, lenteque fluentes increpat annos.
Ecce peregrinis fervent tua limina turbis;
Barbarus en! clarum divino lumine templum
Ingreditur, cultuque tuo mansuescere gaudet.
Cinnameos cumulos, Nabathæi munera veris,
Ecce cremant genibus tritæ regalibus aræ!
Solis Ophyræis crudum tibi montibus aurum
Maturant radii; tibi balsama sudat Idume.
Ætheris en portas sacro fulgore micantes
Cœlicolæ pandunt, torrentis aurea lucis
Flumina prorumpunt; non posthac sole rubescet
India nascenti, placidæve argentea noctis
Luna vices revehet; radios pater ipse diei
Proferet archetypos; cœlestis gaudia lucis
Ipso fonte bibes, quæ circumfusa beatam
Regiam inundabit, nullis cessura tenebris.
Littora deficiens arentia deseret æquor;
Sidera tumabunt, diro labefacta tremore
Saxa cadent, solidique liquescent robora montis:
Tu secura tamen confusa elementa videbis,
Lætaque Messia semper dominabere rege,
Pollicitis firmata Dei, stabilita ruinis.

* O QUI benignus crimina ignoscis, pater
Facilisque semper consitenti ades reo,

* *This and the three following articles are metrical versions of collects in the Liturgy: the 1st. of that, beginning,* " *O God whose nature and property;*" *the 2d and 3d, of the collects for the 17th and 21st Sundays after Trinity; and the 4th, of the 1st collect in the communion service.*

Aurem faventem precibus O præbe meis;
Scelerum catenâ me laborantem gravè
Æterna tandem liberet clementia,
Ut summa laus sit, summa Christo gloria.

Per vitæ tenebras rerumque incerta vagantem
Numine præsenti me tueare pater.!
Me ducat lux sancta, Deus, lux sancta sequatur;
Usque regat gressus, gratia fida meos.
Sic peragam tua jussa libens, accinctus ad omne
Mandatum, vivam sic moriarque tibi.

Me, pater omnipotens, de puro respice cœlo,
Quem mœstum et timidum crimina gravant;
Da veniam pacemque mihi, da, mente serena,
Ut tibi quæ placeant, omnia promptus agam.
Solvi, quo Christus cunctis delicta redemit,
Et pro me pretium, tu patiare, pater.

[dec. 5, 1784 *.]

Summe Deus, cui cæca patent penetralia cordis;
Quem nulla anxietas, nulla cupido fugit:
Quem nil vafrities peccantum subdola celat;
Omnia qui spectans, omnia ubique regis;
Mentibus afflatu terrenas ejice sordes
Divino, sanctus regnet ut intus amor:
Eloquiumque potens linguis torpentibus affer,
Ut tibi laus omni semper ab ore sonet:
Sanguine quo gentes, quo secula cuncta piavit,
Hæc nobis Christus promeruisse velit!

## PSALMUS CXVII.

Anni qua volucris ducitur orbita,
Patrem cœlicolûm perpetuo colunt
Quovis sanguine cretæ
Gentes undique carmine.
Patrem, cujus amor blandior in dies
Mortales miseros servat, alit, fovet,
Omnes undique gentes,
Sancto dicite carmine.

† Seu te sævat sitis, lævitas sive improba fecit,
Musca, meæ comitem, participemque dapis,
Pone metum, rostrum fidens immitte culullo,
Nam licet, et toto prolue læta mero.
Tu, quamcunque tibi velox indulserit annus,
Carpe diem, fugit, heu, non revocanda dies!
Quæ nos blanda comes, quæ nos perducat eodem,
Volvitur hora mihi, volvitur hora tibi!
Una quidem, sic fata volunt, tibi vivitur ætas,
Eheu, quid decies plus mihi sexta dedit!
Olim, præteritæ numeranti tempora vitæ,
Sexaginta annis non minor unus erit.

‡ Habeo, dedi quod alteri;
Habuique, quod dedi mihi;
Sed quod reliqui, perdidi.

---

* *The day on which he received the sacrament for the last time; and eight days before his decease.*

† *The above is a version of the song,* "*Busy, curious, thirsty fly.*"

‡ *These lines are a version of three sentences that are said in the manuscript to be* "*On the monument of John of Doncaster;*" *and which are as follow:*

"What I gave that I have;
"What I spent that I had;
"What I left that I lost."

* E WALTONI PISCATORE PERFECTO EXCERPTUM.

Nunc, per gramina fusi,
Densâ fronde salicti,
Dum defenditur imber,
Molles ducimus horas.
Hic, dum debita morti
Paulum vita moratur,
Nunc revocare priora,
Nunc instare futuris,
Nunc summi prece sanctâ
Patris numen adire est.
Quicquid quæritur ultra,
Cæco ducit amore,
Vel spe ludit inani,
Luctus mox pariturum.

† Quisquis iter tendis, vitreas qua lucidus undas
Spelunceæ latè Thamesis prætendit opacæ;
Marmoreâ trepidant quæ lentæ in fornice guttæ,
Crystallisque latex fractus scintillat acutis;
Gemmaque, luxuriæ nondum famulata nitenti
Splendet, et incoquitur tectum sine fraude metallum;
Ingredere O! rerum purâ cole mente parentem;
Auriferasque auri metuens scrutare cavernas.
Ingredere! Egeriæ sacrum en tibi panditur antrum!
Hic, in se totum, longe per opaca futuri
Temporis, Henricum rapuit vis vivida mentis:
Hic pia Vindamius traxit suspiria, in ipsâ
Morte memor patriæ; hic, Marmonti pectore prima
Cœlestis fido caluerunt semina flammæ.
Temnere opes, pretium sceleris, patriamque tueri
Fortis, ades; tibi sponte patet venerabile limen.

---

* *These lines are a translation of part of a Song in the Complete Angler of Isaac Walton, written by John Chalkhill, Esq. a friend of Spenser, and author of a beautiful pastoral history called* "*Thealma and Clearchus,*" *published long after his death, by Walton, which is highly deserving of republication.*

"Or we sometimes pass an hour
"Under a green willow,
"That defends us from a shower,
"Making earth our pillow;
"Where we may
"Think and pray,
"Before death
"Stops our breath:
"Other joys
"Are but toys,
"And to be lamented."

† *The above lines are a version of Pope's verses on his own grotto, which begin,* "*Thou who shalt stop where Thames translucent wave.*"

## GRÆCORUM EPIGRAMMATUM VERSIONES METRICÆ.

*Pag. 2. Brodæi edit. Baſ. Ann.* 1549.

Non Argos pugilem, non me Meſſana creavit;
Patria Sparta mihi eſti, patria clara virûm.
Arte valent iſti, mihi robo revivere ſolo eſt,
Convenit ut natis, inclyta Sparta, tuis.

Br. 2.

Quandoquidem paſſim nulla ratione feruntur,
Cuncta cimis, cuncta et ludicra, cuncta nihil.

Br. 5.

Pectore qui duro, crudos de vite racemos
Venturi exſecuit, vaſcula prima meri,
Labraque conſtrictus, ſemeſos, jamque terendos
Sub pedibus, populo prætereunte, jacit.
Supplicium huic, quoniam creſcentia gaudia læſit,
Det Bacchus, dederat quale, Lycurge, tibi.
Hæ poterant uvæ læto convivia cantu,
Mulcere, aut pectus triſte levare malis.

Br. 8.

Fert humeris claudum validis per compita cæcus,
Hic oculos ſocio commodat, ille pedes.

Br. 10.

Qui, mutare vias auſus terræque mariſque,
Trajecit montes nauta, fretumque pedes,
Xerxi, tercentum Spartæ Mars obſtitit acris
Militibus; terris ſit pelagoque pudor!

Br. 11.

Sit tibi, Calliope, Parnaſſum, cura, tenenti,
Alter ut adſit Homerus, adeſt etenim alter Achilles.

Br. 18.

Ad Muſas Venus hæc; Veneri parete puellæ,
In vos ne miſſus ſpiculo tendat amor.
Hæc Muſæ ad Venerem; ſic Marti, diva, mineris,
Huc nunquam volitat debilis iſte puer.

Br. 19.

Proſpera ſors nec te ſtrepitoſo turbine tollat,
Nec menti injiciat ſordida cura jugum;
Nam vita incertis incerta impellitur auris,
Omneſque in partes tracta, retracta fluit:
Firma manet virtus; virtuti innitere, tutus
Per fluctus vitæ ſic tibi curſus erit.

Br. 24.

Hora bonis quaſi nunc inſtet ſuprema fruaris,
Plura ut victurus ſecula, parce bonis:
Divitiis, utrinque cavens, qui tempore parcit,
Tempore divitiis utitur, ille ſapit.

Br. 24.

Nunquam jugera meſſibus onuſta, aut
Quos Gyges cumulos habebat auri;
Quod vitæ ſatis eſt, peto, Macrine,
Si, nequid nimis, eſt nimis probatum.

Br. 24.

Non opto aut precibus poſco diteſcere, paucis
Ut contenta mihi vita dolore carens.

Br. 24.

Recta ad pauperiem tendit, cui corpora cordi
eſt
Multa alere, et multas ædificare domos.

Br. 24.

Tu neque dulce putes alienæ accumbere menſæ,
Nec probroſa avidæ grata ſit offa gulæ;
Nec ficto fletu, fictis ſolvare cachinnis,
Arridens domino, collachrymaſque tuo.
Lætior haud tecum, tecum neque triſtior unquam,
Sed Miliæ ridens, atque dolens Miliæ.

Br. 26.

Nil non mortale eſt mortalibus; omne quod eſt hi
Prætereunt, aut hos præterit omne bonum.

Br. 26.

Democrite, inviſas homines majore cachinno,
Plus tibi ridendum ſecula noſtra dabunt.
Heraclite, fluat lacrymarum crebrior imber;
Vita hominum nunc plus quod miſereris habet.
Interea dubito; tecum me cauſa nec ulla
Ridere, aut tecum me lacrimare jubet.

Br. 26.

Elige inter vitæ ut poſſis; rixiſque doliſque
Perſtrepit omne forum; cura moleſta domi eſt.
Rura labor laſſat; mare mille pericula terrent;
Verte ſolum, fient cauſa timoris opes;
Paupertas miſera eſt; multæ cum conjuge lites
Tecta ineunt; cælebs omnia ſolus ages.
Proles aucta gravat, rapta orbat, cæca juventæ eſt
Virtus, canities cauta vigore caret.
Ergo optent homines, aut nunquam in luminis oras
Veniſſe, aut viſâ luce repente mori.

Elige iter vitæ ut mavis, prudentia lauſque
Permeat omne forum; vita quieta domi eſt.
Rus ornat natura: levat maris aſpera Lucrum,
Verte ſolum, donet plena crumena decus;
Pauperies latitat, cum conjuge gaudia multa
Tecta ineunt, cælebs impediere minus;
Mulcet amor prolis, ſopor eſt ſine prole profundus;
Præcellit juvenis vi, pietate ſenex.
Nemo optet nunquam veniſſe in luminis oras,
Aut periiſſe; ſcatet vita benigna bonis.

Br. 27.

Vita omnis ſcena eſt luduſque, aut ludere diſce
Seria ſeponens, aut mala dura pati.

Br. 27.

Quæ ſine morte fuga eſt vitæ, quam turba malorum
Non vitanda gravem, non toleranda facit?
Dulcia dat natura quidem, mare, ſidera, terras,
Lunaque quas et ſol itque reditque vias.
Terror ineſt aliis, mœrorque, et ſiquid habebis
Forte boni, ultrices experiere vices.

Br. 27.

Terram adii nudus, de terra nudus abibo
Quid labor efficiet? non niſi nudus ero.

Br. 27.

NATUS eram lacrymans, lacrymans e luce recedo;
Sunt quibus a lacrymis vix vacat ulla dies.
Tale hominum genus eſt, infirmum, triſte, miſellum,
Quod mors in cineres ſolvit, et abdit humo.

Br. 29.

QUISQUIS adit lectos elatâ uxore ſecundos,
Naufragus iratas ille retentat aquas.

Br. 30.

FÆLIX ante alios nullius debitor æris:
Hunc ſequitur cælebs; tertius, orbe, venis.
Nec male res ceſſit, ſubito ſi funere ſponſam
Ditatus magna dote, recondis humo.
His ſapiens lectis, Epicurum quærere fruſtra
Quales ſint monades, quâ ſit inane, ſinas.

Br. 31.

OPTARIT quicunque ſenex ſibi longius ævum,
Dignus qui multa in luſtra ſeneſcat, erit.
Cum procul eſt, optat, cum venit, quiſque ſenectam,
Incuſat, ſemper ſpe meliora videt.

Br. 46.

OMNIS vita nimis brevis eſt felicibus, una
Nox miſeris longi temporis inſtar habet.

Br. 55.

GRATIA ter grata eſt velox, ſin forte moretur,
Gratia vix reſtat nomine digna ſuo.

Br. 56.

SEU prece poſcatur, ſeu non, da Jupiter omne,
Magne, bonum, omne malum, et poſcentibus abnuc nobis.

Br. 60.

ME, cane vitato, canis excipit alter; eodem
In me animo tellus gignit et unda feras,
Nec mirum; reſtat lepori conſcendere cœlum,
Sidereus tamen hic territat, ecce, canis!

Br. 70.

TELLURI, arboribus ver frondens, ſidera cœlo
Græciæ et urbs, urbi eſt iſta propaga, decus.

Br 75.

IMPIA facta patrans, homines fortaſſe latebis,
Non poteris, meditans prava, latere Deos.

Br. 75.

ANTIOPE ſatyrum, Danaë aurum, Europa juvencum,
Et cycnum fecit, Leda petita Jovem.

Br. 92.

ÆVI ſat novi quam ſim brevis; aſtra tuenti,
Per certas ſtabili lege voluta vices,
Tangitur haud pedibus tellus: conviva Deorum
Expleor ambroſiis exhilarorque cibis.

Br. 96.

QUOD nimium eſt fit ineptum, hinc, ut dixere priores,
Et melli nimio fellis amaror ineſt.

Br. 103.

PUPPE gubernatrix ſedifti, audacia, prima
Divitiis acuens aſpera cordia virum;
Sola rates ſtruis infidas, et dulcis amorem
Lucri ulciſcendum mox nece ſola doces.
Aurea ſecla hominum, quorum ſpectandus ocellis
E longinquo itidem pontus et orcus erat.

Br. 126.

DITESCIS, credo, quid reſtat? quicquid habebis
In tumulum tecum, morte jubente, trahes?
Divitias cumulas, pereuntes negligis horas,
Incrementa ævi non cumulare potes.

Br. 126.

MATER adulantum, proleſque pecunia curæ,
Teque frui timor eſt, teque carere dolor.

Br. 126.

ME miſerum fors omnis habet; fiorentibus annis
Pauper eram, nummis diffluit arca ſenis;
Queis uti poteram quondam Fortuna negavit,
Queis uti nequeo, nunc mihi præbet opes.

Br. 127.

MNEMOSYNE, ut Sapphomellita voce canentem,
Audiit, irata eſt ne nova Muſa foret.

Br. 152.

CUM tacet indoctus, ſapientior eſſe videtur,
Et morbus tegitur, dum premit ora pudor.

Br. 155.

NUNC huic, nunc aliis cedens, cui farra Menippus
Credit, Achæmenidæ nuper agellus eram.
Quod nulli proprium verſat Fortuna, putabat
Ille ſuum ſtolidus, nunc putat ille ſuum.

Br. 156.

NON Fortuna ſibi te gratum tollit in altum;
At docet, exemplo, vis ſibi quanta, tuo.

Br. 162.

HIC, aurum ut reperit, laqueum abjicit, alter ut aurum
Non reperit, nectit quem reperit, laqueum.

Br. 167.

VIVE tuo ex animo, vario rumore loquetur
De te plebs audax, bene, et ille male.

Br. 168.

VITÆ roſa brevis eſt, properans ſi carpere nolis
Quærenti obveniet mox ſine flore rubus.

Br. 170.

PULICIBUS morſus, reſtinctâ lampade, ſtultus
Exclamat; nunc me cernere definitis.

Br. 202.

MENODOTUM pinxit Diodorus, et exit imago,
Præter Menodotum, nullius abſimilis.

Br. 205.

HAUD lavit Phido, haud tetigit, mihi febre co lenti
In mentem ut venit nominis, interii.

Br. 210.

NYCTICORAX cantat lethale, ſed ipſa canenti
Demophilo auſcultans Nycticorax moritur.

Br. 212.

HERMEM Deorum nuncium, pennis levem,
Quo rege gaudent Arcades, furem boum,
Hujus paleſtræ qui vigil cuſtos ſtetit,

Clam nocte tollit Aulus, et ridens ait;
Præstat magistro sæpe discipulus suo.

Br. 223.

Qui jacet hic, servus vixit, nunc, lumine cassus,
Dario magno non minus ille potest.

Br. 227.

Funus Alexandri mentitur fama; fidesque
Si Phœbo, victor nescit obire diem.

Br. 241.

Nauta, quis hoc jaceat ne percontere sepulchro,
Eveniat tantum mitior unda tibi!

Br. 256.

Cur opulentus eges! tua cuncta in fœnore ponis.
Sic aliis dives, tu tibi pauper agis.

Br. 262.

Qui pascit barbam si crescit mente, Platoni,
Hirce, parem nitido te tua barba facit.

Br. 266.

Clarus Joannes, reginæ affinis, ab alto
Sanguine Anastasii; cuncta sepulta jacent:
Et pius, et recti cultor: non illa jacere
Dicam; stat virtus non subigenda neci.

Br. 267.

Cunctiparens tellus salve, levis esto pusillo
Lysigeni, fuerat non gravis ille tibi.

Br. 285.

Naufragus hic jaceo; contra, jacet ecce colonus!
Idem orcus terræ, sic, pelagoque subest.

Br. 301.

Quid salvere jubes me, pessime? Corripe gressus;
Est mihi quod non te rideo, plena salus.
Et ferus est Timon sub terris; janitor orci,
Cerbere, te morsu ne, petat ille, cave.

Br. 307.

Vitam a terdecimo sextus mihi finiet annus,
Astra mathematicos si modo vera docent.
Sufficit hoc votis; flos hic pulcherimus ævi est,
Et senium triplex Nestoris urna capit.

Br. 322.

Zosima, qua solo fuit olim corpore serva,
Corpore nunc etiam libera facta fuit.

Br. 326

Exiguum en! Priami monumentum; haud ille meretur
Quale, sed hostiles, quale dedere manus.

Br. 326.

Hector dat gladium Ajaci, dat Balteum et Ajax,
Hectori, et exitio munus utrique fuit.

Br. 344.

Ut vis, ponte minax; modo tres discesseris ulnas,
Ingemina fluctus, ingeminaque sonum.

Br. 344.

Naufragus hic jaceo; fidens tamen utere velis,
Tutum aliis æquor, me pereunte, fuit.

Br. 398.

Heraclitus ego; indoctæ ne lædite linguæ
Subtile ingenium quæro, capaxque mei,
Unus homo mihi pro sexcentis, turba popelli
Pro nullo, clamo nunc tumulatus idem.

Br. 399.

Ambraciota, vale lux alma, Cleombrotus infit
Et saltu e muro ditis opaca petit:
Triste nihil passus, animi at de sorte Platonis
Scripta legens, solâ vivere mente cupit.

Br. 399.

Servus, Epictetus, mutilato corpore, vixi,
Pauperieque Irus, curaque summa Deûm.

Br 445.

Unde hic Praxiteles? nudam vidistis, Adoni,
Et Pari, et Anchisa, non alius, Venerem

Br 451.

Sufflato accendis quisquis carbone lucernam,
Corde meo accendas; ardeo totus ego.

Br 486.

Jupiter hoc templum, ut, siquando relinquet Olympum,
Atthide non alius desit Olympus, habet.

Br. 487.

Civis et externus grati; domus hospita nescit
Quærere, quis, cujus, quis pater, unde venis.

## POMPEII.

Br. 487.

Cum fugere haud possit, fractis Victoria pennis,
Te manet imperii, Roma, perenne decus.

Br. 488.

Latrones alibi locupletum quærite tecta,
Adsidet huic custos strenua pauperies.

Fortunæ malim adversæ tolerare procellas,
Quam dominî ingentis ferre supercilium.

En, Sexto, Sexti meditatur imago, silente,
Orator statua est, statuæque orator imago.

Pulchra est virginitas intacta, at vita periret,
Omnes si vellent virginitate frui;
Nequitiam fugiens, servatâ contrahe lege
Conjugium, ut pro te des hominem patriæ.

Fert humeris, venerabile onus, Cythereis heros
Per Trojæ flammas, densaque tela, patrem.
Clamat et Argivis, vetuli, ne tangite, vita
Exiguum est Marti, sed mihi grande lucrum.

Forma animos hominum capit, at, si gratia desit,
Non teret; esca natat pulchra, sed hamus abest.

Cogitat aut loquitur nil vir, nil cogitat uxor;
Felici thalamo non puto, rixa ſtrepit.

Buccina disjecit Thebarum mœnia, ſtruxit
Quæ lyra, quam ſibi non concinit harmonia!

Mente ſenes olim juvenis, Fauſtine, premebas,
Nunc juvenum terres robore corda ſenex.
Lævum at utrumque decus, juvenî quod præbuit olim
Turba ſenum, juvenes nunc tribuere ſeni.

Exceptæ hoſpitio muſæ, tribuere libellos
Herodoto hoſpitii præmia, quæque ſuum.

Stella mea, obſervans ſtellas, Dii me æthera faxint
Multis ut te oculis ſim potis aſpicere.

Clara Cheroneæ ſoboles, Plutarche, dicavit
Hanc ſtatuam idgenio, Roma benigna, tuo.
Das bene collatos, quos Roma et Græcia jactat,
At Divos paribus paſſibus ire duces;
Sed ſimilem, Plutarche, tuæ deſcribere vitam
Non poteras, regio non tulit ulla parem.

Dat tibi Pythagoram pictor; quod ni ipſe tacere
Pythagoras mallet, vocem habuiſſet opus.

Prolem Hippi et ſua quâ meliorem ſecula nullum
Videre, Archidicen hæc tumulavit humus;
Quam, regum ſobolem, nuptam, matrem, atque sororem
Fecerunt nulli ſors titulique gravem.

Cecropidis gravis hic ponor, Martique dicatus,
Qua tua ſignantur geſta, Philippe, ſapis,
Spreta jacet Marathon, jacet et Salaminia laurus,
Omnia dum Macedûm gloria et arma premunt.
Sint Demoſthenicâ ut jurata cadavera voce,
Stabo illis qui ſunt, quique fuere gravis.

Floreus in pratis, legi quos ipſe, coronam
Contextam variis, do, Rhodoclea, tibi:
Hic anemone humet, confert parciſſus odores
Cum violis; ſpirant lilia miſta roſis.
His redimita comas, mores depone ſuperbos,
Hæc peritura nitent; tu peritura nites!

Murem Aſclepiades ſub tecto ut vidit avarus,
Quid tibi, mus, mecum, dixit, amice, tibi.
Mus blandum ridens, reſpondit, pelle timorem;
Hic, bone vir, ſedem, non alimenta, peto.

Sæpe tuum in tumulum lacrymarum deciditimber
Quem fundit blando junctus amore dolor;
Charus enim cunctis, tanquam, dum vita manebat,
Cuique eſſes natus, cuique ſodalis, eras.
Heu quam dura preces ſprevit, quam ſurda querelas
Parca, juventutem non miſerata tuam!

Arti ignis lucem tribui, tamen artis et ignis
Nunc ope, ſupplici vivit imago mei.
Gratia nulla hominum mentes tenet, iſta Prometheî
Munera muneribus, ſi retulere fabri.

Illa triumphatrix Graiûm conſueta procorum
Ante ſuas agmen Lais habere fores,
Hoc Veneri ſpeculum; nolo me cernere qualis
Sum nunc, nec poſſum cernere qualis eram.

Cretheida fabellas dulces garrire peritam
Proſequitur lacrymis filia mœſta Sami;
Blandam laniſici ſociam ſine fine loquacem,
Quam tenet hic, cunctas quæ manet, alta quies.

Dicite, Cauſidici, gelido nunc marmore magni
Mugitum tumulus comprimit Amphiloci.

Si forſan tumulum quo conditur Eumarus aufers
Nil lucri facies; oſſa habet et cinerem.

## EPICTETI.

Me, rex deorum, tuque, duc, neceſſitas,
Quo, lege veſtrâ, vita me feret mea.
Sequar libenter, ſin reluctari velim,
Fiam ſceleſtus, nec tamen minus ſequar.

## E THEOCRITO.

Poeta. lector, hic quieſcit Hipponax,
Si ſis ſceleſtus, præteri, procul, marmor:
At te bonum ſi nôris, et bonis natum,
Tutum hic ſedile, et ſi placet, ſopor tutus.

## EUR. MED. 193—203.

Non immerito culpanda venit
Proavûm vœcors inſipientia,
Qui convivia lautaſque dapes
Hilarare ſuis juſſere modis
Cantum, vitæ dulce levamen.
At nemo feras iras hominum,
Domibus claris exitiales,
Voce aut fidibus pellere docuit
Queis tamen autam ferre medelam
Utile cunctis hoc opus eſſet;
Namque, ubi menſas onerant epulæ,
Quorſum dulcis luvuiia ſoni?
Sat lætitiâ, ſine ſubſidiis,
Pectora molli mulcet dubiæ
Copia cœnæ.

* Τοῖος Ἄρης βροτολοιγὸς ἐνὶ πτολέμοισι μέμηνε
Καὶ τοῖος, Παφίην πλῆξεν ἔρωτι θεάν.

## SEPTEM ÆTATES.

Prima parit terras ætas, ſiccatque ſecunda,
Evocat Abramum dein tertia; quarta relinquit
Ægyptum; templo Solomonis quinta ſuperſit;
Cyrum ſexta timet; lætatur ſeptima Chriſto.

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* *The above is a verſion of a Latin epigram on the famous John Duke of Marlborough, by the Abbe Salvini, which is as follows:*

Haud alio vultu, fremuit Mars acer in armis;
Haud alio, Cypriam perculit ore Deum.

*The Duke was, it ſeems, remarkably handſome in his perſon, to which the ſecond line has reference.*

* Hrs Tempelmanni numeris deſcripſeris orbem.
(*a*) Cum ſex centuriis Judæo millia ſeptem.
Myrias (*b*) Ægypto ceſſit bis ſeptima pingui.
Myrias adſciſcit ſibi nonageſima ſeptem
Imperium qua Turca (*c*) ferox exercet iniquum.
Undecies binas decadas et millia ſeptem
Sortitur (*d*) Pelopis tellus quæ nomine gaudet.
Myriades decies ſeptem numerare jubebit
Paſtor (*d*) Arabs: decies octo ſibi Perſa (*d*) requirit.
Myriades ſibi pulcra duas, duo millia poſcit
Parthenope (*d*). (*e*) Novies vult tellus mille Sicana.
(*f*) Papa ſuo regit imperio ter millia quinque.

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* *To the above lines (which are unfiniſhed, and can therefore be only offered as a fragment), in Johnſon's manuſcript, are prefixed the words "Geographica, Metrica." As we are referred, in the firſt of the verſes, to Templeman, for having furniſhed the numerical computations that are the ſubject of them, his work has been accordingly conſulted, the title of which is, "A new Survey of the Globe," and which profeſſes to give an accurate menſuration of all the empires, kingdoms, and other diviſions thereof, in the ſquare miles that they reſpectively contain. On compariſon of the ſeveral numbers in theſe verſes, with thoſe ſet down by Templeman, it appears that nearly half of them are preciſely the ſame; the reſt are not ſo exactly done.——For the convenience of the reader it has been thought right to ſubjoin each number, as it ſtands in Templeman's work, to that in Johnſon's verſes which refers to it.*

(*a*) *In this firſt article that is verſified, there is an accurate conformity in Johnſon's number to Templeman's; who ſets down the ſquare miles of Paleſtine at* 7,600.

(*b*) *The ſquare miles of Egypt are, in Templeman,* 140,700.

(*c*) *The whole Turkiſh empire, in Templeman, is computed at* 960,057 *ſquare miles.*

(*d*) *In the four following articles, the numbers, in Templeman and in Johnſon's verſes, are alike.—We find, accordingly, the Morea, in Templeman, to be ſet down at* 7,220 *ſquare miles—Arabia, at* 702,000.—*Perſia, at* 800,000.—*and Naples, at* 22,000.

(*e*) *Sicily, in Templeman, is put down at* 9,400.

(*f*) *The Pope's dominions, at* 14,868.

Cum ſex centuriis numerat ſex millia Tuſcus (*g*.)
Centuriâ Ligures (*h*) augent duo millia quartâ.
Centuriæ octavam decadem addit Lucca (*i*) ſecundæ.
Ut dicas, ſpatiis quam latis imperet orbi
(*k*) Ruſſia, myriadas ter denas adde trecentis:
(*l*) Sardiniam cum ſexcentis ſex millia complent.
Cum ſexagenis, dum plura reciuſerit ætas,
Myriadas ter mille homini dat terra (*m*) colendas.
Vult ſibi vicenas milleſima myrias addi,
Vicenis quinas, Aſiam (*n*) metata celebrem.
Se quinquagenis octingenteſima jungit
Myrias, ut menti pateat tota Africa (*o*) doctæ.
Myriadas ſeptem decies Europa (*p*) ducentis
Et quadragenis quoque per tria millia jungit.
Myriadas denas dat, quinque et millia, ſexque
Centenas, et tres decadas Europa Britannis (*q*)
Ter tria myriadi conjungit millia quartæ,
Centuriæ quartæ decades quinque (*r*) Anglia nectit.
Millia myriadi ſeptem fœcunda ſecundæ
Et quadragenis decades quinque addit Ierne (*s*),
Quingentis quadragenis ſocialis adauget
Milita Belga (*t*) novem.
Ter ſex centurias Hollandia (*t*) jactat opima
Undecimum Camber (*t*) vult ſeptem millibus addi.
.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. ..

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(*g*) *Tuſcany, at* 6,640.

(*h*) *Genoa in Templeman, as in Johnſon likewiſe, is ſet down at* 2,400.

(*i*) *Lucca, at* 286.

(*k*) *The Ruſſian empire, in the 29th plate of Templeman, is ſet down at* 3,303,485 *ſquare miles.*

(*l*) *Sardinia, in Templeman, as likewiſe in Johnſon,* 6,600.

(*m*) *The habitable world, in Templeman, is computed, in ſquare miles, at* 30,666,806.

(*n*) *Aſia, at* 10,257,487.

(*o*) *Africa, at* 8,596,208.

(*p*) *Europe, at* 2,749,349.

(*q*) *The Britiſh dominions, at* 105,634.

(*r*) *England, as likewiſe in Johnſon's expreſſion of the number, at* 49,450.

(*s*) *Ireland, at* 27,457.

(*t*) *In the three remaining inſtances, which make the whole that Johnſon appears to have rendered into Latin verſe, we find the numbers exactly agreeing with thoſe of Templeman; who makes the ſquare miles of the United Provinces,* 9540—*of the Province of Holland,* 1800—*and of Wales,* 7011.

# EPITAPHS.

## I. AT LICHFIELD.

H. S. E.

MICHAEL JOHNSON.

VIR impavidus, conſtans, animoſus, periculorum, immemor, laborum patientiſſimus; fiduciâ Chriſtianâ fortis ſerviduſque, pater-familias apprimè ſtrenuus; bibliopola admodum peritus; mente et libris et negotiis exculta; animo ita firmo, ut, rebus adverſus diu conflictatus, nec ſibi nec ſuis defuerit: lingua ſic temperata, ut ei nihil quod aures, vel pias, vel caſtas læſiſſet, aut dolor, vel voluptas unquam expreſſerit.

Natus Cubleiæ, in agro Derbienſi, anno MDCLVI. obiit MDCCXXXI.

Appoſita eſt SARA, conjunx,

Antiqua FORDORUM gente oriunda; quam domi ſedulam, foris paucis notam; nulli moleſtam, men-

tis acumine et judicii subtilitate præcellentem; aliis multum, sibi parum indulgentem: Æternitati semper attentam, omne fere virtutis nomen commendavit.

Nata Nortoniæ Regis, in agro varvicensi, anno MDCLXIX; obiit MDCCLIX.

Cum NATHANAELE illorum filio, qui natus MDCCXII, cum vires, et animi, et corporis multa pollicerentur, anno MDCCXXXVII, vitam brevem piâ morte finivit.

## II. AT BROMLEY, IN KENT.

Hic conduntur reliquiæ
ELIZABETHÆ
Antiqua Jarvisiorum gente,
Peatlingæ, apud Leicestrienses, ortæ;
Formosæ, cultæ, ingeniosæ, piæ;
Uxoris, primis nuptiis, HENRICI PORTER,
Secundis, SAMUELIS JOHNSON;
Qui multum amatam, diuque defletam
Hoc lapide contexit.
Obiit Londini, mense Mart.
A. D. MDCCLIII.

## III. IN WATFORD CHURCH.

In the vault below are deposited the remains of
JANE BELL, wife of JOHN BELL, Esq.
who, in the fifty-third year of her age,
surrounded with many worldly blessings,
heard, with fortitude and composure truly great,
the horrible malady, which had for some time
begun to afflict her,
pronounced incurable;
and for more than three years,
endured with patience and concealed with decency,
the daily tortures of gradual death;
continued to divide the hours not allotted to
devotion, between the cares of her family, and the
converse of her friends;
rewarded the attendance of duty,
and acknowledged the offices of affection;
and while she endeavoured to alleviate by cheerfulness, her husband's sufferings and sorrows,
increased them by her gratitude for his care,
and her solicitude for his quiet.

To the memory of these virtues,
more highly honoured as more familiarly known,
this monument is erected by
JOHN BELL *.

## IV. IN STREATHAM CHURCH.

Juxta sepulta est
HESTER MARIA SALUSBURY.
THOMÆ COTTON de Combei mere,
Baronetti, Cestriensis, Filia;
JOHANNIS SALUSBURY Armigeri,
Flintiensis, uxor;
Forma felix, felix ingenio,
Omnibus jucunda, suorum amantissima.
Linguis Artibusque ita exculta
Ut loquenti nunquam deessent
Sermonis nitor, sententiarum flosculi,
Sapientiæ gravitas, leporum gratia.
Modum servandi adeo perita
Ut domestica inter negotia literis
Oblectaretur,
Et literarum inter delicias rem
Familiarem sedulo curaret,
Multis illi multos annos precantibus
Dii carcinomatis * veneno contabuit
Viribusque vitæ paulatim resolutis
E terris meliora sperans emigravit.
Nata 1707, Nupta 1739, Obiit 1773.

* *She died in the month of October* 1771.

## V. IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

OLIVARI GOLDSMITH
Poetæ. Physici. Historici.
Qui nullum fere scribendi genus
Non tetigit.
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit
Sive Risus essent movendi
Sive Lacrymæ.
Affectuum potens at lenis Dominator
Ingenio sublimis—Vividus Versatilis
Oratione grandis nitidus Venustus
Hoc Monumentum Memoriam coluit
Sodalium Amor
Amicorum Fides
Lectorum Veneratio
Natus Hibernia Forniæ Longfordiensis
In Loco cui Nomen Pallas
Nov. XXIX. MDCCXXXI.
Eblanæ Literis institutus
Obiit Londini
April IV. MDCCLXXIV.

## VI.

HIC REQUIESCIT THOMAS PARNELL, S. T. P.

Qui sacerdos pariter et poeta,
Utrasque partes ita implevit,
Ut neque sacerdoti suavitas poetæ,
Nec poetæ sacerdotis sanctitas deesset.

## VII.

### ON THE DEATH OF STEPHEN GREY, F.R.S.

THE ELECTRICIAN †.

Long hast thou borne the burthen of the day,
Thy task is ended, venerable Grey!
No more shall art thy dext'rous hand require,
To break the sleep of elemental fire:
To rouse the powers that actuate nature's frame,
The momentaneous shock, th' electric flame;
The flame, which first, weak pupil of thy lore,
I saw, condemn'd alas! to see no more.
Now, hoary sage, pursue thy happy flight
With swifter motion, haste to purer light,
Where Bacon waits, with Newton and with Boyle,
To hail thy genius and applaud thy toil,
Where intuition breathes through time and space,
And mocks experiment's successive race;
Sees tardy science toil at nature's laws,
And wonders how th' effect obscures the cause.
Yet not to deep research or happy guess,
Is view'd the life of hope, the death of peace;
Unbless the man, whom philosophic rage
Shall tempt to lose the Christian in the sage;
Not art but goodness pour'd the sacred ray
That cheer'd the parting hours of humble Grey.

* *Cancer.*

† *The sketch of this poem was written by Miss Williams, but Johnson wrote it all over again, except two lines.*

THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

Containing


THE DANGER OF WRITING VERSE,
ATYS AND ADRASTUS,
ON RIDICULE,
ANN BOLEYN TO HENRY VIII.
HYMN TO THE NYMPH OF BRISTOL SPRING,
A CHARGE TO POETS,
VARIETY,
THE GOAT'S BEARD,
ODES,
ELEGIES,
EPISTLES,
TALES,
SONGS,
PROLOGUES,
EPILOGUES

*&c. &c. &c.*


To which is prefixed,

*THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.*

---

Ye gen'rous pair, who held the poet dear,
Whose blameless life my friendly pen pourtrays,
Accept, with that combin'd, his latest lays,
Where still young fancy sports in diction clear;
And may propitious fate their merit bear,
To times when taste shall weave the wreaths of praise,
By modes disdain'd in these fantastic days,
Such wreaths as classic heads were proud to wear.
But if no future ear applauds his strain,
If mine alike to Lethe's lake descends,
Yet, while aloof, in mem'ry's buoyant main,
The gale of fame your genuine worth extends,
Still shall our names this fair distinction gain,
That *Villiers* and that *Harcourt* call'd us friends.

*Mason's Sonnet to the Earl of Jersey and Earl Harcourt.*

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*Anno* 1795.

# THE LIFE OF W. WHITEHEAD.

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD was born in the parish of St. Botolph, Cambridge, in February 1714-15. He was the second son of Richard Whitehead, a baker, who lived in the parish of St. Botolph, and who, in that capacity, served the neighbouring College of Pembroke-Hall. He was of a very careless disposition, attending little to business, and employing his time chiefly in ornamenting, rather than cultivating, a few acres of land near the neighbouring village of Grantchester, which still goes by the name of Whitehead's Folly. At his death, he left considerable debts, which his son very honourably discharged, by the profits arising from his theatrical productions. His mother was a very amiable, pious, prudent, and exemplary woman. Their eldest son, John, who was born fifteen years before the poet, was educated for the church, and by the interest of Mr. Bromley, afterwards Lord Montfort, obtained the living of Pershore, in the diocese of Worcester. They had also one daughter, who died in infancy.

He received the first rudiments of his education at some common school in Cambridge; but at the age of fourteen, he was removed to Winchester, having obtained a nomination into that college, by means of Mr. Bromley, July 6. 1728.

At school, according to the information of Dr. Balguy, he was always of a delicate turn; and though obliged to go to the hills with the other boys, he spent his time there in reading either plays or poetry, and was also particularly fond of the "Atalantes," and all other books of private history in character. He very early exhibited his taste for poetry; for while other boys were contented with showing up twelve or fourteen lines, he would fill half a sheet, but always with English verse. At sixteen he wrote a whole comedy.

In the winter of the year 1732, he is said to have acted a female part in the "Andria," under Dr. Burton's direction. It is certain, that he acted *Marcia*, in the tragedy of "Cato," with much applause.

In 1733, the Earl of Peterborough, having Pope at his house, near Southampton, carried him to Winchester, to show him the college, &c. The Earl gave ten guineas, to be disposed of in prizes among the boys, and Pope set them a subject to write upon, viz. PETERBOROUGH. Prizes of a guinea each were given to six of the boys, among whom Whitehead was one. The remaining sum was laid out for other boys, in subscriptions to Pine's Horace, then about to be published.

He never excelled in writing epigrams, nor did he make any considerable figure in Latin verse, though he understood the classics very well, and had a good memory. He was, however, employed to translate into Latin the first epistle of the "Essay on Man;" and the translation is still extant in his own hand. Dobson's success in translating Prior's "Solomon," had put this project into Pope's head; and he set various persons to work upon it.

His school friendships were usually contracted, either with noblemen or gentlemen of large fortune, such as Lord Drumlanrig, Sir Charles Douglas, Sir Robert Burdett, Mr. Tryon, Mr. Munday of Leicestenham, and Sir Bryan Broughton, to whom, after he removed to Oxford, he sent a *Poetical Epistle* from Winchester. The choice of these persons was imputed by some of his schoolfellows to vanity, by others, to prudence; but it might be owing to his delicacy, as this would make him early disgusted with the coarser manners of ordinary boys.

He was ſchool-tutor to Mr. Wallop, afterwards Lord Lymington, father to the preſent Earl of Portſmouth. He enjoyed, for ſome little time, a lucrative place in the college, that of prepoſitor of the hall.

He had not reſided at Wincheſter above two years, before his father died. However, by his own frugality, and what ſmall aſſiſtance his mother could give him, he was enabled to continue at ſchool till he could appear a candidate for an election to New College.

At the election, in September 1735, he was treated with ſingular injuſtice; for, through the force of ſuperior intereſt, he was placed ſo low on the roll, that it was ſcarcely poſſible for him to ſucceed to New College. Young, ſeveral years before, experienced the ſame fate.

Being now ſuperannuated, he left Wincheſter of courſe, deriving no other advantage from the college than a good education, which he gratefully acknowledges, in the beautiful elegy addreſſed *To the Rev. Dr. Lowth*, on his "Life of William of Wykeham."

From the ſame fount, with reverence let me boaſt,
The claſſic ſtreams with early thirſt I caught,
What time, they ſay, the muſes revell'd moſt,
When BIGG preſided, and when BURTON taught.

Two months after his diſappointment at Wincheſter, he removed to the place of his nativity, where the peculiar circumſtances of his being the orphan ſon of a baker of Cambridge, gave him an unqueſtionable claim to one of the ſcholarſhips, founded at Clare-Hall, by Mr. Thomas Pyke, of that trade and town. His mother accordingly admitted him a ſizer of this college, under the tuition of Meſſrs. Curling, Goddard, and Hopkinſon, November 26. 1735; and the ſcholarſhip, though it amounted only to four ſhillings a-week, was in his circumſtances a deſirable object.

The notice which Pope had taken of him at ſchool, prevented the inferiority of his ſtation from being any hindrance to his introduction into the beſt company. The eaſe and the natural politeneſs of his manners, added to an agreeable and pleaſing countenance, would alſo facilitate the reception of a young man, who had only his ingenuity to recommend him. It was likewiſe very fortunate for him to find many perſons who have ſince figured highly in the literary and great world, contemporary ſtudents in the univerſity. Among the number of his immediate contemporaries were the Hon. Charles Townſhend, Dr. Powell, Dr. Balguy, Dr. Ogden, Dr. Stebbing, and Dr. Hurd, the preſent Biſhop of Worceſter, with all of whom he cultivated a particular intimacy.

The poetical faculties of Whitehead now began to make a rapid progreſs; and he has himſelf explained the cauſe, in his *Elegy to Dr. Lowth* He inſinuates that he thought it rather fortunate than otherwiſe, that he was not removed from Wincheſter to Oxford, on account of the ſociety of ſuch men as it was his felicity to find contemporary ſtudents at Cambridge.

And ſure in Granta's philoſophic ſhade,
Truth's genuine image beam'd upon my ſight,
And ſlow-ey'd reaſon lent her ſober aid,
To form, deduce, compare, and judge aright.
Yes, ye ſweet fields! beſide your oliev'd ſtream,
Full many an Attic hour my youth enjoy'd,
Full many a friendſhip form'd, life's happieſt dream,
And treaſur'd many a bliſs which never cloy'd.

The firſt pieces he publiſhed, were verſes on public occaſions, the *Marriage of the Prince of Wales*, in 1736, and the birth of his ſon, the preſent king, 1738, inſerted in the Cambridge Gratulations. They little excel the prize-verſes he wrote at ſchool, which have but little merit, if we deduct from them that of mere eaſy verſification, which he ſeems to have acquired by ſedulouſly imitating Pope's manner. Neither his fancy nor judgment appear to have riſen in any degree equal to what in common progreſs might be expected from a mind, which, a very few years after, exhibited both theſe qualities ſo ſtrikingly. Among the many pieces written at that early period, the *Viſion of Solomon* is the only one that ſeems to indicate the future poet.

This, perhaps, would not have been the caſe, had he taken the verſification of Spenſer, Fairfax, Milton, and poets ſimilar to them, for his model, rather than the cloſe and condenſed couplets of Pope; for in that way of writing, his fancy would have developed itſelf earlier, and perhaps have obtained greater ſtrength and powers of exertion. But though he had read Spenſer in his childhood with avidity, and was fully capable, as appears by the *Viſion of Solomon*, of catching

his manner; yet the fashion of the time led him to exercise himself in that mode of composition, which was then esteemed the best. He began to write verses first before the school of Milton rose in emulation of the school of Pope, and had even become an author before Collins, Akenside, Gray, Warton, Mason, and some others, had diffused just ideas of a more perfect species of poetry, by substituting fiction and fancy, picturesque description and romantic imagery, for wit and rhyme, sentiment and satire, polished numbers, sparkling couplets, and pointed periods.

In 1741, he published his beautiful epistle *On the Danger of writing Verse*, with which he only first commenced a poet. It exhibited such a specimen of elegant versification, such close and condensed expression, so much sense, enlivened with all the fancy the didactic species of its composition would admit, that it obtained general admiration, and was highly approved by Pope himself, of whose preceptive manner it is surely one of the most happy imitations extant.

In June 1742, he was elected Fellow of Clare-Hall, about a year before he commenced Master of Arts. His mother dying the April before, had not the satisfaction of seeing her son thus fixed in a situation which was probably the height of her ambition. Yet his irreproachable conduct as a collegiate, his great proficiency as a scholar, and his rising reputation as a poet, must have sufficiently removed her fears concerning his future advancement. To her, and indeed to both his parents, he seems always to have born the truest filial affection, as appears from the first of his epistolary poems *To the Honourable Charles Townshend*, and the *Verses to his Mother, on her Birth-day*, which place his moral qualities in a pleasing light. A mother who impressed upon her son that early sense of a God and a providence, which he retained through life, affords an example worthy of imitation.

In 1743, he published *Atys and Adrastus*, a pleasing and pathetic tale, taken from *Herodotus*, in which, with equal judgment, though not with equal force, he copied the narrative style of Dryden, in his "Fables."

The same year, he published an epistle in the manner of Ovid, from *Ann Bullen to Henry the Eighth*, in which, though he made a judicious use of the queen's original letter, and in his own additions preserved a true characteristic unity with it, yet it cannot with justice be ranked high among the numerous productions of this kind.

His next poem was his *Essay on Ridicule*, which also appeared in 1743. This is a studied performance, the parts of it put together with much care, and that chain of reasoning preserved in it, which the subject seemed to demand. In the edition 1774, some lines at the conclusion of the poem, which he thought authorized too free a use of this talent, are omitted. In its first state, he had neither mentioned the name of Swift nor of Pope publicly, because he did not think either of them had employed it with sufficient reserve. Yet he had there held Lucian, Cervantes, and Addison as legitimate models. But in the last edition, the palm of just ridicule is given to Addison alone.

The publication of this poem was soon after followed by *Nobility, an Epistle to the Earl of Ashburnham*, written also in happy imitation of Pope's manner. This poem, for what reason is not known, he did not insert in either of the editions of his works.

During the time of his being an under graduate, he lived a very studious life, observing the strictest frugality possible, that he might be the less burdensome to an affectionate mother. After taking a very creditable degree, and being emancipated from those mathematical studies for which young men of his tribe seldom have much relish, he wrote rapidly, though not carelessly, for the press, but this rapidity, as it did not continue through life, probably arose at the time, rather from a laudable desire of self-maintenance, than any undue eagerness for poetical fame.

Possessed of a fellowship, it was now his intention to take orders, and with that view, he prepared himself for the church; but shortly afterwards, a circumstance occurred, which led him to defer putting this design into practice, and in the end occasioned his relinquishing the idea altogether.

The late Earl of Jersey was making inquiries after a proper person to take the private tuition of his second son, now become his only hope, from the death of his elder brother; on which account probably he durst not trust him to the dangers of a public education, as his constitution appeared to be very delicate. Fortunately for the young Viscount, Whitehead was recommended to his father, by Mr. Commissary Graves, as a person fully qualified for this important charge. His recommenda-

tion was ſucceſsful; and Whitehead, when the offer was made, did not heſitate to accept it. He therefore, in 1745, removed to the Earl's houſe in London, where he was placed upon the moſt liberal footing. He had alſo the care of a young friend of the family, now General Stephens, who was brought up with Lord Villiers, as the companion of his ſtudies.

At Michaelmas 1746, he reſigned his fellowſhip, in compliance with Lord Jerſey's inclination, who wiſhed him, while he continued in his family, not to take orders, which the ſtatutes of Clare-hall would have obliged him to do.

Having now many intervals of leiſure for his own favourite ſtudies, he employed himſelf almoſt entirely in dramatic compoſitions. He ſhowed an early talent, not only for writing in that way, but for acting. On his coming to town, he wrote a ballad farce, intituled *The Edinburgh Ball*, in which the young Pretender is the principal character. It was not repreſented, and is ſtill in MS.

But he ſoon attempted higher things, and began a regular tragedy, called the *Roman Father*, on the ſubject of Corneille's "Horace," which was produced on the ſtage at Drury-Lane, February 24. 1750, and obtained the juſt approbation of repeated and numerous audiences. He inſcribed it, when printed, to the Honourable Thomas Villiers, afterwards Earl of Clarendon. It has been ſo frequently exhibited with applauſe, and has ſhown ſo many actors and actreſſes to advantage, that it is almoſt unneceſſary to ſay any thing more concerning it, than that it ſurely is a great improvement on one of the great Corneille's beſt tragedies, and may be ranked among the beſt of the dramatic pieces of this age. Yet it is an improvement of Corneille's play only. The radical defect of the ſtory is not abſolutely removed; and after the *Curiatii* are killed, the fable ſtill drags, yet not in any degree as it does in the French tragedy. With reſpect to the unity of action and of time, the piece is perfect; but with reſpect to the unity of place, it is unneceſſarily defective. In point of character, there is a variety and diſcrimination truly laudable; and in point of ſtyle, conſidered only with reſpect to its effect upon the ſtage, it is well calculated for the actor's delivery. It is not perhaps ſufficiently elevated for the cloſet; but there are, in general, more poetical beauties in his dramatic verſe, than in that of Corneille

In 1751, he publiſhed his *Hymn to the Nymph of Briſtol Spring*, written in the manner of thoſe claſſical addreſſes to heathen divinities, of which the hymns of Homer and Callimachus are the architypes. This poem is eſſentially different in point of ſtyle and manner from any of his other productions. The frequent Summer excurſions which he made to Briſtol, with the Earl of Jerſey and his lady, furniſhed him with the ſubject; and the tranſlations of Prior, as well as the poems of Armſtrong and Akenſide, then in general eſtimation, directed his taſte to the manner in which that ſubject might beſt be treated.

He had before written a little fanciful burleſque poem, intituled *The Sweepers*, which has leſs of parody, and more of invention than the "Splendid Shilling" of Philips. In this ludicrous, and the other ſerious poem, he ſhows himſelf poſſeſſed of an ear well-attuned to that variety of pauſe and of cadence, which are as eſſential to the ſtructure of blank verſe as rhyme itſelf is to that ſpecies of heroic numbers, to which it gives its name.

The ſame year, he wrote the beautiful ſtanzas *on Friendſhip*, to a friend who had blamed him for leading a dependent life, and for not taking orders, or entering upon ſome ſtated profeſſion. This delicate poem contains his own vindication, and is written with all the careleſs eaſe, but with more of elegance than we uſually find in ſimilar proluſions of Prior. It paints, in amiable colours, the character and feelings of the writer, which gives it a charm ſuperior even to the ſingular felicity of its diction. Yet this latter quality muſt ever ſecure it the approbation of all thoſe readers, who can admire pleaſing ſentiments, expreſſed with the pureſt ſimplicity.

Many other little epiſtolary compoſitions flowed with equal eaſe from his pen at this period, ſuch as the *Epiſtles to Mr. Cambridge*, *Mr. Garrick*, and *Dr. Hoadly*, and ſome *Tales*, in the manner of Fontaine and Gay.

When Moore began "The World," in 1753, Whitehead, among others, gave his aſſiſtance, and contributed the 12th, 19th, and 58th numbers.

In 1754, he collected his works into a volume, 12mo, among which he inſerted his *Fatal Conſtancy, or Love in Tears*, a ſketch of a tragedy in the high heroic taſte, which made part of Foote's farce of "The Diverſions of the Morning."

At the time of arranging that volume, he was engaged in preparing for the ſtage his tragedy of *Creuſa*, which was exhibited at Drury-Lane Theatre, April 20. 1754, with conſiderable applauſe, though not ſo much as it merited. He inſcribed it, when printed, to Lord Villiers, now Earl of Jerſey. It ſhowed the abilities of his favourite actreſs, Mrs. Pritchard, who performed the part of *Creuſa* to great advantage; and as Garrick and Moſſop alſo took parts in it, the performance was ſo perfect, that it was hardly poſſible for it not to ſucceed in the repreſentation; yet it has ſeldom been revived, though it ſhows the dramatic powers of Whitehead to more advantage than the *Roman Father*, which takes its turn in the courſe of theatrical exhibitions. The play is founded on the *Ion* of Euripides, but the plot is extremely heightened, and admirably conducted; nor has there perhaps ever been a more genuine and native ſimplicity introduced into dramatic writing than that of *Ilyſſus*, bred up in the ſervice of the gods, and kept unacquainted with the vices of mankind. Whoever compares the two dramas, will readily allow, that to alter a ſtory of ſo very fabulous a kind, in which the intervention of Pagan divinities appear ſo neceſſary, into a probable action, and alſo where a connected train of natural circumſtances reſulting one from another, leads to an affecting cataſtrophe, muſt have been a work of extreme difficulty. This Whitehead has very ſucceſsfully achieved. There is hardly a ſingle tragedy of Engliſh manufacture in which the three unities are more accurately obſerved. The language of *Creuſa* is alſo more elevated than that of the *Roman Father*; the cataſtrophe reſults naturally from the action that precedes it, but it does not ſatisfy. The crime of the queen, as ſhe ſo very unwillingly conſents to the poiſoning of *Ilyſſus*, ſeems hardly great enough to merit capital puniſhment. Euripides, who knew her much more criminal, ſuffers her to exiſt to the end, and by making *Ion* attempt to avenge on his unknown mother the crime ſhe had been guilty of, in attempting to poiſon him, her unknown ſon, produces an incident truly theatrical. Whitehead, by not admitting this double project of parracide into his plan, has perhaps decreaſed the theatrical effect, of which the Greek poet had furniſhed him with the example, and which, had he improved upon it, as he has on all the other incidents of the *Ion*, might have made the laſt act much more perfect. It is certain, however, that for this purpoſe, the preceding plot of the whole piece muſt have been differently conſtituted.

The exhibition of this play was hardly over, before he was called upon to attend his pupil and Lord Viſcount Nuneham, ſon to Earl Harcourt, in their travels, as their joint governor. The two young noblemen were nearly of the ſame age. They had been intimate from their infancy. He was therefore as well acquainted with the pleaſing temper and diſpoſition of the other lord as of him whoſe education he had more immediately ſuperintended; and his own happy art of making inſtruction an amuſement, had ſo won on the affections of them both, that they felicitated themſelves mutually on his being appointed their joint governor.

In June 1754, they left England under his care, and paſſing through Flanders, reſided the reſt of the Summer at Rheims, in order to habituate themſelves to the French language, and then removing to Leipſic, paſſed ſeven months there, for the purpoſe of ſtudying the *Droit Publique*, under the famous Profeſſor Maſcow, whom they found in a ſtate of dotage, without being quite incapacitated from reading his lectures.

In the following Spring they proceeded to Dreſden, and after viſiting that, and moſt of the other German courts, repaired to Hanover in the Summer 1755, at the time when George II. paid his laſt viſit to his electorate. There Whitehead had the pleaſure of meeting his friend Mr. Maſon, who had then lately taken orders, and attended the Earl of Holderneſſe, the Secretary of State, as his domeſtic chaplain. His elegant expoſtulation *To Mr. Maſon* took its riſe at this place, from certain amicable altercations which they there had, on the ſubject of a public and retired life, to the latter of which Mr. Maſon's diſpoſition appeared to lean more than he thought conſiſted with the views of advancement which then ſeemed to open before him.

Having continued at Hanover the greateſt part of the Summer, he proceeded with his pupils to Vienna, and from thence to Italy. On their return homeward, they croſſed the Alps, and paſſed through Switzerland, Germany, and Holland, being prevented from viſiting France by the declaration of war, and landed at Harwich in September 1756.

In the courſe of ſo complete a tour, a great part of which led through claſſic ground, he communicated to his friends at home many curious obſervations on the countries through which he travel-

led. A few of his letters from Rome and elſewhere, are in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Maſon and Mr. Wright, rector of Birchin in Yorkſhire, with whom he ſpent ſeveral of his college vacations, and to whom he addreſſed many of his ſmaller poems; and the executors of the late Dr. Goddard, maſter of Clare-Hall, and the Rev. Mr. Sanderſon of Haſlemere, have many more.

That his muſe, now in her fulleſt vigour, frequently exerted herſelf, his ſtriking *Ode to the Tiber*, and his ſix *Elegies* addreſſed to his two noble pupils, with him, and his more particular friends at home, Mr. Wright, Mr. Sanderſon, &c. ſufficiently teſtify. The ſublime ſcenes through which he paſſed, and the grand hiſtorical events which they recalled to his memory, generally furniſhed the ſubject; and as they were executed on the ſpot, they are more replete with pictureſque imagery, than any other of his compoſitions. They were publiſhed in February 1757, under the title of *Elegies, with an Ode to the Tiber*, 4to, and received with approbation proportioned to their merit.

During his abſence, he had received the badges of Secretary and Regiſter of the order of the Bath, procured for him by the intereſt of Lady Jerſey, through the mediation of her relation, the Duchеſs of Newcaſtle; and in 1757, his finances were farther improved by the appointment of Poet Laureat, on the death of Cibber, upon the nomination of the Duke of Devonſhire, as Lord Chamberlain. He has himſelf ſaid on this appointment, in his *Charge to the Poets*, that

Unaſk'd it came, and from a friend unknown.

Mr. Maſon, in his "Memoirs of Gray," has acquainted the public, that the place was before offered to Gray, by his mediation, with permiſſion to hold it as a mere ſinecure. This was not the caſe when it was given to Whitehead, and "I have often," ſays Mr. Maſon, "conſidered why, as the late king would readily have diſpenſed with hearing muſic, for which he had no ear, and poetry, for which he had no taſte."

When Whitehead had accepted the laurel without ſuch permiſſion, Mr. Maſon adviſed him to employ a deputy to write his annual odes, and reſerve his own pen for certain great occaſions that might occur, ſuch as a peace or a marriage, and then to addreſs his royal maſter with ſome ſtudied ode or epiſtle, as Boileau and Racine had done in France, for their penſions.

This advice was not attended to by his friend. He ſet himſelf to his periodical taſk, with the zeal of a perſon who wiſhed to retrieve the honours of that laurel, which came to him from the head of Cibber, in a very ſhrivelled, or rather blaſted ſtate.

His firſt *Ode for his Majeſty's Birth-Day*, November 10. 1758, was calculated from the heroic genealogy that it contained, to be peculiarly agreeable to the monarch for whoſe birth-day it was written; and its poetical merit had the very juſt approbation of Gray, and other good judges.

The laurel was ſaid by the ancients to have the power of ſcreening thoſe under its ſhade from thunder; yet it cannot defend modern laureats from the artillery of their contemporaries. After Whitehead had accepted of this office, he received much illiberal treatment during the reſt of his life, from the little fry of his own profeſſion, who were fond of having a lick at the laureat. What he thought of theſe "poets, who were mean enough to envy even a poet laureat," may be learned from his *Pathetic Apology for all Laureats, paſt, preſent, and to come*, which he wrote ſome years before his death, for the amuſement of a few friends. By the motto *Veniant ad Cæſaris aures*, he ſeems to have wiſhed it might reach the royal ear.

On his return to England, Lord Jerſey preſſed him ſtrongly to continue in his family; an invitation which Whitehead readily accepted. Lord Harcourt gave him alſo a general invitation to his table in town, and to his ſeat in the country; and his pupils, who had now entirely ſunk the idea of their governor in the more agreeable one of their friend, ſhowed him conſtantly ſuch ſincere marks of affection, as greatly increaſed the felicity of his ſituation.

He reſided in this family fourteen years, during which he found opportunities of leiſure to do more in the literary way than merely write official odes.

In 1761, he made his firſt attempt in comedy, and brought upon the ſtage at Drury-Lane *The School for Lovers*, a comedy, which had its competent run, as to nights of repreſentation, and received a juſt tribute of applauſe from the judicious few. It is formed on a plan of Fontenelle's, never intended for the ſtage, and printed in the eighth volume of his works, under the title of *Le Teſtament*, and inſcribed *To his Memory, by a Lover of Simplicity*. The idea which Fontenelle

had conceived of enlarging the provinces of the drama, is explained and controverted with much accuracy of criticiſm, by Dr. Hurd, in the ſecond diſſertation, annexed to his "Commentaries on Horace." What ſpecies of drama the *School for Lovers* ought to be placed in, is ſomewhat difficult to determine, ſince, though it is ſtyled a comedy, the riſible faculties have much leſs opportunity of exertion than the tender feelings of the heart; and the cataſtrophe, though happy in the main, and ſuitable to poetical juſtice, is not completely ſo, ſince two amiable characters, *Belmour and Araminta*, are left, the one entirely unprovided for, and the other in a ſituation far from agreeable. What he, however, ſeems to have principally aimed at, delicacy, ſentiment, and the conſequence of inſtruction in the conduct of a generous and well-placed paſſion, he has undoubtedly moſt eminently ſucceeded in. His *Celia*, and *Sir John Dorilant*, eſpecially the latter, are characters moſt perfectly amiable, and worthy of imitation. The eaſe and purity of the dialogue, the incidents which ariſe ſo naturally, one from the other, the delicate markings of the different characters, and the artful arrangement of the ſcenes, contribute to give this play a high ſtation in the liſt of our genteel comedies; at the ſame time that its want of ſmart repartee and broad humour, will ever prevent it from being much reliſhed by a mixed audience. This want he poſſeſſed a peculiar talent of ſupplying, had he thought the ſimplicity of his play would not have been injured by it. He was afraid to mingle with comedy, what he thought belonged to the lower ſpecies of the drama, farce; and choſe rather to tread in the ſteps of Terence than of Moliere. They who put this play on a footing with the *Drames* of France, and the *ſentimental* comedies in England which have ſucceeded it, will do Whitehead much injuſtice.

The ſame year, 1762, he publiſhed his *Charge to the Poets*, 4to, in which, as laureat, he ludicrouſly aſſumes the dignified mode of a biſhop, giving his viſitorial inſtructions to his clergy. The idea was new, pregnant with grave humour, and executed ſo ſucceſsfully, that even the egotiſms neceſſary to the ſubject, are among the moſt pleaſing parts of the poem. Replete with good ſenſe and good taſte, it is ſtill more to be admired for the amiable picture which it gives of his own mind, and his readineſs to be pleaſed by poets of very different abilities, provided thoſe abilities were employed on ſubjects that ſuited them; and for expoſing that faſtidious mode of criticiſm which admits no poems to have any merit, except that which accords with ſome particular preconceived idea of excellence which it has ſet up as its excluſive criterion.

Notwithſtanding this liberal turn of the *Charge*, its publication brought upon him the vindictive reſentment of Churchill, who had juſt about the time attracted the public notice, by his ſatire, intituled *The Roſciad*. He attacked the laureat almoſt in every one of thoſe haſty productions with which he entertained the town, with an unjuſtifiable ſeverity.

To have retaliated, was as abhorrent to his natural temper, as contradictory to that precept of "keeping the peace," which in his *Charge*, he had called "his firſt and laſt advice." Among his unfiniſhed fragments, however, there are ſome *Verſes*, in which he mentions his poetical enemy. They certainly had not his laſt corrections; but they come from a good heart, willing to commend whatever was commendable in Churchill's talents for ſtrong expreſſion and forcible imagery; at the ſame time, they juſtly reprobate his miſuſe of thoſe talents.

Such at the time was the popularity of Churchill, that his abuſe of Whitehead tended to lower his poetical merit ſo much with the town, that Garrick would not venture to bring on a new tragedy of his, which a little time after he offered to his ſtage. The public, therefore, for ſeveral years, ſaw nothing more that came from his pen, but thoſe half-yearly odes which his office required him to write.

On the death of the late Earl of Jerſey, in Auguſt 1769, he obtained an unwilling permiſſion from his pupil, the preſent Earl of Jerſey, to remove to private lodgings; but he ſtill conſidered himſelf as a daily-invited gueſt to his table in town; and, during the reſt of his life, he divided his Summers between Middleton and Nuneham.

In 1770, he made a preſent of his farce, called *The Trip to Scotland*, to Garrick, on condition of his producing it without his name. This was done; and it appeared on the Drury-Lane ſtage with the greateſt advantage of good acting, and met with deſerved applauſe. It ſhows that White-

head had powers to write equally well in the manner of Moliere, as of Terence. The characters are not more overcharged in order to excite ridicule, than they are found to be in the beſt modern comedies, both in French and Engliſh; for ſurely his old *Griſkin* is not ſo much filled with farcical humour as the "Foreſight" and "Fondlewife" of Congreve. Indeed, had he extended his plan to five acts, and exiled his *Cupid*, as too mythological a perſonage, it would have been deemed a good comedy. As it ſtands, it is perhaps the only thing of the kind that can be put in competition with the charming *petite pieces* of Marivaux.

In 1774, he collected and publiſhed all his works, under the title of *Plays and Poems*, in two volumes, giving the *Charge to the Poets*, in the concluding pages. But though poſſibly, after he had arranged theſe two volumes he might think he had bid adieu to poetical compoſitions, ſo far as his office of laureat might permit; yet he had obtained, by long practice, ſo great a facility of verſification, and had always taken ſo much pleaſure in it, that he could not help occaſionally throwing out his thoughts upon paper, and clothing them in appropriate verſe.

In 1776, he publiſhed, without a name, his very pleaſing little poem, intituled *Variety, a Tale for Married People*, 4to, which was ſo well received, that it ſpeedily ran through five editions.

In 1777, he publiſhed *The Goat's Beard, a Fable*, 4to, which, though a more ſtudied compoſition, and a moſt delicate ſatire on the times, did not ſo generally pleaſe, though it had alſo a very conſiderable ſale. It is founded on the 14th fable of the 4th book of *Phædrus*. From this fable, the Engliſh Phædrus (or rather Fontaine, for the fable is more in his manner), has given the ſexes many ingenious documents. After an oblique reflection on the Bucolics of Virgil, intimating that the poet has aſſigned to Mantua, the ſcenery of Naples, he repreſents a *coterie* of the goats addreſſing Jupiter, to render them equal to the males, by honouring their chins with a beard. Jupiter in a frolic mood grants their petition, which occaſions a remonſtrance from the *goaterie* of males, and obliges the god to *convene the ſtates*, in order to determine the claims of both ſexes. The majority of his precepts are leſs applicable to the males than to the females. His ſtrictures on the modiſh deportment of the ſexes, are a juſt, though ſevere comment on real life.

——the preſent page
The refuſe of an iron age, &c.

This lively fable occaſioned an ill-natured and ſatirical attack on the laureat, in a fable, intituled "The Aſſes Ears, addreſſed to the Author of *The Goat's Beard*," 4to, 1777, which is not, however, void of pleaſantry.

The ſame year, he publiſhed a very elegant ſatire on the faſhionable exceſſes and whimſies of female dreſs, intituled *Venus attiring the Graces*, 4to, addreſſed to the Ducheſs of Queenſberry, which was the laſt performance, except his annual odes, he gave to the world. Had he poſſeſſed the powers of Mr. Bunbury's pencil, he would perhaps have given his idea to the public rather through the medium of the *rolling*, than the *printing preſs*; in its preſent ſtate, humorous as it is, the comic painter would be its beſt commentator.

His health now began viſibly to decline. He had almoſt through life been ſubject to palpitation of the heart, and occaſional difficulty of reſpiration, which the heavy atmoſphere of the town in winter always augmented; yet there, partly from habit, and ſtill more from a deſire of being near thoſe whom he chiefly reſpected, he choſe, in that ſeaſon, conſtantly to reſide.

In the Spring of 1785, a cold, accompanied with a cough, affected his breaſt ſo much, that it confined him at home for ſome weeks, though it was by no means ſo violent as to hinder him purſuing his united amuſements of reading and writing. His death, happily for himſelf, as it muſt be for all who paſs through this world, in the ſame blameleſs manner, with the ſame confidence in their God and with the ſame confidence in his revealed will, ſo to die, "was ſudden, and without a groan. A few hours before his death, Lord Harcourt repeating his conſtant morning viſit to him, found him reviſing for the preſs, a paper which he imagined to be his laſt *Birth-day Ode*, which was in part ſet to muſic, but not performed. That day at noon, finding himſelf diſinclined to taſte the dinner his ſervant brought up, he deſired to lean upon his arm from the table to his bed, and in that moment he expired. He died at his lodgings in Charles-Street, Groſvenor-Square, April 14, 1785, in the 70th year of his age; and was buried in South Audley Street Chapel.

Some years before his death, he appointed by will, his friend General Stephens, his executor. He left behind him in MS. the *Tragedy* which Garrick did not venture to bring on the ſtage, the firſt act of an *Oedipus*; an imperfect plan of a tragedy founded on the hiſtorical part of *Edward* the Second's reſignation of the crown to his ſon, alſo of another compoſed of Spaniſh and Mooriſh characters, and a conſiderable quantity of miſcellaneous pieces, yet but few which he has tranſcribed in ſo fair a manner as to indicate that he himſelf thought them finiſhed; and of theſe the greater part are occaſional and local proluſions of his pen, which would chiefly, if not excluſively, be matter of amuſement to his particular friends, more immediately connected with the two noble families in which he ſo long reſided. His poems, uncollected by himſelf, together with three ſhort unpubliſhed pieces, *On the late improvements at Nuneham*; *On the Death of the Hon. Catherine Venables Vernon*; *The Batt'le of Argoed Llwyfain*, nine of his *New Year and Birth-day Odes*, from June 1776 to Jan. 1785, and his *Obſervations on the Shield of Achilles*, firſt printed in Dodſley's "Muſeum," and afterwards with Pitt's and Warton's tranſlation of "Virgil," were formed into a third volume of his *Works*, by Mr. Maſon, and publiſhed in 1788, with a dedicatory "Sonnet" to the Earl of Jerſey and Earl Harcourt, and "Memoirs of his Life and Writings," which have been chiefly followed in the preceding account.

His *Poems*, including all his annual odes, from 1758 to 1785, except the New-year and Birth-day odes, for 1764, and the New-year odes, for 1766, 1769, and 1775, which do not appear in Dodſley's "Annual Regiſter," were inſerted in the edition of "The Engliſh Poets," 1790, and are reprinted in the preſent collection, with the addition of the *Viſion of Solomon*; *Verſes to his Mother*; *A Pathetic Apology for all Laureats*; verſes *To Mr. Stebbing*, and fragments *On Churchill*, collected from Mr. Maſon's "Memoirs," &c.

His character, which has few prominent features, may eaſily be collected from this account of his life. He appears to have been a very amiable man, and lived in intimacy with the great, virtuous, careſſed and reſpected. All his friends bear ample teſtimony to his unaffected piety, unblemiſhed integrity, engaging politeneſs, inviolable truth, ſteadineſs in friendſhip, and the unaſſuming eaſe and ſprightlineſs of his converſation. He was a man of good breeding, virtue, and humanity.

"He died," ſays Mr. Maſon, who knew him well, "retaining all his faculties more perfectly than is uſually the lot of thoſe who live to ſuch an age. Of theſe his memory was the moſt remarkable, which being always ſtrong, continued to that late period with no diminution of vigour. And as his reading and obſervation had been far more extenſive and various than he had occaſion to exhibit in that mode of writing which he chiefly employed to convey his ſentiments; this accurate retention of what he had by ſtudy acquired, made him a living library, always open to communicate its treaſures to his acquaintance, without obtruding itſelf by any oſtentatious diſplay, or aſſumed ſuperiority."

As a poet, though he is far above mediocrity, yet neither his genius nor his writings are of the moſt brilliant or intereſting kind. He is characterized by elegance, correctneſs, and eaſe, more than by energy, enthuſiaſm or ſublimity. The moſt prominent feature in his poetry, ſeems an innocent and pleaſant humour. He is never dull or abſurd in his ſerious pieces; his taſte and his judgment were too good to pardon inſipidity, or impropriety, even in himſelf; but there is certainly more facility, as well as originality, in his humorous, than his ſerious pieces. His *Elegies*, on account of the affecting and penſive caſt of the ſentiments, the claſſical beauty of the imagery, the ſimplicity of the expreſſion, and the harmony of the verſification, may be conſidered as the moſt univerſally intereſting of his compoſitions. Among his humourous pieces, *Variety* is a firſt-rate, in that mode of gay and eaſy compoſition which diſtinguiſhes the genius of Fontaine and Prior. Of his *Songs*, *Ye Belles and ye Flirts*, &c. has obtained the greateſt popularity.

The principal poems which he himſelf publiſhed, have been already diſtinctly conſidered in the order of their publication. It only remains to give ſome account of his poſthumous pieces.

"In the collection of poems," ſays Mr. Maſon, "which Mr. Whitehead printed in 1774, he thought proper to ſelect certain of his New-year, and Birth-day odes for republication. Beginning therefore, from that date, I have reviewed, with the aſſiſtance of ſome friends, whoſe taſte in lyric compoſition I could depend on, all that he wrote afterwards, and thoſe which we beſt approved are

here inſerted. In this review it is to be noted to the poet's honour, that we found more variety of ſentiment and expreſſion, than could well be expected from ſuch an uniformity of ſubject. If we lamented the neceſſity he was under of ſo frequently adverting to the war with America, we generally admired his delicate manner of treating it. Should, therefore, the *Odes* here reprinted lead any perſon to read all that he compoſed, in compliance with the forms of his office (and all are to be found in the Annual Regiſter, printed by Dodſley), I perſuade myſelf he muſt agree with me in thinking, that no court poet ever had fewer *courtly ſtains*, and that his page is, at the leaſt, as *white as Addiſon's*."

The *Odes*, ſelected by Mr. Maſon, are the Birth-day odes for 1776, 1777, 1778, 1781, and 1784, and the New-year odes for 1779, 1783, 1784, and 1785. The odes omitted by Mr. Maſon, and Whitehead himſelf, have been very properly collected with the reſt, and deſerve the fame commendation. Though they have undergone all the uſual obloquy of ſuch compoſitions, there is certainly in them more delicacy of panegyric, if not more genius, than in any compoſitions of the kind that can be found from Chaucer to Cibber. If they are not equal to the odes of Pindar, they are not ridiculous, like thoſe of Shadwell and Cibber. Their annual productions rendered the laurel contemptible; but Whitehead, as Ophelia ſays, "wears his rue with a difference, and you may call it *Herb o' grace* on *Sundays*."

The copy of verſes *On the late Improvements at Nuneham*, is a ſportive and juſt eulogium on the place, and on the late Mr. Brown. Though the perſonification of nature has been common to ſeveral poets, when they meant to compliment the artiſt that rivalled her, yet the idea of making her behave herſelf like *a modern fine lady*, muſt be allowed to be a thought very bold, and truly original; and he has executed it with much genuine humour. As an epitaph, the lines *On the Death of the Hon. Catherine Venables Vernon*, are beautiful, particularly at the cloſe, in the juſtification of Providence. *The Battle of Argoed Llwyfain*, is a tranſlation of a poem of the Cambro-Britiſh bard, Talieſſin, and is a deſcription of the battle of *Argoed Llwyfain*, fought about the year 548, by Godden, a king of North Britain, and Brien Reged, king of Cambria, againſt Flamdwyn, a Saxon general, ſuppoſed to be Ido, king of Northumberland. It is inſerted in Jones's "Hiſtorical Account of the Welſh Bards," publiſhed in 1784, and is thus introduced: "I am indebted to the obliging diſpoſition, and undiminiſhed powers of Mr. Whitehead, for the following faithful and animated verſion of this valuable antique." The verſion is wild, ſpirited, and characteriſtic; but it is inferior to thoſe imitations which Gray made of the *Scaldic* odes. The wild mythology of the *Edda*, to which they perpetually allude, gives them a charm peculiar to themſelves, and ſets them above what he himſelf has produced from Cambro-Britiſh originals.

# THE WORKS OF W. WHITEHEAD.

## POEMS.

### THE DANGER OF WRITING VERSE.

AN EPISTLE. 1741.

" Quæ poterant unquam ſatis expurgare Cicutæ,
" Ni melius dormire putem, quam ſcribere verſus?"
HOR.

You aſk me, Sir, why thus by phantoms aw'd,
No kind occaſion tempts the muſe abroad?
Why, when retirement ſooths this idle art,
To fame regardleſs ſleeps the youthful heart?
'Twould wrong your judgment, ſhould I fairly ſay
Diſtruſt or weakneſs caus'd the cold delay:
Hint the ſmall diff'rence, till we touch the lyre,
'Twixt real genius and too ſtrong deſire;
The human ſlips, or ſeeming ſlips pretend,
Which ſouſe the critic, but eſcape the friend;
Nay which, though dreadful when the foe purſues,
You paſs, and ſmile, and ſtill provoke the muſe.
Yet, ſpite of all you think, or kindly feign,
My hand will tremble while it graſps the pen.
For not in this, like other arts, we try
Our light excurſions in a ſummer ſky,
No caſual ſlights the dangerous trade admits;
But wits once authors, are for ever wits.
The fool in proſe, like earth's unwieldy ſon,
May oft riſe vig'rous, though he's oft o'erthrown:
One dangerous criſis marks our riſe or fall;
By all we're courted, or we're ſhunn'd by all.
Will it avail, that, unmatur'd by years,
My eaſy numbers pleas'd your partial ears,
If now condemn'd, ev'n where he's valu'd moſt,
The man muſt ſuffer if the poet's loſt;
For wanting wit, be totally undone,
And barr'd all arts for having fail'd in one.
When fears like theſe his ſerious thoughts engage,
No bugbear phantom curbs the poet's rage.
'Tis powerful reaſon holds the ſtreighten'd rein,
While flutt'ring fancy to the diſtant plain
Sends a long look, and ſpreads her wings in vain.
But grant for once, th' officious muſe has ſhed
Her gentleſt influence on his infant head,
Let fears lie vanquiſh'd, and reſounding fame
Give to the bellowing blaſt the poet's name.
And ſee! diſtinguiſh'd, from the crowd he moves,
Each finger marks him, and each eye approves!
Secure, as halcyons brooding o'er the deep,
The waves roll gently, and the thunders ſleep,
Obſequious nature binds the tempeſt's wings,
And pleas'd attention liſtens while he ſings!
O bliſsful ſtate, O more than human joy!
What ſhafts can reach him, or what cares annoy?
What cares, my friend? why all that man can know,
Oppreſs'd with real or with fancy'd woe.
Rude to the world, like earth's firſt lord expell'd,
To climes unknown, form Eden's ſafer field;
No more eternal ſprings around him breathe,
Black air ſcowls o'er him, deadly damps beneath;
Now muſt he learn, miſguided youth, to bear
Each varying ſeaſon of the poet's year:
Flatt'ry's full beam, detraction's wint'ry ſtore,
The frowns of fortune, or the pride of pow'r.
His acts, his words, his thoughts no more his own,
Each ſolly blazon'd, and each frailty known.
Is he reſerv'd!—his ſenſe is ſo refin'd,
It ne'er deſcends to trifle with mankind.
Open and free?—they find the ſecret cauſe
Is vanity; he courts the world's applauſe.
Nay, though he ſpeak not, ſomething ſtill is ſeen,
Each change of face betrays a fault within.
If grave, 'tis ſpleen; he ſmiles but to deride;
And downright awkwardneſs in him is pride.
Thus muſt he ſteer through fame's uncertain ſeas,
Now ſunk by cenſure, and now puff'd by praiſe;
Contempt with envy ſtrangely mix'd endure,
Fear'd where careſs'd, and jealous, though ſecure.
One fatal rock on which good authors ſplit
Is thinking all mankind muſt like their wit;
And the grand buſineſs of the world ſtand ſtill
To liſten to the dictates of their quill.
Hurt if they fail, and yet how few ſucceed!
What's born in leiſure men of leiſure read;
And half of thoſe have ſome peculiar whim
Their teſt of ſenſe, and read but to condemn.
Beſides, on parties now our fame depends,
And frowns or ſmiles, as theſe are foes or friends.
Wit, judgment, nature join; you ſtrive in vain;
'Tis keen invective ſtamps the current ſtrain.
Fix'd to one ſide like Homer's gods we fight,
Theſe always wrong, and thoſe for ever right.

And would you chooſe to ſee your friend reſign'd
Each conſcious tie which guides the virtuous mind,
Embroil'd in factions, hurl with dreaded ſkill
The random vengeance of his deſp'rate quill?
'Gainſt pride in man with equal pride declaim,
And hide ill-nature under virtue's name?
Or, deeply vers'd in flattery's wily ways,
Flow in full reams of undiſtinguiſh'd praiſe?
To vice's grave, or folly's buſt bequeath
The bluſhing trophy, and indignant wreath?
* Like Egypt's prieſts, bid endleſs temples riſe,
And people with earth's peſts th' offended ſkies?
The muſe of old her native freedom knew,
And wild in air the ſportive wand'rer flew;
On worth alone her bays eternal ſtrow'd,
And found the hero, ere ſhe hymn'd the god.
Nor leſs the chief his kind ſupport return'd,
No drooping muſe her ſlighted labours mourn'd;
But ſtretch'd at eaſe ſhe prun'd her growing wings,
By ſages honour'd, and rever'd by kings.
Ev'n knowing Greece confeſs'd her early claim,
And warlike Latium caught the generous flame.
Not ſo our age regards the tuneful tongue,
'Tis ſenſeleſs rapture all, and empty ſong;
No Pollio ſheds his genial influence round,
No Varus liſtens while the groves reſound.
Ev'n thoſe, the knowing and the virtuous few,
Who nobleſt ends by nobleſt means purſue,
Forget the poet's uſe; the powerful ſpell
Of magic verſe, which † Sidney paints ſo well.
Forget that Homer wak'd the Grecian flame,
That Pindar rous'd inglorious Thebes to fame,
That every age has great examples given [heaven.
Of virtue taught in verſe, and verſe inſpir'd by
But I forbear—theſe dreams no longer laſt,
The times of fable and of flights are paſt.
To glory now no laurell'd ſuppliants bend,
No coins are ſtruck, no ſacred domes aſcend.
Yet ye, who ſtill the muſe's charms admire,
And beſt deſerve the verſe your deeds inſpire,
Ev'n in theſe gainful unambitious days,
Feel for yourſelves at leaſt, ye fond of praiſe,
And learn one leſſon taught in myſtic rhyme,
"'Tis verſe alone arreſts the wings of time."
‡ Faſt to the thread of life, annex'd by fame,
A ſculptur'd medal bears each human name,
O'er Lethe's ſtreams the fatal threads depend,
The glitt'ring medal trembles as they bend;
Cloſe but the ſheers, when chance or nature calls,
The birds of rumour catch it as it falls;
Awhile from bill to bill the trifle's toſt,
The waves receive it, and 'tis ever loſt! [ſtream
But ſhould the meaneſt ſwan that cuts the
Conſign'd to Phœbus, catch the favour'd name,
Safe in her mouth ſhe bears the ſacred prize
To where bright fame's eternal altars riſe.
'Tis there the muſe's friends true laurels wear
There great Auguſtus reigns, and triumphs there,
Patrons of arts muſt live till arts decay,
Sacred to verſe in every poet's lay.

Thus grateful France does Richlieu's worth proclaim,
Thus grateful Britain doats on Sommer's name.
And, ſpite of party rage and human flaws,
And Britiſh liberty, and Britiſh laws,
Times yet to come ſhall ſing of Anna's reign,
And bards, who blame the meaſures, love the men. [bays?
But why round patrons climb th' ambitious
Is intereſt then the ſordid ſpur to praiſe?
* Shall the ſame cauſe which prompts the chatt'ring jay
To aim at words, inſpire the poet's lay?
And is there nothing in the boaſted claim
Of living labours and a deathleſs name?
The pictur'd front, with ſacred fillets bound?
The ſculptur'd buſt with laurels wreath'd around?
The annual roſes ſcatter'd o'er his urn,
And tears to flow from poets yet unborn?
Illuſtrious all! but ſure to merit theſe,
Demands at leaſt the poet's learned eaſe.
Say, can the bard attempt what's truly great,
Who pants in ſecret for his future fate?
Him ſerious toils, and humbler arts engage,
To make youth eaſy, and provide for age;
While loſt in ſilence hangs his uſeleſs lyre,
And, though from heav'n it came, faſt dies the ſacred fire.
Or grant true genius with ſuperior force
Burſts every bond, reſiſtleſs in its courſe;
Yet lives the man, how wild ſoe'er his aim,
Would madly barter fortune's ſmiles for fame!
Or diſtant hopes of future eaſe forego,
For all the wreaths that all the nine beſtow?
Well pleas'd to ſhine through each recording page,
The hapleſs Dryden of a ſhameleſs age?
Ill-fated bard! where'er thy name appears,
The weeping verſe a ſad memento bears.
Ah! what avail'd th' enormous blaze between
Thy dawn of glory, and thy cloſing ſcene!
When ſinking nature aſks our kind repairs,
Unſtrung the nerves, and ſilver'd o'er the hairs;
When ſtay'd reflection comes uncall'd at laſt,
And gray experience counts each folly paſt,
Untun'd and harſh the ſweeteſt ſtrains appear,
And loudeſt Pæans but fatigue the ear.
'Tis true the man of verſe, though born to ills,
Too oft deſerves the very fate he feels.
When, vainly frequent at the great man's board,
He ſhares in every vice with every lord:
Makes to their taſte his ſober ſenſe ſubmit,
And 'gainſt his reaſon madly arms his wit;
Heav'n but in juſtice turns their ſerious heart
To ſcorn the wretch, whoſe life belies his art.
He, only he, ſhould haunt the muſe's grove,
Whom youth might rev'rence and gray hairs approve; [roll'd,
Whoſe heav'n-taught numbers, now, in thunder
Might rouſe the virtuous and appal the bold.
Now, to truth's dictates lend the grace of eaſe,
And teach inſtruction happier arts to pleaſe.
For him would Plato change their gen'ral fate,
And own one poet might improve his ſtate.
Curs'd be their verſe, and blaſted all their bays,
Whoſe ſenſual lure th' unconſcious ear betrays;

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* ——————" Qui neſcit qualia demens
" Ægyptus portenta colat? crocodilon adorat—
*Juv. Sat.* xv.

† *Defence of Poeſy. By Sir Philip Sidney.*
‡ *Bacon de Augment. Scientiarum.*

* *Perſius.*

Wounds the young breaſt, ere virtue ſpreads her ſhield,
And takes, not wins, the ſcarce diſputed field.
Though ſpecious rhet'ric each looſe thought refine,
Though muſic charm in every labour'd line,
The dangerous verſe, to full perfection grown,
Bavius might bluſh, and Quarles diſdain to own.
Should ſome Machaon, whoſe ſagacious ſoul
Trac'd bluſhing nature to her inmoſt goal,
Skill'd in each drug the varying world provides,
All earth embоſoms, and all ocean hides,
Nor cooling herb, nor healing balm ſupply,
Eaſe the ſwollen breaſt or cloſe the languid eye;
But, exquiſitely ill, awake diſeaſe,
And arm with poiſons every baleful breeze:
What racks, what tortures muſt his crimes demand,
The more than Borgia of a bleeding land!
And is leſs guilty he whoſe ſhameleſs page
Not to the preſent bounds its ſubtle rage,
But ſpreads contagion wide, and ſtains a future age?

Forgive me, Sir, that thus the moral ſtrain,
With indignation warm'd, rejects the rein;
Nor think I rove regardleſs of my theme,
'Tis hence new dangers clog the paths to fame.
Not to themſelves alone ſuch bards confine
Fame's juſt reproach for virtue's injur'd ſhrine;
Profan'd by them, the muſe's laurels fade,
Her voice neglected, and her flame decay'd.
And the ſon's ſon muſt feel the father's crime,
A curſe entail'd on all the race that rhyme.
New cares appear, new terrors ſwell the train,
And muſt we paint them ere we cloſe the ſcene!
Say, muſt the muſe th' unwilling taſk purſue,
And, to complete her dangers, mention you?
Yes you, my friend, ev'n you whoſe kind regard
With partial fondneſs views this humble bard:
Ev'n you he dreads.—Ah! kindly ceaſe to raiſe
Unwilling cenſure, by exacting praiſe.
Juſt to itſelf the jealous world will claim
A right to judge; to give, or cancel fame.
And, if th' officious zeal unbounded flows,
The friend too partial is the worſt of foes.
* Behold th' Athenian ſage, whoſe piercing mind
Had trac'd the wily lab'rinths of mankind,
When now condemn'd, he leaves his infant care
To all thoſe evils man is born to bear.
Not to his friends alone the charge he yields,
But nobler hopes on juſter motives builds;
Bids ev'n his foes their future ſteps attend,
And dare to cenſure, if they dar'd offend.
Would thus the poet truſt his offſpring forth,
Or bloom'd our Britain with Athenian worth:
Would the brave foe the imperfect work engage
With honeſt freedom, not with partial rage,
What juſt productions might the world ſurpriſe!
What other Popes, what other Maros riſe!
But ſince by foes or friends alike deceiv'd,
Too little thoſe, and theſe too much believ'd;
Since the ſame fate purſues by diff'rent ways,
Undone by cenſure, or undone by praiſe;
Since bards themſelves ſubmit to vice's rule,
And party-feuds grow high, and patrons cool:
Since, ſtill unnam'd, unnumber'd ills behind
Riſe black in air, and only wait the wind:
Let me, O let me, ere the tempeſt roar,
Catch the firſt gale, and make the neareſt ſhore;
In ſacred ſilence join th' inglorious train,
Where humble peace and ſweet contentment reign;
If not thy precepts, thy example own,
And ſteal through life not uſeleſs, though unknown.

* *Platonis Apologia*

## ATYS AND ADRASTUS.

A TALE. 1743.

" Infelix! Nati funus crudele videbis.
" Hi noſtri reditus, expectatique triumphi!
" Hæc mea magna fides!— VIRG.

*** This ſtory is related in the firſt book of Herodotus's Hiſtory. For the additions made to it, and the manner of telling it, the Author of the following poem is to anſwer.

In ancient times, o'er Lydia's fertile land
The warrior Croeſus held ſupreme command.
Vaſt was his wealth, for conqueſt ſwell'd his ſtore;
Nor what enrich'd the prince, had left the people poor.
Two ſons he had, alike in outward mien,
The tender pledges of a dying queen.
But ſpeechleſs one ne'er taught his ſire to melt
With liſping eloquence by parents felt;
And mimic art in vain expedients ſought
To form the tongue, and free th' impriſon'd thought.
Yet blooming Atys well that loſs ſupply'd,
Atys the people's hope, and monarch's pride.
His beauteous ſoul, through every feature glow'd;
And from his lips ſuch ſoft perſuaſion flow'd,
As nature had withheld the brother's ſhare,
Only to pour a double portion there.
But vain thoſe graces, ſince conceal'd from view
They droop in ſhades and wither where they grew.
For one dread night, when o'er the weary king
The drowſy god had ſtretch'd his leaden wing,
He ſeem'd, he knew not where, in wars engag'd,
And, while around the doubtful battle rag'd,
Saw from ſome hoſtile hand unerring part
A fatal ſpear, which pierc'd his Atys' heart.
He ſtarts, he wakes—'tis night and ſilence all!
Yet ſcarce confirm'd, he ſtill beholds him fall;
Still bleeds in fancy's eye the gaping wound,
On fancy's ear the dying groans reſound.
Again he ſleeps; the ſame ſad ſcenes return—
Reſtleſs he rolls, and waits the ling'ring morn.
What can he do, or how prevent a doom,
Which Heav'n foretels, and fate has ſaid ſhall come?
" And yet perhaps the gods theſe dreams inſpire,
" To ſave the guiltleſs ſon, and warn the ſire.
" Too fond of arms I wander'd far aſtray,
" While youth and blind ambition led the way.
" And ravag'd countries may at length demand
" This bleeding ſacrifice at Croeſus' hand.
" Then hear me, gods, propitious while I ſwear,
" Peace, only peace, ſhall be my future care.
" O would you powers but ſave my darling boy,
" No more this breaſt ſhall glow, this arm deſtroy!

" Nor ere ſhall Atys the dire ſport purſue,
" Still in my court, and ſeldom from my view,
" In eaſe inglorious ſhall he paſs his days,
" Untaught to feel th' infatiate luſt of praiſe."
He ſpake, and cautious far away remov'd
From Atys, what next Atys moſt be lov'd,
The pomp of war: no faulchions guard the gate,
And chiefs unarm'd around his palace wait.
Nay farther ſtill extends a parent's fear,
Ev'n arms themſelves he dreads, and moſt the ſpear;
Nor leaves of ancient war the weak remains,
But ſtrips the trophies from the mould'ring fanes,
Leſt, fix'd too looſely, from the faithleſs ſtone
The caſual ſteel ſhould drop, and pierce his ſon.
Thus ſome ſweet warbler of the feather'd throng
Deep in the thorny brake ſecures her young;
Yet, vainly anxious, feels a fancied woe.
And ſtarts at every breeze that ſtirs the bough;
With ſilent horror hears the whiſp'ring groves,
And diſtant murmurs of the ſpring ſhe loves.
Unhappy ſire! but vainly we oppoſe
Weak human caution, when the gods are foes;
The ſtory's ſequel muſt too ſurely prove;
That dreams, prophetic dreams, deſcend from Jove.
Nor yet ſhall Atys thwart thy fond deſigns;
He moves implicit as his ſire inclines.
On every look his eager duty hung,
And read his wiſhes, ere they reach'd his tongue.
With ſmiles he ſtrips his helmet's plumy pride,
With ſmiles he lays his uſeleſs ſpear aſide;
Nor lets one ſigh confeſs a latent care,
Reſerving all his griefs for his Adraſtus' ear.
Adraſtus early did his ſoul approve,
Brave, virtuous, learn'd and form'd for Atys' love,
A Phrygian youth, whom fate condemn'd to roam,
An exil'd wand'rer from a cruel home.
For, yet a boy, his inadvertent lance
An infant brother ſlew, the crime of chance.
In vain he wept; the rigid ſire demands
His inſtant abſence from his native lands,
Or threatens inſtant death; from death he flew,
And loaded with a father's curſe withdrew.
Yet not in vain the gods ſuch ills diſpenſe,
If ſoft-ey'd pity takes her riſe from hence,
If hence we learn to feel another's pain,
And from our own misfortunes grow humane.
This young Adraſtus found; and hence confeſs'd
That wild benevolence, which warm'd his breaſt.
Hence too his fortune ſtretch'd a bolder wing,
And plac'd her wand'rer near the Lydian king.
There long the favour'd youth exalted ſhone,
Dear to the ſire, but dearer to the ſon:
For pow'rful ſympathy their hearts had join'd
In ſtronger ties than gratitude can bind.
With him did Atys every ſport purſue,
Which health demands, and earlier ages knew.
At morn, at eve, at ſultry noon, with him
He rov'd the ſunny lawn, he ſwam the ſtream;
Beſide the brook, which dimpling glides away,
Caught the cool breeze, or lur'd the ſinny prey;
Urg'd the light car along th' indented mead,
Or hung impetuous o'er th' exulting ſteed,
Beneath whoſe hoof unhurt the flow'rets riſe,
And the light graſs ſcarce trembles as he flies.
But chief he lov'd to range the woods among,
And hear the muſic of Adraſtus' tongue
With graceful eaſe unlock the letter'd ſtore,
And that he learn'd from him endear'd the knowledge more.
Of Thales' wiſdom oft the converſe ran,
How varying nature's beauteous frame began,
And erſt to different forms the waters flow'd,
As o'er the chaos mov'd the breathing god.
Of Solon too he ſpake, and laws deſign'd
To guard fair freedom, not enſlave mankind—
And hinted oft what mutual duties ſpring
'Twixt willing ſubjects and their father king:
How cloſe connected greatneſs was with pain,
What earthly bliſs, and who the happy man.
Nor leſs the while his youthful breaſt he warms
With pictur'd fights, the theory of arms;
Leſt inbred ſloth ſhould taint his future reign,
And virtue wake, and glory tempt in vain.
Thee, Homer, thee with rapture they peruſe,
Expand the ſoul, and take in all the muſe;
Mix with thy gods, with war's whole ardour burn,
Or melt in ſilent tears o'er Hector's urn.
How oft tranſported would young Atys cry,
" Thus might I fight, 'twere glorious thus to die!
" But why to me are uſeleſs precepts giv'n,
" Tied down and pinion'd by the will of heav'n?
" No early wreaths my coward youth muſt claim,
" No juſt ambition warm me into fame;
" Hid from the world to ruſt in ſloth, and buy
" A poor precarious life with infamy.
" Happy, thrice happy, on each hoſtile ſtrand
" The youths who periſh'd by my father's hand!
" Their honour ſtill ſurvives, and o'er their tomb
" Their country's tears deſcend, and laurels bloom.
" To life alone the conquering ſword's confin'd—
" Would you indeed diſtreſs, employ a love too kind."
As oft Adraſtus, ſtudious to controul
With reaſon's voice the tumult of the ſoul,
Wou'd hint, to what exceſs ſoever wrought,
Paternal fondneſs was a venial fault.
Perhaps, as lenient time ſtole gently on, [blown,
The ſtorm which threaten'd might be quite o'er-
And ſun-bright honour only be delay'd
Awhile, to burſt more glorious from the ſhade.
" Yet think," he cry'd, " whatever they appear,
" Few are the cauſes can excuſe a war.
" To raiſe th' oppreſs'd, to curb th' inſulting proud,
" Or ſhould your injur'd country call aloud,
" Ruſh, ruſh to arms, 'tis glorious then to dare,
" Delay is cowardice, and doubt deſpair.
" But let not idler views your breaſt enflame
" Of boundleſs kingdoms, and a dreaded name.
" 'Tis yours at home to ſtem oppreſſion's waves,
" To guard your ſubjects, not increaſe your ſlaves;
" On this juſt baſis fame's firm column raiſe,
" And be deſert in arms your ſecond praiſe."
'Twas thus in converſe, day ſucceeding day,
They wore unfelt the tedious hours away,
And years on years in downy circles ran
Till the boy roſe inſenſibly to man.
What now ſhall Croeſus find, what Syren voice,
To make retirement the reſult of choice?
No father's ſtern command theſe years allow,
A chain more pleaſing muſt detain him now.
In roſy fetters ſhall the youth be tied,
And Myſia's captive fair the choſen bride.
Haſte, gentle god, whoſe chains unite the globe,
Known by the blazing torch, and ſaffron robe,

To Lydia haſte, for Atys blames your ſtay,
Nor fair Idalia's bluſhes brook delay;
O'er glory's blaze your ſoft enchantments breathe
And hide the laurel with the myrtle wreath.
And now the king with ſecret tranſport found
His hopes ſucceed, nor fears a martial wound,
While loſt in love the happier Atys lies,
The willing victim of Idalia's eyes.
O thoughtleſs man! from hence thy ſorrows flow,
The ſcheme projected to avert the blow
But makes it ſure—for ſee, from Myſia's land
Round liſt'ning Atys crowds a ſuppliant band.
Their tears, their cries, his eaſy breaſt aſſail,
Fond to redreſs them ere he hears their tale.
" A mighty boar, the curſe of angry heaven,
" Had from their homes the wretched ſuff'rers driv'n.
" Waſte were their viny groves, their riſing grain,
" Their herds, their flocks, th' attendant ſhep- herds ſlain,
" And ſcarce themſelves ſurvive.
" O would but Atys lead the hunter train,
" Again their viny groves, their waving grain
" Might riſe ſecure, their herds, their flocks in- creaſe,
" And fair Idalia's country reſt in peace."
The youth aſſents, th' exulting crowds retire;
When thus impatient ſpeaks the trembling ſire:
" What means my ſon? preſerv'd, alas, in vain,
" From hoſtile ſquadrons, and the tented plain;
" You ruſh on death—recal your raſh deſign,
" Mine be the blame, and be the danger mine;
" Myſelf will lead the band." The youth return'd,
While his fluſh'd cheek with mild reſentment burn'd:
" Will Croeſus lead the band, a hunter now,
" Skill'd in the fight, and laurels on his brow?
" Alas, ſuch mockeries of war become
" The loit'rer Atys fearful of his doom.
" To him at leaſt theſe triumphs be reſign'd,
" That not entirely uſeleſs to mankind
" His days may paſs; theſe triumphs all his aim,
" Theſe humble triumphs ſcarce allied to fame.
" And yet, dread Sir, if you command his ſtay,
" (O force of duty)! Atys muſt obey.
" Alas, on you whatever blame ſhall fall,
" A father's fondneſs can excuſe it all,
" But me, of me, if ſtill your power withſtands,
" What muſt the Lydian, what the Myſian bands,
" What muſt Idalia think?" Adraſtus here
Soft interpos'd. " Great king, diſmiſs your fear,
" Nor longer Atys' firſt requeſt oppoſe;
" War was your dream, no war this region knows:
" For humbler prey the hunters range the wood,
" Their ſpears fly innocent of human blood.
" Had in the ſportive chaſe ſome phantom boar
" Dug deep the wound, and drank the vital gore,
" That dreadful viſion had excus'd your care,
" Nor Atys offer'd an unheeded pray'r.
" I love the prince, and, but I think his life
" Safe as my own, would urge him from the ſtrife.
" Permit him, ſire—this arm ſhall guard him there;
" And ſafely may you truſt Adraſtus' care,
" For, ſhould he fall, this arm would ſurely prove
" My boſom feels a more than father's love."
As, when impetuous through th' autumnal ſky
Urg'd by the winds the clouds diſparting fly,
O'er the broad wave, or wide extended mead,
Shifts the quick beam, alternate light and ſhade;
So glanc'd the monarch's mind from thought to thought,
So in his varying face the paſſions wrought.
Oft on his ſon he turn'd a doubtful eye,
Afraid to grant, nor willing to deny.
Oft rais'd it tearful to the bleſt abodes,
And fought in vain the unregarding gods.
Then look'd conſent. But added, with a groan,
" From thee, Adraſtus, I expect my ſon."
Why ſhould I tell, impatient for the fight,
How Atys chid the ling'ring hours of night?
Or how the roſeate morn with early ray
Streak'd the glad eaſt, and gradual ſpread the day,
When forth he iſſu'd like the Lycian god?
Looſe to the breeze his hov'ring mantle flow'd,
Wav'd the light plume above, behind him hung
His ratt'ling quiver, and his bow unſtrung.
He mounts his ſteed, the ſteed obey'd the rein,
Arch'd his high neck, and graceful paw'd the plain.
Ev'n Croeſus' ſelf forgot a while his fear
Of future ills, and gaz'd with tranſport there.
Or why relate, when now the train withdrew,
How fair Idalia ſigh'd a ſoft adieu;
How Croeſus follow'd with his voice and eyes,
Fond to behold, but fonder to adviſe,
And oft repeated, as they journey'd on,
" From thee, Adraſtus, I expect my ſon."
Suffice it us, they leave the waves which flow
O'er beds of gold, and Tmolus' fragrant brow,
They paſs Magneſia's plains, Caïcus' ſtream
The Myſian bound, which chang'd its ancient name,
And reach Olympus' verge:
There deſolation ſpread her ghaſtly reign
O'er trampled vines, and diſſipated grain.
And ſaw with joy revolving ſeaſons ſmile
To ſwell her pomp, and mock the lab'rer's toil.
Led by her baleful ſteps, the youth explore
The dark retreats, and rouſe the foaming boar.
Hard is the ſtrife: his horny ſides repel
Unting'd the plumy ſhaft, and blunted ſteel.
The dogs lie mangled o'er the bleeding plain,
And many a ſteed, and many a youth was ſlain.
When now his well-aim'd bow Adraſtus drew,
Twang'd the ſtretch'd ſtring, the feather'd vengeance flew,
And ras'd the monſter's neck: he roars, he flies,
The crowd purſues, the hills reſound their cries.
Full in the centre of a vale, embrown'd
With arching ſhades, they cloſe the ſavage round.
He wheels, he glares, he meditates his prey,
Reſolv'd to ſtrike, reſolv'd to force his way;
But Atys timely ſtopp'd his fierce career,
And through his eye-ball ſent the whizzing ſpear,
And joyful ſaw him reel; with eager ſpeed
He bears the ſhining blade, he quits his ſteed;
" —Ah ſtop, raſh youth, not conqueſt you pur- ſue,
" Death lies in ambuſh there, the victim you;
" You ruſh on fate"—in vain—he reach'd the beaſt,
He rais'd his arm, and now had pierc'd his breaſt,
When in that moment from the adverſe ſide
His too adventurous prince Adraſtus ſpied,

And launch'd with nervous haſte his eager ſpear,
Alarm'd, and trembling for a life ſo dear.
Glanc'd o'er the falling beaſt the fated wood,
And fix'd in Aty's breaſt drank deep the vital
flood
The ſtruggling prince impatient of the wound
Writh'd on the ſpear, the crowds encloſe him
round,
Then ſunk in death unknowing whence it came,
Yet, ev'n in death, he call'd Adraſtus' name,
" Where flies Adraſtus from his dying friend?
" O bear me near." Poor prince! thy life muſt
end
Not in thy murderer's arms, he hears thee not;
Like ſome ſad wretch fix'd to the fatal ſpot
Where fell the bolt of Jove, nor ear, nor eye,
Nor arm to help, nor language to reply,
Nor thought itſelf is his. Oblig'd to move
As they direct his ſteed, he leaves the grove,
As they direct to Sardis' tow'rs again
In ſilence follows the returning train.
There too we turn, for there the penſive fire
Now hopes, now fears, and pines with vain deſire.
In every duſt before the wind that flies,
In every diſtant cloud which ſtains the ſkies
He ſees his ſon return: till oft deceiv'd
No more his eye, the flatt'ring ſcene believ'd,
Yet ſtill he wander'd, and with looks intent,
The fatal road his darling Atys went.
There to averted Heav'n he tells his pain,
And ſlaughter'd hecatombs decrees in vain.
There to Idalia frequent by his ſide,
Relates his fears, or ſooths the weeping bride
With tales of Atys' worth, and points the place
Where late he parted from their laſt embrace.
And now, perchance, in tears they linger'd there,
When ſlowly-moving real crowds appear. [eye—
" What means," he cried, and ſhot a trembling
A youth deputed by the reſt drew nigh,
And in ſad accents told the dreadful tale.
Rage ſeiz'd the king: expiring, breathleſs, pale,
Idalia ſinks; th' attendant fair convey
With tears, and ſhrieks, the lifeleſs frame away.
" Where is the wretch?---hear, hoſpitable Jove!---
" Is this, is this thy more than father's love?
" Give me my ſon---why ſtare thy haggard eyes
" As fix'd in grief? here only ſorrow lies"---
And ſmote his breaſt---" Thy life in blood began
" A fated wretch, a murd'rer ere a man.
" O fooliſh king! by my indulgence ſtole
" This ſerpent near me, that has ſtung my ſoul.
" This thy return for all a king could ſhower
" Of bounty o'er thee, life, and wealth, and pow-
" er---
" But what are thoſe? How great foe'er they be,
" I gave thee more, I gave myſelf to thee:
" I gave thee Atys, link'd in friendſhip's chain—
" O fatal gift, if thus return'd again!
" Reach me a ſword—and yet, dear bleeding clay,
" Can his, can thouſand lives thy loſs repay?"
Then burſt in tears—" Heav'n's inſtrument I
blame, [came.
" Though by his hand, from Heav'n the vengeance
" This ſtroke, O Solon, has convinc'd my pride!
" O had I never liv'd, or earlier died!
" Alas, poor wretch, why doſt thou bare thy
" breaſt,
" And court my ſword! though loſt himſelf to reſt,
" This curſt of Heav'n, this Croeſus can forgive
" Th' unhappy cauſe, and bids the murd'rer live."
" Ah ſtop," he cried, " and write the milder fate
" Here with thy ſword, I only liv'd for that.
" Undone, I thought, beyond misfortune's power,
" O do not by forgiveneſs curſe me more!"
While yet he pleaded, to the mourning crowd,
Forth ruſh'd Idalia by her maids purſu'd;
Eager ſhe ſeem'd, with light ſuſpicions fill'd,
And on her face heart-piercing madneſs ſmil'd.
" Where is my wand'ring love, ye Lydians ſay,
" Does he indeed along Meander ſtray,
" And rove the Aſian plain? I'll ſeek him there.---
" Ye Lydian damſels, of your hearts beware:
" Fair is my love as to the ſunny beam
" The light-ſpread plumage on Cayſter's ſtream,
" His locks are Hermus' gold, his cheeks outſhine,
" The ivory tinctur'd by your art divine.---
" I ſee him now, in Tmolus' ſhade he lies
" On ſaffron beds, ſoft ſleep has ſeal'd his eyes.
" His breath adds ſweetneſs to the gale that
" blows;
" Tread light, ye nymphs. I'll ſteal on his repoſe.
" Alas, he bleeds! O murder! Atys bleeds,
" And o'er his face a dying paleneſs ſpreads!
" Help, help, Adraſtus—can you leave him now,
" In death neglect him? Once it was not ſo.
" What, and not weep; a tear at leaſt is due,
" Unkind Adraſtus, he'd have wept for you.
" Come then, my maids, our tears ſhall waſh the
" gore;
" We, too, will die, ſince Atys is no more.
" But firſt we'll ſtrow with flowers the hallow'd
" ground
" Where lies my love, and plant the cypreſs round;
" Nor let Adraſtus know, for ſhould he come,
" New ſtreams of blood would iſſue from the tomb;
" The flowers would wither at his baleful tread,
" And at his touch the ſick'ning cypreſs fade.
" Come, come—nay, do not tear me from his ſide,
" Cruel Adraſtus, am I not his bride?
" I muſt—I will—me would you murder too?"
At this, unable to ſuſtain his woe,
" My ſoul can bear no more," Adraſtus cries,
(His eyes on Heav'n), " Ye powers, who rule the
" ſkies!
" If your auguſt, unerring wills decreed,
" That ſtates, and kings, and families muſt bleed,
" Why was I ſingled to perform the part,
" Unſteel'd my ſoul, unpetrified my heart?
" What had I done, a child, an embryo man,
" Ere paſſions could unfold, or thought began?
" Yet then condemn'd, an infant wretch I fled,
" Blood on my hands, and curſes on my head.
" O had I periſh'd ſo! but fortune ſmil'd,
" To make her frowns more dire.—This vagrant
child
" Became the friend of kings, to curſe them all,
" And with new horrors dignify his fall"
Then eager ſnatch'd his ſword. " For murders paſt
" What have I not endur'd?—be this my laſt,"
And pierc'd his breaſt. " This fated arm ſhall pour
" Your ſtreams of wrath, and hurl your bolts no
" more.
" For pangs ſuſtain'd, oblivion's all I crave;
" O let my ſoul forget them in the grave!
" Alas, forgive the wretch your judgments doom
" Dark are your ways, I wander in the gloom,

" Nor ſhould perhaps complain.—Be grief my
" ſhare;
" But, if your heav'n has mercy, pour it there,
" On yon heart-broken king, on yon diſtracted
" fair."

He ſpake, and drew the ſteel; the weeping train
Support him to the bier, he graſps the ſlain,
There feels the laſt ſad joy his ſoul deſires,
And on his Atys' much-lov'd breaſt expires.

* O happy both, if I, if I could ſhed
" Thoſe tears eternal, which embalm the dead;"
While round Britannia's coaſt old ocean raves,
And to her ſtandard roll th' embattled waves,
Fair empreſs of the deep; ſo long your names
Should live lamented by her brighteſt dames;
Who oft, at evening, ſhould with tears relate
The murder'd friend, and poor Idalia's fate;
And oft, inquiring from their lovers, hear
How Croeſus mourn'd a twice revolving year,
Then rous'd at Cyrus' name, and glory's charms,
Shook off enervate grief, and ſhone again in arms.

## ANN BOLEYN TO HENRY THE EIGHTH.

AN HEROIC EPISTLE. 1743.

" Ne quid inexpertum fruſtra moritura relinquat."
VIRG.

The principal hints of the following epiſtle are taken from the celebrated laſt letter of Ann Boleyn to Henry the Eighth, publiſhed in the Spectator, No. 397. The author hopes the additions he has made to it may appear natural in her unfortunate ſituation.

If ſighs could ſoften, or diſtreſs could move
Obdurate hearts, and boſoms dead to love,
Already ſure theſe tears had ceas'd to flow,
And Henry's ſmiles reliev'd his Anna's woe.
Yet ſtill I write, ſtill breathe a fruitleſs prayer,
The laſt fond effort of extreme deſpair.
As ſome poor ſhipwreck'd wretch, for ever loſt,
In ſtrong deluſion graſps the leſs'ning coaſt,
Thinks it ſtill near, howe'er the billows drive,
And but with life reſigns the hopes to live.
You bid me live; but oh how dire the means!
Virtue ſtarts back, and conſcious pride diſdains.
Confeſs my crime?—what crime ſhall I confeſs?
In what ſtrange terms the hideous falſehood dreſs?
A vile adultreſs! Heav'n defend my fame!
Condemn'd for acting what I fear'd to name.
Blaſt the foul wretch, whoſe impious tongue could dare
With ſounds like thoſe to wound the royal ear.
To wound?—alas! they only pleas'd too well,
And cruel Henry ſmil'd when Anna fell.
Why was I rais'd, why bade to ſhine on high
A pageant queen, an earthly deity?
This flower of beauty, ſmall, and void of art,
Too weak to fix a mighty ſovereign's heart,
In life's low vale its humbler charms had ſpread,
While ſtorms roll'd harmleſs o'er its ſhelter'd head:
Had found, perhaps, a kinder gath'rer's hand,
Grown to his breaſt, and, by his care ſuſtain'd,
Had bloom'd a while, then, gradual in decay,
Grac'd with a tear had calmly paſs'd away.
Yet, when thus rais'd, I taught my chaſte deſires
To know their lord, and burn with equal fires.
Why then theſe bonds? Is this that regal ſtate,
The fair expects whom Henry bids be great?
Are theſe lone walls, and never-varied ſcenes,
The envied manſion of Britannia's queens?
Where diſtant ſounds in hollow murmurs die,
Where moſs-grown tow'rs obſtruct the trav'lling eye,
Where o'er dim ſuns eternal damps prevail,
And health ne'er enters wafted by the gale.
How curs'd the wretch, to ſuch ſad ſcenes confin'd,
If guilt's dread ſcorpions laſh his tortur'd mind,
When injur'd innocence is taught to fear,
And coward virtue weeps and trembles here!
Nay, ev'n when ſleep ſhould ev'ry care allay,
And ſoftly ſteal th' impriſon'd ſoul away,
Quick to my thoughts excurſive fancy brings
Long viſionary trains of martyr'd kings.
There pious * Henry, recent from the blow,
There ill-ſtarr'd * Edward lifts his infant brow.
Unhappy prince! thy weak defenceleſs age
Might ſoften rocks, or ſooth the tiger's rage;
But not on theſe thy harder fates depend,
Man, man purſues, and murder is his end.
Such may my † child, ſuch dire protectors find,
Through av'rice cruel, through ambition blind.
No kind condolance in her utmoſt need,
Her friends all baniſh'd, and her parent dead!
O hear me, Henry, huſband, father, hear,
If e'er thoſe names were gracious in thy ear,
Since I muſt die (and ſo thy eaſe requires,
For love admits not of divided fires),
O to thy babe thy tend'reſt cares extend,
As parent cheriſh, and as king defend!
Transferr'd to her, with tranſport I reſign
Thy faithleſs heart—if e'er that heart was mine.
Nor may remorſe thy guilty cheek inflame,
When the ſond prattler liſps her mother's name;
No tear ſtart conſcious when ſhe meets your eye,
No heart-felt pang extort th' unwilling ſigh,
Leſt ſhe ſhould find, and ſtrong is nature's call,
I fell untimely, and lament my fall;
Forget that duty which high Heav'n commands,
And meet ſtrict juſtice from a father's hands.
No, rather ſay what malice can invent,
My crimes enormous, ſmall my puniſhment.
Pleas'd will I view from yon ſecurer ſhore
Life, virtue, love too loſt, and weep no more,
If in your breaſts the bonds of union grow,
And undiſturb'd the ſtreams of duty flow.
—Yet can I tamely court the lifted ſteel,
Nor honour's wounds with ſtrong reſentment feel?
Ye powers! that thought improves ev'n terror's king,
Adds horrors to his brow, and torments to his ſting.
No, try me, prince; each word, each action weigh,
My rage could dictate, or my fears betray;
Each ſigh, each ſmile, each diſtant hint that hung
On broken ſounds of an unmeaning tongue.
Recount each glance of theſe unguarded eyes,
The ſeats where paſſion, void of reaſon, lies;

* Fortunati ambo, ſi quid mea carmina poſſunt, &c. VIRG.

* *Henry VI. and Edward V. both murdered in the Tower.*

† *Afterwards Queen Elizabeth.*

In thoſe clear mirrors every thought appears;
Tell all their frailties—oh explain their tears!
Yes, try me, prince; but ah! let truth prevail,
And juſtice only hold the equal ſcale.
Ah, let not thoſe the fatal ſentence give,
Whom brothels bluſh to own, yet courts receive!
Baſe, vulgar ſouls—and ſhall ſuch wretches raiſe
A queen's concern? to fear them, were to praiſe.
Yet oh! (dread thought) oh muſt I, muſt I ſay,
Henry commands, and theſe conſtrain'd obey?
Too well I know his faithleſs boſom pants
For charms, alas! which hapleſs Anna wants.
Yet once thoſe charms this faded face could boaſt,
Too cheaply yielded, and too quickly loſt.
Will *ſhe, O think, whom now your ſnares purſue,
Will ſhe for ever pleaſe, be ever new?
Or muſt ſhe, meteor like, a while be great,
Then weeping fall, and ſhare thy Anna's fate?
Miſguided maid! who now perhaps has form'd,
In tranſport melting, with ambition warm'd,
Long future greatneſs in ecſtatic ſchemes,
Looſe plans of wild delight, and golden dreams!
Alas! ſhe knows not with how ſwift decay
Thoſe viſionary glories fleet away.
Alas! ſhe knows not the ſad time will come,
When Henry's eyes to other nymphs ſhall roam:
When ſhe ſhall vainly ſigh, plead, tremble, rave,
And drop, perhaps, a tear on Anna's grave.
Elſe would ſhe ſooner truſt the wint'ry ſea,
Rocks, deſerts, monſters—any thing than thee:
Thee, whom deceit inſpires, whoſe every breath
Sooths to deſpair, and every ſmile is death.
Fool that I was! I ſaw my riſing fame
Gild the ſad ruins of a †nobler name.
For me the force of ſacred ties diſown'd,
A realm inſulted, and a queen dethron'd.
Yet fondly wild, by love, by fortune led,
Excus'd the crime, and ſhar'd the guilty bed.
With ſpecious reaſon lull'd each riſing care,
And hugg'd deſtruction in a form ſo fair.
'Tis juſt, ye powers; no longer I complain,
Vain be my tears, my boaſted virtues vain;
Let rage, let flames, this deſtin'd wretch purſue,
Who begs to die—but begs that death from you.
Ah! why muſt Henry the dread mandate ſeal?
Why muſt his hand, uninjur'd, point the ſteel?
Say, for you ſearch the images that roll
In deep receſſes of the inmoſt ſoul,
Say, did ye e'er amid thoſe numbers find
One wiſh diſloyal, or one thought unkind?
Then ſnatch me, blaſt me, let the lightning's wing
Avert this ſtroke, and ſave the guilty king.
Let not my blood, by lawleſs paſſion ſhed,
Draw down Heav'n's vengeance on his ſacred head,
But nature's power prevent the dire decree,
And my hard lord without a crime be free.
Still, ſtill I live, Heav'n hears not what I ſay,
Or turns, like Henry, from my pray'rs away.
Rejected, loſt, O whither ſhall I fly,
I fear not death, yet dread the means to die!
To thee, O God, to thee again I come,
The ſinner's refuge, and the wretch's home!
Since ſuch thy will, farewell my blaſted fame,
Let foul detraction ſeize my injur'd name!

No pang, no fear, no fond concern I'll know,
Nay, ſmile in death, though Henry gives the blow.
And now, reſign'd, my boſom lighter grows,
And hope, ſoft-beaming, brightens all my woes.
Releaſe me, earth; ye mortal bonds untie:
Why loiters Henry, when I pant to die?
For angels call, Heav'n opens at the ſound,
And glories blaze, and mercy ſtreams around.
* Adieu, ye ſanes, whoſe purer flames anew
Roſe with my riſe, and as I flouriſh'd grew.
Well may ye now my weak protection ſpare,
The pow'r that fix'd you ſhall preſerve you there.
Small was my part, yet all I could employ,
And Heav'n repays it with eternal joy.
Thus rapt, O King! thus lab'ring to be free,
My gentleſt paſſport ſtill depends on thee.
My hov'ring ſoul, though rais'd to Heaven by prayer,
Still bends to earth, and finds one ſorrow there;
Breathes for another's life its lateſt groan—
Reſign'd and happy, might I part alone!
Why frowns my lord?—ere yet the ſtroke's decreed,
O hear a ſiſter for a †brother plead!
By Heaven he's wrong'd—alas! why that to you?
You know he's wrong'd—you know, and yet purſue.
Unhappy youth! what anguiſh he endures!—
Was it for this he preſs'd me to be yours,
When ling'ring, wav'ring, on the brink I ſtood,
And ey'd obliquely the too tempting flood?
Was it for this his laviſh tongue diſplay'd
A monarch's graces to a love-ſick maid?
With ſtudied art conſenting nature fir'd,
And forc'd my will to what it moſt deſir'd?
Did he, enchanted by the flatt'ring ſcene,
Delude the ſiſter, and exalt the queen,
To fall attendant on that ſiſter's ſhade,
And die a victim with the queen he made?
And, witneſs Heav'n, I'd bear to ſee him die,
Did not that thought bring back the dreadful why:
The blaſting foulneſs, that muſt ſtill defame
Our lifeleſs aſhes, and united name.
—Ah ſtop, my ſoul, nor let one thought purſue
That fatal track, to wake thy pangs anew.—
Perhaps ſome pitying bard ſhall ſave from death
Our mangled fame, and teach our woes to breathe;
Some kind hiſtorian's pious leaves diſplay
Our hapleſs loves, and waſh the ſtains away.
Fair truth ſhall bleſs them, virtue guard their cauſe,
And every chaſte-ey'd matron weep applauſe.
Yet, though no bard ſhould ſing, or ſage record,
I ſtill ſhall vanquiſh my too faithleſs lord;
Shall ſee at laſt my injur'd cauſe prevail,
When pitying angels hear the mournful tale.
—And muſt thy wife, by Heav'n's ſevere command,
Before his throne thy ſad accuſer ſtand?
O Henry, chain my tongue, thy guilt atone,
Prevent my ſuff'rings—ah! prevent thy own!
Or hear me, Heav'n, ſince Henry's ſtill unkind,
With ſtrong repentance touch his guilty mind,

* *Lady Jane Seymour.*
† *Catharine of Arragon.*

* *Her marriage with King Henry was a means of introducing the Proteſtant religion, of which ſhe was a great patroneſs.*
† *George Boleyn, Viſcount Rochford.*

And oh! when anguiſh tears his lab'ring ſoul,
Through his rack'd breaſt when keeneſt horrors roll,
When, weeping, grov'ling in the duſt he lies,
An humbled wretch, a bleeding ſacrifice,
Then let me bear ('tis all my griefs ſhall claim,
For life's loſt honours, and polluted fame),
Then let me bear thy mandate from on high,
With kind forgiveneſs let his Anna fly,
From every pang the much-lov'd ſuff'rer free,
And breathe that mercy he denies to me.

## ON RIDICULE. 1743.

Ασβεστος δ' αρ' ενωρτο γελως. HOMER.

'TWAS ſaid of old, deny it now who can,
The only laughing animal is man.
The bear may leap, its lumpiſh cubs in view,
Or ſportive cat her circling tail purſue;
The grin deep-lengthen pug's half-human face,
Or prick'd-up ear confeſs the ſimp'ring aſs:
In awkward geſtures awkward mirth be ſhown,
Yet, ſpite of geſture, man ſtill laughs alone.
Th' all-powerful hand, which, taught yon ſun to ſhine,
Firſt dreſs'd in ſmiles the human face divine;
And early innocence, unſpoil'd by art, [heart.
Through the glad eye betray'd th' o'erflowing
No weak diſguſts diſturb'd the ſocial plan,
A brother's frailties but proclaim'd him man.
Nought perfect here they found, nor ought requir'd,
Excus'd the weakneſs, and the worth admir'd.
Succeeding ages more ſagacious grew; [too,
They mark'd our foibles, and would mend them
Each, ſtrangely wiſe, ſaw what was juſt and beſt,
And by his model would reform the reſt:
The reſt, impatient, or reject with ſcorn
The ſpecious inſult, or with pride return;
Till all meet all with controverſial eyes,
If wrong refute them, and if right deſpiſe.
Not with their lives, but pointed wits, contend,
Too weak to vanquiſh, and too vain to mend.
Our mirthful age, to all extremes a prey,
Ev'n courts the laſh, and laughs her pains away.
Declining worth imperial wit ſupplies,
And Momus triumphs, while Aſtræa flies.
No truth ſo ſacred, banter cannot hit,
No fool ſo ſtupid, but he aims at wit.
Ev'n thoſe, whoſe breaſts ne'er plann'd one virtuous deed,
Nor rais'd a thought beyond the earth they tread;
Ev'n thoſe can cenſure, thoſe can dare deride
A Bacon's av'rice, or a Tully's pride;
And ſneer at human checks by nature given,
To curb perfection ere it rival heaven:
Nay, chiefly ſuch in theſe low arts prevail,
Whoſe want of talents leaves them time to rail.
Born for no end, they worſe than uſeleſs grow
(As waters poiſon if they ceaſe to flow);
And peſts become, whom kinder fate deſign'd
But harmleſs expletives of human kind.
See with what zeal th' inſiduous taſk they ply!
Where ſhall the prudent, where the virtuous fly?
Lurk as ye can, if they direct the ray,
The verieſt atoms in the ſun-beams play.
No venial ſlip their quick attention 'ſcapes;
They trace each Proteus through his hundred ſhapes;
To mirth's tribunal drag the caitif train,
Where mercy ſleeps, and nature pleads in vain.
And whence this luſt to laugh? what fond pretence,
Why Shaftſh'ry tells us, mirth's the teſt of ſenſe;
Th' enchanted touch, which fraud and falſehood fear,
Like Una's mirror, or Ithuriel's ſpear.
Not ſo fair truth—aloft her temple ſtands
The work and glory of immortal hands.
Huge rocks of adamant its baſe enfold,
Steel bends the arch, the columns ſwell in gold.
No ſtorms, no tumults, reach the ſacred ſane;
Waves idly beat, and winds grow loud in vain.
The ſhaft ſinks pointleſs, ere it verges there,
And the dull hiſs but dies away in air.
Yet let me ſay, howe'er ſecure it riſe,
Sly fraud may reach it, and cloſe craft ſurpriſe.
Truth, drawn like truth, muſt blaze divinely bright;
But, drawn like error, truth may cheat the ſight.
Some awkward epithet, with ſkill apply'd,
Some ſpecious hints, which half their meanings hide,
Can right and wrong moſt courteouſly confound,
Banditti like, to ſtun us ere they wound.
Is there an art, through ſcience' various ſtore,
But, madly ſtrain'd, becomes an art no more?
Is there a virtue, falſehood can't diſguiſe?
Betwixt two vices every virtue lies:
To this, to that, the doubtful beam incline,
Or mirth's falſe balance take, the triumph's thine.
Let mighty Newton with an Augur's hand,
Through heaven's high concave ſtretch th' imperial wand,
The vagrant comet's dubious path aſſign,
And lead from ſtar to ſtar th' unerring line:
Who but with tranſport lifts his piercing eye,
Fond to be loſt in vaſt immenſity!
But ſhould your * taylor, with as much of thought,
Erect his quadrant, ere he cuts your coat;
The parchment ſlips with algebra o'erſpread,
And calculations ſcrawl on ev'ry ſhred;
Art miſapply'd muſt ſtare you in the face,
Nor could you, grave, the long deductions trace.
Fond of one art, moſt men the reſt forego;
And all's ridiculous, but what they know.
Freely they cenſure lands they ne'er explore,
With tales they learn'd from coaſters on the ſhore,
As Afric's petty kings, perhaps, who hear
Of diſtant ſtates from ſome weak traveller,
Imperfect hints with eager ears devour,
And ſneer at Europe's fate, and Britain's power.
All arts are uſeful, as all nature good,
Correctly known, and temp'rately purſued.
The active ſoul, that heav'n-born lamp, requires
Still new ſupports to feed, and raiſe its fires;
And ſcience' ample ſtores expanded ſtand,
As diff'rent aids the varying flames demand.
And, as the ſylvan chaſe bids bodies glow,
And purple health through vig'rous channels flow:
So fares the infant mind, by nature drawn,
By genius rous'd at reaſon's early dawn;
Which dares fair learning's arduous ſeats invade,
Climb the tall cliff or pierce th' entangled ſhade;

* "*Your taylor,*" &c. *ſee Gulliver's Travels, Voyage to Laputa.*

New health, new ſtrength, new force its powers receive,
And 'tis from toil th' immortal learns to live.
Or, if too harſh each boiſt'rous labour proves,
The muſe conducts us to more happy groves;
Where ſport her ſiſter arts, with myrtles crown'd,
Expreſſive pict'ure, and perſuaſive ſound;
Where truth's rough rules the gentleſt lays impart,
And virtue ſteals harmonious on the heart.
We oft, 'tis true, miſtake the ſat'riſt's aim,
Not arts themſelves, but their abuſe they blame.
Yet, if, cruſaders like, their zeal be rage,
They hurt the cauſe in which their arms engage:
On heav'nly anvils forge the temper'd ſteel,
Which fools can brandiſh, and the wiſe may feel.
Readers are few, who nice diſtinctions form,
Supinely cool, or credulouſly warm.
'Tis jeſt, 'tis earneſt, as the words convey
Some glimm'ring ſenſe to lead weak heads aſtray.
And when, too anxious for ſome art aſſail'd,
You point the latent flaw by which it fail'd;
Each to his bias leans, a ſteady fool,
And, for the part defective, damns the whole.
In elder James's ever peaceful reign,
Who ſway'd alike the ſceptre and the pen,
Had ſome rough poet, with ſatiric rage,
Alarm'd the court, and laſh'd the pedant age;
What freights of genius on that rock had ſplit?
Where now were learning, and where now were wit?
Matur'd and full the riſing foreſt grows,
Ere its wiſe owner lops th' advancing boughs:
For oaks, like arts, a length of years demand,
And ſhade the ſhepherd, ere they grace the land.
Where then may cenſure fall? 'tis hard to ſay;
On all that's wrong it may not, and it may.
In life, as arts, it aſks our niceſt care,
But hurts us more, as more immediate there.
Reſign we freely to th' unthinking crowd
Their ſtanding jeſt, which ſwells the laugh ſo loud,
The mountain back, or head advanc'd too high,
A leg miſ-ſhapen, or diſtorted eye:
We pity faults by nature's hand impreſt;
Therſites' mind, but not his form's the jeſt.
Here then we fix, and laſh without controul
Theſe mental peſts, and hydras of the ſoul;
Acquir'd ill-nature, ever prompt debate,
A zeal for ſlander, and delib'rate hate:
Theſe court contempt, proclaim the public foe,
And each * Ulyſſes like, ſhould aim the blow.
Yet ſure, ev'n here, our motives ſhould be known:
Rail we to check his ſpleen, or eaſe our own?
Does injur'd virtue ev'ry ſhaft ſupply,
Arm the keen tongue, and fluſh th' erected eye?
Or do we from ourſelves ourſelves diſguiſe;
And act, perhaps, the villain we chaſtiſe?
Hope we to mend him? hopes, alas, how vain!
He feels the laſh, not liſtens to the reign.
'Tis dangerous too, in theſe licentious times,
Howe'er ſevere the ſmile, to ſport with crimes,
Vices when ridicul'd, experience ſays,
Firſt loſe that horror which they ought to raiſe,
Grow by degrees approv'd, and almoſt aim at praiſe.

* *Iliad* ii.

When Tully's tongue the Roman Clodius draws,
How laughing ſatire weakens Milo's cauſe!
Each pict'ur'd vice ſo impudently bad,
The crimes turn frolics, and the villain mad;
Rapes, murders, inceſt, treaſons, mirth create,
And Rome ſcarce hates the author of her fate.
'Tis true, the comic muſe, confin'd to rules,
Supply'd the laws, and ſham'd the tardy ſchools;
With living precepts urg'd the moral truth,
And by example form'd the yielding youth.
The titled knave with honeſt freedom ſhown,
His perſon mimic'd, nor his name unknown,
Taught the young breaſt its opening thoughts to raiſe
From dread of infamy to love of praiſe,
From thence to virtue; there perfection ends,
As gradual from the root the flower aſcends;
Strain'd through the varying ſtems the juices flow,
Bloom o'er the top, and leave their dregs below.
'Twas thus a while th' inſtructive ſtage ſurvey'd,
From breaſt to breaſt its glowing influence ſpread.
Till, from his nobler taſk by paſſions won,
The man unravell'd what the bard had done;
And he, whoſe warmth had fir'd a nation's heart,
Debas'd to private piques the gen'rous art.
Here ſunk the muſe, and, uſeleſs by degrees,
She ceas'd to profit, as ſhe ceas'd to pleaſe.
No longer wit a judging audience charm'd,
Who, rous'd not fir'd, not raptur'd but alarm'd,
To well-tun'd ſcandal lent a jealous ear,
And through the faint applauſe betray'd the fear.
We, like Menander, more diſcreetly dare,
And well-bred ſatire wears a milder air.
Still vice we brand, or titled fools diſgrace,
But dreſs in fable's guiſe the borrow'd face.
Or as the bee, through nature's wild retreats,
Drinks the moiſt fragrance from th' unconſcious ſweets,
To injure none, we lightly range the ball,
And glean from diff'rent knaves the copious gall;
Extract, compound, with all a chemiſt's ſkill,
And claim the motley characters who will.
Happy the muſe, could thus her tuneful aid
To ſenſe, to virtue, wake the more than dead!
But few to fiction lend attentive ears,
They view the face, but ſoon forget 'tis theirs.
" 'Twas not from them the bard their likeneſs
" ſtole,
" The random pencil haply hit the mole;
" Ev'n from their prying foes ſuch ſpecks retreat;"
—They hide them from themſelves, and crown the cheat.
Or ſhould, perhaps, ſome ſofter clay admit
The fly impreſſions of inſtructive wit;
To virtue's ſide in conſcious ſilence ſteal,
And glow with goodneſs, ere we find they feel;
Yet more, 'tis fear'd, will cloſer methods take,
And keep with caution what they can't forſake;
For fear of man in his moſt mirthful mood,
May make us hypocrites, but ſeldom good.
And what avails that ſcas confeſs their bounds,
If ſubtler inſects ſap the Belgian mounds?
Though no wing'd miſchief cleave the mid-day ſkies,
Still through the dark the baleful venom flies,
Still virtue feels a ſure though ling'ring fate,
And, ſtabb'd in ſecret, bleeds th' unguarded ſtate.

Beſides, in men have varying paſſions made
Such nice confuſions, blending light with ſhade,
That eager zeal to laugh the vice away
May hurt ſome virtue's intermingling ray.
Mens faults, like Martin's * broider'd coat, demand
The niceſt touches of the ſteadieſt hand.
Some yield with eaſe, while ſome their poſts maintain;
And parts defective will at laſt remain. [bend;
There, where they beſt ſucceed, your labours
Nor render uſeleſs, what you ſtrive to mend.
The youthful Curio bluſh'd whene'er he ſpoke,
His ill-tim'd modeſty the general joke; [dure—
Sneer'd by his friends, nor could that ſneer en-
Behold, ſad inſtance of their ſkill to cure! [fore,
The conſcious blood, which fir'd his cheek be-
Now leaves his boſom cool, and warns no more.
But affectation—there, we all confeſs,
Strong are the motives, and the danger leſs.
Sure we may ſmile where fools themſelves have made,
As balk'd ſpectators of a farce ill play'd,
And laugh, if ſatire's breath ſhould rudely raiſe
The painted plumes which vanity diſplays.
O fruitful ſource of everlaſting mirth!
For fools, like apes, are mimics from their birth.
By faſhion govern'd, nature each neglects,
And barters graces for admir'd defects.
The artful hypocrites, who virtue wear,
Confeſs, at leaſt, the ſacred form is fair;
And apes of ſcience equally allow
The ſcholar's title to the laurell'd brow;
But what have thoſe 'gainſt ſatire's laſh to plead,
Who court with zeal what others fly with dread?
Affect ev'n vice! poor folly's laſt excels,
As Picts miſtook deformity for dreſs, [charms,
And ſmear'd with ſo much art their hideous
That the grim beauty ſcar'd you from her arms.
Too oft theſe follies† baſk in virtue's ſhine,
The wild luxuriance of a ſoil too fine.
Yet oh, repreſs them, wherefoe'er they riſe—
But how perform it?—there the danger lies.
Short are the leſſons taught in nature's ſchool,
Here each peculiar aſks a ſep'rate rule.
Nice is the taſk, be gen'ral if you can,
Or ſtrike with caution, if you point the man:
And think, O think, the cauſe by all aſſign'd
To raiſe our laughter, makes it moſt unkind:
For though from nature theſe no ſtrength receive,
We give them nature when we bid them live.
Like Jove's Minerva ſprings the gentle train,
The genuine offspring of each teeming brain;
On which, like tend'reſt fires, we fondly doat,
Plan future fame in luxury of thought,
And ſcarce at laſt, o'erpower'd by foes or friends,
Torn from our breaſts, the dear deluſion ends.
Then let good-nature every charm exert,
And, while it mends it, win th' enfolding heart.
Let moral mirth a face of triumph wear,
Yet ſmile unconſcious of th' extorted tear.
See, with what grace inſtructive ſatire flows,
Politely keen, in Clio's number'd proſe!
That great example ſhould our zeal excite,
And cenſors learn from Addiſon to write.

So, in our age, too prone to ſport with pain,
Might ſoft humanity reſume her reign;
Pride without rancour feel th' objected fault,
And folly bluſh, as willing to be taught;
Critics grow mild, life's witty warfare ceaſe,
And true good-nature breathe the balm of peace.

## ON NOBILITY.

### AN EPISTLE TO THE EARL OF ——

Poets, my lord, by ſome unlucky fate
Condemn'd to flatter the too eaſy great,
Have oft, regardleſs of their heav'n-born flame,
Enſhrin'd a title, and ador'd a name;
For idol deities forſook the true,
And paid to greatneſs what was virtue's due.
Yet hear, at leaſt, one recreant bard maintain
Their incenſe fruitleſs, and your honours vain:
Teach you to ſcorn th' auxiliar props, that raiſe
The painted produce of theſe ſun-ſhine days;
Proud from yourſelf, like India's worm, to weave
Th' ennobling thread, which fortune cannot give.
In two ſhort precepts your whole leſſon lies;
Would you be great?—be virtuous, and be wiſe.
In elder time, e'er heralds yet were known
To gild the vain with glories not their own;
Or infant language ſaw ſuch terms prevail,
As feſs and chev'ron, pale and contrepale;
'Twas he alone the ſhaggy ſpoils might wear,
Whoſe ſtrength ſubdu'd the lion, or the bear;
For him the roſy ſpring with ſmiles beheld
Her honours ſtript from every grove and field;
For him the ruſtic quires with ſongs advance;
For him the virgins form the annual dance.
Born to protect, like gods they hail the brave;
And ſure 'twas godlike, to be born to ſave!
In Turkey ſtill theſe ſimple manners reign,
Though Pharamond has liv'd, and Charlemagne:
The cottage hind may there admitted riſe
A chief, or ſtateſman, as his talent lies;
And all, but Othman's race, the only proud,
Fall with their ſires, and mingle with the crowd.
Politer courts, ingenious to extend
The father's virtues, bid his pomps deſcend;
Chiefs premature with ſuaſive wreaths adorn,
And force to glory heroes yet unborn,
* Plac'd like Hamilcar's ſon, their path's confin'd,
Forward they muſt, for monſters preſs behind;
Monſters more dire than Spain's, or Barca's ſnakes,
If fame they graſp not, infamy o'ertakes.
'Tis the ſame virtue's vigorous, juſt effort
Muſt grace alike St. James's or the Porte;
Alike, my lord, muſt Turk, or Britiſh peer,
Be to his king, and to his country dear;
Alike muſt either honour's cauſe maintain,
You to preſerve a fame, and they to gain.

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* *Tale of a Tub.* † *Affectations.*

* *Ibi fama eſt, in quiete viſum ab eo Juvencum divinâ ſpecie, qui ſe ab Jove diceret ducem in Italiam Annibali miſſum. Proinde ſequeretur, neque uſquam à ſe deflecteret oculas. Pavidum primo, nuſquam reſpicientem, &c.—Tandem,—temperare oculis nequiviſſe: tum vidiſſe poſt ſe ſerpentem mirâ magnitudine cum ingenti arborum ac virgultorum ſtrage ferri, &c.* Liv. lib. xxi. c. 22.

For birth——precarious were that boasted gem,
Though worth flow'd copious in the vital stream:
(Of which a sad reverse historians preach,
And sage experience proves the truths they teach.)
For say, ye great, who boast another's scars,
And, like Busiris, end among the stars,
What is this boon of heav'n? dependent still
On woman's weakness, and on woman's will.
Might not, in Pagan days, and open air,
Some wand'ring Jove surprise th' unguarded fair?
And did your gentle grandames always prove
Stern rebels to the charms of lawless love?
And never pity'd, at some tender time,
*A dying Damian, with'ring in his prime?
Or, more politely to their vows untrue,
Lov'd, and elop'd, as modern ladies do?

But grant them virtuous, were they all of birth?
Did never nobles mix with vulgar earth,
And city maids to envy'd heights translate,
Subdu'd by passion, and decay'd estate?
Or, sigh, still humbler, to the passing gales
By turf-built cots in daisy-painted vales?
Who does not, Pamela, thy suff'rings feel?
Who has not wept at beauteous Grisel's wheel?
†And each fair marchioness, that Gallia pours
(Exotic sorrows) to Britannia's shores?

Then blame us not, if backward to comply
With your demands: we fear a forgery.
In spite of patents, and of kings decrees,
And blooming coronets on parchment-trees,
Your proofs are gone, your very claims are lost,
But by the manners of that race you boast.
O if true virtue fires their gen'rous blood,
The feel for fame, the pant for public good,
The kind concern for innocence distress,
The Titus' wish to make a people blest,
At every deed we see their father's tomb
Shoot forth new laurels in eternal bloom;
We hear the rattling car, the neighing steeds,
A Poictiers thunders, and a Cressy bleeds!
Titles and birth, like di'monds from the mine,
Must by your worth be polish'd e'er they shine;
Thence drink new lustre, there unite their rays,
And stream through ages one unsully'd blaze.

But what avails the crest with flow'rets crown'd,
The mother virtuous, or the sires renown'd,
If, from the breathing walls, those sires behold
The midnight gamester trembling for his gold:
And see those hours, when sleep their toils repair'd, [guard,)
(Or, if they wak'd, they wak'd for Britain's
Now on lewd loves bestow'd, or drench'd in wine,
Drown and embrute the particle divine?
How must they wish, with many a sigh, unheard
The warmest pray'r they once to heav'n prefer'd!
When not content with fame for kingdoms won,
They sought an added boon, and ask'd a son;
That cloud eternal in their sky serene,
That dull dead weight that drags them down to men,
And speaks as plainly as the muse's tongue,
" Frail were the sires from whom we mortals sprung."

* *See January and May in Chaucer, and Mr. Pope.*

† *Marriane, the Fortunate Country Maid, &c.*

Incense to such may breathe, but breathes in vain,
The dusky vapour but obscures the fane:
*Loretto's lady like, such patrons bear
The flatt'ring stains of many a live-long year;
While but to shame them beams fictitious day,
And their own filth th' eternal lamps betray.
Tell us ye names preserv'd from Charles's times
In dedication prose, heroic rhymes;
Would ye not now, with equal joy resign
(Though taught to flow in Dryden's strain divine)
The awkard virtues never meant to fit,
The alien morals, and imputed wit,
Whose very praise but lends a fatal breath
To save expiring infamy from death?
And yet, in conqu'ring vice small virtue lies;
The weak can shun it, and the vain despise.
'Tis yours my lord, to form a nobler aim,
And build on active merit endless fame;
Unlike the loit'ring, still forgotten crowd,
Who, ev'n at best but negatively good, [days,
Through sloth's dull round drag out a length of
While life's dun taper gradually decays;
And numbers fall, and numbers rise the same,
Their country's burden, and their nature's shame.

What though in youth, while flatt'ring hopes presume
On health's vain flourish for long years to come,
Thoughtless and gay, a mad good-nature draws
From followers flatt'ry, and from crowds applause;
Nay from the wife, by some capricious whim,
Should, mix'd with pity, force a faint esteem:
Yet will in age that syren charm prevail,
When cares grow peevish, and when spirits fail;
Or must, despis'd, each fool of fortune sigh
O'er years mispent with retrospective eye,
Till pomp's last honours load the pageant bier,
And much solemnity without a tear?

'Tis yours with judgment nobly to bestow,
And treasure joys the bounteous only know.
See, sav'd from sloth by you, with venial pride,
Laborious health the stubborn glebe divide;
Instructed want her folded arms unbend,
And smiling industry the loom attend.
Yours too the task to spread indulgent ease,
Steal cares from wrinkled age, disarm disease;
Insulted worth from proud oppression screen,
And give neglected science where to lean.
Titles, like standard-flags, exalted rise,
To tell the wretched where protection lies;
And he who hears unmov'd affliction's claim,
Deserts his duty, and denies his name.

Nor is't enough, though to no bounds confin'd,
Your cares instruct, or bounties bless mankind.
'Tis yours, my lord, with various skill to trace,
By history's clue, the statesman's subtle maze;
Observe the springs that mov'd each nice machine,
Not laid too open, and not drawn too thin;
From Grecian mines bring sterling treasures home,
And grace your Britain with the spoils of Rome;
But chief that Britain's gradual rise behold,
The changing world's reverse, from lead to gold:
Happy at last, through storms in freedom's cause,
Through fierce prerogative, and trampled laws,

* *See Dr. Middleton's Letter from Rome, (4th edit. octavo) page 155.*

To blend ſuch ſeeming inconſiſtent things,
As ſtrength with eaſe, and liberty with kings.
Know too, where Europe's wav'ring fates depend,
What ſtates can injure, and what ſtates defend,
Their ſtrength, their arts, their policies your own—
And then, like Pelham, make that wiſdom known.
Wake ev'ry latent faculty of ſoul,
Teach from your lips the glowing ſenſe to roll,
Till liſt'ning ſenates bleſs the kind alarm,
Convinc'd, not dazzled, and with judgment warm.
Superior talents, on the great beſtow'd,
Are Heav'n's peculiar inſtruments of good:
Not for the few, who have them, are deſign'd:
What flows from heav'n muſt flow for all mankind.
Bluſh then, ye peers, who, niggards of your ſtore,
Brood o'er the ſhining heap, not make it more;
Or Wilmot like, at ſome poor fool's expence,
Squander in wit the ſacred funds of ſenſe.
Wiſdom alone is true ambition's aim,
Wiſdom the ſource of virtue, and of fame,
Obtain'd with labour, for mankind employ'd,
And then, when moſt you ſhare it, beſt enjoy'd.
See! on you ſea-girt iſle the goddeſs ſtands,
And calls her vot'rys with applauding hands!
They pant, they ſtrain, they glow through climes unknown.
With added ſtrength, and ſpirits not their own.
Hark! what loud ſhouts each glad arrival hail!
How full fame's fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale!
How tempting nod the groves for ever green!
—"But tempeſts roar, and oceans roll between."—
Yet ſee, my lord, your friends around you brave
That roaring tempeſt, and contending wave.
See —— lab'ring through the billowy tide!
See —— impatient for the adverſe ſide!
O much-lov'd youths! to Britain juſtly dear,
Her ſpring, and promiſe of a fairer year.
Succeſs be theirs, whate'er their hopes engage,
Worth grace their youth, and honours crown their age,
And ev'ry warmeſt wiſh ſincere, and free,
My ſoul e'er breathes, O ——, for thee!
Hard is your ſtated taſk by all allow'd,
And modern greatneſs rarely burſts the cloud.
Lull'd high in fortune's ſilken lap, you feel
No ſhocks, nor turns of her uncertain wheel:
Amuſements dazzle, weak admirers gaze,
And flatt'ry ſooths, and indolence betrays.
Yet ſtill, my lord, on happy peers attends
That nobleſt privilege, to chooſe their friends;
The wiſe, the good are theirs, their call obey;
If pride refuſe not, fortune points the way.
Nor great your toils, on wiſdom's ſeas, compar'd
With theirs who ſhift the ſail, or watch the card.
For you, the ſages every depth explore,
For you, the ſlaves of ſcience ply the oar;
And nature's genii fly with ſails unfurl'd,
The Drake's and Raleigh's of the mental world.
But ſtay—too long mere Engliſh lays detain
Your light-wing'd thoughts, that rove beyond the main:
No fancy'd voyage there expects the gale,
No allegoric zephyr ſwells the ſail.
—Yet, e'er you go, e'er Gallia's pomp invades
The milder truth's of Granta's peaceful ſhades,
This verſe at leaſt be yours, and boldly tell,
That if you fall, not unadviſ'd you fell;
But, bleſt with virtue and with ſenſe adorn'd,
A willing victim of the fools you ſcorn'd.

## AN HYMN TO THE NYMPH OF BRISTOL SPRING, 1751.

" Hinc atque hinc vaſtæ rupes, geminique minantur
" In cœlum ſcopuli; tum ſylvis ſcena coruſcis
" Deſuper, horrentique atrum Nemus imminet umbra.
" Intus *Aquæ dulces*, vivoque ſedilia ſaxo
" Nympharum domus!"— VIRG.

Nymph of the fount! from whoſe auſpicious urn
Flows health, flows ſtrength, and beauty's roſeate bloom,
Which warms the virgin's cheek, thy gifts I ſing!
Whether inclining from thy rocky couch
Thou hear'ſt attentive, or with ſiſter-nymphs
Faſt by Sabina's hoarſe-reſounding ſtream,
Thou cull'ſt freſh flowers, regardleſs of my ſong.
Avonia, hear'ſt thou, from the neighb'ring ſtream
So call'd; or Briſtoduna; or the ſound
Well known, *Vincentia? Sithence from thy rock
The hermit pour'd his oriſons of old,
And, dying, to thy fount bequeath'd his name.
Whate'er thy title, thee the azure god
Of ocean erſt beheld, and to the ſhore
Faſt flew his pearly car; th' obſequious winds
Dropp'd their light pinions, and no ſounds were heard
In earth, air, ſea, but murmuring ſighs of love.
He left thee then; yet not penurious, left
Without a boon the violated maid;
But, grateful to thy worth, with bounteous hand
Gave thee to pour the ſalutary rill,
And pay this precious tribute to the main.
† And ſtill he viſits, faithful to his flame,
Thy moiſt abode, and each returning tide
Mingles his wave with thine; hence brackiſh oft
And foul, we ily th' adulterated draught
And ſcorn the proffer'd bev'rage; thoughtleſs we,
That then thy naiads hymenæals chaunt,
And rocks re-echo to the triton's ſhell. [pay
Love warm'd thy breaſt; to love thy waters
A kind regard: and thence the pallid maid
Who pines in fancy for ſome fav'rite youth
Drinks in new luſtre, and with furer aim
Darts more enliven'd glances. Thence the boy,
Who mourns in ſecret the polluted charms
Of Laïs or Corinna, grateful feels
Health's warm return, and pants for purer joys.

* *The ſpring at Briſtol is uſually called St. Vincent's Well, and the rocks near it St. Vincent's Rocks, on a fabulous tradition that that ſaint reſided there.*

† *The high tides in the Avon generally foul the ſpring in ſuch a manner as to make the waters improper to be drank till ſome hours afterward.*

Nor youth alone thy power indulgent owns;
Age ſhares thy bleſſings, and the tott'ring frame
By thee ſupported: not, Tithonus-like,
To linger in decay, and daily feel
A death in every pain; ſuch cruel aids,
Unknown to nature, art alone can lend:
But, taught by thee, life's latter fruits enjoy
A warmer winter, and at laſt fall off,
Shook by no boiſt'rous, or untimely blaſts.
But why on ſingle objects dwells my ſong?
Wide as the neighb'ring ſons of commerce waft
Their inexhauſted ſtores, to every clime
On every wind up-borne thy triumphs ſpread!
Thee the glad merchant hails, whom choice or fate
Leads to ſome diſtant home, where Sirius reigns,
And the blood boils with many a fell diſeaſe
Which Albion knows not. Thee the fable wretch
To eaſe whoſe burning entrails ſwells in vain
The citron's dewy moiſture, thee he hails;
And oft from ſome ſteep cliff, at early dawn,
In ſeas, in winds, or the vaſt void of heaven
Thy power unknown adores; or ranks, perhaps,
Amid his fabled gods Avouia's name.
Scar'd at thy preſence ſtart the train of death,
And hide their whips and ſcorpions. Thee confus'd
Slow Febris creeps from; thee the meagre fiend
Conſumption flies and checks his rattling coughs.
But chief the dread diſeaſe, whoſe wat'ry pow'r
Curb'd by thy wave reſtringent, knows its bounds,
And feels a firmer barrier. Ocean thus
Once flow'd, they ſay, impetuous; till reſtrain'd
By force almighty, ſtreams were taught to flow
In narrower channels, and once more relieve
The thirſty hind, and waſh the fruitful vale.
What ſhrieks, what groans, torment the lab'ring air,
And pierce th' aſtoniſh'd hearer? ah, behold
Yon agonizing wretch, that pants and writhes,
Rack'd with the ſtone, and calls on thee for eaſe!
Nor calls he long in vain; the balmly draught
Has done its office, and reſign'd and calm
The poor pale ſufferer ſinks to ſweet repoſe.
O could thy lenient wave thus charm to peace
That fiercer fiend Ill-nature; Argus-like,
Whoſe eyes ſtill open watch th' unwary ſteps
Which tread thy margin, and whoſe ſubtle brain
To real miſchief turns ideal ills!
But not thy ſtream nectareous, nor the ſmiles
Of roſy dimpled innocence, can charm
That monſter's rage: dark, dark as midnight damps,
And ten times deadlier, ſteals along unſeen
Her blaſting venom, and devours at once
Fair virtue's growth, and beauty's blooming ſpring.
But turn we from the ſight, and dive beneath
Thy darkſome caverns; or unwearied climb
Thy tow'ring mountains, ſtudious to explore
The latent ſeeds and magaz nes of health.
"Ye rocks that round me riſe, ye pendant woods
High waving to the breeze, ye gliding ſtreams
That ſteal in ſilence through the moſſy clefts
Unnumber'd, tell me in what ſecret vale
Hygeia ſhuns the day?—O, often ſeen
In ſtreams poetic, pour thy radiant form
Full on my ſight, and bleſs my waking ſenſe!—
But not to me ſuch viſions, not to me;
No ſon of Pæan I, like that ſweet bard
* Who ſung her charms profeſt; † or him, whoſe muſe
Now builds the lofty rhyme, and nobly wild
Crops each unfading flower from Pindar's brow,
To form freſh garlands for the naiad train.
Yet will I view her ſtill, however coy,
In dreams poetic; ſee her to the ſound
Of dulcet ſymphonies harmonious lead
Her ſportive ſiſter-graces, Mirth ſerene,
And Peace, ſweet inmate of the ſylvan ſhade.
Theſe are thy handmaids, goddeſs of the fount,
And theſe thy offſpring. Oft have I beheld
Their airy revels on the verdant ſteep
Of Avon, clear as fancy's eye could paint,
What time the dewy ſtar of eve invites
To lonely muſing, by the wave-worn beach,
Along the extended mead. Nor leſs intent
Their fairy forms I view, when from the height
Of Clifton, tow'ring mount, th' enraptur'd eye
Beholds the cultivated proſpect riſe
Hill above hill, with many a verdant bound
Of hedge-row chequer'd. Now on painted clouds
Sportive they roll, or down yon winding ſtream
Give their light mantles to the wafting wind,
And join the ſea-green ſiſters of the flood.
Happy the man whom theſe amuſive walks,
Theſe waking dreams delight! no cares moleſt
His vacant boſom: Solitude itſelf
But opens to his keener view new worlds,
Worlds of his own: from every genuine ſcene
Of nature's varying hand his active mind
Takes fire at once, and his full ſoul o'erflows
With Heaven's own bounteous joy; he too creates,
And with new beings peoples earth and air,
And ocean's deep domain. The bards of old,
The godlike Grecian bards, from ſuch fair founts
Drank inſpiration. Hence on airy clifts
Light ſatyrs danc'd, along the woodland ſhade
Pan's myſtic pipe reſounded, and each rill
Confeſs'd its tutelary power, like thine.
But not like thine, bright deity, their urns
Pour'd health's rare treaſures; on their graſſy ſides
The panting ſwain reclin'd with his tir'd flock
At ſultry noontide, or at evening led
His unyok'd heifers to the common ſtream.
Yet ſome there have been, and there are, like thee
Profuſe of liquid balm; from the fair train
‡ Of eldeſt Tadmor, where the ſapient king
For the faint traveller, and diſeas'd, confin'd
To ſalutary baths the fugitive ſtream.
And ſtill, though now perhaps their power unknown,

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* *Dr. Armſtrong, author of that elegant didactic poem, called,* "*The Art of preſerving Health.*"

† *Alluding to a manuſcript poem of Dr. Akenſide's, (ſince publiſhed) written in the ſpirit and manner of the ancients, called,* "*An Hymn to the Water Nymphs.*"

‡ *Tadmor, in the wilderneſs, built by king Solomon, celebrated for its baths.*

Unfought, the ſolitary waters creep
Amid * Palmyra's ruins, and bewail
To rocks, and deſert caves, the mighty loſs
Of two imperial cities! ſo may ſink
Con cloud-envelop'd towers; and times to come
Inquire where Avon flow'd, and the proud mart
Of Briſtol roſe. Nay, Severn's ſelf may fail,
With all that waſte of waters: and the ſwain
From the tall ſummit (whence we now ſurvey
The anchoring bark, and ſee with every tide
Vaſs and repaſs the wealth of either world)
May hail the ſofter ſcene where groves aſpire,
And boſom'd villages, and golden fields
Unite the Cambrian to the Engliſh ſhore.
Why ſhould I mention many a fabled fount
By bards recorded, or hiſtorians old;
Whether they water'd Aſia's fertile plains
With ſoft † Callirhroë; or to letter'd Greece
Or warlike Latium lent their kindly aid?
For ye of modern fame, whoſe rills deſcend
From Alps and Appennines, or grateful lave
Germania's harafs'd realms, expect my verſe
Should chant your praiſe, and dwell on foreign themes;
When chief o'er Albion have the healing powers
Shed wide their influence: from a thouſand rocks
Wealth guſhes, through a thouſand vales it flows
Spontaneous. Scarce can luxury produce
More pale diſeaſes than her ſtreams relieve.
Witneſs, Avonia, the unnumber'd tongues
Which hail thy ‡ ſiſter's name! on the ſame banks
Your fountains riſe, to the ſame ſtream they flow.
See in what myriads to her wat'ry ſhrine
The various votaries preſs! they drink, they live!
Not more exulting crowds in the full height
Of Roman luxury proud Baiæ knew;
While § Muſa's fatal ſkill, fatal to Rome,
Defam'd the tepid wave. Nor ‖ round thy ſhades,
Autumnus, more recording trophies hang.

O for a Shakſpeare's pencil, while I trace
In nature's breathing paint, the dreary waſte
Of Buxton, dropping with inceſſant rains
Cold and ungenial, or its ſweet reverſe
Enchanting Matlock, from whoſe rocks like thine
Romantic foliage hangs, and rills deſcend,
And echoes murmur. Derwent, as he pours
His oft obſtructed ſtream down rough caſcades
And broken precipices, views with awe,
With rapture, the fair ſcene his waters form.
Nor yet has nature to one ſpot confin'd
Her frugal bleſſings. Many a different ſite
And different air, to ſuit man's varying frame
The ſame relief extends. Thus Cheltenham ſinks
Rural and calm amid the flowery vale, [lifts
Pleas'd with its paſtoral ſcenes; while Scarbro'
Its towering ſummits to th' aſpiring clouds,
And ſees th' unbounded ocean roll beneath.
Avonia frowns! and juſtly may'ſt thou frown
O goddeſs, on the bard, th' injurious bard,
Who leaves thy pictur'd ſcenes, and idly roves
For foreign beauty to adorn his ſong.
Thine is all beauty; every ſite is thine.
Thine the ſweet vale, and verdure-crowned mead
Slow riſing from the plain, which Cheltenham boaſts.
Thine Scarbro's cliffs; and thine the ruſſet heaths
Of ſandy Tunbridge; o'er thy ſpacious downs
Stray wide the nibbling flocks; the hunter train
May range thy foreſts, and the muſe-led youth,
Who loves the devious walk, and ſimple ſcene,
May in thy Kingſwood view the ſcatter'd cots
And the green wilds of Dulwich. Does the ſun,
Does the free air delight? lo! Cliſton ſtands
Courted by every breeze; and every ſun
There ſheds a kinder ray: whether he rides
In ſouthern ſkies ſublime, or mildly pours
O'er Briſtol's red'ning towers his orient beam,
Or gilds at eve the ſhrub-clad rocks of Ley.
Beneath thy mountains open to the ſouth
Pale ſickneſs ſits, and drinks th' enlivening day;
Nor fears the innumerable pangs which pierce
In keener anguiſh from the north, or load
The duſky pinions of the peeviſh eaſt.
Secure ſhe ſits, and from thy ſacred urn
Implores, and finds relief. The ſlacken'd nerves
Reſume their wonted tone, of every wind
And every ſeaſon patient. Jocund health
Blooms on the cheek; and careleſs youth returns
(As fortune wills) to pleaſure or to toil.
Yet think not, goddeſs, that the muſe aſcribes
To thee unfailing ſtrength, of force to wreſt
Th' uplifted bolts of fate; to Jove alone
Belongs that high pre-eminence. Full oft,
This feeling heart can witneſs, have I heard
Along thy ſhore the piercing cries reſound
Of widows and of orphans. Oft beheld
The ſolemn funeral pomp, and decent rites,
Which human vanity receives and pays
When duſt returns to duſt. Where nature fails,
There too thy power muſt fail; or only lend
A momentary aid to ſoften pain,

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* *Palmyra is generally allowed to have ſtood on the ſame ſpot of ground as Tadmor. See the Univerſal Hiſtory, vol. ii. oct. edit. where there is a print repreſenting the ruins of that city.*

† *A fountain in Judea beyond Jordan, which diſcharges itſelf into the lake Aſphaltes. Its waters were not only medicinal, but remarkably ſoft and agreeable to the taſte. Herod the Great made uſe of them in his laſt dreadful diſtemper.* Joſephus, l. xvii. c. 8.

‡ *Bath.*

§ *Antonius Muſa, phyſician to Auguſtus Cæſar, was the firſt who brought cold bathing into great repute at Rome. But the ſame preſcription which had ſaved Auguſtus, unhappily killed Marcellus. Horace deſcribes the inhabitants of Baiæ as very eaſy at this new method of proceeding in phyſic.*

—" Mihi Baias
Muſa ſupervacuas Antonius, et tamen *illis*
*Me facit invifum* gelidâ dum perluor undâ
Per medium frigus. Sanè *myrteta relinqui*
Liſtaque ceſſantem nervis elidere morbum
*Sufura contemni Vicus gemit; invidus ægris*
Qui caput aut ſtomachum ſupponere fontibus
" audent," &c.

‖ *See a beautiful deſcription of the ſource of this river in Pliny's Epiſtles*, Ep. 8. B. viii. *where he mentions it as a cuſtom for perſons to leave inſcriptions, &c. as teſtimonies of their being cured there; ſomething in the manner of the crutches at Bath.*

And from the king of terrors steal his frown.
Nor yet for waters only art thou fam'd,
Avonia; deep within thy cavern'd rocks
Do diamonds lurk, which mimic those of Ind.
Some to the curious searcher's eye betray
Their varying hues amid the mossy clefts
Faint glimmering; others in the solid stone
Lie quite obscur'd, and wait the patient hand
Of art, or quick explosion's fiercer breath,
To wake their latent glories into day.
With these the British fair, ere traffic's power
Had made the wealth of other worlds our own,
Would deck their auburn tresses, or confine
The snowy roundness of their polish'd arm.
With these the little tyrants of the isle,
Monarchs of counties, or of clay-built towns
Sole potentates, would bind their haughty brows,
And awe the gazing crowd. Say, goddess, say,
Shall, studious of thy praise, the muse declare
When first their lustre rose, and what kind power
Unveil'd their hidden charms? The muse alone
Can call back time, and from oblivion save
The once-known tale, of which tradition's self
Has lost the faintest memory. 'Twas ere
The titles proud of knight or baron bold
Were known in Albion; long ere Cæsar's arms
Had tried its prowess, and been taught to yield.
Westward a mile from yon aspiring shrubs [thorns
Which front thy hallow'd fount, and shagg with
The adverse side of Avon, dwelt a swain.
One only daughter bless'd his nuptial bed.
Fair was the maid; but wherefore said I fair?
For many a maid is fair, but Leya's form
Was beauty's self, where each united charm
Ennobled each, and added grace to all.
Yet cold as mountain snows her tim'rous heart
Rejects the voice of love. In vain the fire
With prayers, with mingled tears, demanded oft
The name of grandsire, and a prattling race
To cheer his drooping age. In vain the youths
To Leya's fav'rite name in every dale
Attun'd their rustic pipes, to Leya's ear
Music was discord when it talk'd of love.
And shall such beauty, and such power to bless,
Sink useless to the grave! forbid it, love!
Forbid it, vanity! ye mighty two
Who share the female breast! the last prevails.
"Whatever youth shall bring the noblest prize
"May claim her conquer'd heart." The day
was fix'd,
And forth from villages, and turf-built cots,
In crowds the suitors came: from Alston's vale,
From Pil, from Porshut, and the town whose
tower
Now stands a sea-mark to the pilots ken.
Nor were there wanting Clifton's love-sick sons
To swell th' enamour'd train. But most in
thought
Yielded to Cadwal's heir, proud lord of Stoke;
Whose wide dominions spread o'er velvet lawns
And gently-swelling hills, and tufted groves,
Full many a mile. For there, ev'n there, the scene
We now behold to such perfection wrought,
Charm'd with untutor'd wildness, and but ask'd
A master's hand to tame it into grace.
Against such rivals, prodigal of wealth,
To venal beauty off'ring all their stores,
What arts shall Thenot use, who long has lov'd,
And long, too long despair'd? Amid thy rocks
Nightly he wanders, to the silent moon
And starry host of heaven he tells his pain.
But chief to thee, to thee his fond complaints
At morn, at eve, and in the midnight hour
Frequent he pours. No wealth paternal bless'd
His humbler birth; no fields of waving gold
Or flowering orchards, no wide wandering herds
Or bleating firstlings of the flock were his,
To tempt the wary maid. Yet could his pipe
Make echoes listen, and his flowing tongue
Could chant soft ditties in so sweet a strain,
They charm'd with native music all but her.
Oft had'st thou heard him, goddess; oft resolv'
To succour his distress. When now the day,
The fatal day drew near, and love's last hope
Hung on a few short moments. Ocean's god
Was with thee, and observ'd thy anxious though
"And what," he cry'd, "can make Avonia's fa
Wear aught but smiles? what jealous doubts pe
plex
My fair, my best belov'd?" "No jealous doubts
Thou answered'st mild, and on his breast reclin
Thy blushing cheek, perplex Avonia's breast:
A cruel fair one flies the voice of love,
And gifts alone can win her. Mighty power,
O bid thy tritons ransack ocean's wealth,
The coral's living branch, the lucid pearl,
And every shell where mingling lights and shad
Play happiest. O, if ever to thy breast
My artful coyness gave a moment's pain,
Learn from that pain to pity those that love."
The god return'd: "Can his Avonia ask
What Neptune would refuse? beauty like thin
Might task his utmost labours. But behold
How needless now his treasures? what th
seek'st
Is near thee; in the bosom of thy rocks
Myriads of glittering gems, of power to charm
More wary eyes than Leya's, lurk unseen. [rai
From these select thy store." He spake, a
The massy trident; at whose stroke the womb
Of earth gave up its treasures. Ready nymphs
Receiv'd the bursting gems, and tritons lent
A happier polish to th' incrusted stone.
Scarce had they finish'd, when the plaint
strains [preac
Of Thenot reach'd thy ears. "Approach,
The trident-bearer cried; and at his voice
The rocks divided, and the awe-struck youth
(Like Aristæus through the parting wave)
Descended trembling. But what words can p
His joy, his rapture, when, surprise at length
Yielding to love, he grasp'd the fated gems, [cri
And knew their wond'rous import. "O!
Dismiss me, gracious powers; ere this, perhap
Young Cadwal clasps her charms, ere this
wealth [kn
Of Madoc has prevail'd!"—"Go, youth,
Success attends thy enterprise; and time
Shall make thee wealthier than the proudest sw
Whose rivalship thou fear'st; go, and be blest.
Yet let not gratitude be lost in joy;
But when thy wide possessions shall extend
Farm beyond farm, remember whence they ro
And grace thy village with Avonia's name."

How ſhall the bluſhing muſe purſue the tale
mpartial, and record th' ungrateful crime
)f Thenot love-deluded? When ſucceſs
Had crown'd his fierce deſires, awhile he paid
)ue honours at thy ſhrine, and ſtrew'd with flowers
'aſmin and roſe, and iris many-hued,
'he rocky margin. Till at length, intent
)n Leya's charms alone, of aught beſide
Careleſs he grew; and ſcarcely now his hymns
)f praiſe were heard; if heard, they fondly mix'd
His Leya's praiſe with thine; or only ſeem'd
The dying echoes of his former ſtrains.
Nor did he (how wilt thou excuſe, O love,
Thy traitor!) when his wide poſſeſſions ſpread,
'arm beyond farm, remember whence they roſe,
)r grace his village with Avonia's name.
But on a feſtal day, amid the ſhouts
)f echoing ſhepherds, to the riſing town
Be Leya nam'd," he cried: and ſtill unchang'd
Indelible diſgrace!) * the name remains.
'Twas then, Avonia, negligent of all
His former injuries, thy heav'nly breaſt
Felt real rage; and thrice thy arm was rais'd
For ſpeedy vengeance; thrice the azure god
Reſtrain'd its force, or ere the uplifted rocks
Deſcending had o'erwhelm'd the fated town.
And thus he ſooth'd thee, "Let not rage tranſport
My injur'd fair-one; love was all his crime,
Reſiſtleſs love. Yet ſure revenge awaits
Thy utmoſt wiſhes; never ſhall his town,
Which, had thy title grac'd it, had aſpir'd
To the firſt naval honours, and look'd down
On Carthage and the ports which grace my own
Phœnicia, never ſhall it riſe beyond
That humble village thou behold'ſt it now.
And ſoon tranſported to the Britiſh coaſt
From fartheſt India veſſels ſhall arrive
Full fraught with gems, myſelf will ſpeed the sails,
And all th' imaginary wealth he boaſts
Shall ſink neglected: ruſtics ſhall deride
His diamond's mimic blaze. Nor thou regret
Their periſh'd ſplendour; on a firmer baſe
Thy glory reſts; reject a ſpurious praiſe,
And to thy waters only trust for fame."
And what of fame, O goddeſs, canſt thou aſk
Beyond thy waters, ever-ſtreaming ſource
Of health to thouſands? Myriads yet unborn
Shall hail thy ſoft'ring wave: perchance to thee
Shall owe their firſt exiſtence. For, if fame
Relate not fabling, the warm genial breath
Of nature, which calls forth the burſting forms
Through wide creation, and with various life
Fills every teeming element, amid
Thy ſtream delighted revels, with increaſe
Bleſſing the nuptial bed. Suppliant to thee
The penſive matron bends; without thy aid
Expiring families had aſk'd in vain
The long-expected heir; and ſtates perhaps,
Which now ſtand foremoſt in the liſts of fame,
Had ſunk unnerv'd, inglorious, the vile ſlaves
Of ſloth, and couch'd beneath a maſter's frown,
Had not thy breath awak'd ſome choſen ſoul,
Some finer æther, ſcarce ally'd to clay,
Hero to act, or poet to record.
O if to Albion, to my native land,
Of all that glorious, that immortal train
Which ſwells her annals, thy proliſic ſtream
Has given one bard, one hero; may nor ſtorms
Nor earthquakes ſhake thy manſion; may the ſweep,
The ſilent ſweep, of ſlow-devouring time
Steal o'er thy rocks unfelt, and only bear
To future worlds thy virtues, and thy praiſe.
Still, ſtill, Avonia, o'er thy Albion ſhed
Benigneſt influence; nor to her alone
Confine thy partial boon. The lamp of day,
God of the lower world, was meant to all
A common parent. Still to every realm
Send forth thy bleſſings; for to every realm,
Such its peculiar excellence, thy wave
May paſs untainted; ſeaſons, climates, ſpare
Its virtues, and the power which conquers all,
Innate corruption, never mixes there.
And might I aſk a boon, in whiſpers aſk
One partial favour; Goddeſs, from the power
Of verſe, and arts Pæonian, gracious thou
Entreat this one. Let other poets ſhare
His noiſy honours, rapid let them roll
As neighb'ring Severn, while the voice of fame
Re-echoes to their numbers: but let mine
My humbler weaker verſe, from ſcantier rills
Diffuſing wholeſome draughts, unheard, unſeen,
Glide gently on, and imitate thy ſpring.

* *Ley, or Leigh, a ſmall village on the oppoſite ſide of the Avon.*

## ON FRIENDSHIP.

"L'Amitié, qui dans le monde eſt à peine un ſentiment, eſt une paſſion dans les cloitres."
*Contes Moraux, de* MARMONTEL.

Much have we heard the peeviſh world complain
Of friends neglected, and of friends forgot:
Another's frailties blindly we arraign,
And blame, as partial ills, the common lot:
For what is friendſhip?—'Tis the ſacred tie
Of ſouls unbodied, and of love refin'd;
Beyond, benevolence, thy ſocial ſigh,
Beyond the duties graven on our kind.
And ah how ſeldom, in this vale of tears,
This frail exiſtence, by ourſelves debas'd,
In hopes bewilder'd, or ſubdued by fears,
The joys unmix'd of mutual good we taſte!
Proclaim, ye reverend ſires, whom fate has ſpar'd
As life's example, and as virtue's teſt,
How few, how very few, your hearts have ſhar'd,
How much thoſe hearts have pardon'd in the beſt.
Vain is their claim whom heedleſs pleaſure joins
In bands of riot, or in leagues of vice;
They meet, they revel, as the day declines,
But, ſpectre-like, they ſhudder at its riſe.
For 'tis not friendſhip, though the raptures run,
Led by the mad'ning god, through every vein;
Like the warm flower, which drinks the noon-tide ſun,
Their boſoms open but to cloſe again.
Yet there are hours of mirth, which friendſhip loves,
When prudence ſleeps, and wiſdom grows more kind.
Sallies of ſenſe, which reaſon ſcarce approves,
When all unguarded glows the naked mind.

But far from thoſe be each profaner eye
With glance malignant withering fancy's bloom;
Far the vile ear, where whiſpers never die;
Far the rank heart, which teems with ills to come.
Full oft, by fortune near each other plac'd,
Ill-ſuited ſouls, nor ſtudious much to pleaſe,
Whoſe fruitleſs years in awkward union waſte,
'Till chance divides, whom chance had join'd, with caſe,
And yet, ſhould either oddly ſoar on high,
And ſhine diſtinguiſh'd in ſome ſphere remov'd,
The friend obſerves him with a jealous eye,
And calls ungrateful whom he never lov'd.
But leave we ſuch for thoſe of happier clay
On whoſe emerging ſtars the graces ſmile,
And ſearch for truth, where virtue's ſacred ray
Wakes the glad ſeed in friendſhip's genuine ſoil.
In youth's ſoft ſeaſon, when the vacant mind
To each kind impulſe of affection yields,
When nature charms, and love of human kind
With its own brightneſs every object gilds,
Should two congenial boſoms haply meet,
Or on the banks of Camus, hoary ſtream,
Or where ſmooth Iſis glides on ſilver feet,
Nurſe of the muſes each, and each their theme,
How blithe the mutual morning taſk they ply!
How ſweet the ſaunt'ring walk at cloſe of day!
How ſteal, ſecluded from the world's broad eye,
The midnight hours inſenſibly away!
While glows the ſocial boſom to impart
Each young idea dawning ſcience lends,
Or big with ſorrow beats th' unpractis'd heart
For ſuff'ring virtue, and diſaſtrous friends.
Deep in the volumes of the mighty dead
They feaſt on joys to vulgar minds unknown;
The hero's, ſage's, patriot's path they tread,
Adore each worth, and make it half their own.
Sublime and pure as Thebes or Sparta taught
Eternal union from their ſouls they ſwear,
Each added converſe ſwells the generous thought,
And each ſhort abſence makes it more ſincere—
—" And can—(I hear ſome eager voice exclaim,
Whoſe bliſs now bloſſoms, and whoſe hopes beat high)
Can virtue's baſis fail th' incumbent frame?
And may ſuch friendſhips ever ever die?"
Ah, gentle youth, they may. Nor thou complain
If chance the ſad experience ſhould be thine
What can not change where all is light and vain?
—Aſk of the fates who twiſt life's varying line.
Ambition, vanity, ſuſpenſe, furmiſe,
On the wide world's tempeſtuous ocean roll;
New loves, new friendſhips, new deſires ariſe,
New joys elate, new griefs depreſs the ſoul.
Some, in the buſtling mart of buſineſs, loſe
The ſtill ſmall voice retirement loves to hear;
Some at the noiſy bar enlarge their views,
And ſome in ſenates court a people's ear.
While others, led by glory's meteors, run
To diſtant wars for laurels ſtain'd with blood.
Meanwhile the ſtream of time glides calmly on,
And ends its ſilent courſe in Lethe's flood.
Unhappy only he of friendſhip's train
Who never knew what change or fortune meant,
With whom th' ideas of his youth remain
Too firmly fix'd, and rob him of content.
Condemn'd perhaps to ſome obſcure retreat,
Where pale reflection wears a ſickly bloom,
Still to the paſt he turns with pilgrim feet,
And ghoſts of pleaſure haunt him to his tomb.
O—but I will not name you—ye kind few,
With whom the morning of my life I paſs'd,
May every bliſs, your generous boſoms knew
In earlier days, attend you to the laſt.
I too, alas, am chang'd.—And yet there are
Who ſtill with partial love my friendſhip own,
Forgive the frailties which they could not ſhare,
Or find my heart unchang'd to them alone.
To them this votive tablet of the muſe
Pleas'd I ſuſpend.—Nor let th' unfeeling mind
From theſe looſe hints its own vile ways excuſe,
Or ſtart a thought to injure human-kind.
Who knows not friendſhip, knows not bliſs ſincere
Court it, ye young; ye aged, bind it faſt;
Earn it, ye proud; nor think the purchaſe dear,
Whate'er the labour, if 'tis gain'd at laſt.
Compar'd with all th' admiring world calls great,
Fame's loudeſt blaſt, ambition's nobleſt ends,
Ev'n the laſt pang of ſocial life is ſweet:
The pang which parts us from our weeping friends.

## THE DOG:

### A TALE.

A SQUIRE of parts, and ſome conceit,
Though not a glaring firſt-rate wit,
Had lately taken to his arms
A damſel of uncommon charms.
A mutual bliſs their boſoms knew,
The hours on downy pinions flew,
And ſcatter'd roſes as they paſs'd
Emblem of joys too ſweet to laſt!
For lo! th' unequal fates divide
Th' enamour'd ſwain, and beauteous bride.
The honey moon had ſcarcely wan'd,
And love its empire ſtill maintain'd,
When forth he muſt, for buſineſs calls.
—Adieu, ye fields, ye groves, ye walls,
That in your hallow'd bounds contain
My ſource of joy—my ſource of pain!
It muſt be ſo; adieu, my dear.
They kiſs, he ſighs, ſhe drops a tear,
For lovers of a certain caſt
Think every parting is the laſt,
And ſtill whine out, whene'er they ſever,
In tragic ſtrain, "Farewell for ever!"
Awhile, in melancholy mood,
He ſlowly pac'd the tireſome road;
For "every road muſt tireſome prove
That bears us far from her we love."
But ſun, and exerciſe, and air,
At length diſpel the glooms of care;
They vaniſh like a morning dream,
And happineſs is now the theme.
How bleſt his lot, to gain at laſt,
So many vain reſearches paſt,
A wife ſo ſuited to his taſte,
So fair, ſo gentle, and ſo chaſte,
A tender partner for his bed,
A pillow for his aching head,
The boſom good for which he panted,
In ſhort the very thing he wanted.

And then, to make my bliſs complete,
And lay freſh laurels at my feet,
How many matches did ſhe ſlight;
An Iriſh lord, a city knight,
And ſquires by dozens, yet agree
To paſs her life with humble me.
And did not ſhe the other day
When Captain Wilkins paſs'd our way—
The Captain!—well, ſhe lik'd not him,
Though dreſt in all his Hyde-park trim.
—She lik'd his ſword-knot though 'twas yellow;
The Captain is a ſprightly fellow,
I ſhould not often chooſe to ſee
Such dangerous viſitors as he.
I wonder how he came to call—
Or why he paſs'd that way at all.
His road lay farther to the right,
And me he hardly knew by ſight.
Stay,—let me think—I freeze, I burn—
Where'er he went, he muſt return,
And, in my abſence, may again
Make bold to call.—Come hither, Ben?
Did you obſerve, I'll lay my life
You did, when firſt he met my wife,
What ſpeech it was the Captain made?
" What, Captain Wilkins, Sir?" The ſame.
Come, you can tell. " I can't indeed,
" For they were kiſſing when I came."
Kiſs, did they kiſs?—" Moſt ſurely, Sir;
A bride, and he a bachelor."
Peace, raſcal, 'tis beyond endurance,
I wonder at ſome folks aſſurance.
They think, like Ranger in the play,
That all they meet is lawful prey.
Theſe huff bluff Captains are of late
Grown quite a nuiſance in the ſtate.—
Ben, turn your horſe—nay, never ſtare,
And tell my wife I cannot bear
Theſe frequent viſits. Hence, you dunce!
" The Captain, Sir, was there but once."
Once is too often; tell her, Ben,
That, if he dares to call again,
She ſhould avoid him like a toad,
A ſnake, a viper.—There's your road.
—And hark'ee, tell her, under favour,
We ſtretch too far polite behaviour.
Tell her, I do not underſtand
This kiſſing; tell her I command—
" Heav'n bleſs us, Sir, ſuch whims as theſe"—
Tell her I beg it on my knees,
By all the love ſhe ever ſhow'd,
By all ſhe at the altar vow'd,
Howe'er abſurd a huſband's fears,
Howe'er injurious it appears,
She would not ſee him if he comes;
Nay, if ſhe chance to hear his drums,
Bid her ſtart back, and ſkulk for fear,
As if the thunder rent her ear.
O wond'rous power of love and beauty!
Obedience is a ſervant's duty,
And Ben obeys. But, as he goes,
He reaſons much on human woes.
How frail is man, how prone to ſtray
And all the long *et cætera*
Of ſayings, which, in former ages.
Immortaliz'd the Grecian ſages,
But now the very vulgar ſpeak,
And only critics quote in Greek.

With theſe, like Sancho, was he ſtor'd,
And Sancho-like drew forth his hoard.
Proper or not, he all applied,
And view'd the caſe on every ſide,
Till, on the whole, he thought it beſt
To turn the matter to a jeſt,
And, with a kind of clumſey wit,
At laſt on an expedient hit.
Suppoſe we then the journey o'er,
And Madam meets him at the door.
So ſoon return'd? and where's your maſter?
I hope you've met with no diſaſter.
Is my dear well? " Extremely ſo;
And only ſent me here to know
How fares his ſofter, better part.
Ah, Madam, could you ſee his heart!
It was not even in his power
To brook the abſence of an hour."—
And, was this all? was this the whole
He ſent you for? The kind, good, ſoul!
Tell him, that he's my ſource of bliſs;
Tell him my health depends on his;
Tell him, this breaſt no joy can find,
If cares diſturb his dearer mind;
This faithful breaſt, if he be well,
No pang, but that of abſence, feel.
Ben bluſh'd, and ſmil'd, and ſcratch'd his head,
Then, falt'ring in his accents, ſaid,
" One meſſage more, he bade me bear,
But that's a ſecret for your ear—
My maſter begs, on no account
Your Ladyſhip would dare to mount
The maſtiff dog." What means the lad?
Are you, or is your maſter mad?
I ride a dog? a pretty ſtory.
" Ah, deareſt Madam, do not glory
In your own ſtrength; temptation's ſtrong,
And frail our nature." Hold your tongue.
Your maſter, Sir, ſhall know of this.
" Dear madam, do not take amiſs
Your ſervant's zeal; by all you vow'd,
By all the love you ever ſhow'd,
By all your hopes of bliſs to come,
Beware the maſtiff dog!" Be dumb,
Inſulting wretch, the lady cries.
The ſervant takes his cue, and flies.
While conſternation marks her face,
He mounts his ſteed, and quits the place.
In vain ſhe calls, as ſwift as wind
He ſcours the lawn, yet caſt behind
One parting look, which ſeem'd to ſay
" Beware the dog;" then rode away.
Why ſhould I paint the hurrying ſcene
Of claſhing thoughts which paſs'd within,
Where doubt on doubt inceſſant roll'd.
Enough for me the ſecret's told,
And Madam in a ſtrange quandary.
What's to be done? John, Betty, Harry,
Go, call him back. He's out of ſight,
No ſpeed can overtake his flight.
Patience per force alone remains,
Precarious cure for real pains!
" I ride a dog? a ſtrange conceit,
And never ſure attempted yet.
What can it mean? Whate'er it was,
There is ſome myſtery in the caſe.—
And really, now I've thought a minute,
There may be no great matter in it.

Ladies of old, to try a change,
Have rode on animals as ſtrange.
Helle a ram, a bull Europa;
Nay, Engliſh widows, for a *faux pas*,
Were doom'd to expiate their ſhame,
As authors ſay, upon a ram.
And ſhan't my virtue take a pride in
Outdoing ſuch vile trulls in riding?
And ſure a ram's as weak a creature—
Here, Betty, reach me the Spectator.—
"Lord bleſs me, Ma'am, as one may ſay,
Your Ladyſhip's quite mop'd to day.
Reading will only, I'm afraid,
Put more ſtrange megrims in your head.
'Twere better ſure to take the air;
I'll order, Ma'am, the coach and pair,
And then too I may go beſide.
Or, if you rather chooſe to ride."—
Ride, Betty! that's my wiſh, my aim.
Pray, Betty, is our Cæſar tame?
"Tame, Madam? Yes, I never heard—
You mean the maſtiff in the yard?
He makes a noiſe, and barks at folks—
But ſurely, Ma'am, your La'ſhip jokes."
Jokes, Betty? No. By earth and heaven
This inſult ſhall not be forgiven.
Whate'er they mean, I'll ride the dog.
Go, prithee, free him from his clog,
And bring him hither; they ſhall find
There's courage in a female mind.
So ſaid, ſo done. The dog appears
With Betty chirping on the ſtairs.
The floating ſack is thrown aſide,
The veſtments, proper for a ride,
Such as we oft in Hyde-park view
Of ſuſtian white lapell'd with blue,
By Betty's care were on the ſpot,
Nor is the feather'd hat forgot.
Pleas'd with herſelf, th' accoutred laſs
Took half a turn before her glaſs,
And ſimp'ring ſaid, I ſwear and vow
I look like Captain Wilkins now.
But ſerious cares our thoughts demand,
Poor Cæſar, ſtroke him with your hand;
How mild he ſeems, and wags his tail!
'Tis now the moment to prevail.
She ſpake, and ſtrait with eye ſedate
Began th' important work of fate.
A cuſhion on his back ſhe plac'd,
And bound with ribbands round his waiſt:
The knot, which whilom grac'd her head,
And down her winding lappets ſpread,
From all its ſoft meanders freed,
Became a bridle for her ſteed.
And now ſhe mounts. "Dear Dian, hear!
Bright goddeſs of the lunar ſphere!
Thou that haſt oft preſerv'd from fate
The nymph who leaps a five-barr'd gate,
O take me, goddeſs, to thy care;
O hear a tender lady's prayer!
Thy vot'reſs once, as pure a maid
As ever rov'd the Delian ſhade,
Though now, by man's ſeduction won,
She wears, alas! a looſer zone."
In vain ſhe pray'd. She mounts, ſhe falls!
And Cæſar barks, and Betty ſquawls.
The marble hearth receives below
The headlong dame, a direful blow!
And ſtarting veins with blood diſgrace
The ſoſter marble of her face.
Here might I ſing of fading charms
Reclin'd on Betty's faithful neck,
Like Venus in Dione's arms,
And much from Homer might I ſpeak;
But we refer to Pope's tranſlation,
And haſten to our plain narration.
While broths and plaſters are prepar'd,
And doctors feed, and madam ſcar'd,
At length returns th' impatient 'ſquire
Eager and panting with deſire.
But finds his home a deſert place,
No ſpouſe to welcome his embrace,
No tender ſharer of his bliſs
To chide his abſence with a kiſs.
Sullen in bed the lady lay,
And muffled from the eye of day,
Nor deign'd a look, averſe and ſad
As Dido in th' Elyſian ſhade.
Amaz'd, alarm'd, the bed he preſs'd,
And claſp'd her ſtruggling to his breaſt.
My life, my ſoul, I cannot brook
This cruel, this averted look.
And is it thus at laſt we meet?
Then rais'd her gently from the ſheet.
What mean, he cries, theſe bleeding ſtains,
This muffled head, and burſting veins?
What ſacrilegious hand could dare
To fix its impious vengeance there?
The dog, the dog! was all ſhe ſaid,
And ſobbing ſunk again in bed.
The dog, the dog! expreſs'd her grief,
Like poor Othello's handkerchief.
Meanwhile had Ben with prudent care
From Betty learnt the whole affair,
And drew th' impatient 'ſquire aſide,
To own the cheat he could not hide.
See, raſcal, ſee, enrag'd he cries,
What tumours on her forehead riſe!
How ſwells with grief that face divine!
"I own it all, the fault was mine,
Replies the lad, dear angry lord;
But huſh! come hither, not a word!
Small are the ills we now endure;
Thoſe tumours, Sir, admit a cure.
But, had I done as you directed,
Whoſe forehead then had been affected?
Had Captain Wilkins been forbidden,
Ah maſter, who had then been ridden?"

## AN EPISTLE

FROM A GROVE IN DERBYSHIRE TO A GROVE IN SURRY.

Since every naturaliſt agrees
That groves are nothing elſe but trees,
And root-bound trees, like diſtant creatures,
Can only correſpond by letters,
Borne on the winds which through us whiſtle,
Accept, dear ſiſter, this epiſtle.
And firſt, as to their town relations,
The ladies ſend to know the faſhions,
Would I, in ſomething better ſpelling,
Inquire how things go on at Haling;
For here, for all my maſter's ſtorming,
I'm ſure we ſtrangely want reforming.

Long have my lab'ring trees confin'd
Such griefs as almoſt burſt their rind;
But you'll permit me to diſcloſe 'em,
And lodge them in your leafy boſom.
When gods came down the woods among,
As ſweetly chants poetic ſong,
And fauns and ſylvans ſporting there
Attun'd the reed, or chas'd the fair,
My quiv'ring branches lightly fann'd
The movements of the maſter's hand;
Or half conceal'd, and half betray'd,
The bluſhing, flying, yielding maid;
Did ev'n the bliſs of heav'n improve,
And ſolac'd gods with earthly love!
But now the world is grown ſo chaſte,
Or elſe my maſter has no taſte,
That, I'll be ſworn, thē live-long year
We ſcarcely ſee a woman here.
And what, alas! are woodland quires
To thoſe who want your fierce deſires?
Can philoſophic boſoms know
Why myrtles ſpring, or roſes blow,
Why cowſlips lift the velvet head,
Or woodbines form the fragrant ſhade?
Even violet couches only ſwell
To gratify his ſight and ſmell;
And Milton's univerſal Pan
Scarce makes him feel himſelf a man.
And then he talks your dull morality
Like ſome old heathen man of quality,
(Plato, or what's his name who fled
So nobly at his army's head),
For Chriſtian lords have better breeding
Than by their talk to ſhow their reading;
And what their ſentiment in fact is,
That you may gather from their practice.
Though really, if it were no worſe,
We might excuſe his vain diſcourſe;
Toſs high our heads above his voice,
Or ſtop the babbling echo's noiſe;
But he, I tell you, has ſuch freaks,
He thinks and acts whate'er he ſpeaks.
Or, if he needs muſt preach and reaſon,
Why let him chooſe a proper ſeaſon;
Such muſty morals we might hear
When whiſtling winds have ſtript us bare,
As, after ſixty, pious folks
Will on wet Sundays read good books.
And I muſt own, dear ſiſter Haling,
'Tis mine, like many a lady's failing.
(Whom worried ſpouſe to town conveys
From eaſe, and exerciſe, and air,
To ſleepleſs nights, and raking days,
And joys—too exquiſite to bear)
To feel December's piercing harms,
And every winter loſe my charms.
* While you ſtill flouriſh freſh and fair
Like your young ladies all the year.
O happy groves, who never feel
The ſtroke of winter, or of ſteel;
Nor find, but in the † poet's lay,
The race of leaves like men decay.
Nor hear th' imperious woodman's call,
Nor ſee your ſylvan daughters fall,
With head declin'd attend their moan,
And echo to the dying groan.
While I, attack'd by foes to reſt,
New viſtas opening through my breaſt,
Am daily torn with wounds and flaſhes,
And ſee my oaks, my elms, my aſhes,
With rhyming labels round them ſet,
As every tree were to be let.
And, when one pants for conſolation,
Am put in mind of contemplation.
O friend, inſtruct me to endure
Theſe mighty ills, or hint a cure.
Say, might not marriage, well apply'd,
Improve his taſte, correct his pride,
Inform him books but make folks muddy,
Confine his morals to his ſtudy,
Teach him, like other mortals, here
To toy and prattle with his dear;
Avert that fate my fear foreſees,
And, for his children, ſave his trees?
Right truſty wood, if you approve
The remedy expreſs'd above,
Write by the next fair wind that blows,
And kindly recommend a ſpouſe.

* *A great many of the trees at Haling are exotics and evergreens.*

† *Homer.*

## THE ANSWER.

Dear grove, I aſk ten thouſand pardons,
Sure I'm the moſt abſurd of gardens!
Such correſpondence to neglect—
Lord, how muſt all grove-kind reflect!
Your human loiterers, they ſay,
Can put ye off from day to day
With poſt gone out—the careleſs maid
Forgot—the letter was miſlaid—
And twenty phraſes wrought with art
To hide the coldneſs of the heart.
But vegetables from their youth
Were always taught to ſpeak the truth,
In Dodon's vales, on Mona's mountains,
In Jotham's fables, or in Fontaine's,
They talk like any judge or biſhop,
Quite from the cedar down to hyſſop.
I therefore for my paſt offence
May own, with ſylvan innocence,
I've nought but negligence to plead;
Which you'll excuſe, and I'll proceed.
You groves who ſtand remote from towns
(Though we are apt to call ye clowns)
Have really ſomething in your natures,
Which makes ye moſt diverting creatures.
And then, I vow, I like to ſee
That primitive ſimplicity;
To think of marriage as a means
T' improve his taſte, and ſave your greens—
It looks ſo like that good old grove
Where Adam once to Eve made love,
That any foul alive would ſwear
Your trees were educated there.
Why, child, the only hope thou haſt
Lies in thy maſter's want of taſte;
For thou'd his ling'ring ſtay in London
Improve his taſte, you muſt be undone;
Your trees would preſently lie flat,
And the high mode of one green plat
Run through his worſhip's whole eſtate.
Beſides, you ruſtics fill your fancies
With Ovid, and his ſtrange romances.

Why now you think, in days like ours,
That love muſt ſtill inhabit bowers,
And goddeſſes, as juſt rewards
For hymns of praiſe, grow fond of bards,
And fly to over-arching woods
And flowery banks, and cryſtal floods,
Becauſe ſuch things, forſooth, were wanted
When your great grandmothers were planted.
The caſe, my dear, is alter'd quite,
Not that we're chaſte, but more polite;
Your ſhepherdeſſes ſought ſuch places,
Like ſimple girls, to hide their faces;
But our bright maids diſdain the thought,
They know hypocriſy's a fault,
And never bear, by their conſent,
The ſhame of ſeeming innocent.
But I forget, you've juſt got down
A miſtreſs, as you wiſh'd, from town.
I don't know what you'll ſay at Romely,
We really think the woman comely;
Has ſome good qualities beſide,
They ſay, but ſhe's as yet a bride;
One can't truſt every report—
Not we I mean who live near court;
A lie perhaps in Derbyſhire
May be as ſtrange as truth is here.
Our ladies, and all their relations,
Are vaſtly full of commendations;
As for Miſs ——'s part, ſhe ſwears,
—I aſk her pardon—ſhe avers
That never in her life-time yet
She ſaw a woman more complete;
And wiſhes trees could tramp the plain,
Like Birnham wood to Dunſinane,
So might or you or I remove,
And Romely join to Haling grove.
O could her wiſh but alter fate,
And kindly place us *tête à tête*,
How ſweetly might from every walk
My echoes to your echoes talk!
But, ſince, as juſtly you obſerve,
By nature's laws, which never ſwerve
We're bound from gadding, tree by tree,
Both us and our poſterity,
Let each, content with her own county,
E'en make the beſt of nature's bounty.
Calmly enjoy the preſent bliſs,
Nor in what might be, loſe what is.
Believe me, dear, beyond expreſſing
We're happy, if we knew the bleſſing.
Our maſters, all the world allow,
Are honeſt men, as times go now;
They neither wench, nor drink, nor game,
Nor burn with zeal or party flame,
From whence, excepting adverſe fates,
We may conclude that their eſtates
Will probably increaſe, and we
Shall ſtand another century.
Then never mind a tree or two
Cut down, perhaps to ope a view,
Nor be of nail'd up verſe aſham'd,
You'll live to ſee the poet damn'd.
I envy not, I ſwear and vow,
The temples, or the ſhades of Stow;
Nor Jarva's groves, whoſe arms diſplay
Their bloſſoms to the riſing day;
Nor Chili's woods, whoſe fruitage gleams
Ruddy beneath his ſetting beams;
Nor Teneriffa's foreſts ſhaggy;
Nor China's varying Sharawaggi;
Nor all that has been ſung or ſaid
Of Pindus, or of Windſor ſhade.
Contentment is the chemic power
Which makes trees bloom in half an hour,
And faſter plants ſubſtantial joy,
Than ax or hatchet can deſtroy.
O, gain but that, and you'll perceive
Your fears all fade, your hopes revive.
In winter calm contentment's voice
Shall make, like mine, your trees rejoice;
Acroſs dead boughs a verdure fling,
And bleſs you with eternal ſpring.

## THE ENTHUSIAST.

Once, I remember well the day,
'Twas ere the blooming ſweets of May
Had loſt their freſheſt hues,
When every flower on every hill,
In every vale, had drank its fill
Of ſun-ſhine, and of dews.

'Twas that ſweet ſeaſon's loveliеſt prime
When ſpring gives up the reins of time
To ſummers glowing hand,
And doubting mortals hardly know
By whoſe command the breezes blow
Which fan the ſmiling land.

'Twas then beſide a green-wood ſhade
Which cloath'd a lawn's aſpiring head
I wove my devious way,
With loit'ring ſteps, regardleſs where,
So ſoft, ſo genial was the air,
So wond'rous bright the day.

And now my eyes with tranſport rove
O'er all the blue expanſe above,
Unbroken by a cloud!
And now beneath delighted paſs,
Where winding through the deep-green graſs
A full-brim'd river flow'd.

I ſtop, I gaze; in accents rude
To thee, ſereneſt ſolitude,
Burſts forth th' unbidden lay;
Begone, vile world: the learn'd, the wiſe,
The great, the buſy, I deſpiſe;
And pity ev'n the gay.

Theſe, theſe, are joys alone, I cry;
'Tis here, divine philoſophy,
Thou deign'ſt to fix thy throne!
Here contemplation points the road
Through nature's charms to nature's God!
Theſe, theſe, are joys alone!

Adieu, ye vain low-thoughted cares,
Ye human hopes, and human fears,
Ye pleaſures, and ye pains!—
While thus I ſpake, o'er all my ſoul
A philoſophic calmneſs ſtole,
A ſtoic ſtillneſs reigns.

The tyrant paſſions all ſubſide,
Fear, anger, pity, ſhame, and pride,
No more my boſom move;
Yet ſtill I felt, or ſeem'd to feel
A kind of viſionary zeal
Of univerſal love.

When lo! a voice! a voice I hear!
'Twas reaſon whiſper'd in my ear
Theſe monitory ſtrains:
What mean'ſt thou, man? would'ſt thou unbind
The ties which conſtitute thy kind,
The pleaſures and the pains?

The ſame Almighty Power unſeen,
Who ſpreads the gay or ſolemn ſcene
To contemplation's eye,
Fix'd every movement of the ſoul,
Taught every wiſh its deſtin'd goal,
And quicken'd every joy.

He bids the tyrant paſſions rage,
He bids them war eternal wage,
And combat each his foe:
Till from diſſentions concords riſe,
And beauties from deformities,
And happineſs from woe.

Art thou not man? and darſt thou find
A bliſs which leans not to mankind?
Preſumptuous thought, and vain!
Each bliſs unſhar'd is unenjoy'd,
Each power is weak, unleſs employ'd
Some ſocial good to gain.

Shall light, and ſhade, and warmth, and air,
With thoſe exalted joys compare
Which active virtue feels,
When on ſhe drags, as lawful prize,
Contempt, and indolence, and vice,
At her triumphant wheels.

As reſt to labour ſtill ſucceeds,
To man, while virtue's glorious deeds
Employ his toilſome day,
This fair variety of things
Are merely life's refreſhing ſprings
To ſooth him on his way.

Enthuſiaſt, go, unſtring thy lyre;
In vain thou ſing'ſt, if none admire,
How ſweet ſoe'er the ſtrain.
And is not thy o'erflowing mind,
Unleſs thou mixeſt with thy kind,
Benevolent in vain?

Enthuſiaſt, go; try every ſenſe:
If not thy bliſs, thy excellence
Thou yet has learn'd to ſcan.
At leaſt thy wants, thy weakneſs know;
And ſee them all uniting ſhow
That man was made for man.

## THE YOUTH AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

### A FABLE.

A GRECIAN youth, of talents rare,
Whom Plato's philoſophic care
Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,
By precept and example too,
Would often boaſt his matchleſs ſkill,
To curb the ſteed, and guide the wheel,
And as he paſs'd the gazing throng,
With graceful eaſe, and ſmack'd the thong,
The idiot wonder they expreſs'd
Was praiſe and tranſport to his breaſt.

At length, quite vain, he needs would ſhow
His maſter what his art could do;
And bade his ſlaves the chariot lead
To Academus' ſacred ſhade.
The trembling grove confeſs'd its fright,
The wood-nymphs ſtartled at the ſight,
The muſes drop the learned lyre,
And to their inmoſt ſhades retire!
Howe'er, the youth with forward air
Bows to the ſage, and mounts the car.
The laſh reſounds, the courſer's ſpring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring,
And gath'ring crowds, with eager eyes,
And ſhouts, purſue him as he flies.
Triumphant to the goal return'd,
With nobler thirſt his boſom burn'd;
And now along th' indented plain,
The ſelf-ſame track he marks again;
Purſues with care the nice deſign,
Nor ever deviates from the line.
Amazement ſeiz'd the circling crowd;
The youths with emulation glow'd,
Ev'n bearded ſages hail'd the boy,
And all, but Plato, gaz'd with joy.
For he, deep judging ſage, beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field;
And when the charioteer drew nigh,
And, fluſh'd with hope, had caught his eye:
Alas! unhappy youth, he cry'd,
Expect no praiſe from me, (and ſigh'd);
With indignation I ſurvey
Such ſkill and judgment thrown away.
The time profuſely ſquander'd there
On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
If well employ'd, at leſs expence,
Had taught thee honour, virtue, ſenſe,
And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate,
To govern men, and guide the ſtate.

## TO A GENTLEMAN,

### ON HIS PITCHING A TENT IN HIS GARDEN.

Ah! friend, forbear, nor fright the fields
With hoſtile ſcenes of imag'd war;
Content ſtill roves the blooming wilds,
And fearleſs eaſe attends her there: [ſeat,
Ah! drive not the ſweet wand'rer from her
Nor with rude arts profane her lateſt beſt retreat.

Are there not bowers, and ſylvan ſcenes,
By nature's kind luxuriance wove?
Has Romely loſt the living greens
Which erſt adorn'd her artleſs grove?
Where through each hallow'd haunt the poet
ſtray'd, [ſhade.
And met the willing muſe, and peopled every

But now no bards thy woods among
Shall wait th' inſpiring muſe's call;
For though to mirth and feſtal ſong
Thy choice devotes the woven wall,
Yet what avails that all be peace within,
If horrors guard the gate, and ſcare us from the ſcene.

'Tis true, of old the patriarch ſpread
His happier tents which knew not war,
And chang'd at will the trampled mead
For freſher greens and purer air:

But long has man forgot ſuch ſimple ways;
Truth unſuſpecting harm!—the dream of ancient days.

Ev'n he, cut off from human kind,
(Thy neighb'ring wretch) the child of care,
Who, to his native mines confin'd,
Nor ſees the ſun, nor breathes the air,
But 'midſt the damps and darkneſs of earth's womb, [tomb;
Drags out laborious life, and ſcarcely dreads the

Ev'n he, ſhould ſome indulgent chance
Tranſport him to thy ſylvan reign,
Would eye the floating veil aſkance,
And hide him in his caves again,
While dire preſage in every breeze that blows,
Hears ſhrieks, and claſhing arms, and all Germania's woes.

And, doubt not, thy polluted taſte
A ſudden vengeance ſhall purſue;
Each fairy form we whilom trac'd
Along the morn or evening dew,
Nymph, ſatyr, faun, ſhall vindicate their grove,
Robb'd of its genuine charms, and hoſpitable Jove.

I ſee, all arm'd with dews unbleſt,
Keen froſts, and noiſome vapours drear,
Already, from the bleak north-eaſt,
The genius of the wood appear!
—Far other office once his prime delight,
To nurſe thy ſaplings tall, and heal the harms of night;

With ringlets quaint to curl thy ſhade,
To bid the inſect tribes retire,
To guard thy walks, and not invade—
O wherefore then provoke his ire?
Alas! with prayers, with tears, his rage repel,
While yet the red'ning ſhoots with embryo-bloſſoms ſwell.

Too late thou'lt weep, when blights deform
The faireſt produce of the year;
Too late thou'lt weep, when every ſtorm
Shall loudly thunder in thy ear,
" Thus, thus the green-hair'd deities maintain
" Their own eternal rights, and nature's injur'd reign."

## THE LARK.

A SIMILE.

*To the Reverend Mr. ——*

See how the lark, the bird of day,
Springs from the earth, and wings her way!
To heav'n's high vault her courſe ſhe bends,
And ſweetly ſings as ſhe aſcends.
But when, contented with her height,
She ſhuts her wings, and checks her flight,
No more ſhe chants the melting ſtrain,
But ſinks in ſilence to the plain.
This you obſerv'd, and aſk'd from me,
My gentle friend, a ſimile.
So take in homely verſe, but true,
Inſtead of one, the following two.
That larks are poet's birds, is known,
So make the caſe the poet's own.
And ſee him firſt from fields ariſe,
And paſtoral ſcenes, to Cælia's eyes.
From thence the bold adventurer ſprings
To vaulted roofs, and courts, and kings.
'Till having crown'd his ſoaring lays
With ſomething more than empty praiſe;
And, like his readers, learnt aright
To mingle profit with delight;
He reads the news, he takes the air,
Or ſlumbers in his elbow chair.
Or lay aſide for once grimace,
And make it yours, the parſon's caſe;
Who, leaving curate's humble roof,
Looks down on crape, and ſits aloof.
Though no vain wiſh his breaſt enthral
To ſwell in pomp pontifical,
But pure contentment ſeated there,
Nor finds a want, nor feels a care,
Yet are there not to ſtain the cloth,
(O may'ſt thou live ſecure from both!)
A city pride, or country ſloth?
And may not man, if touch'd with theſe,
Reſign his duty for his eaſe?
But I forbear; for well I ween
Such likenings ſuit with other men.
For never can my humble verſe
The cautious ear of patron pierce;
Nor ever can thy breaſt admit
Degrading ſloth, or ſelf-conceit.
Then let the birds or ſing or fly,
As Hector ſays, and what care I?
They hurt not me, nor eke my friend;
Since, whatſoe'er the fates intend,
Nor he can ſink, nor I aſcend.

TO THE HONOURABLE

## CHARLES TOWNSEND.

O CHARLES, in abſence hear a friend complain,
Who knows thou lov'ſt him whereſoe'er he goes,
Yet feels uneaſy ſtarts of idle pain,
And often would be told the thing he knows.
Why then, thou loiterer, fleets the ſilent year,
How dar'ſt thou give a friend unneceſſary fear?

We are not now beſide that oſier'd ſtream,
Where erſt we wander'd, thoughtleſs of the way;
We do not now of diſtant ages dream,
And cheat in converſe half the ling'ring day;
No fancied heroes riſe at our command,
And no Timoleon weeps, and bleeds no Theban band.

Yet why complain? thou feel'ſt no want like theſe,
From me, 'tis true, but me alone debar'd,
Thou ſtill in Granta's ſhades enjoy'ſt at eaſe
The hooks we reverene'd, and the friends we ſhar'd;
Nor ſee'ſt without ſuch aids the day decline,
Nor think how much their loſs has added weight to thine.

Truth's genuine voice, the freely-opening mind,
Are thine, are friendſhip's and retirement's lot;
To converſation is the world confin'd,
Friends of an hour, who pleaſe and are forgot;

And intereſt ſtains, and vanity controuls,
The pure unſullied thoughts, and ſallies of our ſouls.

O I remember, and with pride repeat, [knew!
The rapid progreſs which our friendſhip
Even at the firſt with willing minds we met;
And ere the root was fix'd, the branches grew.
In vain had fortune plac'd her weak barrier:
Clear was thy breaſt from pride, and mine from ſervile fear.

I ſaw thee gen'rous, and with joy can ſay
My education roſe above my birth, [clay
Thanks to thoſe parent ſhades, on whoſe cold
Fall faſt my tears, and lightly lie the earth!
To them I owe whate'er I dare pretend
Thou ſaw'ſt with partial eyes, and bade me call thee friend.

Let others meanly heap the treaſur'd ſtore,
And awkward fondneſs cares on cares employ,
To leave a race more exquiſitely poor,
Poſſeſs'd of riches which they ne'er enjoy;
He's only kind who takes the nobler way
T' unbind the ſprings of thought, and give them power to play.

His heirs ſhall bleſs him, and look down with ſcorn
On all that titles, birth, or wealth afford;
Lords of themſelves, thank Heaven that they were born
Above the ſordid miſer's glitt'ring hoard,
Above the ſervile grandeur of a throne,
For they are nature's heirs, and all her works their own.

## TO THE SAME.

ON THE DEATH OF A RELATION.

O CHARLES, 'tis now the tender, trying time,
The hour of friendſhip, the ſad moment, when
You muſt a while indulge a virtuous crime,
And hide your own to eaſe another's pain,
The mournful tribute nature claims forego,
To calm a ſofter breaſt, and win it from its woe.

Yet think not conſolation, vainly dreſt
In Tully's language, and the learned pride
Of wordy eloquence, can ſooth the breaſt
Of real grief, or bid the tear ſubſide, [eye;
The heartfelt tear, which ſtreams from virtue's
For virtue's nobleſt proof is ſoft humanity.

Let dull unfeeling pedants talk by rote
Of Cato's ſoul, which could itſelf ſubdue;
Or idle ſcraps of Stoic fuſtian quote,
And bravely bear the pangs they never knew:
Refin'd from men, to deſerts let them fly, [die.
And, 'mid their kindred rocks, unpitied live, and

But He, whoſe mercy melts in vernal ſkies,
Whoſe attribute is univerſal love,
Knit man to man by nature's tend'reſt ties,
And bade us ſocial joys and ſorrows prove;
Bade us bedew with tears the kindred urn,
And for a brother loſt like ſad Maria mourn.

He bids thee too, in whiſpers felt within,
For ſure he finely tun'd thy ſocial ſoul,
Haſte to the lovely mourner, and reſtrain
Grief's ſwelling tides which in her boſom roll,
Not by obſtructing the tumultuous courſe,
But ſtealing by degrees, and yielding to its force.

As the kind parent treats the wounded child
With open ſmiles, and only weeps by ſtealth;
Its wayward pain with condeſcenſion mild
She charms to reſt, and cheats it into health:
So muſt we lightly urge th' afflicted fair,
Probe the ſelf tortur'd breaſt, and teach it how to bear.

Improve each moment when th' elaſtic mind,
Tir'd with its plaints, reſumes the bent of mirth;
Lead it to joys, not boiſtrous, but refin'd,
Far from thoſe ſcenes which gave its ſorrows birth, [vale,
Through the ſmooth paths of fancy's flowery
And the long devious tracks of ſome well-woven tale.

Though oft I've known a ſorrow like to theirs,
In well-deviſed ſtory painted ſtrong,
Cheat the fond mourners of their real cares,
And draw perforce the liſt'ning ear along;
Till powerful fiction taught the tears to flow;
And more than half their grief bewail'd another's woe.

But ſhe, alas, unfortunately wiſe,
Will ſee through every ſcheme thy art can frame,
Reject with honeſt ſcorn each mean diſguiſe,
And her full ſhare of genuine anguiſh claim;
Wild as the winds which ocean's face deform,
Or ſilent as the deep ere rolls th' impetuous ſtorm.

Why had ſhe talents given beyond her ſex,
Or why thoſe talents did her care improve?
Free from the follies which weak minds perplex,
But moſt expos'd to all which moſt can move.
Great ſouls alone are curs'd with grief's exceſs,
That quicker finer ſenſe of exquiſite diſtreſs.

Yet ſhall that power beyond her ſex, at laſt,
Not giv'n in vain, o'er grief itſelf prevail,
Stop thoſe heart-burſting groans which heave ſo faſt,
And reaſon triumph where thy counſels fail;
Save when ſome well-known object ever dear
Recalls th' untutor'd ſigh, or ſudden-ſtarting tear.

Such tender tribute to departed friends
Through life alas muſt ſad remembrance pay;
And ſuch, O Charles, when kinder fate extends
Thy ſtronger thread beyond my fatal day,
Such ſhall I hope from thee, till thou reſign
The laſt ſure pledge of love to ſome poor friend of thine.

## TO MR. GARRICK.

ON old Parnaſſus, t'other day,
The muſes met to ſing and play;
Apart from the reſt were ſeen
The tragic and the comic queen,

Engag'd, perhaps, in deep debate
On Rich's, or on Fleetwood's fate.
When, on a ſudden, news was brought
That Garrick had the patent got,
And both their ladyſhips again
Might now return to Drury-Lane.
They bow'd, they ſimper'd, and agreed,
They wiſh'd the project might ſucceed,
'Twas very poſſible; the caſe
Was likely too, and had a face—
A face! Thalia titt'ring cry'd,
And could her joy no longer hide;
Why, ſiſter, all the world muſt ſee
How much this makes for you and me:
No longer now ſhall we expoſe
Our unbought goods to empty rows,
Or meanly be oblig'd to court
From foreign aid a weak ſupport;
No more the poor polluted ſcene
Shall teem with births of Harlequin?
Or vindicated ſtage ſhall feel
The inſults of the dancer's heel.
Such idle traſh we'll kindly ſpare
To operas now—they'll want them there;
For Sadler's-Wells, they ſay, this year
Has quite outdone their engineer.
Pugh, you're a wag, the buſkin'd prude
Reply'd, and ſmil'd; beſide 'tis rude
To laugh at foreigners, you know,
And triumph o'er a vanquiſh'd foe:
For my part, I ſhall be content
If things ſucceed as they are meant;
And ſhould not be diſpleas'd to find
Some changes of the tragic kind.
And ſay, Thalia, mayn't we hope
The ſtage will take a larger ſcope?
Shall he, whoſe all-expreſſive powers
Can reach the heights which Shakſpeare ſoars,
Deſcend to touch an humbler key,
And tickle ears with poetry;
Where every tear is taught to flow
Through many a line's melodious woe,
And heart-felt pangs of deep diſtreſs
Are fritter'd into ſimilies?
—O thou, whom nature taught the art
To pierce, to cleave, to tear the heart,
Whatever name delight thy ear,
Othello, Richard, Hamlet, Lear,
O undertake my juſt defence,
And baniſh all but nature hence!
See, to thy aid with ſtreaming eyes
The fair afflicted * Conſtance flies;
Now wild as winds in madneſs tears
Her heaving breaſts, and ſcatter'd hairs;
Or low on earth diſdains relief,
With all the conſcious pride of grief.
My Pritchard too in Hamlet's queen—
The goddeſs of the ſportive vein
Here ſtop'd her ſhort, and with a ſneer,
My Pritchard, if you pleaſe, my dear!
Her tragic merit I confeſs,
But ſurely mine's her proper dreſs;
Behold her there with native caſe
And native ſpirit, born to pleaſe;
With all Maria's charms engage,
Or Milwood's arts, or Touchwood's rage,
Through every foible trace the fair,
Or leave the town, and toilet's care,
To chant in foreſts unconfin'd
The wilder notes of Roſalind.
O thou, where-e'er thou fix thy praiſe,
Brute, Drugger, Fribble, Ranger, Bays!
O join with her in my behalf,
And teach an audience when to laugh.
So ſhall buffoons with ſhame repair
To draw in fools at Smithfield fair,
And real humour charm the age,
Though * Falſtaff ſhould forſake the ſtage.
She ſpoke. Melpomene reply'd,
And much was ſaid on either ſide;
And many a chief, and many a fair,
Were mention'd to their credit there.
But I'll not venture to diſplay
What goddeſſes think fit to ſay.
However, Garrick, this at leaſt
Appears by both a truth confeſt,
That their whole fate for many a year
But hangs on your paternal care.
A nation's taſte depends on you:
—Perhaps a nation's virtue too.
O think how glorious 'twere to raiſe
A theatre to virtue's praiſe.
Where no indignant bluſh might riſe,
Nor wit be taught to plead for vice;
But every young attentive ear
Imbibe the precepts, living there.
And every unexperienc'd breaſt
There feel its own rude hints expreſt,
And, waken'd by the glowing ſcene,
Unfold the worth that lurks within.
If poſſible, be perfect quite;
A few ſhort rules will guide you right.
Conſult your own good ſenſe in all,
Be deaf to faſhion's fickle call,
Nor e'er deſcend from reaſon's laws
To court, what you command, applauſe.

* *Mrs. Cibber in the character of Lady Conſtance in Shakſpeare's King John.*

## NATURE TO DR. HOADLY,

ON HIS COMEDY OF THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

Sly hypocrite! was this your aim?
To borrow Pæon's ſacred name,
And lurk beneath his graver mien,
To trace the ſecrets of my reign?
Did I for this applaud your zeal,
And point out each minuter wheel,
Which finely taught the next to roll,
And made my works one perfect whole?
For who, but I, till you appear'd,
To model the dramatic herd,
E'er bade to won'dring ears and eyes,
Such pleaſing intricacies riſe?
Where every part is nicely true,
Yet touches ſtill the maſter clue;
Each riddle opening by degrees,
Till all unravels with ſuch eaſe,
That only thoſe who will be blind
Can feel one doubt perplex their mind.

* *Mr. Quin, inimitable in that character, who was then leaving the ſtage.*

Nor was't enough, you thought, to write;
But you muſt impiouſly unite
With Garrick too, who long before
Had foll'n my whole expreſſive pow'r.
That changeful Proteus of the ſtage,
Uſurps my mirth, my grief, my rage;
And as his different parts incline,
Gives joys or pains, ſincere as mine.
Yet you mall find (howe'er elate
You triumph in your former cheat)
'Tis not ſo eaſy to eſcape
In Nature's, as in Pæon's ſhape.
For every critic, great or ſmall,
Hates every thing that's natural.
The beaux, and ladies too, canſt ſay,
What does he mean? is this a play?
We ſee ſuch people every day.
Nay more, to chafe, and teize your ſpleen,
And teach you how to ſteal again,
My very fools ſhall prove you're bit,
And damn you for your want of wit.

## TO RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, ESQ.

Dear Cambridge, teach your friend the art
You uſe to gain the muſe's heart,
And make her ſo entirely yours,
That at all ſeaſons, and all hours,
The anxious goddeſs ready ſtands
To wait the motion of your hands.
It was of old a truth confeſt
That poets muſt have needful reſt,
And every imp of Phœbus' quire
To philoſophic ſhades retire,
Amid thoſe flowery ſcenes of eaſe
To pick up ſenſe and ſimiles.
Had Virgil been from coaſt to coaſt,
Like his Æneas, tempeſt-toſt,
Or paſs'd life's fluctuating dream
On Tyber's or on Mincio's ſtream,
He might have been expert in ſailing;
But Mævius ne'er had fear'd his railing,
Nor great Auguſtus ſav'd from fire
The relics of a trav'ling ſquire.
Had Horace too, from day to day,
Run poſt upon the Appian way,
In reſtleſs journeys to and from
Brundiſium, Capua, and Rome;
The bard had ſcarcely found a time
To put that very road in rhyme;
And ſav'd great cities much expence
In lab'ring to miſtake his ſenſe.
Nay he, whoſe Greek is out of date
Since Pope deſcended to tranſlate,
Though wand'ring ſtill from place to place,
At leaſt lay by in ſtormy weather
(Whate'er Perrault or Wotton ſays)
To tack his rhapſodies together.
But you, reverſing every rule
Of ancient or of modern ſchool,
Nor hurt by noiſe, nor cramp'd by rhymes,
Can all things do, and at all times.
Your own Scriblerus never knew
A more unſettled life than you,
Yet Pope in Twit'nam's peaceful grot
Scarce ever more correctly thought.
In whirligigs it is confeſt
The middle line's a line of reſt;
And, let the ſides fly how they will,
The central point muſt needs ſtand ſtill.
Perhaps your mind, like one of theſe,
Beholds the tumult round at eaſe,
And ſtands, as firm as rock in ocean,
The centre of perpetual motion.
That Cæſar did three things at once,
Is known at ſchool to every dunce;
But your more comprehenſive mind
Leaves pidling Cæſar far behind.
You ſpread the lawn, direct the flood,
Cut viſtas through, or plant a wood,
Build China's barks for Severn's ſtream,
Or form new plans for Epic fame,
And then, in ſpite of wind or weather,
You read, row, ride, and write together.
But 'tis not your undoubted claim
To naval or equeſtrian fame,
Your nicer taſte, or quicker parts,
In rural or mechanic arts,
(Though each alone in humbler ſtation
Might raiſe both wealth and reputation)
It is not theſe that I would have,
Bear them, o' God's name, to your grave.
But 'tis that unexhauſted vein,
That quick conception without pain,
That ſomething, for no words can ſhow it,
Which without leiſure makes a poet.
Sure Nature caſt, indulgent dame,
Some ſtrange peculiar in your frame,
From whoſe well-lodg'd prolific ſeeds
This inexpreſſive power proceeds.
Or does Thalia court your arms
Becauſe you ſeem to ſlight her charms,
And, like her ſiſter females, fly
From our dull aſſiduity.
If that's the caſe, I'll ſoon be free,
I'll put on airs as well as ſhe;
And even in *this poetic ſhade,
Where erſt with Pope and Gay ſhe play'd,
Ev'n here I'll tell her to her face
I've learn'd to ſcorn a forc'd embrace.
In ſhort, here ends her former reign;
And if we e'er begin again
It muſt be on another ſcore—
I'll write like you, or write no more.

## TO MR. MASON.

I.

Believe me, Maſon, 'tis in vain
Thy fortitude the torrent braves;
Thou too muſt bear th' inglorious chain;
The world, the world will have its ſlaves.
The choſen friend for converſe ſweet,
The ſmall, yet elegant retreat,
Are peaceful unambitious views
Which early fancy loves to form.
When aided by th' ingenuous muſe,
She turns the philoſophic page,
And ſees the wiſe of every age,
With nature's dictates warm.

* *Middleton park, Oxfordſhire.*

II.

But ah! to few has fortune given
The choice, to take or to refuſe;
To fewer ſtill indulgent Heaven
Allots the very will to chooſe,
And why are varying ſchemes prefer'd?
Man mixes with the common herd:
By cuſtom guided to purſue,
Or wealth, or honours, fame, or eaſe,
What others wiſh he wiſhes too;
Nor from his own peculiar choice,
'Till ſtrengthen'd by the public voice,
His very pleaſures pleaſe.

III.

How oft, beneath ſome hoary ſhade
Where Cam glides indolently ſlow,
Haſt thou, as indolently laid,
Preferr'd to Heaven thy fav'rite vow:
" Here, here forever let me ſtay,
" Here calmly loiter life away,
" Nor all thoſe vain connections know
" Which fetter down the freeborn-mind,
" The ſlave of intereſt, or of ſhow;
" While you gay tenant of the grove,
" The happier heir of Nature's love,
" Can warble unconfin'd."

IV.

Yet ſure, my friend, th' eternal plan
By truth unerring was deſign'd;
Inferior parts were made for man,
But man himſelf for all mankind.
Then by th' apparent judge th' unſeen;
Behold how rolls this vaſt machine
To one great end, howe'er withſtood,
Directing its impartial courſe.
All labour for the general good:
Some ſtem the wave, ſome till the ſoil,
By choice the bold, th' ambitious toil,
The indolent by force.

V.

That bird, thy fancy frees from care,
With many a fear unknown to thee,
Muſt rove to glean his ſcanty fare
From field to field, from tree to tree,
His lot, united with his kind,
Has all his little joys confin'd;
The lover's and the parent's ties
Alarm by turns his anxious breaſt,
Yet, bound by fate, by inſtinct wiſe,
He hails with ſongs the riſing morn,
And, pleas'd at evening's cool return,
He ſings himſelf to reſt.

VI.

And tell me, has not nature made
Some ſtated void for thee to fill,
Some ſpring, ſome wheel, which aſks thy aid
To move, regardleſs of thy will?
Go then, go feel with glad ſurpriſe
New bliſs from new attentions riſe;
Till, happier in thy wider ſphere,
Thou quit thy darling ſchemes of eaſe;
Nay, glowing in the full career,
Ev'n wiſh thy virtuous labours more;
Nor 'till the toilſome day is o'er
Expect the night of peace.

## TO THE REV. DR. LOWTH*.

ON HIS LIFE OF WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

O Lowth, while Wykeham's various worth you trace,
And bid to diſtant times his annals ſhine,
Indulge another bard of Wykeham's race
In the fond wiſh to add his name to thine.

From the ſame ſont, with reverence let me boaſt,
The claſſic ſtreams with early thirſt I caught;
What time, they ſay, the muſes revel'd moſt,
When Bigg preſided, and when Burton taught.

But the ſame fate, which led me to the ſpring,
Forbade me farther to purſue the ſtream:
Perhaps as kindly; for, as ſages ſing,
Of chance and fate full idly do we deem.

And ſure in Granta's philoſophic ſhade
Truth's genuine image beam'd upon my ſight;
And flow-ey'd reaſon lent his ſober aid
To form, deduce, compare, and judge aright.

Yes, ye ſweet fields, beſide your oſier'd ſtream
Full many an Attic hour my youth enjoy'd;
Full many a friendſhip form'd, life's happieſt dream,
And treaſur'd many a bliſs which never cloy'd.

Yet may the pilgrim, o'er his temperate fare
At eve, with pleaſing recollection ſay
'Twas the freſh morn which ſtrung his nerves to bear
The piercing beam, and uſeful toils of day.

So let me ſtill with filial love purſue
The nurſe and parent of my infant thought,
From whence the colour of my life I drew,
When Bigg preſided, and when Burton taught

O names by me rever'd?—'till memory die,
'Till my deaf ear forget th' enchanting flow
Of verſe harmonious, ſhall my mental eye
Trace back old time, and teach my breaſt to glow.

Peace to that honour'd ſhade, whoſe mortal frame
Sleeps in the boſom of its parent earth,
While his freed ſoul, which boaſts celeſtial flame,
Perhaps now triumphs in a nobler birth.

Perhaps with Wykeham, from ſome bliſsful bower,
Applauds thy labours, or prepares the wreath
For Burton's generous toil.—Th' inſatiate power
Extends his deathful ſway o'er all that breathe;

Nor aught avails it that the virtuous ſage,
Forms future bards, or Wykehams yet to come;
Nor ought avails it, that his green old age,
From youth well ſpent, may ſeem t' elude the tomb:

For Burton too muſt fall. And o'er his urn,
While ſcience hangs her ſculptur'd trophies round,
The letter'd tribes of half an age ſhall mourn,
Whoſe lyres he ſtrung, and added ſenſe to ſound.

Nor ſhall his candid ear, I truſt, diſdain
This artleſs tribute of a feeling mind;
And thou, O Lowth, ſhalt own the grateful ſtrain,
Mean though it flow, was virtuouſly deſign'd;

* *Afterward Biſhop of London.*

For 'twas thy work inſpir'd the melting mood
To feel, and pay the ſacred debt I ow'd:
And the next virtue to beſtowing good,
Thou know'ſt, is gratitude for good beſtow'd.

## TO THE REV. MR. WRIGHT.
1751.

Prithee teaze me no longer, dear troubleſome friend,
On a ſubject which wants not advice:
You may make me unhappy, but never can mend
Thoſe ills I have learnt to deſpiſe.

You ſay I'm dependent; what then?—if I make
That dependence quite eaſy to me,
Say why ſhould you envy my lucky miſtake,
Or why ſhould I wiſh to be free?

Many men of leſs worth, you partially cry,
To ſplendour and opulence ſoar:
Suppoſe I allow it; yet, pray Sir, am I
Leſs happy becauſe they are more?

But why ſaid I happy? I aim not at that,
Mere eaſe is my humble requeſt;
I would neither repine at a niggardly fate,
Nor ſtretch my wings far from my neſt.

Nor e'er may my pride or my folly reflect
On the fav'rites whom fortune has made,
Regardleſs of thouſands who pine with neglect
In penſive obſcurity's ſhade;

With whom when comparing the merit I boaſt,
Though rais'd by indulgence to fame,
I ſink in confuſion bewilder'd and loſt,
And wonder I am what I am!

And what are theſe wonders, theſe bleſſings refin'd
Which ſplendour and opulence ſhower?
The health of the body, and peace of the mind,
Are things which are out of their power.

To contentment's calm ſunſhine, the lot of the few,
Can inſolent greatneſs pretend?
Or can it beſtow, what I boaſt of in you,
That bleſſing of bleſſings, a friend?

We may pay ſome regard to the rich and the great,
But how ſeldom we love them you know;
Or if we do love them, it is not their ſtate,
The tinſel and plume of the ſhow.

But ſome ſecret virtues we find in the heart
When the maſk is laid kindly aſide,
Which birth cannot give them, nor riches impart,
And which never once heard of their pride.

A flow of good ſpirits I've ſeen with a ſmile
To worth make a ſhallow pretence;
And the chat of good breeding with eaſe, for a while,
May paſs for good nature, and ſenſe;

But where is the boſom untainted by art,
The judgment ſo modeſt and ſtay'd,
That union ſo rare of the head and the heart,
Which fixes the friends it has made?

For thoſe whom the great and the wealthy employ
Their pleaſure or vanity's ſlaves,
Whate'er they can give I without them enjoy,
And am rid of juſt ſo many knaves.

For the many whom titles alone can allure,
And the blazon of ermine and gules,
I wrap myſelf round in my lowneſs ſecure,
And am rid of juſt ſo many fools.

Then why ſhould I covet what cannot increaſe
My delights, and may leſſen their ſtore;
My preſent condition is quiet and eaſe,
And what can my future be more?

Should fortune capriciouſly ceaſe to be coy,
And in torrents of plenty deſcend,
I, doubtleſs, like others, ſhould claſp her with joy,
And my wants and my wiſhes extend.

But ſince 'tis deny'd me, and Heaven beſt knows
Whether kinder to grant it or not,
Say, why ſhould I vainly diſturb my repoſe,
And peeviſhly carp at my lot?

No; ſtill let me follow ſage Horace's rule,
Who tried all things, and held faſt the beſt;
Learn daily to put all my paſſions to ſchool,
And keep the due poiſe of my breaſt.

Thus, firm at the helm, I glide calmly away,
Like the merchant long us'd to the deep,
Nor truſt for my ſafety on life's ſtormy ſea,
To the gilding and paint of my ſhip.

Nor yet can the giants of honour and pelf
My want of ambition deride,
He who rules his own boſom is lord of himſelf,
And lord of all nature beſide.

## ODE TO THE TIBER.
ON ENTERING THE CAMPANIA OF ROME, AT OTRICOLI. 1755.

Hail ſacred ſtream, whoſe waters roll
Immortal through the claſſic page!
To thee the muſe-devoted ſoul,
Though deſtin'd to a later age
And leſs indulgent clime, to thee,
Nor thou diſdain, in Runic lays,
Weak mimic of true harmony,
His grateful homage pays.
Far other ſtrains thine elder ear
With pleas'd attention wont to hear,
When he, who ſtrung the Latian lyre,
And he, who led th' Aonian quire
From Mantua's reedy lakes with oſiers crown'd,
Taught echo from thy banks with tranſport to reſound.
Thy banks?—alas, is this the boaſted ſcene,
This dreary, wide, uncultivated plain,
Where ſick'ning nature wears a fainter green,
And deſolation ſpreads her torpid reign?
Is this the ſcene where freedom breath'd
Her copious horn where plenty wreath'd,
And health at opening day
Bade all her roſcate breezes fly,
To wake the ſons of induſtry,
And make their fields more gay?

Where is the villa's rural pride,
The ſwelling dome's imperial gleam,
Which lov'd to grace thy verdant ſide,
And tremble in thy golden ſtream?
Where are the bold, the buſy throngs,
That ruſh'd impatient to the war,

Or tun'd to peace triumphal ſongs,
And hail'd the paſſing car?
Along the ſolitary * road,
Th' eternal flint by Conſuls trod,
We muſe, and mark the ſad decays
Of mighty works, and mighty days!
For theſe vile waſtes, we cry, had fate decreed
That Veii's ſons ſhould ſtrive, for theſe Camillus bleed?
Did here, in after-times of Roman pride,
The muſing ſhepherd from Soracte's height
See towns extend where'er thy waters glide,
And temples riſe, and peopled farms unite?
They did. For this deſerted plain
The hero ſtrove, nor ſtrove in vain;
And here the ſhepherd ſaw
Unnumber'd towns and temples ſpread,
While Rome majeſtic rear'd her head,
And gave the nations law.

Yes, thou and Latium once were great.
And ſtill, ye firſt of human things,
Beyond the graſp of time or fate
Her fame and thine triumphant ſprings.
What though the mould'ring columns fall,
And ſtrow the deſart earth beneath,
Though ivy round each nodding wall
Entwine its fatal wreath,
Yet ſay, can Rhine or Danube boaſt
The numerous glories thou haſt loſt?
Can ev'n Euphrates' palmy ſhore,
Or Nile, with all his myſtic lore,
Produce from old records of genuine fame
Such heroes, poets, kings, or emulate thy name?

* *The Flaminian way.*

Ev'n now the muſe, the conſcious muſe is here;
From every ruin's formidable ſhade
Eternal muſic breathes on fancy's ear,
And wakes to more than form th' illuſtrious dead.
Thy Cæſars, Scipios, Catos, riſe
The great, the virtuous, and the wiſe,
In ſolemn ſtate advance!
They fix the philoſophic eye,
Or trail the robe, or lift on high
The light'ning of the lance.

But chief that humbler, happier train,
Who knew thoſe virtues to reward
Beyond the reach of chance or pain
Secure, th' hiſtorian and the bard.
By them the hero's generous rage
Still warm in youth immortal lives;
And in their adamantine page
Thy glory ſtill ſurvives.
Through deep ſavannahs wild and vaſt,
Unheard, unknown through ages paſt,
Beneath the ſun's directer beams,
What copious torrents pour their ſtreams!
No fame have they, no fond pretence to mourn,
No annals ſwell their pride, or grace their ſtoried urn.
While thou, with Rome's exalted genius join'd,
Her ſpear yet lifted, and her corſlet brac'd,
Canſt tell the waves, canſt tell the paſſing wind,
Thy wond'rous tale, and cheer the liſt'ning waſte.
Though from his caves th' unfeeling north
Pour'd all his legion'd tempeſts forth,
Yet ſtill thy laurels bloom:
One deathleſs glory ſtill remains,
Thy ſtream has roll'd through Latian plains,
Has waſh'd the walls of Rome.

# ELEGIES.

## ELEGY I.

WRITTEN AT THE CONVENT OF HAUT VILLERS, IN CHAMPAGNE. 1754.

SILENT and clear, through yonder peaceful vale,
While Marne's ſlow waters weave their mazy way,
See, to th' exulting ſun, and ſoft'ring gale,
What boundleſs treaſures his rich banks diſplay!

Faſt by the ſtream, and at the mountain's baſe,
The lowing herds through living paſtures rove;
Wide waving harveſts crown the riſing ſpace;
And ſtill ſuperior nods the viny grove.

High on the top, as guardian of the ſcene,
Imperial Sylvan ſpreads his umbrage wide;
Nor wants there many a cot, and ſpire between,
Or in the vale, or on the mountain's ſide,

To mark that man as tenant of the whole,
Claims the juſt tribute of his culturing care,
Yet pays to Heaven, in gratitude of ſoul,
The boon which Heaven accepts of praiſe and prayer.

O dire effects of war! the time has been
When deſolation vaunted here her reign;
One ravag'd deſart was yon beauteous ſcene,
And Marne ran purple to the frighted Seine.

Oft at his work, the toilſome day to cheat,
The ſwain ſtill talks of thoſe diſaſtrous times,
When Guiſe's pride, and Conde's ill-ſtar'd heat,
Taught Chriſtian zeal to authoriſe their crimes.

Oft to his children ſportive on the graſs,
Does dreadful tales of worn tradition tell,
Oft points to Epernay's ill-fated paſs,
Where force thrice triumph'd, and where Biron fell.

O dire effects of war! may ever more
Through this ſweet vale the voice of diſcord ceaſe
A Britiſh bard to Gallia's fertile ſhore
Can wiſh the bleſſings of eternal peace.

Yet ſay, ye monks (beneath whoſe moſs-grown ſeat,
Within whoſe cloiſter'd cells th' indebted muſe
A while ſojourns, for meditation meet,
And theſe looſe thoughts in penſive ſtrain purſues)

Avails it aught, that war's rude tumults ſpare
Yon cluſter'd vineyard, or yon golden field,
If niggards to yourſelves, and fond of care,
You ſlight the joys their copious treaſures yield?

Avails it aught, that nature's liberal hand
With every bleſſing grateful man can know,
Clothes the rich boſom of yon ſmiling land,
The mountain's ſloping ſide, or pendant brow.

If meagre famine paint your pallid cheek,
If breaks the midnight bell your hours of reſt,
If, 'midſt heart-chilling damps, and winter bleak,
You ſhun the cheerful bowl, and moderate feaſt!

Look forth, and be convinc'd! 'tis nature pleads,
Her ample volume opens on your view:
The ſimple-minded ſwain, who running reads,
Feels the glad truth, and is it hid from you?

Look forth, and be convinc'd! Yon proſpects wide
To reaſon's ear how forcibly they ſpeak!
Compar'd with thoſe, how dull is letter'd pride!
And Auſtin's babbling eloquence how weak!

Temp'rance, not abſtinence, in every bliſs
Is man's true joy, and therefore Heaven's command.
The wretch who riots thanks his God amiſs:
Who ſtarves, rejects the bounties of his hand.

Mark, while the Marne in yon full channel glides,
How ſmooth his courſe, how nature ſmiles around!
But ſhould impetuous torrents ſwell his tides,
The fairy landſkip ſinks in oceans drown'd.

Nor leſs diſaſtrous, ſhould his thrifty urn
Neglected leave the once well-water'd land,
To dreary waſtes yon paradiſe would turn,
Polluted ooze, or heaps of barren ſand.

## ELEGY II.

ON * THE MAUSOLEUM OF AUGUSTUS.

*To the Right Honourable George Buſſy Villiers, Viſcount Villiers.*

WRITTEN AT ROME. 1756.

AMID theſe mould'ring walls, this marble round,
Where ſlept the heroes of the Julian name,
Say, ſhall we linger ſtill in thought profound,
And meditate the mournful paths to fame?

What though no cypreſs ſhades in funeral rows,
No ſculptur'd urns, the laſt records of fate,
O'er the ſhrunk terrace wave their baleful boughs,
Or breathe in ſtoried emblems of the great;

Yet not with heedleſs eye will we ſurvey
The ſcene, though chang'd, nor negligently tread;
Theſe variegated walks, however gay,
Were once the ſilent manſions of the dead.

In every ſhrub, in every flow'ret's bloom
That paints with different hues yon ſmiling plain,
Some hero's aſhes iſſue from the tomb,
And live a vegetative life again.

For matter dies not, as the ſages ſay,
But ſhifts to other forms the pliant maſs,
When the free ſpirit quits its cumb'rous clay,
And ſees, beneath, the rolling planets paſs.

Perhaps, my Villiers, for I ſing to thee,
Perhaps, unknowing of the bloom it gives,
In yon fair ſcyon of Apollo's tree,
The ſacred duſt of young Marcellus lives.

Pluck not the leaf—'twere ſacrilege to wound
Th' ideal memory of ſo ſweet a ſhade;
In theſe ſad ſeats an early grave he found,
And * the firſt rites to gloomy Dis convey'd.

Witneſs † thou field of Mars, that oft hadſt known
His youthful triumphs in the mimic war,
Thou heard'ſt the heart-felt univerſal groan,
When o'er thy boſom roll'd the funeral car.

Witneſs ‡ thou Tuſcan ſtream, where oft he glow'd
In ſportive ſtrugglings with th' oppoſing wave,
Faſt by the recent tomb thy waters flow'd,
While wept the wife, the virtuous, and the brave.

O loſt too ſoon!—yet why lament a fate
By thouſands envied, and by Heav'n approv'd?
Rare is the boon to thoſe of longer date
To live, to die, admir'd, eſteem'd, belov'd.

Weak are our judgments, and our paſſions warm,
And ſlowly dawns the radiant morn of truth,
Our expectations haſtily we form,
And much we pardon to ingenuous youth.

Too oft we ſatiate on the applauſe we pay
To riſing merit, and reſume the crown;
Full many a blooming genius ſnatch'd away,
Has fall'n lamented, who had liv'd unknown.

For hard the taſk, O Villiers, to ſuſtain
Th' important burden of an early fame;
Each added day ſome added worth to gain,
Prevent each wiſh, and anſwer every claim.

Be thou Marcellus, with a length of days!
But O remember, whatſoe'er thou art,
The moſt exalted breath of human praiſe,
To pleaſe indeed muſt echo from the heart.

Though thou be brave, be virtuous, and be wiſe,
By all, like him, admir'd, eſteem'd, belov'd;
'Tis from within alone true fame can riſe,
The only happy is the ſelf-approv'd.

## ELEGY III.

*To the Right Honourable George Simon Harcourt, Viſcount Nuneham.*

WRITTEN AT ROME. 1756.

YES, noble youth, 'tis true; the ſofter arts,
The ſweetly-ſounding ſtring, and pencil's power,

* *It is now a garden belonging to Marcheſe di Corre.*

* *He is ſaid to be the firſt perſon buried in this monument.*

† Quantos ille virum magnam Mavortis ad urbem
Campus aget gemitus!

‡ ——Vel quæ, Tyberine, videbis
Funera, cum tumulum præterlabere recentem.
VIRG.

Have warm'd to rapture even heroic hearts,
And taught the rude to wonder and adore.

For beauty charms us, whether ſhe appears
In blended colours; or to ſoothing ſound
Attunes her voice; or fair proportion wears
In yonder ſwelling dome's harmonious round.

All, all ſhe charms; but not alike to all
'Tis given to revel in her bliſsful bower;
Coercive ties, and reaſon's powerful call, [vour.
Bid ſome but taſte the ſweets, which ſome de-

When nature govern'd, and when man was young,
Perhaps at will th' untutor'd ſavage rov'd,
Where waters murmur'd, and where cluſters hung,
He fed, and ſlept beneath the ſhade he lov'd.

But ſince the ſage's more ſagacious mind,
By Heaven's permiſſion, or by Heaven's command,
To poliſh'd ſtates has ſocial laws aſſign'd,
And general good on partial duties plann'd,

Not for ourſelves our vagrant ſteps we bend
As heedleſs chance, or wanton choice ordain;
On various ſtations various taſks attend,
And men are born to trifle or to reign.

As chaunts the woodman, while the dryads weep,
And falling foreſts fear the uplifted blow;
As chaunts the ſhepherd, while he tends his ſheep,
Or weaves to pliant forms the oſier bough:

To me 'tis given, whom fortune loves to lead [ers,
Through humbler toils to life's ſequeſter'd bow-
To me 'tis given to wake th' amuſive reed,
And ſooth with ſong the ſolitary hours.

But thee ſuperior, ſoberer toils demand,
Severer paths are thine of patriot fame;
Thy birth, thy friends, thy king, thy native land,
Have given thee honours, and have each their claim.

Then nerve with fortitude thy feeling breaſt,
Each wiſh to combat, and each pain to bear;
Spurn with diſdain th' inglorious love of reſt,
Nor let the ſyren eaſe approach thine ear.

Beneath yon cypreſs ſhade's eternal green
See proſtrate Rome her wond'rous ſtory tell,
Mark how ſhe roſe the world's imperial queen,
And tremble at the proſpect how ſhe fell!

Not that my rigid precepts would require
A painful ſtruggling with each adverſe gale,
Forbid thee liſten to th' enchanting lyre,
Or turn thy ſteps from fancy's flowery vale.

Whate'er of Greece in ſculptur'd braſs ſurvives,
Whate'er of Rome in mould'ring arcs remains,
Whate'er of genius on the canvaſs lives,
Or flows in poliſh'd verſe, or airy ſtrains,

Be theſe thy leiſure; to the choſen few
Who dare excel, thy ſoft'ring aid afford;
Their arts, their magic powers, with honours due
Exalt; but be thyſelf what they record.

## ELEGY IV.

*To an Officer.*

WRITTEN AT ROME. 1756.

From Latian fields, the manſions of renown,
Where fix'd the warrior god his fated ſeat;
Where infant heroes learn'd the martial frown,
And little hearts for genuine glory beat;

What for my friend, my ſoldier, ſhall I frame?
What nobly-glowing verſe that breathes of arms,
To point his radiant path to deathleſs fame,
By great examples, and terrific charms?

Quirinus firſt, with bold, collected bands,
The ſinewy ſons of ſtrength, for empire ſtrove;
Beneath his proweſs bow'd th' aſtoniſh'd lands,
And temples roſe to Mars, and to Peretrian Jove.

War taught contempt of death, contempt of pain,
And hence the Fabii, hence the Decii come:
War urg'd the ſlaughter, though ſhe wept the ſlain,
Stern war, the rugged nurſe of virtuous Rome.

But not from antique fables will I draw,
To fire thy active ſoul, a dubious aid, [awe
Though now, ev'n now, they ſtrike with rev'rend
By poets or hiſtorian ſacred made.

Nor yet to thee the babbling muſe ſhall tell
What mighty kings with all their legion wrought,
What cities ſunk, and ſtoried nations fell,
When Cæſar, Titus, or when Trajan fought.

While o'er yon hill th' exalted * Trophy ſhows
To what vaſt heights of incorrupted praiſe
The great, the ſelf-ennobled Marius roſe
From private worth, and fortune's private ways:

From ſteep Arpinum's rock-inveſted ſhade,
From hardy virtue's emulative ſchool,
His daring flight th' expanding genius made,
And by obeying, nobly learn'd to rule.

Abaſh'd, confounded, ſtern Iberia groan'd,
And Afric trembled to her utmoſt coaſts;
When the proud land its deſtin'd conqueror own'
In the new conſul, and his veteran hoſts.

Yet chiefs are madmen, and ambition weak,
And mean the joys the laurell'd harveſts yield
If virtue fail. Let fame, let envy ſpeak
Of Capſa's walls, and Sextia's wat'ry field.

But ſink for ever, in oblivion caſt,
Diſhoneſt triumphs, and ignoble ſpoils.
Minturnæ's Marſh ſeverely paid at laſt
The guilty glories gain'd in civil broils.

Nor yet his vain contempt the muſe ſhall praiſe
For ſcenes of poliſh'd life, and letter'd worth
The ſteel-rib'd warrior wants not envy's ways
To darken theirs, or call his merits forth:

Witneſs yon Cimbrian trophies!—Marius, there
Thy ample pinion found a ſpace to fly,
As the plum'd eagle ſoaring ſails in air,
In upper air, and ſcorns a middle ſky.

Thence, too, thy country claim'd thee for her own
And bade the ſculptor's toil thy acts adorn,
To teach in characters of living ſtone
Eternal leſſons to the youth unborn.

---

* *The trophies of Marius, now erected before the Capitol.*

For wisely Rome her warlike sons rewards
With the sweet labours of her artists' hands;
He wakes her graces who her empire guards,
And both Minervas join in willing bands.

O why, Britannia, why untrophied pass
The patriot deeds thy godlike sons display,
Why breathes on high no monumental brass,
Why swells no arc to grace Culloden's day?

Wait we till faithless France submissive bow
Beneath that hero's delegated spear,
Whose light'ning smote rebellion's haughty brow,
And scatter'd her vile rout with horror in the rear?

O land of freedom, land of arts, assume
That graceful dignity thy merits claim;
Exalt thy heroes like imperial Rome,
And build their virtues on their love of fame!

## ELEGY V.

*To a Friend Sick.*

WRITTEN AT ROME. 1756.

'Twas in this * isle, O Wright indulge my lay,
Whose naval form divides the Tuscan flood,
In the bright dawn of her illustrious day
Rome fix'd her temple to the healing god!

Here stood his altars, here his arm he bar'd,
And round his mystic staff the serpent twin'd,
Through crowded portals hymns of praise were heard,
And victims bled, and sacred seers divin'd.

On every breathing wall, on every round
Of column, swelling with proportion'd grace,
Is stated seat some votive tablet found,
And storied wonders dignified the place.

Oft from the balmy blessings of repose,
And the cool stillness of the night's deep shade,
To light and health th' exulting votarist rose, [aid.
While fancy work'd with med'cine's powerful

Oft in his dreams (no longer clogg'd with fears
Of some broad torrent, or some headlong steep,
With each dire form imagination wears,
When harass'd nature sinks in turbid sleep),

Oft in his dreams he saw diffusive day
Through bursting glooms its cheerful beams extend,
On billowy clouds saw sportive genii play,
And bright Hygeia from her heaven descend.

What marvel then, that man's o'erflowing mind
Should wreath-bound columns raise, and altars fair,
And grateful offerings pay to powers so kind,
Though fancy-form'd, and creatures of the air?

Who that has writh'd beneath the scourge of pain,
Or felt the burden'd languor of disease,
But would with joy the slightest respite gain,
And idolize the hand which lent him ease?

To thee, my friend, unwillingly to thee,
For truths like these the anxious muse appeals,
Can memory answer from affliction free,
Or speaks the sufferer what, I fear, he feels?

No, let me hope ere this in Romely grove
Hygeia revels with the blooming spring,
Ere this the vocal seats the muses love
With hymns of praise, like Pæon's temple, ring.

It was not written in the book of fate
That, wand'ring far from Albion's sea-girt plain,
Thy distant friend should mourn thy shorter date,
And tell to alien woods and streams his pain.

It was not written. Many a year shall roll,
If aught th' inspiring muse aright presage,
Of blameless intercourse from soul to soul,
And friendship well matur'd from youth to age.

## ELEGY VI.

*To the Rev. Mr. Sanderson.*

WRITTEN AT ROME. 1756.

Behold, my friend, to this small * orb confin'd,
The genuine features of Aurelius' face;
The father, friend, and lover of his kind,
Shrunk to a narrow coin's contracted space.

Not so his fame; for erst did Heaven ordain,
While seas should waft us, and while suns should warm,
On tongues of men the friend of man should reign,
And in the arts he lov'd the patron charm.

Oft as amidst the mould'ring spoils of age,
His moss-grown monuments my steps pursue;
Oft as my eye revolves th' historic page,
Where pass his generous acts in fair review,

Imagination grasps at mighty things, [see;
Which men, which angels might with rapture
Then turns to humbler scenes its safer wings,
And, blush not while I speak it, thinks on thee.

With all that firm benevolence of mind
Which pities while it blames th' unfeeling vain,
With all that active zeal to serve mankind,
That tender suffering for another's pain,

Why wert not thou to thrones imperial rais'd?
Did heedless fortune slumber at thy birth,
Or on thy virtues with indulgence gaz'd,
And gave her grandeurs to her sons of earth?

Happy for thee, whose less distinguish'd sphere
Now cheers in private the delighted eye,
For calm content, and smiling ease are there,
And Heaven's divinest gift, sweet liberty.

Happy for me, on life's serener flood
Who sail, by talents as by choice restrain'd,
Else had I only shar'd the general good,
And lost the friend the universe had gain'd.

* *The Insula Tiberina, where there are still some small remains of the famous temple of Æsculapius.*

* *The medal of Marcus Aurelius.*

# MISCELLANIES.

## VERSES

TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND. 1758.

——"Mures animos in martia bella
"Verſibus exacuit."—— HOR.

BRITONS, rouſe to deeds of death!—
Waſte no zeal in idle breath,
Nor loſe the harveſt of your ſwords
In a civil war of words!
Wherefore teems the ſhameleſs preſs
With labour'd births of emptineſs?
Reas'nings, which no facts produce,
Eloquence, that murders uſe;
Ill-tim'd humour, that beguiles
Weeping idiots of their ſmiles;
Wit, that knows but to defame,
And ſatire, that profanes the name.
Let th' undaunted Grecian teach
The uſe and dignity of ſpeech,
At whoſe thunders nobly thrown
Shrunk the man of Macedon.
If the form of words muſt riſe,
Let it blaſt our enemies.
Sure and nervous be it hurl'd
On the Philips of the world.
Learn not vainly to deſpiſe
(Proud of Edward's victories)!
Warriors wedg'd in firm array,
And navies powerful to diſplay
Their woven wings to every wind,
And leave the panting foe behind.
Give to France the honours due,
France has chiefs and ſtateſmen too.
Breaſts which patriot-paſſions feel,
Lovers of the common-weal.
And when ſuch the foes we brave,
Whether on the land or wave,
Greater is the pride of war,
And the conqueſt nobler far.
Agincourt and Creſſy long
Have flouriſh'd in immortal ſong;
And liſping babes aſpire to praiſe
The wonders of Eliza's days.
And what elſe of late renown
Has added wreaths to Britain's crown;
Whether on th' impetuous Rhine
She bade her harneſs'd warriors ſhine,
Or ſnatch'd the dangerous palm of praiſe
Where the Sambre meets the Maeſe;
Or Danube rolls his wat'ry train;
Or the yellow-treſſed Mayne
Through Dettingen's immortal vale—
Ev'n Fontenoy could tell a tale,
Might modeſt Worth ingenuous ſpeak,
To raiſe a bluſh on victory's cheek;
And bid the vanquiſh'd wreaths diſplay
Great as on Culloden's day.
But glory which aſpires to laſt
Leans not meanly on the paſt.
'Tis the preſent now demands
Britiſh hearts, and Britiſh hands.
Curſt be he, the willing ſlave,
Who doubts, who lingers to be brave.
Curſt be the coward tongue that dare
Breathe one accent of deſpair,
Cold as winter's icy hand
To chill the genius of the land.
Chiefly you, who ride the deep
And bid our thunders wake or ſleep
As pity pleads, or glory calls—
Monarchs of our wooden walls!
Midſt your mingling ſeas and ſkies
'Riſe ye Blakes, ye Raleighs riſe!
Let the ſordid luſt of gain
Be baniſh'd from the liberal main.
He who ſtrikes the generous blow
Aims it at the public foe.
Let glory be the guiding ſtar,
Wealth and honours follow her.
See! ſhe ſpreads her luſtre wide
O'er the vaſt Atlantic tide!
Conſtant as the ſolar ray
Points the path and leads the way!
Other worlds demand your care,
Other worlds to Britain dear;
Where the foe inſidious roves
O'er headlong ſtreams, and pathleſs groves;
And Juſtice' ſimpler laws confounds
With imaginary bounds.
If protected commerce keep
Her tenor o'er yon heaving deep,
What have we from war to fear?
Commerce ſteels the nerves of war;
Heals the havoc rapine makes,
And new ſtrength from conqueſt takes.
Nor leſs at home O deign to ſmile,
Goddeſs of Britannia's iſle!
Thou, that from her rocks ſurvey'ſt
Her boundleſs realms the wat'ry waſte;
Thou, that rov'ſt the hill and mead
Where her flocks, and heifers feed;
Thou, that cheer'ſt th' induſtrious ſwain,
While he ſtrows the pregnant grain;
Thou, that hear'ſt his caroll'd vows
When th' expanded barn o'erflows;
Thou, the bulwark of our cauſe,
Thou, the guardian of our laws,
Sweet liberty!—O deign to ſmile,
Goddeſs of Britannia's iſle!
If to us indulgent Heaven
Nobler ſeeds of ſtrength has given,

Nobler ſhould the produce be;
Brave, yet gen'rous, are the free.
Come then, all thy powers diffuſe,
Goddeſs of extended views!
Every breaſt which feels thy flame
Shall kindle into martial fame,
Till ſhame ſhall make the coward bold,
And indolence her arms unfold:
Ev'n avarice ſhall protect his hoard,
And the plough-ſhare gleam a ſword,
Goddeſs, all thy powers diffuſe!—
And thou, genuine Britiſh muſe,
Nurs'd amidſt the druids old
Where Deva's wizard waters roll'd,
Thou that bear'ſt the golden key
To unlock eternity,
Summon thy poetic guard——
Britain ſtill has many a bard,
Whom, when time and death ſhall join
T' expand the ore, and ſtamp the coin,
Late poſterity ſhall own
Lineal to the muſe's throne—
Bid them leave th' inglorious theme
Of fabled ſhade, or haunted ſtream.
In the daiſy painted mead
'Tis to peace we tune the reed;
But when war's tremendous roar
Shakes the iſle from ſhore to ſhore,
Every bard of purer fire
Trytæus-like ſhould graſp the lyre;
Wake with verſe the hardy deed,
Or in the generous ſtrife like * Sydney bleed.

## A CHARGE TO THE POETS.

*Firſt Printed*, 1762.

"Quaſi ex Cathedrâ loquitur."—

Full twenty years have roll'd, ye rhiming band,
Since firſt I dipt in ink my trembling hand,
For much it trembled, though th' obliging few,
Who judge with candour, prais'd the † ſketch I drew;
And echo, anſwering from the public voice,
Indulg'd as genius, what I fear'd was choice.
At length, arriv'd at thoſe maturer years
So rarely rais'd by hope, or ſunk by fears,
I reſt in peace; or ſcribble if I pleaſe:
In point of wealth not affluent, but at eaſe;
(For eaſe is truly theirs who dare confine
Their wiſhes to ſuch moderate views as mine)
In point of what the world and you call fame,
(I judge but by conjecture) much the ſame.
But whether right or wrong I judge, to you
It matters not: the following fact is true.
From nobler names, and great in each degree,
The penſion'd laurel has devolv'd to me.
To me, ye bards; and, what you'll ſcarce conceive,
Or, at the beſt, unwillingly believe,
Howe'er unworthily I wear the crown,
Unaſk'd it came, and from a hand unknown.
Then, ſince my king and patron have thought fit
To place me on the throne of modern wit,
My grave advice, my brethren, hear at large;
As biſhops to their clergy give their charge,
Though many a prieſt, who liſtens, might afford
Perhaps more ſolid counſel to my lord.
To you, ye guardians of the ſacred fount,
Deans and archdeacons of the double mount,
That through our realms inteſtine broils may ceaſe,
My firſt and laſt advice is, "Keep the peace!"
What is't to you, that half the town admire
Falſe ſenſe, falſe ſtrength, falſe ſoftneſs, or falſe fire?
Through heav'n's void concave let the meteors blaze,
He hurts his own, who wounds another's bays.
What is't to you that numbers place your name
Firſt, fifth, or twentieth, in the liſts of fame?
Old time will ſettle all your claims at once,
Record the genius, and forget the dunce.
It boots us much to know, obſervers ſay,
Of what materials nature form'd our clay;
From what ſtrange beaſt Prometheus' plaſtic art
Purloin'd the particle which rules the heart.
If milky ſoftneſs, gliding through the veins,
Incline the muſe to panegyric ſtrains,
Inſipid lays our kindeſt friends may lull,
Be very moral, yet be very dull.
If bile prevails, and temper dictates ſatire,
Out wit is ſpleen, our virtue is ill-nature;
With it's own malice arm'd we combat evil,
As zeal for God's ſake ſometimes plays the devil,
O mark it well! does pride affect to reign
The ſolitary tyrant of the brain?
Or vanity exert her quick'ning flame,
Stuck round with ears that liſten after fame?
O to theſe points let ſtrict regard be given,
Nor * "Know thyſelf" in vain deſcend from heaven.
Do critics teaze you?—with a ſmile I ſpeak,
Nor would ſuppoſe my brethren were ſo weak.
'Tis on ourſelves, and not our foes, or friends,
Our future fame, or infamy, depends.
Let envy point, or malice wing the darts.
They only wound us in our mortal parts.
Beſides, 'tis much too late to go to ſchool,
Grown men will judge by nature's nobleſt rule,
Admire true beauties, and ſlight faults excuſe,
Not learn to dance from † journals and reviews.
If fools traduce you, and your works decry,
As many fools will rate your worth too high;
Then balance the account, and fairly take
The cool report which men of judgment make.
In writing, as in life, he foils the foe,
Who, conſcious of his ſtrength, forgives the blow.

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* *Sir Philip Sydney, mortally wounded in an action near Zutphen, in Gelderland.*

† "*The danger of writing Verſe.*" *Firſt printed in the year* 1741; *to which this poem may be conſidered as a ſequel.*

* "E cœlo deſcendit," γνωθι σεαυτον. Juv.

† *This is not intended as a reflection on either the Journals or Reviews. They are not the maſters, but the ſcholars, the grown gentlemen, at whom the author ſmiles; and who, he thinks, had much better not pretend to judge at all, than borrow opinions which never ſit eaſy upon them.*

They court the infult who but ſeem afraid:
And then, by anſwering, you promote the trade,
And give them, what their own weak claims deny,
A chance for future laughter, or a ſigh.
You, who as yet, unſullied by the preſs,
Hang o'er your labours in their virgin dreſs:
And you, who late the public taſte have hit,
And ſtill enjoy the honey-moon of wit,
Attentive hear me: grace may ſtill abound,
Whoever preaches, if the doctrine's ſound,
If nature prompts you, or if friends perſuade,
Why write; but ne'er purſue it as a trade.
And ſeldom publiſh: manuſcripts diſarm
The cenſor's frown, and boaſt an added charm,
Enhance their worth by ſeeming to retire,
For what but few can prate of, all admire.
Who trade in verſe, alas, as rarely find,
The public grateful, as the muſes kind.
From conſtant feaſts like fated gueſts we ſteal,
And tir'd of tickling loſe all power to feel.
'Tis novelty we want; with that in view,
We praiſe ſtale matter, ſo the bard be new;
Or from known bards with exſtacy receive
Each pert new whim they almoſt bluſh to give.
A life of writing, unleſs wond'rous ſhort,
No wit can brave, no genius can ſupport.
Some ſoberer province for your buſineſs chooſe,
Be that your helmet, and your plume the muſe.
Through Fame's long rubric, down from Chaucer's time,
Few fortunes have been rais'd by lofty rhyme.
And, when our toils ſucceſs no longer crowns,
What ſhelter find we from a world in frowns?
O'er each diſtreſs, which vice or folly brings,
Though charity extend her healing wings,
No maudlin hoſpitals are yet aſſign'd
For ſlip-ſhod muſes of the vagrant kind;
Where anthems might ſucceed to ſatires keen,
And hymns of penitence to ſongs obſcene. [grin
What refuge then remains!—with gracious
Some practis'd bookſeller invites you in. [town,
Where luckleſs bards, condemn'd to court the
(Not for their parents' vices, but their own)!
Write gay conundrums with an aching head,
Or earn by defamation daily bread,
Or, friendleſs, ſhirtleſs, pennyleſs, complain,
Not of the world's, but "Cælia's cold diſdain."
Lords of their workhouſe ſee the tyrants ſit,
Brokers in books, and ſtock-jobbers in wit,
Beneath whoſe laſh, oblig'd to write or faſt,
Our confeſſors and martyrs breathe their laſt!
And can ye bear ſuch inſolence?—away,
For ſhame; plough, dig, turn pedlars, drive the dray;
With minds indignant each employment ſuits,
Our fleets want ſailors, and our troops recruits;
And many a dirty ſtreet, on Thames's ſide,
Is yet by ſtool and bruſh unoccupied.
Time was when poets play'd the thorough game,
Swore, drank, and bluſter'd, and blaſphem'd for fame.
The firſt in brothels with their punk and muſe;
Your toaſt, ye bards? "Parnaſſus and the ſtews!"
Thank Heaven the times are chang'd; no poet now
Need roar for Bacchus, or to Venus bow.
'Tis our own fault if Fielding's laſh we feel,
Or, like French wits, begin with the Baſtile.
Ev'n in thoſe days ſome few eſcap'd their fate,
By better judgment, or a longer date,
And rode, like buoys, triumphant o'er the tide.
Poor Otway in an ale-houſe dos'd, and died!
While happier Southern, though with ſpots of yore,
Like Plato's hovering ſpirits, cruſted o'er,
Liv'd every mortal vapour to remove,
And to our admiration join'd our love.
Light lie his funeral turf!—for you, who join
His decent manners to his art divine,
Would ye (while, round you, toſs the proud and vain
Convuls'd with feeling, or with giving pain)
Indulge the muſe in innocence and eaſe,
And tread the flowery path of life in peace?
Avoid all authors.—What! th' illuſtrious few,
Who, ſhunning fame, have taught her to purſue,
Fair virtue's heralds?—yes, I ſay again,
Avoid all authors, till you've read the men.
Full many a peeviſh, envious, ſlandering elf,
Is, in his work, benevolence itſelf.
For all mankind unknown, his boſom heaves,
He only injures thoſe with whom he lives.
Read then the man: does truth his actions guide,
Exempt from petulance, exempt from pride?
To ſocial duties does his heart attend,
As ſon, as father, huſband, brother, friend?
Do thoſe who know him love him? if they do,
You've my permiſſion, you may love him too.
But chief avoid the boiſt'rous roaring ſparks,
The ſons of fire!—you'll know them by their marks.
Fond to be heard, they always court a croud,
And, though 'tis borrow'd nonſenſe, talk it loud:
One epithet ſupplies their conſtant chime,
Damn'd bad, damn'd good, damn'd low, and damn'd ſublime!
But moſt in quick ſhort repartee they ſhine
Of local humour; or from plays purloin
Each quaint ſtale ſcrap which every ſubject hits,
Till fools almoſt imagine, they are wits.
Hear them on Shakſpeare! there they foam, they rage!
Yet taſte not half the beauties of his page,
Nor ſee that art, as well as nature, ſtrove
To place him foremoſt in th' Aonian grove.
For there, there only, where the ſiſters join,
His genius triumphs, and the works divine.
Or would ye ſift more near theſe ſons of fire,
'Tis Garrick, and not Shakſpeare, they admire.
Without his breath, inſpiring every thought,
They ne'er perhaps had known what Shakſpeare wrote;
Without his eager, his becoming zeal,
To teach them, though they ſcarce know why, to feel,
A crude unmeaning maſs had Jonſon been,
And a dead letter Shakſpeare's nobleſt ſcene.
O come the time, when diffidence again
Shall bind our youth in nature's modeſt chain!
Born in a happier age, and happier clime,
Old Sophocles had merit, in his time;
And ſo, no doubt, howe'er we flout his plays,
Had poor Euripides, in former days.

Not like the moderns we confeſs; but yet
Some ſeeming faults we ſurely might forget,
Becauſe 'twould puzzle even the wife to ſhow
Whether thoſe faults were real faults, or no.
To all true merit give its juſt applauſe,
The worſt have beauties, and the beſt have flaws.
Greek, French, Italian, Engliſh, great or ſmall,
I own my frailty, I admire them all.
There are, miſtaking prejudice for taſte,
Who on one ſpecies all their rapture waſte.
Though, various as the flowers which paint the year,
In rainbow charms the changeful nine appear,
The different beauties coyly they admit,
And to one ſtandard would confine our wit.
Some manner'd verſe delights; while ſome can raiſe
To fairy fiction their exſtatic gaze,
Admire pure poetry, and revel there
On ſightleſs forms, and pictures of the air!
Some hate all rhyme; ſome ſeriouſly deplore
That Milton wants that one enchantment more.
Tir'd with th' ambiguous tale, or antique phraſe,
O'er Spenſer's happieſt paintings, loveliеſt lays,
Some heedleſs paſs; while ſome with tranſport view
Each quaint old word, which ſcarce Eliza knew;
And, eager as the fancied knights, prepare
The lance, and combat in ideal war
Dragons of luſt, and giants of deſpair.
Why be it ſo; and what each thinks the teſt
Let each enjoy: but not condemn the reſt.
Readers there are of every claſs prepar'd:
Each village teems; each hamlet has its bard,
Who gives the tone; and all th' inferior fry,
Like the great vulgar here, will join the cry.
But be it mine with every bard to glow,
And taſte his raptures genuine as they flow,
Through all the muſes wilds to rove along
From plaintive elegy to epic ſong:
And, if the ſenſe be juſt, the numbers clear,
And the true colouring of the work be there,
Again, ſubdued by truth's ingenuous cali,
I own my frailty, I admire them all.
Nor think I, with the mob, that nature now
No longer warms the ſoil where laurels grow.
'Tis true, our poets in repoſe delight,
And, wiſer than their fathers, ſeldom write.
Yet I, but I forbear for prudent ends,
Could name a liſt, and half of them my friends,
For whom poſterity its wreaths ſhall twine,
And its own bards neglect, to honour mine.
Their poets in their turn will grieve, and ſwear,
Perhaps with truth, no patron lends an ear.
Complaints of times when merit wants reward
Deſcend like ſimilies from bard to bard;
We copy our diſtreſs from Greece and Rome;
As in our northern lays their flowrets bloom.
We feel their breezes, with their heats we burn,
And plead preſcription to rejoice or mourn.
All preſent times are bad: then caſt your eyes
Where fairy ſcenes of bliſs in proſpect riſe.
As fond enthuſiaſts o'er the weſtern main
With eager ken prophetical in vain,
See the mix'd multitudes from every land
Grow pure by blending, virtuous by command;
Till phœnix-like, a new bright world of gold
Springs from the dregs and refuſe of the old.
I'm no enthuſiaſt, yet with joy can trace
Some gleams of ſunſhine for the tuneful race.
If monarchs liſten when the muſes woo,
Attention wakes, and nations liſten too.
The bard grows rapturous, who was dumb before,
And every freſh-plum'd eagle learns to ſoar!
Friend of the finer arts, when Egypt ſaw
Her ſecond Ptolemy give ſcience law,
Each genius waken'd from his dead repoſe,
The column ſwell'd, the pile majeſtic roſe,
Exact proportion borrow'd ſtrength from eaſe,
And uſe was taught by elegance to pleaſe.
Along the breathing walls, as fancy flow'd,
The ſculpture ſoften'd, and the picture glow'd,
Heroes reviv'd in animated ſtone,
The groves grew vocal, and the * Pleïads ſhone!
Old Nilus rais'd his head, and wond'ring cried,
Long live the king! my patron, and my pride!
Secure of endleſs praiſe, behold, I bear
My grateful ſuffrage to my ſovereign's ear.
Though war ſhall rage, though time ſhall level all,
Yon colours ſicken, and yon columns fall,
Though art's dear treaſures feed the waſting flame,
And the proud volume ſinks, an empty name,
Though plenty may deſert this copious vale,
My ſtreams be ſcatter'd, or my fountain fail,
Yet Ptolemy has liv'd: the world has known
A king of arts, a patron on a throne.
Ev'n utmoſt Britain ſhall his name adore,
"And Nile be ſung, when Nile ſhall flow no more †"
One rule remains. Nor ſhun nor court the great,
Your trueſt centre is that middle ſtate
From whence with eaſe th' obſerving eye may go
To all which ſoars above, or ſinks below.
'Tis yours all manners to have tried, or known,
T' adopt all virtues, yet retain your own:
To ſtem the tide, where thoughtleſs crowds are hurl'd.
The firm ſpectators of a buſtling world!
Thus arm'd, proceed; the breezes court your wing.
Go range all Helicon, taſte every ſpring;
From varying nature cull th' innoxious ſpoil,
And, while amuſement ſooths the generous toil,
Let puzzled critics with judicious ſpite
Deſcant on what you can, or cannot write.
True to yourſelves, not anxious for renown,
Nor court the world's applauſe, nor dread its frown.
Guard your own breaſts, and be the bulwark there
To know no envy, and no malice fear.
At leaſt you'll find, thus ſtoic-like prepar'd,
That verſe and virtue are their own reward.

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* *The ſeven poets patroniſed by Ptolemy Philadelphus, are uſually called by the name of that conſtellation.*

† "And Boyne be ſung, when it has ceas'd to "flow." ADDISON.

## VARIETY.

A TALE FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

" Nec tecum poſſum vivere, nec ſine te."
MAR.

*I can't live with you, or without you.*

A GENTLE maid, of rural breeding,
By nature firſt, and then by reading,
Was fill'd with all thoſe ſoft ſenſations
Which we reſtrain in near relations,
Leſt future huſbands ſhould be jealous,
And think their wives too fond of fellows.
The morning ſun beheld her rove
A nymph, or goddeſs of the grove!
At eve ſhe pac'd the dewy lawn,
And call'd each clown ſhe ſaw, a faun!
Then, ſcudding homeward, lock'd her door,
And turn'd ſome copious volume o'er.
For much ſhe read; and chiefly thoſe
Great authors, who in verſe, or proſe,
Or ſomething betwixt both, unwind
The ſecret ſprings which move the mind.
Theſe much ſhe read; and thought ſhe knew
The human heart's minuteſt clue;
Yet ſhrewd obſervers ſtill declare,
(To ſhow how ſhrewd obſervers are)
Though plays, which breath'd heroic flame,
And novels, in profuſion, came,
Imported freſh and freſh from France,
She only read the heart's romance.
The world, no doubt, was well enough
To ſmooth the manners of the rough;
Might pleaſe the giddy and the vain,
Thoſe tinſeli'd ſlaves of folly's train:
But, for her part, the trueſt taſte
She found was in retirement plac'd,
Where, as in verſe it ſweetly flows,
" On every thorn inſtruction grows."
Not that ſhe wiſh'd to " be alone,"
As ſome affected prudes have done;
She knew it was decreed on high
We ſhould " increaſe and multiply;"
And therefore, if kind fate would grant
Her fondeſt wiſh, her only want,
A cottage with the man ſhe lov'd
Was what her gentle heart approv'd;
In ſome delightful ſolitude
Where ſtep profane might ne'er intrude;
But Hymen guard the ſacred ground,
And virtuous Cupids hover round.
Not ſuch as flutter on a fan
Round Crete's vile bull, or Leda's ſwan,
(Who ſcatter myrtles, ſcatter roſes,
And hold their fingers to their noſes).
But ſimp'ring, mild, and innocent
As angels on a monument.
Fate heard her pray'r: a lover came,
Who felt, like her, th' innoxious flame;
One who had trod, as well as ſhe,
The flow'ry paths of poeſy;
Had warm'd himſelf with Milton's heat,
Could ev'ry line of Pope repeat,
Or chaunt in Shenſtone's tender ſtrains,
" The lover's hopes," " the lover's pains,"
Attentive to the charmer's tongue,
With him ſhe thought no ev'ning long;
With him ſhe ſaunter'd half the day;
And ſometimes, in a laughing way,
Ran o'er the catalogue by rote
Of who might marry, and who not.
Conſider, Sir, we're near relations—
" I hope ſo in our inclinations."—
In ſhort, ſhe look'd, ſhe bluſh'd conſent;
He graſp'd her hand, to church they went;
And ev'ry matron that was there,
With tongue ſo voluble and ſupple,
Said, for her part, ſhe muſt declare,
She never ſaw a finer couple.
O Halcyon days! 'twas nature's reign,
'Twas Tempe's vale, and Enna's plain,
The fields aſſum'd unuſual bloom,
And ev'ry zephyr breath'd perfume.
The laughing ſun with genial beams
Danc'd lightly on th' exulting ſtreams;
And the pale regent of the night,
In dewy ſoftneſs ſhed delight.
'Twas tranſport not to be expreſt;
'Twas paradiſe!—But mark the reſt.
Two ſmiling ſprings had wak'd the flow'rs
That paint the meads, or fringe the bow'rs,
(Ye lovers, lend your wond'ring ears,
Who count by months, and not by years)
Two ſmiling ſprings had chaplets wove
To crown their ſolitude, and love:
When lo, they find, they can't tell how,
Their walks are not ſo pleaſant now.
The ſeaſons ſure were chang'd; the place
Had, ſome how, got a diff'rent face.
Some blaſt had ſtruck the cheerful ſcene;
The lawns, the woods were not ſo green.
The purling rill, which murmur'd by,
And once was liquid harmony,
Became a ſluggiſh, reedy pool:
The days grew hot, the ev'nings cool.
The moon with all the ſtarry reign
Were melancholy's ſilent train.
And then the tedious winter night—
They could not read by candle-light.
Full oft, unknowing why they did,
They call'd in adventitious aid.
A faithful fav'rite dog ('twas thus
With Tobit, and Telemachus)
Amus'd their ſteps; and for a while
They view'd his gambols with a ſmile.
The kitten too was comical,
She play'd ſo oddly with her tail,
Or in the glaſs was pleas'd to find
Another cat, and peep'd behind.
A courteous neighbour at the door
Was deem'd intruſive noiſe no more.
For rural viſits, now and then,
Are right, as men muſt live with men.
Then couſin Jenny, freſh from town,
A new recruit, a dear delight!
Made many a heavy hour go down.
At morn, at noon, at eve, at night:
Sure they could hear her jokes for ever,
She was ſo ſprightly, and ſo clever!
Yet neighbours were not quite the thing;
What joy, alas! could converſe bring
With awkward creatures bred at home—
The dog grew dull, or troubleſome.

The cat had ſpoil'd the kitten's merit,
And with her youth, had loſt her ſpirit.
And jokes repeated o'er and o'er,
Had quite exhauſted Jenny's ſtore.
—" And then, my dear, I can't abide
" This always ſaunt'ring ſide by ſide."—
Enough, he cries! the reaſon's plain:
For cauſes never rack your brain.
Our neighbours are like other folks,
Skip's playful tricks, and Jenny's jokes
Are ſtill delightful, ſtill would pleaſe
Were we, my dear, ourſelves at eaſe.
Look round, with an impartial eye,
On yonder fields, on yonder ſky;
The azure cope, the flow'rs below,
With all their wonted colours glow.
The rill ſtill murmurs; and the moon
Shines, as ſhe did, a ſofter ſun.
No change has made the ſeaſons fail,
No comet bruſh'd us with his tail.
The ſcene's the ſame, the ſame the weather—
We live, my dear, too much together.
Agreed. A rich old uncle dies,
And added wealth the means ſupplies.
With eager haſte to town they flew,
Where all muſt pleaſe, for all was new.
But here, by ſtrict poetic laws
Deſcription claims its proper pauſe.
The roſy morn had rais'd her head
From old Tithonus' ſaffron bed;
And embryo ſunbeams from the eaſt,
Half chok'd, were ſtruggling through the miſt,
When forth advanc'd the gilded chaiſe,
The village crowded round to gaze.
The pert poſtillion, now promoted
From driving plough, and neatly booted,
His jacket, cap, and baldric on,
(As greater folks than he have done)
Look'd round; and with a coxcomb air,
Smack'd loud his laſh. The happy pair
Bow'd graceful, from a ſep'rate door,
And Jenny, from the ſtool before.
Roll ſwift, ye wheels! to willing eyes
New objects ev'ry moment riſe.
Each carriage paſſing on the road,
From the broad waggon's pond'rous load
To the light car, where mounted high
The giddy driver ſeems to fly,
Were themes for harmleſs ſatire fit,
And gave freſh force to Jenny's wit.
Whate'er occurr'd, 'twas all delightful,
No noiſe was harſh, no danger frightful.
The daſh and ſplaſh through thick and thin,
The hair-breadth 'ſcapes, the buſtling inn,
(Where well-bred landlords were ſo ready
To welcome in the 'ſquire and lady).
Dirt, duſt, and ſun, they bore with eaſe,
Determin'd to be pleas'd, and pleaſe.
Now nearer town and all agog
They know dear London by its fog.
Bridges they croſs, through lanes they wind,
Leave Hounſlow's dang'rous heath behind,
Through Brentford win a paſſage free
By roaring, Wilkes and liberty!
At Knightſbridge bleſs the ſhort'ning way,
(Where Bay's troops in ambuſh lay)
O'er Piccadilly's pavement glide,
(With palaces to grace its ſide)
Till Bond-ſtreet with its lamps a-blaze
Concludes the journey of three days.
Why ſhould we paint, in tedious ſong,
How ev'ry day, and all day long,
They drove at firſt with curious haſte
Through Lud's vaſt town; or, as they paſs'd
'Midſt riſings, fallings, and repairs
Of ſtreets on ſtreets, and ſquares on ſquares,
Deſcribe how ſtrong their wonder grew
At buildings—and at builders too.
Scarce leſs aſtoniſhment aroſe
At architects more fair than thoſe—
Who built as high, as widely ſpread
Th' enormous loads that cloath'd their head.
For Britiſh dames new follies love,
And if they can't invent, improve.
Some with erect pagodas vie,
Some nod, like Piſa's tow'r, awry,
Meduſa's ſnakes, with Pallas' creſt,
Convolv'd, contorted, and compreſs'd;
With intermingling trees, and flow'rs,
And corn and graſs, and ſhepherds' bow'rs,
Stage above ſtage the turrets run,
Like pendant groves of Babylon,
'Till nodding from the topmoſt wall
Otranto's plumes envelope all!
While the black ewes, who own'd the hair,
Feed harmleſs on, in paſtures fair,
Unconſcious that their tails perfume,
In ſcented curls, the drawing-room.
When night her murky pinions ſpread,
And ſober folks retire to bed,
To ev'ry public place they flew,
Where Jenny told them who was who.
Money was always at command,
And tripp'd with pleaſure hand in hand.
Money was equipage, was ſhow,
Gallini's Almack's, and Soho;
The *paſſe par tout* through ev'ry vein
Of diſſipation's hydra reign.
O London, thou prolific ſource,
Parent of vice, and folly's nurſe;
Fruitful as Nile thy copious ſprings
Spawn hourly births,—and all with ſtings;
But happieſt far the he, or ſhe,
I know not which, that livelier dunce
Who firſt contriv'd the coterie,
To cruſh domeſtic bliſs at once.
Then grinn'd no doubt, amidſt the dames,
As Nero fiddled to the flames.
Of thee, Pantheon, let me ſpeak
With rev'rence, though in numbers weak;
Thy beauties ſatire's frown beguile,
We ſpare the follies for the pile.
Flounc'd, furbelow'd, and trick'd for ſhow,
With lamps above, and lamps below,
Thy charms even modern taſte defy'd,
They could not ſpoil thee, though they try'd.
Ah, pity that time's haſty wings
Muſt ſweep thee off with vulgar things!
Let architects of humbler name
On frail materials build their fame,
Their nobleſt works the world might want,
Wyat ſhould build in Adamant.
But what are theſe to ſcenes which lie
Secreted from the vulgar eye,
And baffle all the pow'rs of ſong?—
A brazen throat, an iron tongue,

(Which poets wiſh for, when at length
Their ſubject ſoars above their ſtrength)
Would ſhun the taſk. Our humbler muſe,
(Who only reads the public news,
And idly utters what ſhe gleans
From chronicles and magazines)
Recoiling feels her feeble fires,
And blushing to her ſhades retires.
Alas! ſhe knows not how to treat
The finer follies of the great,
Where ev'n, Democritus, thy ſneer
Were vain as Heraclitus' tear.
Suffice it that by juſt degrees
They reach'd all heights, and roſe with eaſe;
(For beauty wins its way, uncall'd,
And ready dupes are ne'er black-ball'd).
Each gambling dame ſhe knew, and he
Knew ev'ry ſhark of quality;
From the grave, cautious few, who live
On thoughtleſs youth, and living thrive,
To the light train who mimic France,
And the ſoft ſons of Nonchalance.
While Jenny, now no more of uſe,
Excuſe ſucceeding to excuſe,
Grew piqued, and prudently withdrew
To ſhilling whiſt, and chicken lu.
Advanc'd to faſhion's wav'ring head,
They now, where once they follow'd, led.
Deviſ'd new ſyſtems of delight,
A-bed all day, and up all night,
In diff'rent circles reign'd ſupreme.
Wives copied her, and huſbands him;
Till ſo divinely life ran on,
So ſeparate, ſo quite *bon-ton*,
That meeting in a public place,
They ſcarcely knew each other's face.
At laſt they met, by his deſire,
*A-tête-à-tête* acroſs the fire;
Look'd in each other's face a-while,
With half a tear, and half a ſmile.
The ruddy health, which wont to grace
With manly glow his rural face,
Now ſcarce retain'd its fainteſt ſtreak;
So ſallow was his leathern cheek,
She lank, and pale, and hollow-ey'd,
With rouge had ſtriven in vain to hide
What once was beauty, and repair
The rapine of the midnight air.
Silence is eloquence, 'tis ſaid.
Both wiſh'd to ſpeak, both hung the head.
At length it burſt.——"'Tis time," he cries,
"When tir'd of folly, to be wiſe.
"Are you too tir'd?"—then check'd a groan.
She wept conſent, and he went on.
"How delicate the married life!
"You love your huſband, I my wife.
"Not ev'n ſatiety could tame,
"Nor diſſipation quench the flame.
"True to the bias of our kind
"'Tis happineſs we wiſh to find.
"In rural ſcenes retir'd we fought
"In vain the dear, delicious draught.
"Though bleſt with love's indulgent ſtore,
"We found we wanted ſomething more.
"'Twas company, 'twas friends to ſhare
"The bliſs we languiſh'd to declare.
"'Twas ſocial converſe, change of ſcene,
"To ſoothe the ſullen hour of ſpleen?
"Short abſences to wake deſire,
"And ſweet regrets to fan the fire.
"We left the loneſome place; and found,
"In diſſipation's giddy round,
"A thouſand novelties to wake
"The ſprings of life and not to break.
"As, from the neſt not wand'ring far,
"In light excurſions through the air,
"The feather'd tenants of the grove
"Around in mazy circles move,
"(Sip the cool ſprings that murm'ring flow,
"Or taſte the bloſſom on the bough).
"We ſported freely with the reſt;
"And, ſtill returning to the neſt,
"In eaſy mirth we chatter'd o'er
"The trifles of the day before.
"Behold us now, diſſolving quite
"In the full ocean of delight;
"In pleaſures ev'ry hour employ,
"Immers'd in all the world calls joy.
"Our affluence eaſing the expence
"Of ſplendour, and magnificence.
"Our company, th' exalted ſet
"Of all that's gay, and all that's great:
"Nor happy yet!—and where's the wonder!—
"We live, my dear, too much aſunder."
The moral of my tale is this,
Variety's the ſoul of bliſs.
But ſuch variety alone
As makes our home the more our own.
As from the heart's impelling pow'r
The life-blood pours its genial ſtore;
Though taking each a various way,
The active ſtreams meand'ring play
Through ev'ry artery, ev'ry vein,
All to the heart return again;
From thence reſume their new career,
But ſtill return, and centre there:
So real happineſs below
Muſt from the heart ſincerely flow;
Nor, liſt'ning to the Syren's ſong,
Muſt ſtray too far, or reſt too long.
All human pleaſures thither tend;
Muſt there begin, and there muſt end;
Muſt there recruit their languid force,
And gain freſh vigour from their ſource.

## THE GOAT'S BEARD.*

A FABLE.

"Propria quæ maribus——
"Fœmineo generi tribuuntur."
LILLY'S GRAM.

LIB. IV. FAB. 14.

*Capellæ et Hirci.*

BARBAM Capellæ quum impetrâſſent ab Jove,
Hirci mœrentes indignari cœperant,

* *The purport of the above Fable is this. When the She-goats had, by their intreaties, obtained of Jupiter the privilege of having beards as well as the males, the He-goats grew angry; and complained, that he had degraded their dignity by admitting the females to equal honours with themſelves.*

*To which the god replied, That if they would take care to preſerve the real and eſſential ad-*

Quod dignitatem fœminæ æquâſſent ſuam ;
" Sinite, inquit, illis gloriâ vanâ frui,
" Et uſurpare veſtri ornatum muneris :
" Pares dum non ſint veſtræ fortitudini."
Hoc argumentum monet ut ſuſtineas tibi
Habitu eſſe ſimiles, qui ſint virtute impares.

In eight terſe lines has Phædrus told
(So frugal were the bards of old)
A tale of goats ; and clos'd with grace
Plan, moral, all, in that ſhort ſpace.
Alas, that ancient moralift
Knew nothing of the ſlender twiſt
Which Italy, and France, have taught
To later times to ſpin the thought.
They are our maſters now, and we
Obſequious to their high decree,
Whate'er the claſſic critics ſay,
Will tell it in a modern way.
'Twas ſomewhere on the hills, which lie
'Twixt Rome and Naples' ſofter clime,
(They can't eſcape the traveller's eye,
Nor need their names be told in rhyme)
A herd of goats, each ſhining morn,
'Midſt ſcraggy myrtle, pointed thorn,
Quick glancing to the ſun diſplay'd
Their ſpotted ſides, and pierc'd the ſhade.
Their goat-herds ſtill, like thoſe of old,
Pipe to the ſtragglers of the fold.
'Twas there—and there (no matter when)
With Virgil's leave, we place the ſcene.
For ſcarcely can we think his ſwains
Dealt much in goats on Mantua's plains ;
Much leſs could e'er his ſhepherds dream
Of pendant rocks on Mincio's ſtream.
From Naples his enliven'd thought
Its fondeſt, beſt ideas caught,
Theocritus perhaps beſide
Some kind embelliſhments ſupply'd,
And poets are not common men—
Who talks of goats in Ely fen !
'Twas there, on one important day,
It chanc'd the he-goats were away,
The ladies of the colony
Had form'd a female coterie ;
And, as they browz'd the cliffs among,
Exerted all their power of tongue.
Of eaſe and freedom much they ſpoke,
Enfranchis'd from the huſband's yoke ;
How bright the ſun, how ſoft the air,
The trefoil flowers were ſweeter far,
While thus alone they might debate
The hardſhips of the married ſtate.
Encourag'd by the quick'ning flame
Which ſpread, and caught from dame to dame,
A matron, ſager than the reſt,
The fair enthuſiaſts thus addreſs'd :
" Ladies, I joy to ſee, what I
" Have felt, and ſmother'd with a ſigh,
" Should touch at length the general breaſt,
" And honeſt nature ſtand confeſt.
" Queens as we are, we ſee our power
" Uſurp'd, and daily ſinking lower.

" Why do our lords and maſters reign
" Sole monarchs o'er their ſubject train ?
" What ſtamp has nature given their line,
" What mark to prove their right divine
" To lead at will the paſſive herd ?
" —It can be nothing but their beard.
" Obſerve our ſhapes, our winning airs,
" Our ſpots more elegant than theirs ;
" With equal eaſe, with equal ſpeed
" We ſwim the brook, or ſkim the mead ;
" Climb the tall cliff, where wild thyme grows,
" On pinnacles undaunted browze,
" Hang fearleſs o'er th' impetuous ſtream,
" And ſkip from crag to crag like them.
" Why are they then to us preferr'd ?
" —It can be nothing but their beard.
" Then let us to great Jove prepare
" A ſacrifice and ſolemn prayer,
" That he would graciouſly relieve
" Our deep diſtreſs, and kindly give
" The all we want to make us ſhine
" Joint empreſſes by right divine."
A general murmur of applauſe
Attends the ſpeech. The common cauſe
Glows in each breaſt, and all defy
The bonds of Salique tyranny.
The mild, the timorous grow bold ;
And as they ſaunter to the fold,
Ev'n kids, with voices ſcarcely heard,
Liſp out—" 'Tis nothing but the beard."
Agreed. And now with ſecret care
The due luſtrations they prepare ;
And having mark'd a ſacred field,
Of horns a ſpacious altar build ;
Then from the fragrant herbs that grow
On craggy cliff, or mountain's brow,
They cull the ſweets : and ſtuff the pile
With * tragopogon's downy ſpoil,
And gums of † tragacanth to raiſe
The bickering flame, and ſpeed the blaze.
But chief the flower beyond compare,
The flaunting ‡ woodbine revell'd there,
Sacred to goats ; and bore their name,
Till botaniſts of modern fame
New-fangled titles choſe to give
To almoſt all the plants that live.
Of theſe a hallow'd heap they place
With all the ſkill of female grace ;
Then ſpread the ſprigs to catch the air,
And light them with the bruſhy hair
Pluck'd ſlily from their huſbands' chins,
In ſeeming ſport, when love begins.
" Hear, father Jove, if ſtill thy mind
" With partial fondneſs views our kind ;
" If nurs'd by goats, as ſtory ſays,
" Thou ſtill retain'ſt their gameſome ways ;
" If on ‖ thy ſhield her ſkin appears,
" Who fed with milk thy infant years ;
" If Capricorn advanc'd by thee,
" Shines in the ſphere a deity, &c. &c.

*vantages which their ſex gave them over the other, they would have no reaſon to be diſſatisfied with letting them participate in what was merely ornamental.*

* *A plant called in Engliſh the goat's beard.*

† *The goat's thorn. The gums of this plant are uſed in medicine.*

‡ *The caprifolium, or goat's leaf of the ancients and of Tournefort. Linnæus ranks it under the genus of lonicera, as he does the tragacanth under that of aſtragalus.*

‖ *The ægis, called ſo from the goat's ſkin which covers it.*

" Hear, father Jove, our juſt requeſt;
" O grant us beards, and make us bleſt ?"
Swift mounts the blaze, the ſcented ſky
Seems pleas'd, the zephyrs gently ſigh,
And Jove himſelf, in frolic mood,
Reclining on an amber cloud,
Snuff'd in the gale; and though he hides
A laugh which almoſt burſts his ſides,
Smil'd gracious on the ſuppliant crew;
And from the left his thunder flew:
Bleſt omen of ſucceſs! Ye fair,
Who know what tyrant ſpouſes are,
If e'er you ſlipt the tighten'd rein,
Or gave a ſurly huſband pain,
Gueſs at their joy.—Devoutly low
They bent, and with prophetic glow
They wreath'd their necks, they cock'd their tails,
With ſkittiſh coyneſs met the males,
And ſcarce admitted the embrace,
But merely to preſerve the race.
But chief the river banks they throng;
Narciſſus-like o'er fountains hung,
And not a puddle could they paſs
Without a ſquint to view their face,
Happy to ſee the ſprouts ariſe,
Which promis'd future dignities.
When lo! their utmoſt wiſh prevails.
A beard, as graceful as the male's,
Flows from their chins; and forth they mov'd,
At once to be rever'd and lov'd;
Looking (to borrow a quaint phraſe
From Young, to deck our humbler lays),
" Delightfully with all their might,"
The he-goats ſtarted at the ſight.
" Angels and miniſters of grace!"
Appear'd on theirs, like * Garrick's face.
Glance after glance oblique they ſent,
Then fix'd in dumb aſtoniſhment.
Scarce more amaz'd did † Atlas ſtand,
Sole monarch of th' Heſperian ſtrand,
When Perſeus on his ſhield diſplay'd
Terrific charms, the Gorgon's head.
At laſt recovering their ſurpriſe,
For goats, like men, are ſometimes wiſe,
On this abſurd, new-modell'd plan,
Like human couples they began,
Unwilling, for decorum's ſake,
Quite to unite, or quite to break.
With ſhort half words, and looks that leer'd,
They frown'd, they pouted, and they ſneer'd.
In general terms expreſs'd their thoughts
On private and peculiar faults;
Dropp'd hints they ſcarcely wiſh'd to ſmother,
And talk'd not to, but at each other.
Till ſtrife engend'ring more and more,
They downright wrangled, if not ſwore;
And ev'n the fair could ſcarce refrain
From broad expreſſions, when they ſaw
Th' accompliſhments they wiſh'd to gain,
Created not reſpect, but awe;
And ſofter kids uſurp'd the flames
Due only to experienc'd dames.
'Twas then the general diſcord roſe;
And Jove (induſtrious to compoſe
The caſual feuds his haſty nod
Had caus'd); well worthy ſuch a god,
Conven'd the ſtates. And though he knew
What mortals ſay is really true,
" Advice is ſometimes thrown away,"
He bade them meet, and fix'd the day.
Each conſcious of their claim, divide
In ſeparate bands on either ſide.
Like clients in a party cauſe,
Determin'd to ſucceed or die
(What'e'er their judge may talk of laws),
Staunch martyrs to integrity.
The god appear'd in proper ſtate,
Not as the arbiter of fate,
With all thoſe enſigns of command
Which ſway the air, the ſea, the land,
But yet with dignity, to draw
Attention, and becomming awe.
" Approach," he cry'd, " your idle ſtrife
" Has rais'd a thought: I'll give it life.
" For know, ye goats, my high beheſts
" Shall not be thrown away on beaſts.
" When ſexes plead, the cauſe is common;
" Be goats no more, but man and woman."
The change enſues. He ſmil'd again,
And thus addreſs'd the motley train:
(Here might we tell in Ovid's lay,
How forms to other forms gave way,
How pert-cock'd tails, and ſhaggy hides,
And horns, and twenty things beſides,
Grew ſpruce bag-wigs, or well queu'd hair,
The floating ſack, the *Pet-en-l'air*,
Fur gown, gold chain, or regal robe,
Which rules in ermin'd ſtate the globe.
We wave all this, and ſay again,
He thus addreſs'd the motley train).
" When firſt I different ſexes form'd,
Happy myſelf, with goodneſs warm'd,
I meant you helpmates for each other;
The ties of father, ſon, and brother,
And all the charities below
I kindly meant ſhould ſpring from you.
Were more exalted ſcenes your lot,
I kindly meant, as who would not,
The fair ſhould ſooth the hero's care,
The hero ſhould protect the fair;
The ſtateſman's toils a reſpite find
In pleaſures of domeſtic kind;
And kings themſelves in ſocial down
Forget the thorns which line a crown.
In humbler life that man ſhould roam
Buſy abroad, while ſhe at home,
Impatient for his dear return,
Should bid the crackling incenſe burn,
And ſpread, as fortune might afford,
The genial feaſt, or frugal board;
The joys of honeſt competence,
The ſolace even of indigence.
But things are chang'd, no matter how;
Theſe bleſſings are not frequent now.
Let time account, as he glides on,
For all his wings and ſcythe have done:
We take you in his preſent page,
The refuſe of an iron age.
Then hear our ſober thoughts.
Ye dames,
Affection and good breeding claims
That firſt, in preference to the males,
We place your merits in the ſcales.
For whether 'twas deſign'd or not,
You ſome aſcendency have got.

---

* *In the character of Hamlet.*
† *Ovid's Metamorphoſis, book 4th. fab. 15th.*

Ladies, we own, have had their ſhare
In learning, politics, and war.
To paſs at once the doubtful tale
Of Amazons in coats of mail
(Fables which ancient Greece has taught,
And if I knew them, I've forgot).
Authentic records ſtill contain,
To make the females juſtly vain,
Examples of heroic worth—
Semiramis of * eaſt and † north.
‡ Marg'ret the Anjouvine, of Spain
‖ Fair Blanche, and § Ellen of Guienne.
** Catherine of France immortal grew
A rubric ſaint with Barthol'mew:
In Ruſſia Catherines more than one
Have done great things: and many a Joan
Has buſtled in the active ſcene;
†† The Pope, the warrior, and the queen!
But theſe are ſtars which blaze and fall;
O'er Albion did Eliza riſe
A conſtellation of them all,
And ſhines the Virgo of the ſkies!
‡‡ Some dames of leſs athletic mould,
By mere misfortune render'd bold,
Have drawn the dagger in defence
Of their own ſpotleſs innocence.
O'er theſe the penſive muſe ſhall mourn,
And pity's tear ſhall grace their urn.
‡‡ Others, a more heroic part,
By juſt revenge to fury led,
Have plung'd it in a huſband's heart,
And triumph'd o'er the mighty dead.
Though laurels are their meed, 'tis true,
Let milder females have their due,
And be with humbler myrtles crown'd,
Who ‖‖ ſuck'd the poiſon from the wound.
For folks there are who don't admire
In angel forms that ſoul of fire,
Nor are quite pleas'd with wounds and ſcars
On limbs beſt fram'd for ſofter wars.
Nay, now, ſo ſqueamiſh men are grown,
Their manners are ſo like our own,
That though no Spartan dames we view
Thump'd, cuff'd, and wreſtled black and blue,
Ev'n ſlighter blemiſhes offend
Sometimes the fair one's fondeſt friend.
Glorious no doubt it is, to dare
The dangers of the ſylvan war,
When foremoſt in the chaſe you ride
Some headlong ſteed you cannot guide,
And owe, by Providence or chance,
Your ſafety to your ignorance.
But ah! the conſequential ill
Might there reſtrain ev'n woman's will.
The furrow plough'd by * Tyburn hat
On the fair forehead's Parian flat,
The freckles, blotches, and parch'd ſkins,
The worms, which like black-headed pins
Peep through the damaſk cheek, or riſe
On noſes bloated out of ſize,
Are things which females ought to dread.—
But you know beſt, and I proceed.
Some ſages, a peculiar thought,
Think politics become you not.
Nay one, well vers'd in nature's rules,
Calls † "cunning women knaviſh fools."
—Your pardon—I but barely hint
What impious mortals dare to print.
In learning, doubtleſs, you have ſhin'd
The paragons of human kind.
Each abſtract ſcience have explor'd;
Have pierc'd through nature's coyeſt hoard;
And cropp'd the lovelieſt flowers that blow
On ſteep Parnaſſus' double brow.
And yet what ſmall remains we find!
‡ Aſpaſia left no tracts behind;
Content her doctrines to impart,
As oral truths, warm from the heart.
And ill-bred time has ſwept away
Full many a grave and ſprightly lay,
Full many a tome of juſt renown,
Fram'd by the numerous fair, who ſhone
Poetic or hiſtoric queens,
From Sappho down to ‖ Anne Comnenes.
In modern days the female pen
Is paramount, and copes with men.
Ladies have led th' inſtructive crew,
And kindly told us all they knew.
In France, in Britain, many a ſcore.—
I mention none—to praiſe the more.

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* *The wife of Ninus.*

† *Margaret de Waldemar, commonly called the Semiramis of the North. She united in her own perſon the three kingdoms of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden. The firſt by deſcent, the ſecond by marriage, and the third by conqueſt.* See the union of Calmar, 1393.

‡ *Wife of Henry the Sixth of England, who (notwithſtanding her ſuppoſed intrigue with the Duke of Suffolk), ſupported the intereſt of her huſband and his family with the moſt heroic ſpirit.*

‖ *Blanche of Caſtile, wife to Louis the Eighth of France. She governed that kingdom during the minority of her ſon St. Louis, and during his abſence at the Holy Wars, with great fortitude and ſucceſs. The wicked chronicles of the times have been very free with her character.*

§ *An adventurer in the cruſades. She was firſt married to Louis the Seventh of France, by whom ſhe was divorced, under a pretence of conſanguinity; and was afterwards wife to Henry the Second of England. Her behaviour here is well known.*

** *The famous Catherine of Medicis, wife to Henry the Second of France, and mother to the three ſucceeding monarchs. The maſſacre of Paris on St. Bartholomew's Day was conducted under her auſpices.*

†† *Pope Joan, Joan of Arc, and Joan of Naples.*

‡‡ Some. Others.] *Of theſe two aſſertions the author does not chooſe to give examples, as ſome might be thought fabulous, and others invidious.*

‖‖ *Whether the ſtory of Eleanor of Caſtile, wife to Edward the Firſt of England, is fictitious or not, the Eleanor croſſes exiſting at preſent are a ſufficient teſtimony of her huſband's affections, and his gratitude to her memory.*

* *The ſmall round hat, which acquired its name from its being the diſtinguiſhed mark of a pickpocket: it is now adopted by gentlemen and ladies.*

† "*A cunning woman is a knaviſh fool.*"
Lord Lyttleton's Advice to a Lady.

‡ *The pupils of this learned lady (if we except Socrates) were moſt of them her lovers too, and conſequently received inſtruction in the moſt agreeable manner it could be conveyed.*

‖ *A princeſs of great learning, daughter of Alexius Comnenus, emperor of Conſtantinople, during the time of the firſt cruſades. She wrote the hiſtory of her father's long reign, and is ranked among the Byzantine hiſtorians.*

And yet in that fame little iſle
I view with a peculiar ſmile,
And wiſh to name a choſen few:
A——, or a ————,
Or——But I won't. It envy raiſes.
Few men can bear each other's praiſes,
And in the fair one would not ſee
A *Genus irritabile.*

Swift ſays, a clever ſchoolboy's fame
Is all at which the ſex ſhould aim.
It may be ſo, and he be wiſe—
But I authorities deſpiſe.
Men cannot judge in ſuch affairs.
I grant your talents great as theirs.
Your wit of a more piercing kind,
Your ſenſe more moral and refin'd;
And ſhould ye from ſtrict reaſoning ſwerve,
You ſtill have conqueſt in reſerve.
If arguments are ſometimes ſlight,
* "Your eyes are always in the right."
In love your empire is ſupreme,
The hero's palm, the poet's theme.
Nor will we dare to fix a date
When the ſoft empire yields to fate.
At ſeventy great Eliza lov'd,
Though coy, perhaps † her heroes prov'd,
And ‡ Ninon had a longer reign,
She lov'd, and was belov'd again;
Let Gedoyne the juſt era fix,
At eighty, or at eighty-ſix.

One little hint before we cloſe
This tedious ſoporific doſe,
One little hint we chooſe to give,
That nuptial harmony may live.
As huſbands, though on ſmall pretence,
Are wond'rous jealous of their ſenſe,
Perhaps 'twere prudent to conceal
The great accompliſhments you feel.
Then ſcreen what pains the naked eye
With that thin gauze call'd modeſty;
At leaſt with diffidence maintain
The triumphs you are ſure to gain.
Arm'd with this caution, juſtly claim
Your genuine ſhare of power and fame;
Be every thing your conſcious merit
Inſpires, and with becoming ſpirit
Expand each paſſion of the heart,
Each talent nature gives exert;
Be wiſe, be learn'd, be brave, nay fear'd—
But keep your ſex, and ‖ hide the beard.

Ladies, your ſlave.—The dames withdrew.
Now, gentlemen, I turn to you.
You heard the leſſons which I gave,
At once both ludicrous and grave,
And ſneer'd perhaps; but have a care,
I only banter'd with the fair.
When your important cauſe comes on,
We take it in a higher tone.

Is there a fault in womankind
You did not make, or ſtrive to find?
To riſe on your defects you teach them,
And loſe your virtues ere they reach them.
Would e'er ambition touch their brain,
Did you your lawful rule maintain,
With tenderneſs exert your ſway,
And mildly win them to obey?
Had Cæſar, Antony, been men,
We ſcarce had heard of * Egypt's queen.
Follies and vices of his own
Sunk to a ſlave great Philip's ſon;
Nor did † Alcides learn to ſpin
Till he put off the lion's ſkin.

Henry the Fourth of France (a name
We love, we pity, and we blame),
Had frailties which the meaneſt clown
Of native ſenſe would bluſh to own.
D'Etrée, Vernueil, and twenty more,
Will prove him vaſſal to a ———.
Nothing could tame the headſtrong lad,
Whoſe pure good nature was run mad.
Ev'n toil, and penury, and pain,
And ‡ Sully, teaz'd and preach'd in vain.
Nothing could ſtop th' inſatiate rage,
Not even the haſty ‖ ſnow of age;
Not even his laſt provoking § wife,
That firebrand of perpetual ſtrife,
Who ſet half Europe in a flame,
And died, poor wretch, an empty name.

In what the world calls politics,
You teach the fair a thouſand tricks.
Full many a miſtreſs of a king,
At firſt a plain unheeded thing,
But ſwells in fancied dignity,
And glories in her infamy;
Till to diſtreſs a weaker brother,
You play her off againſt each other;
Improve the ſex's native wiles,
Th' artillery of tears and ſmiles;
Flatter her pride or peeviſhneſs,
Till ſhe, elated by ſucceſs,
Feels her own force, and, bolder grown
By your inſtructions, acts alone;
Procures now this, now that man's fall,
And fairly triumphs o'er you all.

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* *A line of Prior.*

† *Eſſex and Courtney.*

‡ *It is recorded of the celebrated Ninon l'Enclos, that a young French Abbè, of the name of Gedoyne, had long ſolicited her favours, and was rather aſtoniſhed at her coyneſs. When ſhe yielded at laſt, ſhe begged his pardon for ſo dilatory a compliance, and pleaded as her excuſe, that her female vanity was piqued upon having a lover after ſhe was fourſcore; that ſhe had only completed her eightieth year the day before, and therefore hoped her* empreſſment *to oblige him would be a proper acknowledgment of her gratitude for his attentions.*

*How long the attachment laſted, the author of this poem has modeſtly left undetermined.*

‖ *A certain Grecian painter, who had uſually exerted his talents on laſcivious ſubjects, was commanded by the ſtate under which he lived to atone for his errors, by forming a piece which ſhould damp the moſt licentious appetite. He accordingly drew a naked Venus, with all the charms his imagination could ſuggeſt, and then, to make her totally diſguſting, clapped on her a beard.*

* *Cleopatra.*

† *His condeſcenſions to Omphale are well known.*

‡ *See his Memoirs.*

§ *Mary of Medicis. This lady was of an ambitious, intriguing ſpirit, with a very mean underſtanding. That ſhe was a "provoking wife," Sully's Memoirs ſufficiently teſtify. The diſturbances ſhe raiſed at home, and the cabals ſhe entered into abroad during her exile, are a proof of the ſecond poſition. The laſt ſhe muſt have ſeverely felt, for ſhe died at Cologne in 1642, in extreme miſery.*

The second Charles on England's throne
(Sav'd from oblivion by his crown),
Call him whatever you think fit,
A knave, an idiot, or a wit,
Had from his travels learnt no more
Than modern youths from Europe's tour.
To all that should improve his mind,
The voluntary dupe was blind.
Whate'er calamities fell on him,
Distress was thrown away upon him;
The same unfeeling thoughtless thing,
Whether an exile, or a king.
Cleaveland and Portsmouth had fine features,
And yet they were but silly creatures,
Play'd off like shuttles in a loom
(To weave the web of England's doom!
By knaves abroad, and knaves at home).
Of all who sooth'd his * idle hours
(To wave his *en passant* amours),
Of all who gloried in the flame,
And in broad day-light blaz'd their shame,
Spite of her † frolics and expence,
Nell Gwyn alone had common sense.
Of gaming little shall be said,
You're surfeited upon that head.
What arguments can move the mind,
Where folly is with madness join'd?
What sober reasoning can prevail,
Where even contempt and ruin fail?
Yet let me mention, betwixt friends,
"Burn not the taper at both ends."
Why must your wives be taught by you,
That needless art to squander too?
Whene'er they show their bracelet strings,
Their dear white hands, and brilliant rings,
It should be in a quiet way;
Ladies should piddle, and not play.
You know too well your glorious power,
Greatly to lose in half an hour
What cost your ancestors with pain
At least full half an age to gain.
Then let your spouses (to be grave)
For coals and candles something save,
And keep their pin-money and jointures,
To free from jail the kind appointers.
Learning—you scarce know what it is.
Then put the question, and 'tis this:
True learning is the mind's good breeding,
'Tis Common Sense improv'd by reading.
If Common Sense, that corner-stone,
Is wanting, let the rest alone.
Better be fools without pretence,
Than coxcombs even of eminence.
‡ Eve from her husband's lips preferr'd
What she from angels might have heard.

And wisely chose to understand
Exalted truths at second hand.
Should your soft mates adopt her notions,
And for instruction wait your motions,
To what improvements would they reach?
—Lord bless you, what have you to teach?
Yes, one thing, I confess you deal in,
And read in fairly without spelling.
In that, I own, your zeal is such,
You even communicate too much.
In matter, spirit, and in fate,
Your knowledge is extremely great,
Nobly deserting Common Sense
For metaphysic excellence.
And yet whate'er you say, or sing,
Religion is a serious thing.
At least to me you will allow
A deity, it must be so.
Then let me whisper—"Don't perplex
"With specious doubts the weaker sex.
"Let them enjoy their Tates and Bradys,
"Free-thinking is not sport for ladies."
Is't not enough you read Voltaire,
While sneering valets frizz your hair,
And half asleep, with half an eye,
Steal in dear infidelity?
Is't not enough Helvetius' schemes
Elucidate your waking dreams
(Though each who on the doctrine doats
Skips o'er the text, to skim the notes),
Why must the fair be made the wise
Partakers of your mysteries?
You'll say they listen to your chat.
I grant them fools, but what of that?
Your prudence, sure, might be so civil
To let your females fear the devil.
Even for the comfort of your lives,
Some must be mothers, daughters, wives;
Howe'er it with your genius suits,
They shall not all be prostitutes.
Firm as the sage Lucretius draws
Above religion, morals, laws,
Secure (though at a proper distance)
Of that great blessing nonexistence,
You triumph; each a deity
In all, but immortality.
Why, therefore, will ye condescend
To teaze a weak believing friend,
Whose honest ignorance might gain
From error a relief in pain,
And bear with fortitude and honour
The miseries you brought upon her?
Momus perhaps would slily say,
For Momus has a merry way,
Why will your wisdom and your wit
To such degrading tricks submit?
Why in soft bosoms raise a riot?
Can't ye be d—mn'd yourselves in quiet?
But that's an after thought; at present
We merely wish you to be decent.
And just will add some trifling things,
From whence we think confusion springs.
You'll easily conceive in gods,
Who fix in air their thin abodes,
And feast on incense and ambrosia;
Foul feeding must create a nausea.
Yet we ourselves to flesh and blood
Have granted more substantial food,
Nor wonder that, in times like yours,
All but the poor are Epicures,

* *There was as much of laziness as of love in all those hours which he passed among his mistresses; who served only to fill up his seraglio, while a bevi- hing kind of pleasure, called sauntering, was the sultana queen he delighted in.* Duke of Buckingham's Character of Charles the Second.

† *Bishop Burnet, in his History of his own Times, says of Mrs. Gwyn, that she was the indiscreetest and wildest creature that ever was in a court, yet continued to the end of the king's life in great favour, and was maintained at a vast expence.*

*He might have added to her credit, that she never meddled at all with the wretched politics of those times.*

‡ *In the eighth book of Paradise Lost.*

And reaſon from effects to cauſes
On roti's, entremets, and ſauces.
But here be wiſe, the reaſon's clear,
Be niggards of your knowledge here,
And to yourſelves alone confine
That firſt of bleſſings, how to dine.
For ſhould the fair your taſte purſue,
And eating be their ſcience too,
Should they too catch this naſty trick
(The bare idea makes me ſick),
What would become of nature's boaſt?
Their beauty and their ſex were loſt.
—I turn diſguſted from the ſcene—
She-gluttons are ſhe-aldermen.
Another precept lingers yet,
To make the tireſome group complete.
In all your commerce with the ſex,
Whether you mean to pleaſe or vex;
If not well bred, at leaſt be civil;
Ill manners are a catching evil.
I ſpeak to the ſuperior few—
Ye Britiſh youths, I ſpeak to you.
The ancient heroes of romance,
Idolaters in complaiſance,
So hit the ſex's deareſt whim,
So rais'd them in their own eſteem,
That ev'ry conſcious worth increas'd,
And every foible ſunk to reſt.
Nay, e'en when chivalry was o'er,
And adoration reign'd no more,
Within due bounds the following ſect
Reſtrain'd them by profound reſpect;
Politely graſp'd the ſilken reins,
And held them in ideal chains.
But now, when you appear before 'em,
You want all deference and decorum;
And, conſcious of good Heav'n knows what,
Noddle your heads, and ſlouch your hat;
Or, careleſs of the circling throng,
Through full aſſemblies lounge along,
And on a couch politely throw
Your liſtleſs limbs without a bow,
While all the fair, like Sheba's queen,
Crowd eager to the inviting ſcene,
And o'er that couch in raptures hang,
To hear their Solomon's harangue.
No doubt, 'tis edifying ſtuff
(For gentle ears are cannon proof),
And wiſe the doctrines which you teach.
But your examples more than preach:
For 'tis from hence your high-bred laſſes
Loſe or deſpiſe their native graces.
Hence comes it that at every rout
They hoyden in, and hoyden out.
The modeſt dignity of yore,
The ſtep chaſtis'd, is ſeen no more.
They hop, they gallop, and they trot,
A curt'ſy is a thing forgot.
Th' affected ſtare, the thruſt-out chin,
The leer, the titter, and the grin,
Supply what "hung on Hebe's cheek,
"And lov'd to live in dimple ſleek."
Nay, ſome who boaſt their ſixteen quarters
One might miſtake for chandlers daughters.
Ah, could theſe triflers of a day
Know what their maſters think and ſay,
When o'er their claret they debate
Each pretty victim's future fate;
With what contempt and malice fraught
They ſneer the follies they have taught;
How deep a bluſh their cheek would fire!
Their little breaſts would burſt with ire;
And the moſt heedleſs mawkin there,
The loveliеſt idiot, drop a tear.
Virtues have ſexes, paſt a doubt,
Mythologiſts have mark'd them out;
Nor yet in excellence alone
Have this peculiar difference ſhown:
Your vices—that's too hard a name—
Your follies—ſhould not be the ſame.
In every plant, in every grain
Of nature's genuine works, we find
Some innate eſſences remain,
Which mark the ſpecies and the kind.
Though forms may vary, round or ſquare,
Be ſmooth, be rough, be regular;
Though colours ſeparate or unite,
The ſport of ſuperficial light?
Yet is there ſomething, that, or this,
By nature's kind indulgence ſown,
Which makes each thing be what it is,
A tree a tree, a ſtone a ſtone.
So in each ſex diſtinct and clear
A genuine ſomething ſhould appear,
A *je-ne-ſçai quoi*, however ſlight,
To vindicate the natural right.
Then, ſirs, for I perceive you yawn,
Be this concluſion fairly drawn;
Sexes are proper, and not common;
Man muſt be man, and woman woman.
In ſhort, be coxcombs if you pleaſe,
Be arrant ladies in your dreſs;
Be every name the vulgar give
To what their groſſneſs can't conceive:
Yet one ſmall favour let me aſk,
Not to impoſe too hard a taſk—
Whether you fix your fancied reign
In brothels, or in drawing-rooms,
The little ſomething ſtill retain.
Be gameſters, gluttons, jockies, grooms,
Be all which nature never meant,
Free-thinkers in the full extent,
But ah; for ſomething be rever'd,
And keep your ſex, and ſhow the beard.

TO HER GRACE THE

## DUTCHESS OF QUEENSBURY *.

Say, ſhall a bard in theſe late times
Dare to addreſs his trivial rhymes
To her, whom Prior, Pope, and Gay,
And every bard who breath'd a lay,
Of happier vein, was fond to chooſe
The patroneſs of every muſe?
Say, can he hope that you, the theme
Of partial Swift's ſevere eſteem,

* *In the firſt edition of this little poem, the name was not printed. As the Dutcheſs is ſince dead, it cannot be neceſſary to conceal it. She was of a great age when this compliment was paid to her, which was ſingularly well adapted, as her Grace never changed her dreſs according to the faſhion, but retained that which had been in vogue when ſhe was a young beauty.*

You, who have borne meridian rays,
And triumph'd in poetic blaze,
Ev'n with indulgence ſhould receive
The fainter gleams of ebbing eve.
He will; and boldly ſay in print,
That 'twas your Grace who gave the hint;
Who told him that the preſent ſcene
Of dreſs, and each prepoſterous faſhion,
Flow'd from ſupineneſs in the men,
And not from female inclination.
That women were oblig'd to try
All ſtratagems to catch the eye,
And many a wild vagary play,
To gain attention any way.
'Twas merely cunning in the fair.—
This may be true—But have a care;
Your Grace will contradict in part,
Your own aſſertion, and my ſong,
Whoſe beauty, undiſguis'd by art,
Has charm'd ſo much, and charm'd ſo long.

## VENUS ATTIRING THE GRACES.

——— "In naked beauty more adorn'd,
"More lovely." MILTON.

As Venus one day, at her toilet affairs,
With the graces attending, adjuſted her airs,
In a negligent way, without boddice or hoop,
As * Guido has painted the beautiful group,
For Guido, no doubt, in idea at leaſt,
Had ſeen all the graces and Venus undreſt);
Half penſive, half ſmiling, the goddeſs of beauty
Look'd round on the girls, as they toil'd in their duty: [carry'd,
And ſurely, ſhe cry'd, you have ſtrangely miſ-
That not one of the three ſhould have ever been marry'd. [noſes,
Let me nicely examine—Fair foreheads, ſtraight
And cheeks that might rival Aurora's own roſes;
Lips; teeth; and what eyes! that can languiſh or roll,
To enliven or ſoften the elegant whole. [deck;
The ſweet auburn treſſes, that ſhade what they
The ſhoulders, that fall from the delicate neck;
The poliſh'd round arm, which my ſtatues might own, [zone.
And the lovely contour which deſcends from the
Then how it ſhould happen I cannot divine:
Either you are too coy, or the gods too ſupine.
I believe 'tis the latter; for every ſoft boſom
Muſt have its attachments, and wiſh to diſcloſe 'em.
Some lovers not beauty, but novelty warms,
They have ſeen you ſo often, they're tir'd of your charms.
But I'll find out a method their langour to move,
And at leaſt make them ſtare, if I can't make them love. [face †,
Come here, you two girls, that look full in my
And you that ſo often are turning your back,
Put on theſe cork rumps, and then tighten your ſtays
'Till your hips and your ribs, and the ſtrings themſelves crack.
Can ye ſpeak? can ye breathe?—Not a word—
Then 'twill do. [you.
You have often dreſs'd me, and for once I'll dreſs

Don't let your curls fall with that natural bend,
But ſtretch them up tight 'till each hair ſtands an end. [tow'rs;
One, two, nay three cuſhions, like Cybele's
Then a few ells of gauze, and ſome baſkets of flow'rs.
Theſe bottles of nectar will ſerve for perfumes.
Go pluck the fledg'd Cupids, and bring me their plumes.
If that's not enough, you may ſtrip all the fowls,
My doves, Juno's peacocks, and Pallas's owls.
And ſtay, from Jove's eagle, if napping * you take him,
You may ſnatch a few quills—but be ſure you don't wake him.
Hold! what are ye doing! I vow and proteſt,
If I don't watch you cloſely, you'll ſpoil the whole jeſt.
What I have diſorder'd, you ſtill ſet to rights,
And ſeem half unwilling to make yourſelves frights,
What I am concealing, you want to diſplay;
But it ſha'n't ſerve the turn, for I will have my way.
Thoſe crimp'd colet'montés don't reach to your chins, [pins.
And the heels of your ſlippers are broader than
You can ſtand, you can walk, like the girls in the ſtreet; [feet.
Thoſe buckles won't do, they ſcarce cover your
Here, run to the Cyclops, you boys without wings,
And bring up their boxes of contraband things.—

* * * * * *

Well, now you're bedizen'd, I'll ſwear, as ye paſs, [glaſs.
I can ſcarcely help laughing—Don't look in the
Thoſe tittering boys ſhall be whipt if they teaze you;
So come away girls. From your torments to eaſe you,
We'll haſte to Olympus, and get the thing over;
I have not the leaſt doubt but you'll each find a lover.
And if it ſucceeds, with a torrent of mirth
We'll peſter their godſhips agen and agen;

* *The celebrated picture of Venus attired by the graces. Alluding to the uſual repreſentation of the graces.*

---

* *The ſleeping Eagle in Pindar, thus tranſlated by Weſt.*

Perch'd on the ſceptre of th' Olympian king,
The thrilling darts of harmony he feels;
And indolently hangs his rapid wing,
While gentle ſleep his cloſing eye-lids ſeals;
And o'er his heaving limbs in looſe array
To ev'ry balmy gale the ruffling feathers play.

*Thus imitated by Akenſide.*

With flacken'd wings,
While now the ſolemn concert breathes around,
Incumbent o'er the ſceptre of his lord
Sleeps the ſtern eagle; by the number'd notes
Poſſeſs'd; and fatiate with the melting tone;
Sovereign of birds.

*And thus by Gray.*

Perching on the ſceptered hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of ſlumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye

Then ſend the receipt to the ladies on earth,
And bid them become monſters, till men become men.

## ON A MESSAGE-CARD IN VERSE,

SENT BY A LADY.

Hermes, the gameſter of the ſky,
To ſhare for once mankind's delights,
Slipp'd down to earth, exceeding ſly,
And bade his coachman drive to White's.
In form a beau, ſo light he trips,
You'd ſwear his wings were at his heels;
From glaſs to glaſs alert he ſkips,
And bows and prattles while he deals.
In ſhort, ſo well his part he play'd,
The waiters took him for a peer;
And ev'n ſome great ones whiſp'ring ſaid
He was no vulgar foreigner.
Whate'er he was, he ſwept the board,
Won every bett, and every game;
Stripp'd ev'n the rooks, who ſtamp'd and roar'd,
And wonder'd how the devil it came!
He wonder'd too, and thought it hard;
But found at laſt this great command
Was owing to one fav'rite card,
Which ſtill brought luck into his hand.
The four of ſpades; whene'er he ſaw
Its ſable ſpots, he laugh'd at rules,
Took odds beyond the gaming law,
And Hoyle and Philidor were fools.
But now, for now 'twas time to go,
What gratitude ſhall he expreſs?
And what peculiar boon beſtow
Upon the cauſe of his ſucceſs?
Suppoſe, for ſomething muſt be done,
On Juno's ſelf he could prevail
To pick the pips out, one by one,
And ſtick them in her peacock's tail.
Should Pallas have it, was a doubt,
To twiſt her ſilk, or range her pins,
Or ſhould the muſes cut it out,
For bridges to their violins.
To Venus ſhould the prize be given,
Superior beauty's juſt reward,
And 'gainſt the next great rout in heaven
Be ſent her for a meſſage-card.
Or hold—by Jove, a lucky hit!
Your goddeſſes are arrant farces;
Go, carry it to Mrs ——
And bid her fill it full of verſes.

## ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF A YOUNG LADY,

FOUR YEARS OLD.

Old creeping time, with ſilent tread,
Has ſtol'n four years o'er Molly's head.
The roſe-bud opens on her cheek,
The meaning eyes begin to ſpeak;
And in each ſmiling look is ſeen
The innocence which plays within.
Nor is the fault'ring tongue confin'd
To liſp the dawnings of the mind,
But fair and full her words convey
The little all they have to ſay;
And each fond parent, as they fall,
Finds volumes in that little all.

May every charm which now appears,
Increaſe, and brighten with her years!
And may that ſame old creeping time
Go on till ſhe has reach'd her prime,
Then, like a maſter of his trade,
Stand ſtill, nor hurt the work he made.

## THE JE NE SCAI QUOI.

A SONG.

Yes, I'm in love, I feel it now,
And Cælia has undone me;
And yet I'll ſwear I can't tell how
The pleaſing plague ſtole on me.

'Tis not her face which love creates,
For there no graces revel;
'Tis not her ſhape, for there the fates
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for ſure in that
There's nothing more than common;
And all her ſenſe is only chat,
Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm—
'Twas both perhaps, or neither;
In ſhort, 'twas that provoking charm
Of Cælia all together.

## THE DOUBLE CONQUEST.

A SONG.

Of muſic, and of beauty's power,
I doubted much, and doubted long:
The faireſt face a gaudy flower,
An empty ſound the ſweeteſt ſong.

But when her voice Clarinda rais'd,
And ſung ſo ſweet, and ſmil'd ſo gay,
At once I liſten'd, and I gaz'd;
And heard, and look'd my ſoul away.

To her, of all his beauteous train,
This wond'rous power had love aſſign'd,
A double conqueſt to obtain,
And cure at once the deaf and blind.

## SONG FOR RANELAGH.

Ye belles and ye flirts, and ye pert little things
Who trip in this frolickſome round, [ſpring
Pray tell me from whence this impertinent
The ſexes at once to confound? [ai
What means the cock'd hat, and the maſculi
With each motion deſign'd to perplex?
Bright eyes were intended to languiſh, not ſtare
And ſoftneſs the teſt of your ſex.

The girl who on beauty depends for ſupport,
May call every art to her aid;
The boſom diſplay'd, and the petticoat ſhort,
Are ſamples ſhe gives of her trade.
But you on whom fortune indulgently ſmiles,
And whom pride has preſerv'd from the ſnare,
Should ſlily attack us with coyneſs and wiles,
Not with open and inſolent war.

The Venus, whoſe ſtatue delights all mankind,
Shrinks modeſtly back from the view,
And kindly ſhould ſeem by the artiſt deſign'd
To ſerve as a model for you.

Then learn, with her beauty, to copy her air,
Nor venture too much to reveal:
Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
And double each charm you conceal.

The bluſhes of morn, and the mildneſs of May,
Are charms which no art can procure:
To be but yourſelves, and our homage we pay,
And your empire is ſolid and ſure.
But if, Amazon-like, you attack your gallants,
And put us in fear of our lives,
You may do very well for ſiſters and aunts,
But, believe me, you'll never be wives.

## AN INSCRIPTION

IN THE COTTAGE OF VENUS,

AT MIDDLETON PARK, OXFORDSHIRE.

Quisquis es, O juvenis, noſtro vagus advena luco,
Cui cor eſt tenerum, cuique puella comes;
Quiſquis es, ah fugias!—hic ſuadent omnia amorem,
Inque caſâ hâc latitans omnia ſuadet amor.
Aſpice flore capri quam circum aſtringitur ilex
Hærenti amplexu, et luxuriante comâ!
Sylva tegit, tacitum ſternit tibi lana cubile,
Aut tumet in vivos mollior herba toros.
Si quis adeſt ſubitum dant tintinnabula ſignum,
Et ſtrepit in primo limine porta loquax.
Nec rigidum oſtendit noſtro de parjete vultum
Actæuſve ſenex, dimidiuſve Cato:
Ut nuda aſpirat dulces Cytherea furores,
Atque ſuos ritus conſecrat ipſa Venus.

## THE SAME IN ENGLISH.

Whoe'er thou art, whom chance ordains to rove
A youthful ſtranger to this fatal grove,
Or, if thy breaſt can feel too ſoft a flame,
And with thee wanders ſome unguarded dame,
Fly, fly the place!—Each object through the ſhade
Perſuades to love; and in this cottage laid,
What cannot, may not, will not, love perſuade?
See to yon oak how cloſe the woodbine cleaves,
And twines around its luxury of leaves!
Above, the boughs a pleaſing darkneſs ſhed,
Beneath, a noiſeleſs couch ſoft fleeces ſpread,
Or ſofter herbage forms a living bed.
No ſpies approach?—Shrill bells the ſound repeat,
And from the entrance ſcreams the conſcious gate.
Nor from theſe walls do rigid buſtos frown,
Or philoſophic cenſors threat in ſtone.
But Venus' ſelf does her own rites approve
In naked ſtate, and through the raptur'd grove
Breathes the ſweet madneſs of exceſſive love.

## HYMN TO VENUS.

IN A GREAT VARIETY OF ROSES BEING PLANTED ROUND HER COTTAGE.

"Te, dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila cœli
Adventumque tuum; tibi ſuaves Dædala tellus
Summittit flores."——— LUCRET.

O Venus, whoſe inſpiring breath
Firſt waken'd nature's genial pow'r,
And cloath'd the teeming earth beneath
With every plant, with every flower,
Which paints the verdant lap of ſpring,
Or wantons in the ſummer's ray;
Which, bruſh'd by zephyr's dewy wing,
With fragrance hails the opening day;
Or, pour'd profuſe on hill, on plain, on dale,
Reſerves its treaſur'd ſweets for evening's ſofter gale!

To thee, behold, what new delights
The maſter of this ſhade prepares!
Induc'd by far inferior rites,
You've heard a Cyprian's ſofteſt prayers;
There, form'd to wreaths, the ſickly flower
Has on thy altars bloom'd and died;
But here, around thy fragrant bower,
Extends the living incenſe wide;
From the firſt roſe the ſoft'ring zephyrs rear,
To that whoſe ſainter bluſh adorns the dying year.

Behold one beauteous flower aſſume
The luſtre of th' unſullied ſnow!
While there the Belgic's ſofter bloom
Improves the damaſk's deeper glow;
The Auſtrian here in purple breaks,
Or flaunts in robes of yellow light;
While there, in more fantaſtic ſtreaks,
The red roſe * mingles with the white,
And in its name records poor Albion's woes,
Albion that oft has wept the colours of the roſe!

Then, Venus, come; to every thorn
Thy kind prolific influence ſend;
And bid the tears of eve and morn
In gently dropping dews deſcend;
Teach every ſunbeam's warmth and light
To pierce thy thicket's inmoſt ſhade;
Nor let th' ungenial damps of night
The breeze's ſcarching wings evade,
But every plant confeſs the power that guides,
And all be beauty here, where beauty's queen preſides.

So ſhall the maſter's bounteous hand
New plans deſign, new temples raiſe
To thee, and wide as his command
Extend the trophies of thy praiſe.
So daily, nightly, to thy ſtar
The hard ſhall grateful tribute pay,
Whether it gilds Aurora's car,
Or loiters in the train of day; [grace
And each revolving year new hymns ſhall
Thy ſhowery month, which wakes the vegetable race.

## IN A HERMITAGE,

AT THE SAME PLACE.

The man whoſe days of youth and eaſe
In nature's calm enjoyments paſs'd,
Will want no monitors like † theſe,
To torture and alarm his laſt.

The gloomy grot, the cypreſs ſhade,
The zealot's liſt of rigid rules,
To him are merely dull parade,
The tragic pageantry of fools.

* *York and Lancaſter roſes.*
† *Aſkull, hour glaſs, &c.*

What life affords he freely taſtes,
When nature calls, reſigns his breath;
Nor age in weak repining waſtes,
Nor acts alive the farce of death.

Not ſo the youths of folly's train,
Impatient of each kind reſtraint
Which parent nature fix'd, in vain,
To teach us man's true bliſs, content.

For ſomething ſtill beyond enough
With eager impotence they ſtrive,
Till appetite has learn'd to loath
The very joys by which we live.

Then, fill'd with all which ſour diſdain
To diſappointed vice can add,
Tir'd of himſelf, man flies from man,
And hates the world he made ſo bad.

## INSCRIPTION FOR A COLD BATH.

Whoe'er thou art, approach.—Has med'cine fail'd? [vain?
Have balms and herbs eſſay'd their powers in
Nor the free air, nor ſoft'ring ſun prevail'd
To raiſe thy drooping ſtrength, or ſoothe thy pain?

Yet enter here. Nor doubt to truſt thy frame
To the cold boſom of this lucid lake. [flame,
Here health may greet thee, and life's languid
Ev'n from its icy graſp new vigour take.

What ſoft Auſonia's genial ſhores deny,
May Zembla give. Then boldly truſt the wave:
So ſhall thy grateful tablet hang on high,
And frequent votaries bleſs this healing cave.

## INSCRIPTION ON AN OAK,

AT ROMELY, IN DERBYSHIRE.

*The oak is ſuppoſed to ſpeak.*

Once was I fam'd, an awful ſage,
The ſilent wonder of my age!
To me was every ſcience known,
And every language was my own.
The ſun beheld my daily toil,
I labour'd o'er the midnight oil,
And, hid in woods, conceal'd from view
Whate'er I was, whate'er I knew.
In ſhort, conſum'd with learned care,
I liv'd, I died.—I rooted here!
For Heaven, that's pleas'd with doing good,
To make me uſeful, made me wood.

## INSCRIPTION FOR A TREE*.

ON THE TERRACE AT NUNEHAM, OXFORDSHIRE.

This tree was planted by a female hand,
In the gay dawn of ruſtic beauty's glow;

* *This tree is well known to the country people by the name of Bab's Tree. It was planted by one Barbara Wyat, who was ſo much attached to it, that, on the removal of the village of Nuneham, to where it is now built, ſhe earneſtly entreated that ſhe might ſtill remain in her old habitation. Her requeſt was complied with, and her cottage not pulled down till after her death.*

And faſt beſide it did her cottage ſtand, [ſnow.
When age had cloath'd the matron's head with
To her, long us'd to nature's ſimple ways,
This ſingle ſpot was happineſs complete;
Her tree could ſhield her from the noon-tide blaze,
And from the tempeſt ſcreen her little ſeat.
Here with her Collin oft the faithful maid
Had led the dance, the envious youths among:
Here, when his aged bones in earth were laid,
The patient matron turn'd her wheel, and ſung.
She felt her loſs; yet felt it as ſhe ought,
Nor dar'd 'gainſt nature's general law exclaim;
But check'd her tears, and to her children taught
That well-known truth, "Their lot would be
"the ſame." [ſhores
Though Thames before her flow'd, his farther
She ne'er explor'd; contented with her own.
And diſtant Oxford, though ſhe ſaw its towers,
To her ambition was a world unknown.
Did dreadful tales the clowns from market bear
Of kings and tumults, and the courtier train,
She coldly liſten'd with unheeding ear,
And good queen Anne, for aught ſhe car'd, might reign.
The ſun her day, the ſeaſons mark'd her year,
She toil'd, ſhe ſlept, from care, from envy free,
For what had ſhe to hope, or what to fear,
Bleſt with her cottage, and her fav'rite tree,
Hear this ye great, whoſe proud poſſeſſions ſpread
O'er earth's rich ſurface to no ſpace confin'd;
Ye learn'd in arts, in men, in manners read,
Who boaſt as wide an empire o'er the mind,
With reverence viſit her auguſt domain;
To her unletter'd memory bow the knee:
She found that happineſs you ſeek in vain,
Bleſt with a cottage, and a ſingle tree.

## INSCRIPTION

ON THE PEDESTAL OF AN URN.

*Erected in the flower-garden at Nuneham, by G. S. Harcourt, and the Honourable Elizabeth Vernon, Viſcount and Viſcounteſs Nuneham. Sacred to the memory of Frances Poole, Viſcounteſs Palmerſton.*

Here ſhall our ling'ring footſteps oft be found,
This is her ſhrine, and conſecrates the ground.
Here living ſweets around her altar riſe,
And breathe perpetual incenſe to the ſkies.
Here too the thoughtleſs and the young may tread,
Who ſhun the drearier manſions of the dead;
May here be taught what worth the world has known.
Her wit, her ſenſe, her virtues were her own;
To her peculiar—and for ever loſt
To thoſe who knew, and therefore lov'd her moſt.
O, if kind pity ſteal on virtue's eye,
Check not the tear, nor ſtop the uſeful ſigh;
From ſoft humanity's ingenuous flame
A wiſh may riſe to emulate her fame,
And ſome faint image of her worth reſtore,
When thoſe who now lament her are no more.

## AN EPITAPH.

Here lies a youth, (ah wherefore breathleſs lies!)
Learn'd without pride, and diffidently wiſe.
Mild to all faults, which from weak nature flow'd;
Fond of all virtues, wherefoe'er beſtow'd.

Who never gave, nor ſlightly took offence,
The beſt good-nature, and the beſt good ſenſe.
Who living hop'd, and dying felt no fears,
His only ſting of death, a parent's tears.

## EPITAPH IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS PRITCHARD.

*This tablet is placed here by the voluntary ſubſcription of thoſe who admired and eſteemed her. She retired from the ſtage, of which ſhe had long been the ornament, in the month of April* 1768, *and died at Bath in the month of Auguſt following, in the* 57*th year of her age.*

Her comic vein had every charm to pleaſe,
'Twas nature's dictates breath'd with nature's eaſe.
Ev'n when her powers ſuſtain'd the tragic load,
Full, clear, and juſt th' harmonious accents flow'd;
And the big paſſions of her feeling heart
Burſt freely forth, and ſham'd the mimic art.
Oft, on the ſcene, with colours not her own,
She painted vice, and taught us what to ſhun:
One virtuous track her real life purſued,
That nobler part was uniformly good,
Each duty there to ſuch perfection wrought,
That, if the precepts fail'd, th' example taught.

ON THE LATE

## IMPROVEMENTS AT NUNEHAM,

THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF HARCOURT.

Dame nature, the goddeſs, one very bright day,
In ſtrolling through Nuneham, met Brown in her way:
And bleſs me, ſhe ſaid, with an inſolent ſneer,
I wonder that fellow will dare to come here.
What more than I did has your impudence plann'd?
The lawn, wood, and water, are all of my hand;
In my very beſt manner, with Themis's ſcales,
I lifted the hills, and I ſcoop'd out the vales;
With Sylvan's own umbrage I grac'd ev'ry brow,
And pour'd the rich Thames through the meadows below.
I grant it, he cry'd; to your ſov'reign command
I bow, as I ought.—Gentle lady, your hand;
The weather's inviting, ſo let us move on;
You know what you did, and now ſee what I've done.
I, with gratitude, own you have reaſon to plead,
That to theſe happy ſcenes you were bounteous indeed:
My lovely materials were many and great!
(For ſometimes, you know, I'm oblig'd to create).
But ſay in return, my adorable dame,
To all you ſee here, can you lay a juſt claim?
Were there no ſlighter parts which you finiſh'd in haſte,
Or left, like a friend, to give ſcope to my taſte?
Who drew o'er the ſurface, did you, or did I,
The ſmooth-flowing outline, that ſteals from the eye *,
The ſoft undulations, both diſtant and near,
That heave from the lawns, and yet ſcarcely appear?
(So bends the ripe harveſt the breezes beneath,
As if earth was in ſlumber, and gently took breath),
Who thinn'd, and who group'd, and who ſcatter'd thoſe trees,
Who bade the ſlopes fall with that delicate eaſe,
Who caſt them in ſhade, and who plac'd them in light,
Who bade them divide, and who bade them unite?
The ridges are melted, the boundaries gone:
Obſerve all theſe changes, and candidly own
I have cloath'd you when naked, and, when overdreſt,
I have ſtripp'd you again to your boddice and veſt;
Conceal'd ev'ry blemiſh, each beauty diſplay'd,
As Reynolds would picture ſome exquiſite maid,
Each ſpirited feature would happily place,
And ſhed o'er the whole inexpreſſible grace.
One queſtion remains. Up the green of yon ſteep,
Who threw the bold walk with that elegant ſweep?
—There is little to ſee, till the ſummit we gain;
Nay, never draw back, you may climb without pain,
And, I hope, will perceive how each object is caught,
And is loſt in exactly the point where it ought.
That ground of your moulding is certainly fine,
But the ſwell of that knoll and thoſe openings are mine.
The proſpect, wherever beheld, muſt be good,
But has ten times its charms, when you burſt from this wood, [hold!
A wood of my planting.—The goddeſs cried,
'Tis grown very hot, and 'tis grown very cold:
She fann'd and ſhe ſhudder'd, ſhe cough'd and ſhe ſneez'd,
Inclin'd to be angry, inclin'd to be pleas'd,
Half ſmil'd, and half pouted—then turn'd from the view, [drew.
And dropp'd him a curtſey, and bluſhing with-
Yet ſoon recollecting her thoughts, as ſhe paſs'd,
" I may have my revenge on this fellow at laſt:
" For a lucky conjecture comes into my head,
" That, whate'er he has done, and whate'er he
" has ſaid,
" The world's little malice will balk his deſign:
" Each fault they call his, and each excellence
" mine."

* *The firſt two words in this couplet have identical, rather than correſponding ſounds, and therefore only appear to rhyme. This defect, however, may eaſily be removed, by tranſpoſing the two verſes, and reading them thus:*

" That ſweet-flowing outline, that ſteals from
" the view,
" Whodre w o'er the ſurface, did I, or did you

## TO LADY NUNEHAM,

NOW COUNTESS OF HARCOURT.

*On the death of her ſiſter, the Honourable Catherine Venables Vernon, June* 1775.

Mild as the opening morn's ſereneſt ray,
Mild as the cloſe of ſummer's ſofteſt day,
Her form, her virtues, (fram'd alike to pleaſe
With artleſs grace and unaſſuming eaſe),

On every breaſt their mingling influence ſtole,
And in ſweet union breath'd one beauteous whole.
Oft, o'er a ſiſter's much-lamented bier,
Has genuine anguiſh pour'd the kindred tear:
Oft, on a dear lov'd friend's untimely grave,
Have ſunk in ſpeechleſs grief, the wife and brave.
—Ah hapleſs thou! for whoſe ſeverer woe
Death arm'd with double force his fatal blow,
Condemn'd, (juſt Heaven! for what myſterious end,)
To loſe at once the ſiſter and the friend *!

## THE BATTLE OF ARGOED LLWYFAIN †.

Morning roſe; the iſſuing ſun
Saw the dreadful fight begun;
And that ſun's deſcending ray
Cloſ'd the battle, cloſ'd the day.
Fflamdwyn pour'd his rapid bands,
Legions four, o'er Reged's lands.
The numerous hoſt, from ſide to ſide,
Spread deſtruction wild and wide,
From Argoed's ‡ ſummits, foreſt-crown'd,
To ſteep Arfyndd's ‖ utmoſt bound.
Short their triumph, ſhort their ſway,
Born and ended with the day!
Fluſh'd with conqueſt, Fflamdwyn ſaid,
Boaſtful at his army's head,
"Strive not to oppoſe the ſtream,
"Redeem your lands, your lives redeem,
"Give me pledges," Fflamdwyn cried.
"Never," Urien's ſon replied.
Owen §, of the mighty ſtroke,
Kindling, as the hero ſpoke,
Cenau *, Coel's blooming heir,
Caught the flame, and graſp'd the ſpear:
"Shall Coel's iſſue pledges give
"To the inſulting foe, and live!
"Never ſuch be Briton's ſhame,
"Never, till this mangled frame
"Like ſome vanquiſh'd lion lie,
"Drench'd in blood, and bleeding die."
Day advanc'd: and ere the ſun
Reach'd the radiant point of noon,
Urien came with freſh ſupplies.
"Riſe, ye ſons of Cambria, riſe!
"Spread your banners to the foe,
"Spread them on the mountain's brow:
"Laſt your lances high in air,
"Friends and brothers of the war;
"Ruſh like torrents down the ſteep,
"Through the vales in myriads ſweep;
"Fflamdwyn never can ſuſtain
"The force of our united train."
Havoc, havoc rag'd around,
Many a carcaſe ſtrew'd the ground:
Ravens drank the purple flood,
Raven plumes were dyed in blood;
Frighted crowds from place to place,
Eager, hurrying, breathleſs, pale,
Spread the news of their diſgrace,
Trembling as they told the tale.
These are Talieſſin's rhymes,
Theſe ſhall live to diſtant times,
And the bard's prophetic rage
Animate a future age.
Child of ſorrow, child of pain,
Never may I ſmile again,
If till all-ſubduing death
Cloſe theſe eyes, and ſtop this breath,
Ever I forget to raiſe
My grateful ſongs to Urien's praiſe!

## THE SWEEPERS.

I sing of ſweepers, frequent in thy ſtreets,
Auguſta, as the flowers which grace the ſpring,
Or branches withering in autumnal ſhades,
To form the brooms they wield. Preſerv'd by them
From dirt, from coach-hire, and th' oppreſſive rheums
Which clog the ſprings of life, to them I ſing,
And aſk no inſpiration but their ſmiles.
Hail, unown'd youths, and virgins unendow'd!
Whether on bulk begot, while rattled loud
The paſſing coaches, or th' officious hand
Of ſportive link-boy wide around him daſh'd
The pitchy flame obſtructive of the joy;
Or more propitious to the dark retreat
Of round-houſe owe your birth, where nature's reign
Revives, and emolous of Spartan fame,
The mingling ſexes ſhare promiſcuous love;
And ſcarce the pregnant female knows to whom
She owes the precious burden, ſcarce the ſire
Can claim, confus'd, the many-featur'd child.

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* *The firſt ſix lines of this elegant elegiac poem are inſcribed on a neat marble tablet (ſimilar to that of Mrs. Pritchard's monument in Weſtminſter-Abbey), which is placed in the chancel of the pariſh-church of Sudbury, in Staffordſhire, and the four following added, inſtead of what is here perſonally addreſſed to the preſent Lady Harcourt.*

"This fair example to the world was lent,
"As the ſhort leſſon of a life well ſpent;
"Alas, how ſhort! but bounteous Heav'n beſt knows
"When to reclaim the bleſſings it beſtows."

† *The following is a tranſlation of a poem of Talieſſin, king of the bards, and is a deſcription of the battle of Argoed Llwyfain, fought about the year 548, by Godden, a king of North Britain, and Urien Reged, king of Cambria, againſt Fflamdwyn, a Saxon general, ſuppoſed to be Ida, king of Northumberland. It is inſerted in Jones's Hiſtorical Account of the Welſh Bards, publiſhed in 1784, and is thus introduced by the author: "I am indebted to the obliging diſpoſition and "undiminiſhed powers of Mr. Whitehead, for the fol-"lowing faithful and animated verſification of this va-"luable antique."*

*This is the laſt of the great battles of Urien Reged, celebrated by Talieſſin, in poems now extant.* See Carte's Hiſtory of England, p. 211. and 213.

‡ *A part of Cumbria, the country of Prince Llywarch Hen, from whence he was drove by the Saxons.*

‖ *Some place on the borders of Northumberland.*

§ *Owen ap Urien acted as his father's general.*

* *Cenau led to the aſſiſtance of Urien Reged, the forces of his father Coel Godhebog, king of a northern tract called Godden, probably inhabited by the Godini of Ptolemy. Owen ap Urien and Cenau ap Coel, were in the number of Arthur's knights.* See Lewis's Hiſtory of Britain, p. 201.

Nor bluſh that hence your origin we trace:
'Twas thus immortal heroes ſprung of old
Strong from the ſtol'n embrace: by ſuch as you,
Unhous'd, uncloth'd, unletter'd, and unfed,
Were kingdoms modell'd, cities taught to riſe,
Firm laws enacted, freedom's rights maintain'd,
The gods and patriots of an infant world!
Let others meanly chant in tuneful ſong
The black-ſhoe race, whoſe mercenary tribes,
Allur'd by halfpence, take their morning ſtand
Where ſtreets divide, and to their proffer'd ſtools
Solicit wand'ring feet; vain penſioners,
And placemen of the crowd! Not ſo you pour
Your bleſſings on mankind. Nor traffic vile
Be your employment deem'd, ye laſt remains
Of public ſpirit, whoſe laborious hands,
Uncertain of reward, bid kennels know
Their wonted bounds, remove the bord'ring filth,
And give th' obſtructed ordure where to glide.
What though the pitying paſſenger beſtows
His unextorted boon, muſt they refuſe
The well-earn'd bounty, ſcorn th' obtruded ore?
Proud were the thought and vain. And ſhall not we
Repay their kindly labours, men like them,
With gratitude unſought? I, too, have oft
Seen in our ſtreets the wither'd hands of age
Toil in th' induſtrious taſk; and can we there
Be thrifty niggards? Haply they have known
Far better days, and ſcatter'd liberal round
The ſcanty pittance we afford them now.
Soon from this office grant them their diſcharge,
Ye kind church-wardens! take their meagre limbs,
Shiv'ring with cold and age, and wrap them warm
In thoſe bleſt manſions charity has rais'd.
But you of younger years, while vigour knits
Your lab'ring ſinews, urge the generous taſk,
Nor loſe in fruitleſs brawls the precious hours
Aſſign'd to toil. Be your contentions, who
Firſt in the dark'ning ſtreets, when Autumn ſheds
Her earlieſt ſhowers, ſhall clear th' obſtructed paſs;
Or laſt ſhall quit the field, when Spring diſtills
Her moiſt'ning dews, prolific there in vain.
So may each luſty ſcavenger, ye fair,
Fly ardent to your arms; and every maid,
Ye gentle youths, be to your wiſhes kind;
Whether Oſtrea's fiſhy fumes allure,
As Venus' treſſes fragrant; or the ſweets
More mild and rural from her ſtall who toils
To ſeaſt the ſages of the Samian ſchool.
Nor ever may your hearts, elate with pride,
Deſert this ſphere of love; for ſhould ye, youths,
When blood boils high, and ſome more lucky chance
Has ſwell'd your ſtores, purſue the tawdry band
That romp from lamp to lamp—for health expect
Diſeaſe, for fleeting pleaſure foul remorſe,
And daily, nightly, agonizing pains.
In vain you call for Æſculapius' aid
From Whitecroſs Alley, or the azure poſts
Which beam through Haydon Yard: the god de-
mands
More ample offerings, and rejects your prayer.
And you, ye fair, O let me warn your breaſts
To ſhun deluding men: for ſome there are,
Great lords of counties, mighty men of war,
And well-dreſs'd courtiers, who with leering eye
Can in the face begrim'd with dirt diſcern
Strange charms, and pant for Cynthia in a cloud.
But let Lardella's fate avert your own.
Lardella once was fair, the early boaſt
Of proud St. Giles's, from its ample pound
To where the column points the ſeven-fold day.
Happy, thrice happy, had ſhe never known
A ſtreet more ſpacious! but ambition led
Her youthful footſteps, artleſs, unaſſur'd,
To Whitehall's fatal pavement. There ſhe ply'd
Like you the active broom. At ſight of her
The coachman dropp'd his laſh, the porter oft
Forgot his burden, and with wild amaze
The tall well-booted ſentry, arm'd in vain,
Lean'd from his horſe, to gaze upon her charms.
But fate reſerv'd her for more dreadful ills:
A lord beheld her, and with powerful gold
Seduc'd her to his arms. What can not gold
Effect, when aided by the matron's tongue,
Long tried and practis'd in the trade of vice,
Againſt th' unwary innocent! A while
Dazzled with ſplendour, giddy with the height
Of unexperienc'd greatneſs. ſhe looks down
With thoughtleſs pride, nor ſees the gulf beneath.
But ſoon, too ſoon, the high-wrought tranſport
ſinks
In cold indifference, and a newer face
Alarms her reſtleſs lover's fickle heart.
Diſtreſs'd, abandon'd, whither ſhall ſhe fly?
How urge her former taſk, and brave the winds
And piercing rains with limbs whoſe daintier
ſenſe [now,
Shrinks from the evening breeze? Nor has ſhe
Sweet innocence, thy calmer heart-felt aid,
To ſolace or ſupport the pangs ſhe feels.
Why ſhould the weeping muſe purſue her ſteps
Through the dull round of infamy, through haunts
Of public luſt, and every painful ſtage
Of ill-feign'd tranſport, and uneaſy joy?
Too ſure ſhe tried them all, till her ſunk eye
Loſt its laſt languiſh; and the bloom of health,
Which revell'd once on beauty's virgin cheek,
Was pale diſeaſe, and meagre penury.
Then loath'd, deſerted, to her life's laſt pang,
In bitterneſs of ſoul, ſhe curs'd in vain
Her proud betrayer, curs'd her fatal charms,
And periſh'd in the ſtreets from whence ſhe ſprung

# FATAL CONSTANCY; OR, LOVE IN TEARS.

A SKETCH OF A

## TRAGEDY IN THE HEROIC TASTE.

" Sed vetuere patres quod non potuere vetare." OVID.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following ſketch of a tragedy, though interrupted with breaks and *et ceteras* (which are left to be ſupplied by the fancy of the reader), is nevertheleſs a continued ſoliloquy ſpoken by the hero of the piece, and may be performed by one actor, with all the ſtarts, graces, and theatrical attitudes in practice at preſent.

If any young author ſhould be ambitious of writing on this model, he may begin his preface, or his advertiſement, which is the more faſhionable term, by obſerving, that " it is a melancholy " contemplation to every lover of literature, to " behold that univerſal defect of ſcience which is " the diſgrace of the preſent times." He may then proceed to aſſert, " that every ſpecies of fine " writing is at its very loweſt ebb; that the reign " of **** was what might properly enough be " ſtyled the golden age of dramatic poetry; that " ſince that happy era, genius itſelf has gradually " decayed, till at length, if he may be allowed " the expreſſion, the *effetæ vires* of nature, by he " knows not what fatality, ſeem quite exhauſted."

In his dedication, if to a lord—the proper topics are his lordſhip's public ſpirit; the noble ſtand which he made in the cauſe of liberty, but more particularly his heroic diſintereſtedneſs, in hiding from the world his own ſpirited performances, that thoſe of inferior authors might have a chance for ſucceſs.

If to a lady—after the uſual compliments of wit, beauty, elegance of taſte, and every ſocial virtue, he muſt by no means forget, that like Prometheus he has endeavoured to ſteal fire from heaven; and that the fineſt and moſt animated touches in the character of Lindamira, are but faint copies of the perfections of his patroneſs.

He may take hints for his prologue from the following lines:

" Critics, to-night at your dread bar appears
" A virgin-author, aw'd by various fears.
" Should ye once hiſs, poor man, he dies away,
" So much he trembles for his firſt eſſay;
" And therefore humbly hopes to gain your vote
" —For the beſt play that ever yet was wrote.
" Athens and Rome, the Stagirite, old Ben,
" Corneille's ſublimity, exact Racine,
" Rowe's flowing lines, and Otway's tender
" part,
" How Southern wounds, and Shakſpeare tears
" the heart,
" Rules, nature, ſtrength, truth, greatneſs, taſte,
" and art, &c. &c. &c.

### ACT I.

A ROOM OF STATE.

*The Hero and his Friend meeting.*

[If this manner of opening the play, though almoſt univerſally practiſed, ſhould be thought too ſimple and unaffecting, the curtain may riſe ſlowly to ſoft muſic, and diſcover the hero in a reclining, penſive poſture, who, upon the entrance of his friend, and the ceaſing of the ſymphony, may ſtart from his couch, and come forward.]

WELCOME, my friend; thy abſence long has torn
My bleeding breaſt—nor haſt thou heard as yet
My hapleſs ſtory. 'Twas that fatal morn,
The frighted ſun ſeem'd conſcious of my grief,
And hid himſelf in clouds, the tuneful birds
Forgot their muſic, &c.—O Lyſimachus,
Think'ſt thou ſhe e'er can liſten to my vows?
Think'ſt thou the king can e'er refuſe her to me?
O if he ſhould!—I cannot bear the thought—
The ſhipwreck'd mariner, the tortur'd wretch
That on the rack, the traveller that ſees
In pathleſs deſerts the pale light's laſt gleam
Sink in the deep abyſs, diſtracted, loſt—
But ſoft ye now, for Lindamira comes.
Ah, cruel maid! &c. &c. &c.
And doſt thou yield? Ye waters, gently glide;
Wind, catch the ſound, O thou tranſcending fair!
Stars, fall from heaven; and ſuns, forget to riſe;
And chaos come, when Lindamira dies!

[*Exeunt embracing.*

### ACT II.

THE PRESENCE CHAMBER.

*The Hero, ſolus.*

How frail is man! what fears, what doubts perplex
His firmeſt reſolutions! Sure the gods *, &c.

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* *It is a uſual complaint in tragedy, as well as in common life, that the gods have not made us as they ſhould have done.*

But hark! yon trumpet's ſprightly notes declare
The king's approach: be ſtill, my flutt'ring heart.
O royal Sir! if e'er thy groveling ſlave, &c.
[*Kneeling.*
Refus'd! O indignation! [*Riſing haſtily.*
Is it day?
Do I behold the ſun?—Thou tyrant, monſter—
Down, down allegiance to the blackeſt hell.
I cannot, will not bear it.—O my fair,
And art thou come to witneſs my diſgrace?
And is it poſſible that charms like thine
Could ſpring from ſuch a fire?—Why doſt thou weep?
Say, can a father's harſh commands controul—
Unkind and cruel! then thou never lovedſt.
Curs'd be the treacherous ſex, curs'd be the hour,
Curs'd be the world, and every thing—but her!
By heaven, ſhe faints! Ah, lift thoſe lovely eyes,
Turn on this faithful breaſt their cheering beams!
—O joy! O eceſtaſy! and wilt thou ſeek
With me ſome happier land, ſome ſafer ſhore?
At night I'll meet thee in the palmy grove,
When the pale moon beams, conſcious of the theft
—Till then a long adieu!
The merchant thus, &c.
[*Exeunt ſeverally, languiſhing at each other.*

## ACT III.

THE PALMY GROVE.

*The Hero, ſolus.*

Night, black-brow'd night, queen of the ebon wand,
Now o'er the world has ſpread her ſolemn reign.
The glow-worm twinkles, and from every flower
The pearly dews return the pale reflex
Of Cynthia's beams, each drop a little moon!
Hark, Lindamira comes!—No, 'twas the breath
Of zephyr panting on the leafy ſpray.
Perhaps he lurks in yonder woodbine bower,
To ſteal ſoft kiſſes from her lips, and catch
Ambroſial odours from her paſſing ſighs.
O thief!—
She comes; quick let us haſte away.
The guards purſue us? heavens!—Come then, my love,
Fly, fly this moment. [*Here a long conference upon love, virtue, the moon,* &c. *till the guards come up.*
—Dogs, will ye tear her from me?
Ye muſt not, ſhall not—O my heart-ſtrings crack,
My head turns round, my ſtarting eyeballs hang
Upon her parting ſteps—I can no more —
So the firſt man, from paradiſe exil'd,
With fond reluctance leaves the blooming wild:
Around the birds in pleaſing concert ſing,
Beneath his feet th' unbidden flow'rets ſpring;
On verdant hills the flocks unnumber'd play,
Through verdant vales meand'ring rivers ſtray;
Bloſſoms and fruits at once the trees adorn,
Eternal roſes bloom on every thorn,
And join Pomona's lap to Amalthæa's horn.
[*Exeunt, turn off on different ſides.*

## ACT IV.

A PRISON.

*The Hero in Chains.*

Ye deep, dark dungeons, and hard priſon walls,
Hard as my fate, and darkſome as the grave
To which I haſten, wherefore do ye bathe
Your rugged boſoms with unwholeſome dews
That ſeem to weep in mockery of my woe?
—But ſee! ſome angel brightneſs breaks the gloom.
'Tis Lindamira comes! So breaks the morn
On the reviving world. Thou faithful fair!
[*Approaching to embrace her.*
—Curſe on my fetters, how they bind my limbs,
Nor will permit me take one chaſte embrace.
Yet come, O come!—
What ſay'ſt thou? Force thee to it!
Thy father force thee to Oroſius' arms!
He cannot, will not, ſhall not.—O my brain!
Darkneſs and devils! Burſt my bonds, ye powers,
That I may tear him peacemeal from the earth,
And ſcatter him to all the winds of heaven.
—What means that bell?—O 'tis the ſound of death!
Alas, I had forgot I was to die!
Let me reflect on death, &c.—
But what is death,
Racks, tortures, burning pincers, floods of fire,
What are ye all to diſappointed love?
Drag, drag me hence, ye miniſters of fate,
From the dire thought—Oroſius muſt enjoy her!
Death's welcome now—Oroſius muſt enjoy her!
Hang on her lip, pant on her breaſt!—O gods!
I ſee the luſtful ſatyr graſp her charms,
I ſee him melting in her amorous arms:
Fiends ſeize me, furies laſh me, vultures tear,
Hell, horror, madneſs, darkneſs, and deſpair!
[*Runs off to execution.*

## ACT V.

THE AREA BEFORE THE PALACE.

*The Hero and Soldiers.*

I thank you, friends; I thank you, fellow-ſoldiers:
Ye gave me liberty, ye gave me life.
Yet what are thoſe? Alas, ye cannot give
My Lindamira to my longing arms.
O I have ſearch'd in vain the palace round,
Explor'd each room, and trac'd my ſteps again,
Like good Æneas through the ſtreets of Troy
When loſt Creuſa, &c.—
Ha, by heaven ſhe comes!
'Tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe, and we ſhall ſtill be bleſt!
We ſhall, we ſhall!—But why that heaving breaſt?
Why floats that hair diſhevell'd to the wind?
Why burſt the tears in torrents from her eyes?
Speak, Lindamira, ſpeak!—
Diſtraction! No,
He could not dare it. What, this dreadful night,
When the dire thunder rattled o'er his head,
Marry thee! bed thee! force thee to be his!
Defile that heaven of charms!—What means thy rage?
Thou ſhalt not die! O wreſt the dagger from her!
Thou ſtill art mine, ſtill, ſtill to me art pure
As the ſoft fleecy ſnow on Alpine hills
Ere the warm breath of Spring pollutes its whiteneſs.
—O gods, ſhe dies! And doſt thou bear me, earth?
Thus, thus I follow my adventurous love,
And we ſhall reſt together.
Ha, the king!
But let him come; I am beyond his reach,
He cannot curſe me more. See, tyrant, ſee,
And triumph in the miſchiefs thou haſt caus'd.

—By heaven he weeps! O, if humanity
Can touch thy flinty heart, hear my laſt prayer;
Be kind, and lay me in the ſame cold grave
Thus with my love; one winding-ſheet ſhall hold
Our wretched reliques, and one marble tomb
Tell our ſad ſtory to the weeping world.
—One kiſs—'tis very dark—good night—heaven
—Oh! [*Dies.*

THE MORAL.

Let cruel fathers learn from woes like theſe,
To wed their daughters where thoſe daughters pleaſe.
Nor erring mortals hope true joys to prove,
When ſuch dire ills attend on virtuous love.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY LINDAMIRA.

STRANGE rules, good folks! theſe poets are ſo nice,
They turn our mere amuſements into vice.
Lard! muſt we women of our lives be laviſh,
Becauſe thoſe huge ſtrong creatures men will raviſh!
I'll ſwear I thought it hard, and think ſo ſtill,
To die for---being pleas'd againſt one's will.

.. .. .. .. .. ..
.. .. .. .. .. ..

But you, ye fair and brave, for virtue's ſake,
Theſe ſpotleſs ſcenes to your protection take.

# ODES.

## ODE I.

FOR HIS *MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, NOV. 10. 1758.

THE ARGUMENT.

ABOUT the year 963 Ottoberto, of the family of Eſte, paſſed from Italy into Germany with the Emperor Otho the Great. Azo, his deſcendant in the next century, by marriage with the daughter of Welfus, Count Aldorf, inherited the dominions of the family in Suabia. Welfus, a ſon of that marriage, received the dukedom of Bavaria from the emperor Henry the Fourth, in 1061. The deſcendants of Welfus became afterwards poſſeſſed of all thoſe duchies which lie between the Elbe and the Weſer (Brunſwick, Wolfenbuttle, Lunenburgh, Zell, Hanover, &c.); and in the year 1714, George the Firſt, Duke and Elector of Hanover, ſucceeded to the throne of Great Britain.

WHEN Othbert left th' Italian plain,
And ſoft Ateſté's green domain,
Attendant on imperial ſway
Where fame and Otho led the way,
The genius of the Julian hills
(Whoſe piny ſummits nod with ſnow,
Whoſe naiads pour their thouſand rills
To ſwell th' exulting Po),
An eager look prophetic caſt,
And hail'd the hero as he paſs'd.
Hail, all hail, the woods replied,
And echo on her airy tide [ſide.
Roll'd the long murmurs down the mountain's
The voice reſum'd again: "Proceed,
" Nor caſt one ling'ring look behind;
" By thoſe who toil for virtue's meed,
" Be every ſofter thought reſign'd;
" Nor ſocial home, nor genial air,
" Nor glowing ſuns, are worth thy care:
" New realms await thee in a harſher ſky,
" Thee and thy choſen race from Azo's nuptial tie.
" 'Tis glory wakes; her active flame
" Nor time ſhall quench, nor danger tame;
" Nor * Boia's ampleſt range confine;
" Though Guelpho reigns, the Guelphic line.
" Yon northern ſtar, which dimly gleams
" Athwart the twilight veil of eve,
" Muſt point their path to diſtant ſtreams:
" And many a wreath ſhall victory weave,
" And many a palm ſhall fame diſplay
" To grace the warriors on their way,
" Till regions bow to their commands
" Where Albis widens through the lands,
" And vaſt Viſurgis ſpreads his golden ſands.

" Nor reſt they there. Yon guiding fire
" Still ſhines aloft, and gilds the main!
" Not Lion Henry's † fond deſire
" To graſp th' Italian realms again,
" Nor warring winds, nor wint'ry ſeas,
" Shall ſtop the progreſs fate decrees;
" For lo! Britannia calls to happier coaſts,
" And vales more verdant far than ſoft Ateſté
" boaſts.

" Behold, with euphraſy I clear
" Thy viſual nerve, and fix it there,
" Where, crown'd with rocks groteſque and
" ſteep,
" The white iſle riſes o'er the deep!

---

* *George the Second.*

* *Bavaria.*

† *Henry the Lion, Duke of Bavaria, Saxony, &c. was one of the greateſt heroes of the twelfth century. He united in his own perſon the hereditary dominions of five families. His claims upon Italy hindered him from joining with the Emperor Frederic the Firſt, in his third attack upon the Pope, though he had aſſiſted him in the two former; for which he was ſtripped of his dominions by that Emperor, and died in 1195, poſſeſſed only of thoſe duchies which lie between the Elb and the Weſer.*

*From this Henry, and a daughter of Henry the Second of England, his preſent Majeſty is lineally deſcended.*

" There glory reſts. For there arrive
" Thy choſen ſons; and there attain
" To the firſt title fate can give,
" The father-kings of free-born men!
" Proceed; rejoice; deſcend the vale,
" And bid the future monarchs hail!"
Hail, all hail, the hero cried;
And echo on her airy tide
Purſued him, murmuring down the mountain's ſide.

'Twas thus, O king, to heroes old
The mountains breath'd the ſtrain divine,
Ere yet her volumes Fame enroll'd
To trace the wonders of thy line;
Ere freedom yet on ocean's breaſt
Had northward fix'd her halcyon neſt;
Or Albion's oaks deſcending to the main
Had roll'd her thunders wide, and claim'd the wat'ry reign.

But now each Briton's glowing tongue
Proclaims the truths the genius ſung,
On Brunſwick's name with rapture dwells,
And hark! the general chorus ſwells:
" May years on happy years roll o'er,
" Till glory cloſe the ſhining page,
" And our ill-fated ſons deplore
" * The ſhortneſs of a Neſtor's age!
" Hail, all hail! on Albion's plains
" The friend of man and freedom reigns!
" Echo, waft the triumph round,
" Till Gallia's utmoſt ſhores rebound,
" And all her bulwarks tremble at the ſound."

## ODE II.

### FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1759.

Ye guardian powers, to whoſe command,
At nature's birth, th' Almighty mind
The delegated taſk aſſign'd
To watch o'er Albion's favour'd land,
What time your hoſts with choral lay,
Emerging from its kindred deep,
Applauſive hail'd each verdant ſteep,
And white rock, glittering to the new-born day!
Angelic bands, where'er ye rove
Whilſt lock'd in ſleep creation lies:
Whether to genial dews above
You melt the congregated ſkies,
Or teach the torrent ſtreams below
To wake the verdure of the vale,
Or guide the varying winds that blow
To ſpeed the coming, or the parting, ſail:
Where'er ye bend your roving flight,
Whilſt now the radiant lord of light
Winds to the north his ſliding ſphere,
Avert each ill, each bliſs improve,
And teach the minutes as they move
To bleſs the opening year.

Already Albion's lifted ſpear,
And rolling thunders of the main,
Which juſtice ſacred laws maintain,
Have taught the haughty Gaul to fear.

On other earths, in other ſkies,
Beyond old ocean's weſtern bound,
Though bleeds afreſh th' eternal wound,
Again Britannia's croſs triumphant flies.
To Britiſh George, the king of iſles,
The tribes that rove th' Arcadian ſnows,
Redeem'd from Gallia's poliſh'd wiles,
Shall breathe their voluntary vows:
Where nature guards her laſt retreat,
And pleas'd Aſtrea lingers ſtill;
While faith yet triumphs o'er deceit,
And virtue reigns, from ignorance of ill.
Yet, angel powers, though Gallia bend,
Though fame with all her wreaths, attend
On bleeding war's tremendous ſway,
The ſons of leiſure ſtill complain,
And muſing ſcience ſighs in vain,
For peace is ſtill away.

Go then, ye faithful guides
Of her returning ſteps, angelic band,
Explore the ſacred ſeats where peace reſides,
And waves her olive wand.
Bid her the waſtes of war repair.
—O ſouthward ſeek the flying fair,
For not on poor Germania's haraſs'd plain,
Nor where the Viſtula's proud current ſwells,
Nor on the borders of the frighted Seine,
Nor in the depths of Ruſſia's ſnows ſhe dwells.
Yet O, where'er, deſerting freedom's iſle,
She gilds the ſlave's deluſive toil;
Whether on Ebro's banks ſhe ſtrays,
Or ſighing traces Taio's winding ways,
Or ſoft Auſonia's ſhores her feet detain,
O bring the wanderer back, with glory in her train.

## ODE III.

### FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

*November* 10. 1759.

Begin the ſong—Ye ſubject choirs,
The bard whom liberty inſpires
Wakes into willing voice th' accordant lays.—
Say, ſhall we trace the hero's flame
From the firſt ſoft'ring gale of fame,
Which bade the expanding boſom pant for praiſe?
Or hail the ſtar whoſe orient beam
Shed influence on his natal hour,
What time the nymphs of Leyna's ſtream,
Emerging from their wat'ry bower,
Sung their ſoft carols through each ozier ſhade,
And for the pregnant fair invok'd Lucina's aid?

No. Haſte to Scheld's admiring wave,
Diſtinguiſh'd amidſt thouſands brave,
Where the young warrior fleſh'd his eager ſword:
While Albion's troops with rapture view'd
The ranks confus'd, the Gaul ſubdu'd,
And hail'd, prophetic hail'd, their future lord,
Waiting the chief's maturer nod,
On his plum'd helmet victo'ry ſate,
While ſuppliant nations round him bow'd,
And Auſtria trembled for her fate,

---

* " Neſtoriæ brevitas ſenectæ."
*Muſæ Anglicanæ.*

Till, at his bidding ſlaughter ſwell'd the Mayne,
And half her blooming ſons proud Gallia wept in vain.

But what are wreaths in battle won?
And what the tribute of amaze
Which man too oft miſtaken pays
To the vain idol ſhrine of falſe renown?
The nobleſt wreaths the monarch wears
Are thoſe his virtuous rule demands,
Unſtain'd by widows' or by orphans' tears,
And woven by his ſubjects' hands.
Comets may riſe, and wonder mark their way
Above the bounds of nature's ſober laws,
But 'tis th' all-cheering lamp of day,
The permanent, th' unerring cauſe,
By whom th' enliven'd world its courſe maintains,
By whom all nature ſmiles, and beauteous order reigns.

## ODE IV.

FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1760.

AGAIN the ſun's revolving ſphere
Wakes into life th' impatient year,
The white-wing'd minutes haſte:
And, ſpite of fortune's fickle wheel,
Th' eternal fates have fix'd their ſeal
Upon the glories of the paſt.
Suſpended high in memory's fane,
Beyond ev'n envy's ſoaring rage,
The deeds ſurvive, to breathe again
In faithful hiſtory's future page;
Where diſtant times ſhall wond'ring read
Of Albion's ſtrength, of battles won,
Of faith reſtor'd, of nations freed;
Whilſt round the globe her conqueſts run,
From the firſt bluſh of orient day,
To where deſcend his noontide beams,
On ſable Afric's golden ſtreams,
And where at eve the gradual gleams decay.

So much already haſt thou prov'd
Of fair ſucceſs, O beſt belov'd,
O firſt of favour'd iſles!
What can thy fate aſſign thee more,
What whiter boon has Heaven in ſtore,
To bleſs thy monarch's ceaſeleſs toils?
Each riſing ſeaſon, as it flows,
Each month exerts a rival claim;
Each day with expectation glows,
Each fleeting hour demands its fame.
Around thy genius waiting ſtands
Each future child of anxious time:
See how they preſs in ſhadowy bands,
As from thy fleecy rocks ſublime
He rolls around prophetic eyes,
And earth, and ſea, and Heaven ſurveys:
"O grant a portion of thy praiſe!
"O bid us all," they cry, "with luſtre riſe!"

Genius of Albion, hear their prayer,
O bid them all with luſtre riſe!
Beneath thy tutelary care,
The brave, the virtuous, and the wiſe,
Shall mark each moment's winged ſpeed
With ſomething that diſdains to die,
The hero's, patriot's, poet's meed,
And paſſport to eternity!
Around thy rocks while ocean raves,
While yonder ſun revolves his radiant car,
The land of freedom with the land of ſlaves,
As nature's friends, muſt wage illuſtrious war.
Then be each deed with glory crown'd,
Till ſmiling peace reſume her throne;
Till not on Albion's ſhores alone
The voice of freedom ſhall reſound,
But every realm ſhall equal bleſſings find,
And man enjoy the birth-right of his kind.

## ODE V.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR, 1761.

STILL muſt the muſe, indignant, hear
The clanging trump, the rattling car,
And uſher in each opening year
With groans of death, and ſounds of war?
O'er bleeding millions, realms oppreſt,
The tuneful mourner ſinks diſtreſt,
Or breathes but notes of woe:
And cannot Gallia learn to melt,
Nor feel what Britain long has felt
For her inſulting foe?
Amidſt her native rocks ſecure,
Her floating bulwarks hovering round,
What can the ſea-girt realm endure,
What dread, through all her wat'ry bound?
Great queen of ocean, ſhe defies
All but the power who rules the ſkies,
And bids the ſtorms engage;
Inferior foes are daſh'd and loſt,
As breaks the white wave on her coaſt
Conſum'd in idle rage.
For alien ſorrows heaves her generous breaſt,
She proffers peace to eaſe a rival's pain:
Her crowded ports, her fields in plenty dreſt,
Bleſs the glad merchant, and th' induſtrious ſwain.
Do blooming youths in battle fall?
True to their fame the funeral urn we raiſe;
And thouſands, at the glorious call,
Aſpire to equal praiſe.

Thee, glory, thee through climes unknown
Th' adventurous chief with zeal purſues;
And fame brings back from every zone
Freſh ſubjects for the Britiſh muſe.
Tremendous as th' ill-omen'd bird
To frighted France thy voice was heard
From Minden's echoing towers:
O'er Biſcay's roar thy voice prevail'd;
And at thy word the rocks we ſeal'd,
And Canada is ours.
O potent queen of every breaſt
Which aims at praiſe by virtuous deeds,
Where'er thy influence ſhines conſeſt
The hero acts, th' event ſucceeds.
But ah, muſt glory only bear,
Bellona-like, the vengeful ſpear?
To fill her mighty mind

Muſt bulwarks fall, and cities flame,
And is her ampleſt field of fame
The miſeries of mankind?
On ruins pil'd on ruins muſt ſhe riſe,
And lend her rays to gild her fatal throne?
Muſt the mild power who melts in vernal ſkies,
By thunders only make his godhead known?
No, be the omen far away;
From yonder pregnant cloud a kinder gleam,
Though faintly ſtruggling into day,
Portends a happier theme!—

—And who is he, of regal mien,
Reclin'd on Albion's golden fleece,
Whoſe poliſh'd brow and eye ſerene
Proclaim him elder-born of peace?
Another George!—Ye winds convey
Th' auſpicious name from pole to pole!
Thames, catch the ſound, and tell the ſubject ſea
Beneath whoſe ſway its waters roll,
The hoary monarch of the deep,
Who ſooth'd its murmurs with a father's care,
Doth now eternal Sabbath keep,
And leaves his trident to his blooming heir.
O, if the muſe aright divine,
Fair peace ſhall bleſs his opening reign,
And through its ſplendid progreſs ſhine,
With every art to grace her train.
The wreaths ſo late by glory won,
Shall weave their foliage round his throne,
Till kings, abaſh'd, ſhall tremble to be foes,
And Albion's dreaded ſtrength ſecure the world's repoſe.

## ODE VI.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1761.

'Twas at the nectar'd feaſt of Jove,
When fair Alcmena's ſon
His deſtin'd courſe on earth had run
And claim'd the thrones above,
Around their king in deep debate,
Conven'd, the heavenly ſynod ſate,
And meditated boons reſin'd
To grace the friend of human kind:
When lo, to mark th' advancing god,
Propitious Hermes ſtretch'd his rod,
The roofs with muſic rung!
For, from amidſt the circling choir,
Apollo ſtruck th' alarming lyre,
And thus the muſes ſung:
"What boon divine would Heav'n beſtow?
"Ye gods unbend the ſtudious bow,
"The fruitleſs ſearch give o'er,
"Whilſt we the juſt reward aſſign,
"Let Hercules with Hebe join,
"And youth unite with power!"

O ſacred truth in emblem dreſt!
Again the Muſes ſing,
Again in Britain's blooming king
Alcides ſtands confeſt.
By temp'rance nurs'd, and early taught
To ſhun the ſmooth fallacious draught
Which ſparkles high in Circe's bowl;
To tame each hydra of the ſoul,
Each lurking peſt, which mocks its birth,
And ties his ſpirit down to earth,
Immers'd in mortal coil;
His choice was that ſeverer road
Which leads to virtue's calm abode,
And well repays the toil.
In vain ye tempt, ye ſpecious harms,
Ye flow'ry wiles, ye flatt'ring charms,
That breathe from yonder bower;
And Heav'n the juſt reward aſſigns,
For Hercules with Hebe joins,
And youth unites with power.

O, call'd by Heav'n to fill that awful throne,
Where Edward, Henry, William, George, have ſhone,
(Where love with rev'rence, laws with power agree,
And 'tis each ſubject's birthright to be free)
The faireſt wreaths already won
Are but a prelude to the whole:
Thy arduous taſk is now begun,
And, ſtarting from a nobler goal,
Heroes and kings of ages paſt
Are thy compeers: extended high
The trump of fame expects the blaſt,
The radiant lifts before thee lie,
The field is time, the prize eternity!
Beyond example's bounded light
'Tis time to urge thy daring flight,
And heights untry'd explore:
O think what thou alone can'ſt give,
What bleſſings Britain may receive
When youth unites with power.

## ODE VII.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1762.

God of ſlaughter, quit the ſcene,
Lay the creſted helmet by;
Love commands, and beauty's queen
Rules the power who rules the ſky.
Janus, with well-omen'd grace,
Mounts the year's revolving car,
And forward turns his ſmiling face,
And longs to cloſe the gates of war.
Enough of glory Albion knows.—
Come, ye powers of ſweet repoſe,
On downy pinions move!
Let the war-worn legions own
Your gentler ſway, and from the throne
Receive the laws of love!

Yet, if juſtice ſtill requires
Roman arts, and Roman ſouls,
Britain breathes her wonted fires,
And her wonted thunders rolls.
Added to our fairer iſle
Gallia mourns her bulwark gone:
Conqueſt pays the price of toil,
Either India is our own.
Ye ſons of freedom, graſp the ſword;
Pour, ye rich, th' impriſon'd hoard,
And teach it how to ſhine:
Each ſelfiſh, each contracted aim
To glory's more exalted claim
Let luxury reſign.

You too, ye Britiſh dames, may ſhare
If not the toils, and dangers of the war,
At leaſt its glory. From the Baltic ſhore,
From Runic virtue's native ſhore,
Fraught with the tales of ancient lore,
Behold a fair inſtructreſs come!
When the fierce * female tyrant of the north
Claim'd every realm her conquering arms could gain,
When diſcord, red with ſlaughter, iſſuing forth,
Saw Albert ſtruggling with the victor's chain;
The ſtorm beat high, and ſhook the coaſt,
Th' exhauſted treaſures of the land
Could ſcarce ſupply th' embattled hoſt,
Or pay th' inſulting foe's demand.
What then could beauty do? † She gave
Her treaſur'd tribute to the brave,
To her own ſoftneſs join'd the manly heart,
Suſtain'd the ſoldier's drooping arms,
Confided in her genuine charms,
And yielded every ornament of art.
—We want them not. Yet, O ye fair,
Should Gallia, obſtinately vain,
To her own ruin urge deſpair,
And brave th' acknowledg'd maſters of the main:
Should ſhe through ling'ring years protract her fall,
Through ſeas of blood to her deſtruction wade,
Say, could ye feel the generous call,
And own the fair example here pourtray'd?
Doubtleſs ye could. The royal dame
Would plead her dear adopted country's cauſe,
And each indignant breaſt unite its flame,
To ſave the land of liberty and laws.

## ODE VIII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1762.

"Go Flora" (ſaid the impatient queen
Who ſhares great Jove's eternal reign)
"Go breathe on yonder thorn:
"Wake into bloom th' emerging roſe,
"And let the faireſt flower that blows
"The faireſt month adorn.
"Sacred to me that month ſhall riſe,
"Whatever ‡ conteſts ſhake the ſkies
"To give that month a name:
"Her April buds let Venus boaſt,
"Let Maia range her painted hoſt:
"But June is Juno's claim.

"And goddeſs, know, in after-times
"(I name not days, I name not climes)
"From nature's nobleſt throes
"A human flower ſhall glad the earth,
"And the ſame month diſcloſe his birth,
"Which bears the bluſhing roſe.
"Nations ſhall bleſs his mild command,
"And fragrance fill th' exulting land,
"Where'er I fix his throne."——
Britannia liſten'd as ſhe ſpoke,
And from her lips prophetic broke,
"The flower ſhall be my own."

O goddeſs of connubial love,
Thou ſiſter, and thou wife of Jove,
To thee the ſuppliant voice we raiſe:
We name not months, we name not days,
For where thy ſmiles propitious ſhine,
The whole prolific year is thine.
Accordant to the trembling ſtrings,
Hark, the general chorus ſwells,
From every heart it ſprings,
On every tongue it dwells.
Goddeſs of connubial love,
Siſter thou, and wife of Jove,
Bid the genial powers that glide
On ether's all-pervading tide,
Or from the fount of life that ſtream
Mingling with the ſolar beam
Bid them here at virtue's ſhrine,
In chaſteſt bands of union join.
Till many a George and many a Charlotte prove,
How much to thee we owe, queen of connubial love!

## ODE IX.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1763.

At length th' imperious lord of war
Yields to the fates their ebon car,
And frowning quits his toil:
Daſh'd from his hand the bleeding ſpear
Now deigns a happier form to wear,
And peaceful turns the ſoil.
Th' infatiate furies of his train,
Revenge and hate, and fell diſdain,
With heart of ſteel, and eyes of fire,
Who ſtain the ſword which honours draws,
Who ſully virtue's ſacred cauſe,
To Stygian depths retire.
Unholy ſhapes, and ſhadows drear,
The pallid family of fear,
And rapine, ſtill with ſhrieks purſued,
And meagre famine's ſqualid brood
Cloſe the dire crew.—Ye eternal gates diſplay
Your adamantine folds, and ſhut them from the day!

For lo, in yonder pregnant ſkies
On billowy clouds the goddeſs lies,
Whoſe preſence breathes delight,
Whoſe power th' obſequious ſeaſons own,
And Winter loſes half his frown,
And half her ſhades the night,
Soft-ſmiling peace! whom Venus bore,
When tutor'd by th' enchanting lore
Of Maia's blooming ſon,
She ſooth'd the ſynod of the gods,
Drove diſcord from the bleſt abodes,
And Jove reſum'd his throne.

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* *Margaret de Waldemar, commonly called the Semiramis of the North.*

† *In the year* 1395, *the ladies of Mecklenburgh to ſupport their Duke Albert's pretenſions to the crown of Sweden, and to redeem him when he was taken priſoner, gave up all their jewels to the public; for which they afterwards received great emoluments and privileges, particularly the right of ſucceſſion in fiefs, which had before been appropriated to males only.*

‡ *Alluding to the contention between the goddeſſes in Ovid's Faſti, about naming the month of June.*

Th' attendant graces gird her round,
And ſportive eaſe, with locks unbound,
And every muſe to leiſure born,
And plenty, with her twiſted horn,
While changeful commerce ſpreads his looſen'd ſails,
Blow as ye liſt, ye winds, the reign of peace prevails!

And low, to grace that milder reign,
And add freſh luſtre to the year,
Sweet innocence adorns the train,
In form and features, Albion's heir!
A future George!—Propitious powers,
Ye delegates of heaven's high King,
Who guide the years, the days, the hours
That float on time's progreſſive wing,
Exert your influence, bid us know
From parent worth what virtues flow!
Be to leſs happy realms reſign'd
The warrior's unrelenting rage,
We aſk not kings of hero-kind,
The ſtorms and earthquakes of their age.
To us be nobler bleſſings given:
O teach us, delegates of Heaven,
What mightier bliſs from union ſprings!
Future ſubjects, future kings,
Shall bleſs the fair example ſhown,
And from our character tranſcribe their own:
"A people zealous to obey;
"A monarch whoſe parental ſway
"Deſpiſes regal art;
"His ſhield, the laws which guard the land;
"His ſword, each Briton's eager hand,
"His throne, each Briton's heart."

## ODE X.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1763.

Common births, like common things,
Paſs unheeded or unknown:
Time but ſpreads or waves his wings,
The phantom ſwells, the phantom's gone!
Born for millions, monarchs riſe,
Heirs of infamy or fame.
When the virtuous, brave, or wiſe,
Demand our praiſe, with loud acclaim,
We twine the feſtive wreath, the ſhrines adorn,
'Tis not our king's alone, 'tis Britain's natal morn.
Bright examples plac'd on high
Shine with more diſtinguiſh'd blaze;
Thither nations turn their eye,
And grow virtuous as they gaze.
Thoughtleſs eaſe and ſportive leiſure,
Dwell in life's contracted ſphere;
Public is the monarch's pleaſure,
Public is the monarch's care:
If Titus ſmiles, the obſervant world is gay;
If Titus frowns or ſighs, *we* ſigh and loſe a day!

Around their couch, around their board,
A thouſand ears attentive wait,
A thouſand buſy tongues record
The ſmalleſt whiſpers of the great.
Happy thoſe whom truth ſincere
And conſcious virtue join to guide!
Can they have a foe to fear,
Can they have a thought to hide?

Nobly they ſoar above th' admiring throng,
Superior to the power, the will of acting wrong.
Such may Britain find her kings!—
Such the muſe * of rapid wings
Wafts to ſome ſublimer ſphere:
Gods and heroes mingle there.
Fame's eternal accents breathe,
Black Cocytus howls beneath;
Ev'n malice learns to bluſh, and hides her ſtings.
—O ſuch may Britain ever find her kings!

## ODE XI.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1765.

Sacred to thee,
O commerce, daughter of ſweet liberty,
Shall flow the annual ſtrain!
Beneath a monarch's foſtering care
Thy ſails unnumber'd ſwell in air,
And darken half the main.
From every cliff of Britain's coaſts
We ſee them toil; thy daring hoſts
Who bid our wealth increaſe,
Who ſpreads our martial glory far,—
The ſons of fortitude in war,
Of induſtry in peace.

On woven wings,
To where, in orient clime, the gray dawn ſprings,
To where ſoft evening's ray
Sheds its laſt bluſh, their courſe they ſteer,
Meet, or o'ertake the circling year,
Led by the lord of day.
Whate'er the frozen poles provide,
Whate'er the torrid regions hide
From Sirius' fiercer flames,
Of herb, or root, or gem, or ore,
They graſp them all from ſhore to ſhore,
And waft them all to Thames.

When Spain's proud pendants wav'd in weſtern ſkies,
When Gama's fleet on Indian billows hung,
In either ſea did ocean's genius riſe,
And the ſame truths in the ſame numbers ſung.
"Daring mortals, whither tend
"Theſe vain purſuits? Forbear, forbear!
"Theſe ſacred waves no keel ſhall rend,
"No ſtreamers float on this ſequeſter'd air!
"—Yes, yes, proceed, and conquer too;
"Succeſs be yours: But mortals, know,
"Know, ye raſh adventurous bands,
"To cruſh your high-blown pride,
"Not for yourſelves, or native lands,
"You brave the ſeaſons, and you ſtem the tide.
"Nor Betis', nor Iberus' ſtream,
"Nor Tagus with his golden gleam,
"Shall inſolently call their own
"The dear-bought treaſures of theſe worlds unknown.
"A choſen race to freedom dear,
"Untaught to injure as to fear,
"By me conducted, ſhall exert their claims,
"Shall glut my great revenge, and roll them all to Thames."

* *Pindar.*

## ODE XII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1765.

HAIL to the roſy morn, whoſe ray
To luſtre wakes th' auſpicious day,
Which Britain holds ſo dear!
To this fair month of right belong
The feſtive dance, the choral ſong,
And paſtimes of the year.
Whate'er the wint'ry colds prepar'd,
Whate'er the ſpring but faintly rear'd,
Now wears its brighteſt bloom;
A brighter blue enrobes the ſkies,
From laughing fields the zephyrs riſe
On wings that breathe perfume.
The lark in air that warbling floats,
The wood-birds with their tuneful throats,
The ſtreams that murmur as they flow,
The flocks that rove the mountain's brow,
The herds that through the meadows play,
Proclaim 'tis nature's holiday!

And ſhall the Britiſh lyre be mute,
Nor thrill through all its trembling ſtrings,
With oaten reed, and paſtoral flute,
Whilſt every vale reſponſive rings?
To him we pour the grateful lay,
Who makes the ſeaſon doubly gay:
For whom ſo late, our lifted eyes
With tears beſought the pitying ſkies,
And won the cherub health to crown
A nation's prayer, and eaſe that breaſt
Which feels all ſorrows but its own,
And ſeeks by bleſſing to be bleſt.
Fled are all the ghaſtly train,
Writhing pain, and pale diſeaſe;
Joy reſumes his wonted reign,
The ſun-beams mingle with the breeze,
And his own mouth, which health's gay livery wears,
On the ſweet proſpect ſmiles of long ſucceeding years.

## ODE XIII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1766.

HAIL to the man, ſo ſings the Hebrew bard,
Whoſe numerous offspring grace his genial board:
Heaven's faireſt gift, Heaven's beſt reward,
To thoſe who honour, who obey his word.
What ſhall he fear, though drooping age
Unnerve his ſtrength, and pointleſs ſink his ſpear;
In vain the proud, in vain the mad ſhall rage;
He fears his God and knows no other fear.
Lo! at his call a dutcous race
Spring eager from his lov'd embrace,
To ſhield the ſire from whom their virtues roſe;
And fly at each rever'd command,
Like arrows from the giant's hand,
In vengeance on his foes.
So Edward fought on Creſſy's bleeding plain,
A blooming hero, great beyond his years.
So William fought—But ceaſe the ſtrain,
A loſs ſo recent bathes the muſe in tears.
So ſhall hereafter every ſon,—
Who now with prattling infancy relieves
Thoſe anxious cares which wait upon a throne,
Where, ah, too oft, amidſt the myrtles, weaves
The thorn its pointed anguiſh—So
Shall every youth his duty know
To guard the monarch's right, and people's weal;
And thou, great George, with juſt regard,
To Heav'n, ſhalt own the Hebrew bard
But ſung the truths you feel.
Bleſt be the day which gave thee birth!
Let others tear the ravag'd earth,
And fell ambition's powers appear
In ſtorms, which deſolate the year.
Confeſs'd thy milder virtues ſhine,
Thou rul'ſt indeed, our hearts are thine.
By ſlender ties our kings of old
Their fabled right divine would vainly hold.
Thy juſter claim ev'n freedom's ſons can love,
The king who bends to Heav'n, muſt Heav'n itſelf approve.

## ODE XIV.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1767.

WHEN firſt the rude o'er-peopled north
Pour'd his prolific offſpring forth,
At large in alien climes to roam,
And ſeek a newer better home,
From the bleak mountain's barren head,
The marſhy vale, th' ungrateful plain,
From cold and penury they fled
To warmer ſuns, and Ceres' golden reign.
At every ſtep the breezes blew
Soft and more ſoft: the lengthen'd view
Did fairer ſcenes expand:
Unconſcious of approaching foes,
The farm, the town, the city roſe,
To tempt the ſpoiler's hand.

Not Britain's ſo. For nobler ends
Her willing daring ſons ſhe ſends,
Fraught like the fabled car of old,
Which ſcatter'd bleſſings as it roll'd.
From cultur'd fields, from fleecy downs,
From vales that wear eternal bloom,
From peopled farms, and buſy towns,
Where ſhines the ploughſhare, and where ſounds the loom,
To ſandy deſerts, pathleſs woods,
Impending ſteeps, and headlong floods,
She ſends th' induſtrious ſwarm:
To where ſelf-ſtrangled nature lies,
Till ſocial art ſhall bid her riſe
From Chaos into form.
Thus George and Britain bleſs mankind.—
And left the parent realm ſhould find
Her numbers ſhrink, with flag unfurl'd
She ſtands, th' aſylum of the world.
From foreign ſtrands new ſubjects come,
New arts accede a thouſand ways,
For here the wretched finds a home,
And all her portals charity diſplays.
From each proud maſter's hard command,
From tyrant zeal's oppreſſive hand,
What eager exiles fly!
"Give us, they cry, 'tis nature's cauſe,
"O give us liberty and laws
"Beneath a harſher ſky!"
Thus George and Britain bleſs mankind.—
Away, ye barks; the favouring wind

Springs from the eaſt; ye prows, divide
The vaſt Atlantic's heaving tide!
Britannia from each rocky height
Purſues you with applauding hands:
Afar, impatient for the freight,
See! the whole weſtern world expecting ſtands!
Already fancy paints each plain,
The deſerts nod with golden grain,
The wond'ring vales look gay,
The woodman's ſtroke the foreſts feel,
The lakes admit the merchant's keel—
Away, ye barks, away!

## ODE XV.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1767.

FRIEND to the poor!—for ſure, O king,
That godlike attribute is thine—
Friend to the poor; to thee we ſing,
To thee our annual offerings bring,
And bend at mercy's ſhrine.
In vain had nature deign'd to ſmile
Propitious on our favourite iſle
Emerging from the main:
In vain the genial ſource of day
Selected each indulgent ray
For Britain's fertile plain:
In vain yon bright ſurrounding ſkies
Bade all their clouds in volumes riſe,
Their ſoft'ring dews diſtill'd:
In vain the wide and teeming earth
Gave all her buried treaſures birth,
And crown'd the laughing field:
For lo! ſome fiend, in evil hour
Aſſuming famine's horrid mien,
Diffus'd her petrifying power
O'er thoughtleſs plenty's feſtive bower,
And blaſted every green.
Strong panic terrors ſhook the land;
Th' obdurate breaſt, the griping hand
Were almoſt taught to ſpare;
For loud miſrule, the ſcourge of crimes,
Mix'd with the madneſs of the times,
And rous'd a ruſtic war.
Whilſt real want, with ſigh ſincere,
At home, in ſilence, dropp'd the tear,
Or rais'd th' imploring eye,
Foul riot's ſons in torrents came,
And dar'd uſurp thy awful name,
Thrice ſacred miſery!

Then George aroſe. His feeling heart
Inſpir'd the nation's better part
With virtues like its own:
His pow'r controul'd th' inſatiate train,
Whoſe av'rice graſp'd at private gain,
Regardleſs of a people's groan.
Like ſnows beneath th' all-cheering ray,
The rebel crowds diſſolv'd away:
And juſtice, though the ſword ſhe drew,
Glanc'd lightly o'er th' offending crew,
And ſcarce ſelected, to avenge her woes,
A ſingle victim from a hoſt of foes.
Yes, mercy triumph'd; mercy ſhone confeſt,
In her own nobleſt ſphere, a monarch's breaſt.
Forcibly mild did mercy ſhine,
Like the ſweet month in which we pay
Our annual vows at mercy's ſhrine,
And hail our monarch's natal day.

## ODE XVI.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1768.

LET the voice of muſic breathe,
Hail with ſong the new-born year!—
Though the frozen earth beneath
Feels not yet his influence near,
Already from his ſouthern goal
The genial god who rules the day
Has bid his glowing axle roll,
And promis'd the return of May.
Yon ruffian blaſts, whoſe pinions ſweep
Impetuous o'er our northern deep,
Shall ceaſe their ſounds of war:
And, gradual as his power prevails,
Shall mingle with the ſofter gales
That ſport around his car.

Poets ſhould be prophets too,—
Plenty in his train attends;
Fruits and flowers of various hue
Bloom where'er her ſtep ſhe bends.
Down the green hill's ſloping ſide,
Winding to the vale below,
See ſhe pours her golden tide!
Whilſt, upon its airy brow,
Amidſt his flocks, whom nature leads
To flowery feaſts on mountains' heads,
Th' exulting ſhepherd lies:
And to th' horizon's utmoſt bound
Rolls his eye with taanſport round,
Then lifts it to the ſkies.

Let the voice of muſic breathe!
Twine, ye ſwains, the feſtal wreath!
Britain ſhall no more complain
Of niggard harveſts, and a failing year:
No more the miſer hoard his grain,
Regardleſs of the peaſant's tear,
Whoſe hand laborious till'd the earth,
And gave thoſe very treaſures birth.

No more ſhall George, whoſe parent breaſt
Feels every pang his ſubjects know,
Behold a faithful land diſtreſt,
Or hear one ſigh of real woe.
But grateful mirth, whoſe decent bounds
No riot ſwells, no fear confounds,
And heart-felt eaſe, whoſe glow within
Exalts contentment's modeſt mien,
In every face ſhall ſmile confeſt,
And in his people's joy, the monarch too be bleſt.

## ODE XVII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1768.

PREPARE, prepare your ſongs of praiſe,
The genial month returns again,
Her annual rites when Britain pays
To her own monarch of the main.
Not on Phenicia's bending ſhore,
Whence commerce firſt her wings eſſay'd,
And dar'd th' unfathom'd deep explore,
Sincerer vows the Tyrian paid

To that imaginary deity,
Who bade him boldly ſeize the empire of the ſea.
What though no victim bull be led,
His front with ſnow-white fillets bound;
Nor fable chant the neighing ſteed;
That iſſued when he ſmote the ground;
Our fields a living incenſe breathe:
Nor Libanus, nor Carmel's brow,
To dreſs the bower, or form the wreath,
More liberal fragrance could beſtow.
We too have herds and ſteeds, beſide the rills
That feed and rove, protected, o'er a thouſand hills.
Secure while George the ſceptre ſways
(Whom will, whom int'reſt, and whom duty draws
To venerate and patronize the laws),
Secure her open front does freedom raiſe.
Secure the merchant ploughs the deep,
His wealth his own: Secure the ſwains
Amidſt their rural treaſures ſleep,
Lords of their little kingdoms of the plains
Then to his day be honour given!
May every choiceſt boon of Heaven
His bright, diſtinguiſh'd reign adorn!
Till white as Britain's fleece, old time ſhall ſhed
His ſnows upon his reverend head,
Commanding filial awe from ſenates yet unborn.

## ODE XVIII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1769.

PATRON of arts, at length by thee
Their home is fix'd: thy kind decree
Has plac'd their empire here.
No more unheeded ſhall they waſte
Their treaſures on the fickle taſte
Of each fantaſtic year.
Judgment ſhall frame each chaſte deſign,
Nor e'er from truth's unerring line
The ſportive artiſt roam:
Whether the breathing buſt he forms,
With nature's tints the canvas warms, [dome,
Or ſwells, like Heaven's high arch, th' imperial
Fancy, the wanderer, ſhall be taught
To own ſeverer laws:
Spite of her wily wanton play,
Spite of her lovely errors, which betray
Th' enchanted ſoul to fond applauſe,
Ev'n ſhe, the wanderer, ſhall be taught
That nothing truly great was ever wrought,
Where judgment was away.

Through oſier twigs th' acanthus roſe:
Th' idea charms, the artiſt glows:
But 'twas his ſkill to pleaſe,
Which bade the graceful foliage ſpread,
To crown the ſtately column's head
With dignity and eaſe.
When great Apelles, pride of Greece,
Frown'd on the almoſt finiſh'd piece,
Deſpairing to ſucceed,
What though the miſſile vengeance paſs'd
From his raſh hand, the random caſt
Might daſh the foam, but ſkill had form'd the ſteed.
Nor leſs the Phidian arts approve
Labour, and patient care,
Where'er the ſkilful artiſts trace,
Laocoon's pangs, or ſoft Antinous' face.
By ſkill, with that diviner air
The Delian god goes all but move;
'Twas ſkill gave terrors to the front of Jove,
To Venus every grace.

—And ſhall each ſacred ſeat,
The vales of Arno, and the Tuſcan ſtream,
No more be viſited with pilgrim feet?
No more on ſweet Hymettus' ſummits dream
The ſons of Albion? or below,
Where Ilyſſus' waters flow,
Trace with awe the dear remains
Of mould'ring urns, and mutilated fanes?
Far be the thought. Each ſacred ſeat,
Each monument of ancient fame,
Shall ſtill be viſited with pilgrim feet,
And Albion gladly own from whence ſhe caught the flame.
Still ſhall her ſtudious youth repair,
Beneath their king's protecting care,
To every clime which art has known;
And rich with ſpoils from every coaſt
Return, till Albion learn to boaſt
An Athens of her own.

## ODE XIX.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1770.

FORWARD, Janus, turn thine eyes,
Future ſcenes in proſpect view,
Riſing as the moments riſe,
Which form the fleeting year anew.
Freſh beneath the ſcythe of time,
Could the muſe's voice avail,
Joys ſhould ſpring, and reach their prime,
Blooming ere the former fail,
And every joy its tribute bring
To Britain, and to Britain's king.

Suns ſhould warm the pregnant ſoil,
Health in every breeze ſhould blow;
Plenty crown the peaſant's toil,
And ſhine upon his cheerful brow.
Round the throne whilſt duty waits,
Duty join'd with filial love,
Peace ſhould triumph in our gates,
And every diſtant fear remove;
Till gratitude to Heav'n ſhould raiſe
The ſpeaking eye, the ſong of praiſe.

Let the nations round in arms
Stun the world with war's alarms,
But let Britain ſtill be found
Safe within her wat'ry bound.
Tyrant chiefs may realms deſtroy;
Nobler is our monarch's joy,
Of all that's truly great poſſeſs'd,
And by bleſſing, truly bleſt.

Though comets riſe, and wonder mark their way,
Above the bounds of nature's ſober laws,
It is the all-cheering lamp of day,
The permanent, the unerring cauſe,
By whom th' enliven'd world its courſe maintains,
By whom all nature ſmiles, and beauteous order reigns.

## ODE XX.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1770.

DISCORD hence! the torch reſign
Harmony ſhall rule to-day.—

Whate'er thy busy fiends design
Of future ills in cruel play,
To torture or alarm mankind,
Lead th' insidious train away,
Some blacker hours for mischief find;
Harmony shall rule to-day.

Distinguish'd from the vulgar year,
And mark'd with Heaven's peculiar white,
This day shall grace the rolling sphere,
And ling'ring end its bright career,
Unwilling to be lost in night.
Discord, lead thy fiends away!
Harmony shall rule to-day.

Is there, intent on Britain's good,
Some angel hovering in the sky,
Whose ample view surveys her circling flood,
Her guardian rocks, that shine on high,
Her forests waving to the gales,
Her streams that glide through fertile vales,
Her lowing pastures, fleecy downs,
Towering cities, busy towns.
Is there who views them all with joy serene,
And breathes a blessing on the various scene?

O if there is, to him 'tis given
(When daring crimes almost demand
The vengeance of the thunderer's hand),
To soften or avert the wrath of Heaven.
O'er ocean's face do tempests sweep?
Do civil storms blow loud?
He stills the raging of the deep,
And madness of the crowd.

He too, when Heaven vouchsafes to smile
Propitious on his favourite isle,
With zeal performs the task he loves,
And every gracious boon improves.
Blest delegate! if now there lies
Ripening in yonder pregnant skies
Some great event of more than common good,
Though envy howl with all her brood,
Thy wonted power employ;
Usher the mighty moments in,
Sacred to harmony and joy,
And from this era let their course begin!

## ODE XXI.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1771.

Again returns the circling year,
Again the festal day,
Which ushers in its bright career,
Demands the votive lay:
Again the oft-accustom'd muse
Her tributary task pursues,
Strikes the preluding lyre again, [strain.
And calls the harmonious band to animate her
Britain is the glowing theme;
To Britain sacred be the song:
Whate'er the sages lov'd to dream
Lycéan shades among,
(When raptur'd views their bosoms warm'd,
Of perfect states by fancy form'd),
United here and realiz'd we see,
Thrones, independence, laws, and liberty!
The triple cord, which binds them fast,
Like the golden chain of Jove,
Combining all below with all above,
Shall bid the sacred union last.

What though jars intestine rise,
And discord seems a while to reign,
Britain's sons are brave, are wise,
The storm subsides, and they embrace again.
The master-springs which rule the land,
Guided by a skilful hand,
Loosening now, and now restraining,
Yielding something, something gaining,
Preserve inviolate the public frame,
As, though the seasons change, the year is still the same.
O should Britain's foes presume,
Trusting some delusive scene
Of transient feuds that rage at home,
And seem to shake the nice machine,
Should they dare to lift the sword,
Or bid their hostile thunders roar,
Soon their pride would mirth afford,
And break like billows on her shore;
Soon would find her vengeance wake,
Weep in blood the dire mistake,
And 'gainst their wild attempts united see
Thrones, independence, laws, and liberty!

## ODE XXII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1771.

Long did the churlish east detain
In icy bonds th' imprison'd Spring:
No verdure dropp'd in dewy rain,
And not a zephyr wav'd its wing.
Even he, th' enlivening source of day,
But pour'd an ineffectual ray
On earth's wild bosom, cold and bare;
Where not a plant uprear'd its head,
Or dar'd its infant foliage spread
To meet the blasting air.

Nor less did man confess its force:
Whate'er could damp its genial course,
Or o'er the seats of life prevail,
Each pale disease that pants for breath,
Each painful harbinger of death,
Lurk'd in the loaded gale.

But now th' unfolding year resumes
Its various hues, its rich array;
And bursting into bolder blooms,
Repays with strength its long delay.
'Tis nature reigns. The grove unbinds
Its tresses to the southern winds,
The birds with music fill its bowers;
The flocks, the herds beneath its shade
Repose, or sport along the glade,
And crop the rising flowers.
Nor less does man rejoice. To him
More mildly sweet the breezes seem,
More fresh the fields, the suns more warm;
While health, the animating soul
Of every bliss, inspires the whole,
And heightens each peculiar charm.

Loveliest of months, bright June! again
Thy season smiles. With thee return
The frolic band of pleasure's train;
With thee Britannia's festal morn,
When the glad land her homage pays
To George, her monarch, and her friend,
"May cheerful health, may length of days,
"And smiling peace his steps attend!

" May every good"—Ceaſe, ceaſe the ſtrain;
The prayer were impotent and vain:
What greater good can man poſſeſs
Than he, to whom all-bounteous Heaven,
With unremitting hand, has given
The power and will to bleſs?

## ODE XXIII.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1772.

At length the fleeting year is o'er,
And we no longer are deceiv'd;
The wars, the tumults are no more
Which fancy form'd, and fear believ'd.
Each diſtant object of diſtreſs,
Each phantom of uncertain gueſs,
The buſy mind of man could raiſe,
Has taught ev'n folly to beware;
At fleets and armies in the air
The wond'ring crowd has ceas'd to gaze.
And ſhall the ſame dull cheats again
Revive, in ſtale ſucceſſion roll'd?
Shall ſage experience warn in vain,
Nor the new-year be wiſer than the old?
Forbid it, ye protecting powers,
Who guide the months, the days, the hours,
Which now advance on rapid wing!
May each new ſpectre of the night
Diſſolve at their approaching light,
As fly the wint'ry damps the ſoft return of Spring.
True to herſelf if Britain prove,
What foreign foes has ſhe to dread?
Her ſacred laws, her ſov'reign's love,
Her virtuous pride by freedom bred,
Secure at once domeſtic eaſe,
And awe th' aſpiring nations into peace.

Did Rome e'er court a tyrant's ſmiles,
Till faction wrought the civil frame's decay?
Did Greece ſubmit to Philip's wiles,
Till her own faithleſs ſons prepar'd the way?

True to herſelf if Britain prove,
The warring world will league in vain,
Her ſacred laws, her ſovereign's love,
Her empire boundleſs as the main,
Will guard at once domeſtic eaſe,
And awe th' aſpiring nations into peace.

## ODE XXIV.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1772.

From ſcenes of death and deep diſtreſs
(Where Britain ſhar'd her monarch's woe),
Which moſt the feeling mind oppreſs,
Yet beſt to bear the virtuous know,
Turn we our eyes—The cypreſs wreath
No more the plaintive muſe ſhall wear;
The blooming flowers which round her breathe,
Shall form the chaplet for her hair;
And the gay month which claims her annual fire,
Shall raiſe to ſprightlier notes the animated lyre.
The lark that mounts on morning wings
To meet the riſing day,
Amidſt the clouds exulting ſings,
The dewy clouds, whence zephyr flings
The fragrance of the May.
The day which gave our monarch birth,
Recalls each nobleſt theme of ages paſt;
Tells us, whate'er we owed to Naſſau's worth,
The Brunſwick race confirm'd, and bade it laſt:
Tell us, with rapturous joy unblam'd,
And conſcious gratitude, to feel
Our laws, our liberties reclaim'd
From tyrant pride and bigot zeal;
While each glad voice that wakes the echoing air,
In one united wiſh thus joins the general prayer:
" Till ocean quits his fav'rite iſle,
" Till Thames, thy wat'ry train
" No more ſhall bleſs its pregnant ſoil,
" May order, peace, and freedom ſmile
" Beneath a Brunſwick's reign!"

## ODE XXV.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1773.

Wrapt in the ſtole of ſable grain,
With ſtorms and tempeſts in his train,
Which howl the naked woods among,
Winter claims the ſolemn ſong.
Hark, 'tis nature's laſt farewell;
Every blaſt is nature's knell!

Yet ſhall glooms oppreſs the mind,
So oft by ſage experience taught
To feel its preſent views confin'd,
And to the future point th' aſpiring thought?
All that fades again ſhall live,
Nature dies but to revive.

Yon ſun who ſails in ſouthern ſkies,
And faintly gilds th' horizon's bound,
Shall northward ſtill, and northward riſe,
With beams of warmth and ſplendour crown'd;
Shall wake the ſlumbering, buried grain
From the cold earth's relenting breaſt,
And Britain's iſle ſhall bloom again
In all its wonted verdure dreſt.

Britain, to whom kind Heaven's indulgent care
Has fix'd in temperate climes its ſtated goal,
Far from the burning zone's inclement air,
Far from th' eternal froſts which bind the pole.
Here dewy Spring exerts his genial powers;
Here Summer glows ſalubrious, not ſevere;
Here copious Autumn ſpreads his golden ſtores,
And Winter ſtrengthens the returning year.

O with each bleſſing may it riſe,
Which Heaven can give, or mortals bear!
May each wing'd moment as it flies,
Improve a joy, or eaſe a care;
Till Britain's grateful heart aſtoniſh'd bends
To that Almighty Power from whom all good deſcends.

## ODE XXVI.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1773.

Born for millions are the kings
Who ſit on Britain's guarded throne:
From delegated power their glory ſprings,
Their birth-day is our own!

In impious pomp let tyrants ſhine,
Aſſuming attributes divine,
And ſtretch their unreſiſted ſway
O'er ſlaves, who tremble and obey.
On lawleſs pinions let them ſoar:
Far happier he, whoſe temperate power,

Acknowledg'd and avow'd,
Ev'n on the throne reſtriction knows;
And to thoſe laws implicit bows
By which it rules the crowd.

When erſt th' imperial pride of Rome
Exulting ſaw a world o'ercome,
And rais'd a mortal to the ſkies,
There were, 'tis true, with eagle eyes
Who view'd the dazzling ſcene.
Though incenſe blaz'd on flattery's ſhrine,
Great Titus and the greater Antonine
Felt, and confeſs'd they were but men.

But ah! how few, let hiſtory ſpeak
With weeping eye and bluſhing cheek,
E'er reach'd their mighty mind.
Man, ſelfiſh man, in moſt prevail'd,
And power roll'd down a curſe entail'd
On reaſon and mankind.

Happy the land, to whom 'tis given
T' enjoy that choiceſt boon of Heaven,
Where bound in one illuſtrious chain,
The monarch and the people reign!

Hence is Britannia's weal maintain'd;
Hence are the rights his fathers gain'd
To every free-born ſubject known:
Hence to the throne, in ſongs of praiſe,
A grateful realm its tribute pays,
And hails the king, whoſe birth-day is its own.

## ODE XXVII.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1774.

"PASS but a few ſhort fleeting years,"
Imperial Xerxes ſigh'd and ſaid,
Whilſt his fond eye ſuffus'd with tears,
His numerous hoſts ſurvey'd;
"Paſs but a few ſhort fleeting years,
"And all that pomp, which now appears
"A glorious living ſcene,
"Shall breathe its laſt; ſhall fall, ſhall die,
"And low in earth yon myriads lie
"As they had never been!"
True, tyrant: Wherefore then does pride,
And vain ambition, urge thy mind
To ſpread thy needleſs conqueſts wide,
And deſolate mankind?
Say, why do millions bleed at thy command?
If life, alas, is ſhort, why ſhake the haſty ſand?

Not ſo do Britain's kings behold
Their floating bulwarks of the main,
Their undulating ſails unfold,
And gather all the wind's aërial reign.
Myriads they ſee, prepar'd to brave
The loudeſt ſtorm, the wildeſt wave,
To hurl juſt thunders on inſulting foes,
To guard, and not invade, the world's repoſe.
Myriads they ſee, their country's dear delight,
Their country's dear defence, and glory in the ſight!
Nor do they idly drop a tear
On fated nature's future bier;
For not the grave can damp Britannia's fires;
Though chang'd the men, the worth is ſtill the ſame;
The ſons will emulate their ſires,
And the ſons ſons will catch the glorious flame!

## ODE XXVIII.

FOR HIS MASESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1774.

HARK!—or does the muſes's ear
Form the ſounds ſhe longs to hear?—
Hark! from yonder weſtern main
O'er the white wave echoing far,
Vows of duty ſwell the ſtrain,
And drown the notes of war.
The prodigal again returns,
And on his parent's neck reclines;
With honeſt ſhame his boſom burns,
And in his eye affection ſhines;
Shines through tears, at once that prove
Grief, and joy, and filial love.

Diſcord, ſtop that raven voice,
Leſt the nations round rejoice.
Tell it not on Gallia's plain,
Tell it not on Ebro's ſtream,
Though but tranſient be the pain,
Like to ſome deluſive dream:
For ſoon ſhall reaſon, calm and ſage,
Detect each vile ſeducer's wiles,
Shall ſooth to peace miſtaken rage,
And all be harmony and ſmiles;
Smiles repentant, ſuch as prove
Grief, and joy, and filial love.

O prophetic be the muſe!
May her monitory flame
Wake the ſoul to noble views,
And point the path to genuine fame!
Juſt ſubjection, mild commands,
Mutual intereſt, mutual love,
Form indiſſoluble bands,
Like the golden chain of Jove.
Cloſely may they all unite!
And ſee, a gleam of luſtre breaks
From the ſhades of envious night—
And hark! 'tis more than fancy ſpeaks—
They bow, they yield, they join the choral lay,
And hail with us our monarch's natal day.

## ODE XXIX.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1775.

YE powers, who rule o'er ſtates and kings,
Who ſhield with ſublunary wings
Man's erring race from woe,
To Britain's ſons in every clime
Your bleſſings waft, whate'er their crime,
On all the winds that blow!

Beyond the vaſt Atlantic tide
Extend your healing influence wide,
Where millions claim your care:
Inſpire each juſt, each filial thought,
And let the nations round be taught
The Britiſh oak is there.

Though vaguely wild its branches ſpread,
And rear almoſt an alien head
Wide-waving o'er the plain,
Let ſtill, unſpoil'd by foreign earth,
And conſcious of its nobler birth,
The untainted trunk remain.

Where mutual intereſt binds the band,
Where due ſubjection, mild command,
Enſure perpetual eaſe,

Shall jarring tumults madly rave,
And hoſtile banners proudly wave
O'er once united ſeas?
No; 'midſt the blaze of wrath divine
Heaven's lovelieſt attribute ſhall ſhine,
And mercy gild the ray;
Shall ſtill avert impending fate;
And concord its beſt era date
From this auſpicious day.

## ODE XXX.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1776.

On the white rocks which guard her coaſt,
Obſervant of the parting day,
Whoſe orb was half in ocean loſt,
Reclin'd Britannia lay.
Wide o'er the wat'ry waſte
A penſive look ſhe caſt,
And ſcarce could check the riſing ſigh,
And ſcarce could ſtop the tear which trembled in her eye.

"Sheath, ſheath the ſword which thirſts for
"blood"
(She cried), "deceiv'd, miſtaken men!
"Nor let your parent o'er the flood
"Send forth her voice in vain!
"Alas, no tyrant ſhe,
"She courts you to be free!
"Submiſſive hear her ſoft command,
"Nor force unwilling vengeance from a parent's
"hand."

Hear her, ye wiſe, to duty true,
And teach the reſt to feel,
Nor let the madneſs of a few
Diſtreſs the public weal!

So ſhall the opening year aſſume,
Time's faireſt child, a happier bloom;
The white-wing'd hours ſhall lightly move,
The ſun with added luſtre ſhine!
"To err is human."—Let us prove
"Forgiveneſs is divine!"

## ODE XXXI.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1776.

Ye weſtern gales, whoſe genial breath
Unbinds the glebe, till all beneath
One verdant livery wears:
You ſooth the ſultry heats of noon,
Add ſoftneſs to the ſetting ſun,
And dry the morning's tears.

This is your ſeaſon, lovely gales,
Through ether now your power prevails;
And our dilated breaſts ſhall own
The joys which flow from you alone.

Why, therefore, in you dubious ſky,
With outſpread wing, and eager eye
On diſtant ſcenes intent,
"Sits expectation in the air"——
Why do, alternate, hope and fear
Suſpend ſome great event?

Can Britain fail?—The thought were vain!
The powerful empreſs of the main
But ſtrives to ſmooth th' unruly flood,
And dreads a conqueſt ſtain'd with blood.

While yet, ye winds, your breezy balm
Through nature ſpreads a general calm,
While yet a pauſe fell diſcord knows;
Catch the ſoft moment of repoſe,
Your genuine powers exert;
To pity melt th' obdurate mind,
Teach every boſom to be kind,
And humanize the heart.

Propitious gales, O wing your way!
And whilſt we hail that rightful ſway
Whence temper'd freedom ſprings,
The bliſs we feel to future times
Extend, and from your native climes
Bring peace upon your wings!——

## ODE XXXII.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1777.

Again imperial Winter's ſway
Bids the earth and air obey;
Throws o'er yon hoſtile lakes his icy bar,
And, for a while, ſuſpends the rage of war.
O may it ne'er revive!——Ye wiſe,
Ye juſt, ye virtuous, and ye brave,
Leave fell contention to the ſons of vice,
And join your powers to ſave!

Enough of ſlaughter have ye known,
Ye wayward children of a diſtant clime,
For you we heave the kindred groan,
We pity your misfortune and your crime.
Stop, parricides, the blow,
O find another foe!
And hear a parent's dear requeſt,
Who longs to claſp you to her yielding breaſt.

What change would ye require? What form
Ideal floats in fancy's ſky?
Ye fond enthuſiaſts break the charm,
And let cool reaſon clear the mental eye.
On Britain's well-mix'd ſtate alone,
True liberty has fix'd her throne,
Where law, not man, an equal rule maintains:
Can freedom e'er be found where many a tyrant reigns?

United, let us all thoſe bleſſings find,
The God of nature meant mankind.
Whate'er of error, ill redreſt;
Whate'er of paſſion, ill repreſt;
Whate'er the wicked have conceiv'd,
And folly's heedleſs ſons believ'd,
Let all lie buried in oblivion's flood,
And our great cement be—the public good.

## ODE XXXIII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1777.

Driven out from heaven's ethereal domes,
On earth inſatiate diſcord roams,
And ſpreads her baleful influence far:
On wretched man her ſcorpion ſtings
Around th' inſidious fury flings,
Corroding every bliſs, and ſharp'ning every care.

Hence, demon, hence! in tenfold night
Thy Stygian ſpells employ,

Nor with thy preſence blaſt the light
Of that auſpicious day, which Britain gives to joy.

But come, thou ſofter deity,
Faireſt unanimity!
Not more fair the ſtar that leads
Bright Aurora's glowing ſteeds,
Or on Heſper's front that ſhines,
When the gariſh day declines;
Bring thy uſual train along,
Feſtive dance, and choral ſong,
Looſe-rob'd ſport, from folly free,
And mirth, chaſtis'd by decency.

Enough of war the penſive muſe has ſung,
Enough of ſlaughter trembled on her tongue;
Fairer proſpects let her bring
Than hoſtile fields, and ſcenes of blood;
If happier hours are on the wing,
Wherefore damp the coming good?
If again our tears muſt flow,
Why foreſtal the future woe?
Bright-ey'd hope, thy pleaſing power
Gilds at leaſt the preſent hour,
Every anxious thought beguiles,
Dreſſes every face in ſmiles,
Nor lets one tranſient cloud the bliſs deſtroy
Of that auſpicious day, which Britain gives to joy.

## ODE XXXIV.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1778.

When rival nations great in arms,
Great in power, in glory great,
Fill the world with war's alarms,
And breathe a temporary hate,
The hoſtile ſtorms but rage a while,
And the tir'd conteſt ends.——
But ah, how hard to reconcile
The foes who once were friends!
Each haſty word, each look unkind,
Each diſtant hint, that ſeems to mean
A ſomething lurking in the mind
Which almoſt longs to lurk unſeen,
Each ſhadow of a ſhade offends
Th' embitter'd foes who once were friends.

That Power alone who fram'd the ſoul,
And bade the ſprings of paſſion play,
Can all their jarring ſtrings controul,
And form on diſcord concord's ſway.
'Tis He alone, whoſe breath of love
Did o'er the world of waters move,
Whoſe touch the mountains bends;
Whoſe word from darkneſs call'd forth light,
'Tis He alone can reunite
The foes who once were friends.

To Him, O Britain, bow the knee!
His awful, his auguſt decree,
Ye rebel tribes, adore!
Forgive at once, and be forgiven,
Ope in each breaſt a little heaven,
And diſcord is no more.

## ODE XXXV.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1778.

Arm'd with her native force, behold,
How proudly through each martial plain
Britannia ſtalks! "'Twas thus of old,
"My warlike ſons, a gallant train.
"Call'd forth their genuine ſtrength, and ſpread
"Their banners o'er the tented mead; [yield,"
"'Twas thus they taught perfidious France to
She cries, and ſhows the lillies on her ſhield.

"Yes, goddeſs, yes! 'twas thus of old,"
The muſe replies, "thy barons bold
"Led forth their native troops, and ſpread
"Their banners o'er the tented mead.
"But nobler now the zeal that warms
"Each patriot breaſt: For freedom's reign
"Has burſt the Norman's feudal chain,
"And given new force to glory's charms.
"No vaſſal bands
"Riſe at a tyrant lord's commands:
"'Tis for themſelves, with honeſt rage,
"The voluntary youths engage;
"To guard their ſacred homes they fight,
"And in their own aſſert the public right.
"Bound by choice, and choice alone, [own.
"Their leaders, and their laws are both their
"Laws obey'd, becauſe approv'd,
"And chiefs that rule, becauſe belov'd.
"'Tis hence that flaſh of virtuous pride,
"Which Britain's ſons diſdain to hide, [eyes,
"Glows on their cheeks, and through their
"In active fire, the foe defies:
"'Tis hence, at home, they claim and find
"Th' undoubted rights of human kind;
"And, whilſt they own a juſt controul,
"But yield a part to guard the whole.
"'Tis hence they ſpurn a ſervile chain,
"While tyrant man's deſpotic reign
"Enſlaves the peopled earth;
"And hence, with equal zeal obey
"A father king, and hail the day
"Which gave ſuch monarchs birth."

## ODE XXXVI.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1779.

To arms, to arms, ye ſons of might,
And hail with ſounds of war the new-born year!
Britannia, from her rocky height,
Points to the Gallic coaſt, and lifts her ſpear.
Th' immortal hatred, which by turns
Wakes and ſleeps, with fury burns:
New cauſe of juſt offence has Albion found,
And lo, it bleeds afreſh, th' eternal wound!

Though great in war, of ſkill poſſeſt,
Though native courage fire their breaſt
With ardour for the public weal,
One want, at leaſt, our rivals feel,
The want of freedom damps each gen'rous aim;
Whoe'er the lord they ſerve, th' oppreſſion is the ſame.

Power deſpotic rarely knows,
Rarely heeds a ſubject's woes;
By force it claims, with graſping hand,
Whate'er ambition dares demand:
The ravag'd merchant, plunder'd ſwain,
May pour their weak complaints in vain;
Their private ſorrows are their own;
A tyrant feels not, though a people groan.

O happier far the well-mix'd ſtate, [fate,
Which blends the monarch's with the ſubject's

And links the ſceptre to the ſpade!
The ſtroke which wounds the lowlieſt clown
Is inſult to the Britiſh crown, [invade.
And he attacks our rights, who dares the throne
One common flame, one active ſoul
Pervades, and animates the whole;
One heart, one hand, directs the blow,
And hurls the vollied vengeance on the foe.

## ODE XXXVII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1779.

LET Gallia mourn! th' inſulting foe,
Who dar'd to aim the treach'rous blow,
When loſt, ſhe thought, in deep diſmay,
Forlorn, diſtreſs'd, Britannia lay.

Deems ſhe misfortune e'er can tame
The gen'rous inborn Britiſh flame?
Is Agincourt ſo little known?
Muſt freſh conviction curb her pride,
Each age new annals be ſupply'd,
Of Gallia's ſhame and our renown?

What though a while the tempeſt ſhrouds
Her ſummits, and a night of clouds
Each rock and mountain wears;
Yet ſoon returns the flitting breeze,
And brighter o'er her ſubject ſeas
The queen of iſles appears.

Let Gallia mourn! th' inſulting foe,
Who ſees by all the winds that blow,
Her treaſures wafted to the coaſt
She inſolently deem'd was loſt.

Yon ſun, that with meridian ray
Now gilds the conſecrated day,
When Britain breathes her annual vow
For him, the guardian of her laws,
For him, who in her ſacred cauſe
Bids the red bolt of vengeance glow.

That very ſun, when Ganges' ſtream
Redden'd beneath his riſing beam,
Saw Britain's banners wave
In eaſtern air, with honeſt pride,
O'er vanquiſh'd forts; which Gallia tried,
But tried in vain to ſave.

That very ſun, ere evening due
Has dimm'd his radiant orb, will view,
Where Lucia's mountains tower on high,
And ſeem to prop the weſtern ſky,
That oft-conteſted iſland own
Allegiance to the Britiſh throne.

Like her own oak, the foreſt's king,
Though Britain feels the blows around;
Ev'n from the ſteel's inflictive ſting,
New force ſhe gains, new ſcyons ſpring,
And flouriſh from the wound.

## ODE XXXVIII.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1780.

AND dares inſulting France pretend
To graſp the trident of the main,
And hope the aſtoniſh'd world ſhould bend
To the mock pageantry aſſum'd in vain?
What, though her fleets the billows load,
What, though her mimic thunders roar,
She bears the enſigns of the god,
But not his delegated power. [cree,
Ev'n from the birth of time, 'twas Heaven's de-
The queen of iſles ſhould reign ſole empreſs of the ſea.

United Bourbon's giant pride,
Strains every nerve, each effort tries,
With all but juſtice on its ſide,
That ſtrength can give, or perfidy deviſe.
Dread they not Him who rules the ſky,
Whoſe nod directs the whirlwind's ſpeed,
Who bares His red right arm on high,
For vengeance on the perjur'd head,
Th' Almighty Power, by whoſe auguſt decree
The queen of iſles alone is ſovereign of the ſea?

Vain-glorious France! deluded Spain!
Whom even experience warns in vain,
Is there a ſea that daſhing pours
Its big waves round your trembling ſhores,
Is there a promontory's brow
That does not Britain's vaſt achievements know?
Aſk Biſcay's rolling flood,
Aſk the proud Celtic ſteep,
How oft her navies rode
Triumphant o'er the deep?
Aſk Lagos' ſummits that beheld your fate,
Aſk Calpe's jutting front, fair cauſe of endleſs hate,
Yet 'midſt the loudeſt blaſts of fame,
When moſt the admiring nations gaze,
What to herſelf does Britain claim?
—Not to herſelf ſhe gives the praiſe,
But low in duſt her head ſhe bows,
And proſtrate pays her grateful vows
To Him, the Almighty Power, by whoſe decree
She reigns, and ſtill ſhall reign, ſole empreſs of the ſea.

## ODE XXXIX.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1780.

STILL o'er the deep does Britain reign,
Her monarch ſtill the trident bears:
Vain-glorious France, deluded Spain,
Have found their boaſted efforts vain;
Vain as the fleeting ſhades, when orient light appears.

As the young eagle to the blaze of day
Undazzled and undaunted turns his eyes,
So unappall'd, where glory led the way,
'Midſt ſtorms of war, 'midſt mingling ſeas and ſkies,
The genuine offſpring of the Brunſwick name
Prov'd his high birth's hereditary claim,
And the applauding nation hail'd with joy
Their future hero in the intrepid boy.

Prophetic, as the flame that ſpread
Round the young Iulus' head,
Be that bleſt omen of ſucceſs. The muſe
Catches thence ecſtatic views;
Sees new laurels nobly won,
As the circling year rolls on;
Sees that triumphs of its own
Each diſtinguiſh'd month ſhall crown;

And, ere this feſtive day again
Returns to wake the grateful ſtrain,
Sees all that hoſt of foes,
Both to her glory and repoſe,
Bend their proud necks beneath Britannia's yoke,
And court that peace which their injuſtice broke.

Still o'er the deep ſhall Britain reign,
Her monarch ſtill the trident bear;
The warring world is leagu'd in vain
To conquer thoſe who know not fear.

Graſp'd be the ſpear by ev'ry hand,
Let every heart united glow,
Collected, like the Theban band,
Can Britain dread a foe?

No! o'er the deep ſhe ſtill ſhall reign,
Her monarch ſtill the trident bear:
The warring world is leagu'd in vain
To conquer thoſe who know not fear.

## ODE XL.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1781.

Ask round the world, from age to age,
Not where alone th' hiſtorian's page
Or poet's ſong have juſt attention won:
But even the feebleſt voice of fame
Has learnt to liſp Britannia's name,
Aſk of her inborn worth, and deeds of high renown!

What power from Luſitania broke
The haughty Spaniard's galling yoke? [ring?
Who bade the Belgian mounds with freedom
Who fix'd ſo oft with ſtrength ſupreme
Unbalanc'd Europe's nodding beam,
And rais'd the Auſtrian eagle's drooping wing?
'Twas Britain!—Britain heard the nations groan,
As jealous of their freedom as her own!
Where'er her valiant troops ſhe led,
Check'd and abaſh'd, and taught to fear,
The earth's proud tyrants ſtopp'd their mad career; [fled.
To Britain Gallia bow'd; from Britain Julius

Why then, when round her fair protectreſs' brow [blow,
The dark clouds gather, and the tempeſts
With folded arms, at eaſe reclin'd,
Does Europe ſit? or, more unkind,
Why fraudulently aid the inſidious plan?
The foes of Britain are the foes of man.

Alas! her glory ſoars too high;
Her radiant ſtar of liberty
Has bid too long th' aſtoniſh'd nations gaze;
That glory which they once admir'd,
That glory in their cauſe acquir'd,
That glory burns too bright, they cannot bear the blaze.

Then Britain, by experience wiſe,
Court not an envious or a timid friend;
Firm in thyſelf undaunted riſe,
On thy own arm and righteous Heaven depend.
So as in great Eliza's days,
On ſelf-ſupported pinions borne,
Again ſhalt thou look down with ſcorn
On an oppoſing world, and all its wily ways:
Grown greater from diſtreſs,
And eager ſtill to bleſs,
As truly generous as thou'rt truly brave,
Again ſhalt cruſh the proud, again the conquer'd ſave.

## ODE XLI.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1780.

Still does the rage of war prevail,
Still thirſts for blood th' infatiate ſpear?
Waft not, ye winds, th' invidious tale,
Nor let th' untutor'd nations hear,
That paſſion baffles reaſon's boaſted reign,
And half the peopled world is civilized in vain.
What are morals, what are laws,
What religion's ſacred name?
Nor morals ſoften, nor religion awes:
Pure though the precepts flow, the actions are the ſame.
Revenge, and pride, and deadly hate,
And avarice tainting deep the mind,
With all the fury fiends that wait,
As torturing plagues, on human kind,
When ſhown in their own native light,
In truth's clear mirror heavenly bright,
Like real monſters riſe;
But let illuſion's powerful wand
Transform, arrange, the hideous band,
They cheat us in diſguiſe;
We dreſs their horrid forms in borrow'd rays,
Then call them glory, and purſue the blaze.

O blind to nature's ſocial plan,
And Heaven's indulgent end!
Her kinder laws knit man to man,
As brother and as friend.
Nature, intent alone to bleſs,
Bids ſtrife and diſcord ceaſe;
"Her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs,
"And all her paths are peace."
Ev'n this auſpicious day would wear
A brighter face of joy ſerene;
And not one ruffling gale of care
Diſturb the halcyon ſcene;
On lighter wings would zephyr move,
The ſun with added luſtre ſhine,
Did peace deſcending from above,
Here fix her earthly ſhrine;
Here to the monarch's fondeſt prayer
A juſt attention yield,
And let him change the ſword of war
For her protecting ſhield.

## ODE XLII.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1782.

O wond'rous power of inborn worth,
When danger calls its ſpirit forth,
And ſtrong neceſſity compels
The ſecret ſprings to burſt their narrow cells!
Though foes unnumber'd gird her round,
Though not one friend is faithful found,
Though impious ſcorn derides,
Yet ſtill unmov'd amidſt the band,
Like her own rocks, does Britain ſtand,
And braves th' inſulting tides.
A world in arms aſſaults her reign,
A world in arms aſſaults in vain.

'Tis Britain calls, ye nations, hear?
Unbrace the corſelet, drop the ſpear,
No more th' infidious toil purſue,
Nor ſtrive to weaken what you can't ſubdue.
'Tis Britain calls: with fatal ſpeed
You urge, by headlong fury led,
Your own impending fate.
Too late you'll weep, too late you'll find,
'Twas for the glory of mankind,
That Britain ſhould be great.
In Britain's voice, 'tis freedom calls,
For freedom dies, if Britain falls.

She cannot fall; the ſame Almighty hand
That rais'd her white rocks from the main,
Does ſtill her arduous cauſe maintain,
Still graſps the ſhield that guards her favour'd land.
Obedient to his word,
Not to deſtroy, but to reclaim,
Th' avenging angel waves the flaming ſword:
Revere his awful name!
Repentant in the duſt,
Confeſs his judgments juſt;
Th' avenging ſword ſhall ceaſe to wave,
And whom his mercy ſpares, his power ſhall ſave.

## ODE XLIII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1782.

STILL does reluctant peace refuſe,
Though courted by each generous mind,
To ſhed her panacean dues,
And heal the madneſs of mankind!

Muſt this auſpicious day again
Be clouded with one anxious care,
And powers malignant render vain
The monarch's fondeſt wiſh, the people's general pray'r!

O no! in yonder pregnant ſky,
Whence all our hopes and bleſſings ſpring,
New burſting ſcenes of glory lie,
And future joys are on the wing!
The ling'ring morn, that coyly ſheds
On broken clouds and mountain-heads
At firſt a glimmering ray,
Now brighter and now brighter glows,
Wide and more wide the luſtre flows,
'Till all is future day,
And earth, rejoicing in ethereal light,
Forgets the dreary damps, and live-long ſhades of night.

Satiate of war, whoſe mad exceſs
No bound no kind reſtriction knows,
But marks its progreſs with diſtreſs,
The willing world ſhall ſeek repoſe;
And Belgia, waking from her dreams
Of Gallic frauds, illuſive ſchemes,
Shall add new ſtrength to concord's chain,
And know her ancient friends again.

While thoſe, whom nearer ties unite,
Whom all the charities combine,
Shall backward turn their trembling ſight,
And deprecate the wrath divine:
'Midſt bleeding heaps of brothers ſlain,
'Midſt deſolation's horrid reign,
And all its complicated woes,
With wild affright in every face,
Shall ſtrain more cloſe the ſtrict embrace,
And wonder they could e'er be foes.

O pleaſing hope, O bleſt preſage
Of joys to laſt from age to age!
For what Heaven's ſelf commands muſt Heaven approve,
Returning amity, and mutual love!

And hark! on yonder weſtern main
Imperious France is taught to know,
That Britain reaſſumes her reign:
Her thunders only ſlept, to ſtrike the deeper blow.

Ye nations, hear! the Gallic ſtar,
Shorn of its beams, th' horizon leaves;
That fatal firebrand of the war
No longer dazzles and deceives.

Record it in the faireſt light
Of faithful hiſtory's future page,
"They only triumph'd, whilſt they ſhunn'd
"the fight,
"We, when we forc'd them to engage."

## ODE XLIV.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1783.

YE nations, hear th' important tale——
Though armies preſs, though fleets aſſail,
Though vengeful war's collected ſtores
At once united Bourbon pours——
Unmov'd amidſt th' inſulting bands,
Emblem of Britain, Calpe ſtands——
Th' all-conquering hoſts their baffled efforts mourn,
And, though the wreath's prepar'd, unwreath'd the chiefs return.

Ye nations, hear! nor fondly deem
Britannia's ancient ſpirit fled;
Or gloſing weep her ſetting beam,
Whoſe fierce meridian rays her rivals dread——
Her genius ſlept—her genius wakes——
Nor ſtrength deſerts her, nor high Heaven forſakes.

To Heaven ſhe bends, and Heaven alone,
Who all her wants, her weakneſs knows,
And ſupplicates th' eternal Throne
To ſpare her crimes, and heal her woes.
Proud man with vengeance ſtill
Purſues, and aggravates e'en fancied ill;
Far gentler means offended Heaven employs,
With mercy Heaven corrects——chaſtiſes, not deſtroys.

When hope's laſt gleam can hardly dare
To pierce the gloom and ſooth deſpair;
When flames th' uplifted bolt on high,
In act to cleave th' offended ſky,
Its iſſuing wrath can Heaven repreſs,
And win to virtue by ſucceſs.
Then O! to Heaven's protecting hand
Be praiſe, be prayer addreſt,
Whoſe mercy bids a guilty land
Be virtuous, and be bleſt!

So ſhall the riſing year regain
The erring ſeaſons wonted chain;
The rolling months that gird the ſphere,
Again their wonted liveries wear;

And health breathe freſh in every gale,
And plenty clothe each ſmiling vale
With all the bleſſings nature yields
To temperate ſuns from fertile fields.

So ſhall the proud be taught to bow,
Pale envy's fierce contentions ceaſe,
The ſea once more its ſovereign know,
And glory gild the wreath of peace.

## ODE XLV.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY. JUNE 4. 1783

At length the troubled waters reſt,
And, ſhadowing ocean's calmer breaſt,
Exulting commerce ſpreads her woven wings:
Free as the winds that waft them o'er,
Her iſſuing veſſels glide from ſhore to ſhore,
And in the bending ſhrouds the careleſs ſea-boy ſings.

Is peace a bleſſing?—Aſk the mind
That glows with love of human kind,
That knows no guile, no partial weakneſs knows,
Contracted to no narrow ſphere,
The world, the world at large is umpire here;
They feel, and they enjoy, the bleſſings peace beſtows.
Then, oh! what bliſs his boſom ſhares,
Who, conſcious of ingenuous worth,
Can nobly ſcorn inferior cares,
And ſend the generous edict forth;
To diſtant ſighs of modeſt woe
Can lend a pitying liſt'ning ear,
Nor ſee the meaneſt ſorrows flow
Without a ſympathiſing tear.

Though rapine with her fury train
Rove wide and wild o'er earth and main,
In act to ſtrike, though ſlaughter cleave the air,
At his command they drop the ſword,
And in their midway courſe his potent word
Arreſts the ſhafts of death, of terror, of deſpair.

When thoſe who have the power to bleſs,
Are readieſt to relieve diſtreſs,
When private virtues dignify a crown,
The genuine ſons of freedom feel
A duty which tranſcends a ſubject's zeal,
And dread the man's reproach more than the monarch's frown.

Then to this day be honours paid
The world's proud conqu'rors never knew;
Their laurels ſhrink, their glories fade,
Expos'd to reaſon's ſober view.
But reaſon, juſtice, truth rejoice,
When diſcord's baneful triumphs ceaſe,
And hail, with one united voice,
The friend of man, the friend of peace.

## ODE XLVI.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1784.

Enough of arms—to happier ends
Her forward view Britannia bends;
The gen'rous hoſts, who graſp'd the ſword,
Obedient to her awful word,
Though martial glory ceaſe,
Shall now, with equal induſtry,
Like Rome's brave ſons, when Rome was free,
Reſume the arts of peace.

O come, ye toil-worn wand'rers, come
To genial hearths, and ſocial home,
The tender houſewife's buſy care;
The board with temperate plenty crown'd;
The ſmiling progeny around,
That liſten to the tale of war.

Yet be not war the fav'rite theme,
For what has war with bliſs to do?
Teach them more juſtly far to deem,
And own experience taught it you.

Teach them, 'tis in the will of fate,
Their frugal induſtry alone
Can make their country truly great,
And in her bliſs ſecure their own.

Be all the ſongs that ſooth their toil,
And bid the brow of labour ſmile,
When through the loom the ſhuttle glides,
Or ſhining ſhare the glebe divides,
Or, bending to the woodman's ſtroke,
To waft her commerce, falls the Britiſh oak—
Be all their ſongs, that ſoften theſe,
Of calm content and future well-earn'd eaſe;
Nor dread, leſt inborn ſpirit die:
One glorious leſſon, early taught,
Will all the boaſted powers ſupply
Of practiſed rules and ſtudied thought.
From the firſt dawn of reaſon's ray
On the young boſom's yielding clay,
Strong be their country's love impreſt,
And with your own example fire their breaſt:
Tell them 'tis theirs to graſp the ſword
When Britain gives the awful word;
To bleed, to die, in Britain's cauſe,
And guard, from faction nobly free,
Their birth-right bleſſing, liberty,
True liberty, that loves the laws.

## ODE XLVII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1784.

Hail to the day, whoſe beams, again
Returning, claim the choral ſtrain,
And bid us breathe our annual vows
To the firſt power that Britain knows;
The power which, though itſelf reſtrain'd,
And ſubject to that juſt controul
Which, many an arduous conflict gain'd,
Connects, unites, and animates the whole.

Yon radiant ſun, whoſe central force
Winds back each planet's vagrant courſe,
And through the ſyſtems holds imperial ſway,
Bound by the ſame inherent laws,
Ev'n whilſt it ſeems the active cauſe, [they.
Promotes the general good, as much confin'd as

That wond'rous plan, through ages ſought,
Which elder Egypt never taught,
Nor Greece with all her letter'd lore,
Nor ſtruggling Rome, could e'er explore,

Though many a form of rule ſhe tried;
That wond'rous plan has Britain found,
Which curbs licentiouſneſs and pride,
Yet leaves true liberty without a wound.

The fierce Plantagenets beheld
Its growing ſtrength, and deign'd to yield;
Th' imperious Tudors frown'd, and felt aggriev'd;
Th' unhappy race, whoſe faults we mourn,
Delay'd awhile its wiſh'd return,
'Till Brunſwick perfected what Naſſau had atchiev'd.

From that bright era of renown,
Aſtrea walks the world again,
Her fabled form the nations own,
With all th' attendant virtues in her train.
Hark! with what general loud acclaim
They venerate the Britiſh name,
When forms of rule are in the balance weigh'd,
And pour their torrents of applauſe
On the fair iſle, whoſe equal laws
Controul the ſceptre, and protect the ſpade.

The triple chain, which binds them faſt,
Like Homer's golden one, deſcends from Jove;
Long may the ſacred union laſt,
And the mixt powers in mutual concert move,
Each tempering each, and liſtening to the call
Of genuine public good, bleſt ſource and end of all!

## ODE XLVIII.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR 1785.

Delusive is the poet's dream,
Or does prophetic truth inſpire
The zeal which prompts the glowing theme,
And animates th' according lyre?
Truſt the muſe: her eye commands
Diſtant times and diſtant lands;
Through burſting clouds, in opening ſkies,
Sees from diſcord union riſe;
And friendſhip bind unwilling foes
In firmer ties than duty knows.

Torn rudely from its parent tree,
Yon ſcyon riſing in the weſt
Will ſoon its genuine glory ſee,
And court again the foſtering breaſt,
Whoſe nurture gave its powers to ſpread,
And feel their force, and lift an alien head.

The parent tree, when ſtorms impend,
Shall own affection's warmth again;
Again its foſtering aid ſhall lend,
Nor hear the ſuppliant plead in vain;
Shall ſtretch protecting branches round,
Extend the ſhelter, and forget the wound.

Two Britains through th' admiring world
Shall wing their way with ſails unfurl'd;
Each from the other's kindred ſtate
Avert by turns the bolts of fate;
And acts of mutual amity endear
The Tyre and Carthage of a wider ſphere.

When Rome's divided eagles flew,
And different thrones her empire knew,
The varying language ſoon diſjoin'd
The boaſted maſters of mankind:
But here, no ills like thoſe we fear,
No varying language threatens here;
Congenial worth, congenial flame,
Their manners and their arts the ſame,
To the ſame tongue ſhall glowing themes afford,
And Britiſh heroes act, and Britiſh bards record.
Fly ſwift, ye years! ye minutes haſte!
And in the future loſe the paſt;
O'er many a thought-afflicting tale,
Oblivion, caſt thy friendly veil!
Let not memory breathe a ſigh,
Or backward turn th' indignant eye;
Nor the inſidious arts of foes
Enlarge the breach that longs to cloſe,
But acts of amity alone inſpire
Firm faith, and cordial love, and wake the willing lyre.

# PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

## PROLOGUE TO THE ROMAN FATHER.

SPOKEN BY MR. BARRY, 1750.

Britons, to-night in native pomp we come,
True heroes all, from virtuous ancient Rome;
In thoſe far diſtant times when Romans knew
The ſweets of guarded liberty, like you;
And, ſafe from ills which force or faction brings,
Saw freedom reign beneath the ſmile of kings.
Yet from ſuch times, and ſuch plain chiefs as theſe,
What can we frame a poliſh'd age to pleaſe?
Say, can you liſten to the artleſs woes
Of an old tale, which every ſchool-boy knows?
Where to your hearts alone the ſcenes apply,
No merit their's but pure ſimplicity.
Our bard has play'd a moſt adventurous part,
And turn'd upon himſelf the critic's art;
Stripp'd each luxuriant plume from fancy's wings,
And torn up ſimiles like vulgar things:
Nay ev'n each moral, ſentimental, ſtroke,
Where not the character, but poet ſpoke,
He lopp'd, as foreign to his chaſte deſign,
Nor ſpar'd an uſeleſs, though a golden line.

These are his arts; if these cannot atone
For all those nameless errors yet unknown;
If, shunning faults which nobler bards commit,
He wants their force to strike th' attentive pit;
Be just, and tell him so; he asks advice,
Willing to learn, and would not ask it twice.
Your kind applause may bid him write—beware!
Or kinder censure teach him to forbear.

## EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

SPOKEN BY MRS. PRITCHARD, 1750.

Ladies, by me our courteous author sends
His compliments to all his female friends;
And thanks them from his soul for every bright
Indulgent tear, which they have shed to-night.
Sorrow in virtue's cause proclaims a mind,
And gives to beauty graces more refin'd.
O who could bear the loveliest form of art,
A cherub's face, without a feeling heart!
'Tis there alone, whatever charms we boast,
Though men may flatter, and though men will toast,
'Tis there alone they find the joy sincere;
The wife, the parent, and the friend, are there:
All else, the veriest rakes themselves must own,
Are but the paltry play-things of the town;
The painted clouds, which glittering tempt the chace,
Then melt in air, and mock the vain embrace.
Well then; the private virtues, 'tis confest,
Are the soft inmates of the female breast.
But then, they fill so full that crowded space,
That the poor public seldom finds a place.
And I suspect there's many a fair one here,
Who pour'd her sorrows on Horatio's bier,
That still retains so much of flesh and blood,
She'd fairly hang the brother, if she could.
Why, ladies, to be sure, if that be all,
At your tribunal he must stand or fall.
Whate'er his country or his sire decreed,
You are his judges now, and he must plead.
Like other culprit-youths, he wanted grace;
But could have no self-interest in the case.
Had she been wife, or mistress, or a friend,
It might have answer'd some convenient end:
But a mere sister, whom he lov'd—to take
Her life away—and for his country's sake!
Faith, ladies, you may pardon him; indeed
There's very little fear the crime should spread.
True patriots are but rare among the men,
And really might be useful, now and then.
Then do not check, by your disapprobation,
A spirit which once rul'd the British nation,
And still might rule—would you but set the fashion.

## PROLOGUE

TO EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

*Spoken by Mr. Garrick*, 1751.

Critics! your favour is our author's right—
The well-known scenes we shall present to-night,
Are no weak efforts of a modern pen,
But the strong touches of immortal Ben;
A rough old bard, whose honest pride disdain'd
Applause itself, unless by merit gain'd—
And would to-night your loudest praise disclaim,
Should his great shade perceive the doubtful fame,
Not to his labours granted, but his name.
Boldly he wrote, and boldly told the age,
" He dar'd not prostitute the useful stage,
" Or purchase their delight at such a rate,
" As for it he himself must justly hate;
" But rather begg'd they would be pleas'd to see
" From him such plays as other plays should be;
" Would learn from him to scorn a motley scene,
" And leave their monsters, to be pleas'd with men."
Thus spoke the bard.—And though the times are chang'd,
Since his free muse for fools the city rang'd;
And satire had not then appear'd in state,
To lash the finer follies of the great;
Yet let not prejudice infect your mind,
Nor slight the gold, because not quite refin'd;
With no false niceness this performance view,
Nor damn for low, whate'er is just and true:
Sure, to those scenes some honour should be paid,
Which Camden patroniz'd, and Shakspeare play'd:
Nature was nature then, and still survives;
The garb may alter, but the substance lives,
Lives in this play—where each may find complete,
His pictur'd self——Then favour the deceit—
Kindly forget the hundred years between;
Become old Britons, and admire old Ben.

## PROLOGUE TO CREUSA.

SPOKEN BY MR. ROSS, 1754.

Prologues of old, the learn'd in language say,
Were merely introductions to the play,
Spoken by gods, or ghosts, or men who knew
Whate'er was previous to the scenes in view;
And complaisantly came to lay before ye
The several heads and windings of the story.
But modern times and British rules are such,
Our bards beforehand must not tell too much;
Nor dare we, like the neighb'ring French, admit
Ev'n confidants, who might instruct the pit,
By asking questions of the leading few,
And hearing secrets, which before they knew.
Yet what we can to help this antique piece
We will attempt.—Our scene to-night is Greece,
And by the magic of the poet's rod,
This stage the temple of the Delphic god!
Where kings, and chiefs, and sages came of old,
Like modern fools, to have their fortunes told;
And monarchs were enthron'd, or nations freed,
As an old priest, or wither'd maid, decreed.
Yet think not all were equally deceiv'd,
Some knew, more doubted, many more believ'd.
In short, these oracles and witching rhymes
Were but the pious frauds of ancient times;
Wisely contriv'd to keep mankind in awe,
When faith was wonder, and religion law!
Thus much premis'd, to ev'ry feeling breast
We leave the scenes themselves to tell the rest.
—Yet something sure was to the critics said,
Which I forget—some invocation made!
Ye critic bands, like jealous guardians, plac'd
To watch th' encroachments on the realms of taste,
From you our author would two boons obtain,
Not wholly diffident, nor wholly vain:
Two things he asks; 'tis modest, sure, from you
Who can do all things, to request but two;

First to his scenes a kind attention pay,
Then judge!—with candour judge—and we obey.

## EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

SPOKEN BY MISS HAUGHTON, WHO ACTED THE PYTHIA, 1754.

At length I'm freed from tragical parade,
No more a Pythian priestess—though a maid;
At once resigning, with my sacred dwelling,
My wreaths, my wand, my arts of fortune-telling.
Yet superstitious folks, no doubt are here,
Who still regard me with a kind of fear,
Lest to their secret thoughts these prying eyes
Should boldly pass, and take them by surprise.
Nay, though I disavow the whole deceit,
And fairly own my science all a cheat,
Should I declare, in spite of ears and eyes,
The beaus were handsome, or the critics wise,
They'd all believe it, and with dear delight
Say to themselvet at least—— [right."
"The girl has taste;" "The woman's in the
Or should I tell the ladies, so dispos'd,
They'd get good matches ere the season clos'd,
They'd smile, perhaps, with seeming discontent,
And, sneering, wonder what the creature meant;
But whisper to their friends, with beating heart,
"Suppose there should be something in her art!"
Grave statesmen too would chuckle, should I say,
On such a motion, and by such a day,
They would be summon'd from their own affairs,
To 'tend the nation's more important cares:
"Well, if I must—howe'er I dread the load,
"I'll undergo it—for my country's good."
All men are bubbles; in a skilful hand,
The ruling passion is the conjurer's wand.
Whether we praise, foretel, persuade, advise,
'Tis that alone confirms us fools or wise.
The devil without may spread the tempting sin,
But the sure conqueror is—the devil within.

## A SECOND EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

SPOKEN BY MRS. PRITCHARD, 1754.

Stay, ladies—Though I'm almost tir'd to death
With this long part—and am so out of breath—
Yet such a lucky thought kind Heaven has sent,
That, if I die for't, I must give it vent. [pose,
*The men you know are gone. And now sup-
Before our lords and masters are rechose,
We take th' advantage of an empty town,
And choose a House of Commons of our own.
What think ye, cannot we make laws?—and then
Cannot we too unmake them, like the men?
O place us once in good St. Stephen's pews,
We'll show them women have their public use!
*Imprimis* they shall marry; not a man
Past twenty-five, but what shall wear the chain.
Next we'll in earnest set about reclaiming;
For by my life and soul, we'll put down gaming:
We'll spoil their deep destructive midnight play;
The laws we make, we'll force them to obey;
Unless we let them, when their spirits flag,
Piddle with us, ye know, at quinze and brag.
"I hope, my dearest," says some well-bred spouse,
"When such a bill shall come before your house,
"That you'll consider men are men—at least
"That you'll not speak, my dear."—Not speak?—
the beast!
What, would you wound my honour?—Wrongs
like these—
For this, Sir, I shall bring you on your knees.
—Or if we're quite good-natured, tell the man,
We'll do him all the service that we can.
Then for ourselves, what projects, what designs!
We'll tax, and double tax, their nasty wines;
But, duty free, import our blonds and laces,
French hoops, French silks, French cambricks, and
—French faces.
In short, my scheme is not completed quite,
But I may tell you more another night.
So come again, come all, and let us raise
Such glorious trophies to our country's praise,
That all true Britons shall with one consent
Cry out, "Long live the female parliament!"

* *This epilogue was spoken at the time of a general election.*

## PROLOGUE TO THE ORPHAN OF CHINA.

SPOKEN BY MR. HOLLAND, 1759.

Enough of Greece and Rome. Th' exhausted
store
Of either nation now can charm no more:
Ev'n adventitious helps in vain we try,
Our triumphs languish in the public eye;
And grave processions, musically slow,
Here pass unheeded—as a Lord Mayor's show.
On eagle wings the poet of to-night
Soars for fresh virtues to the source of light,
To China's eastern realms; and boldly bears
Confucius' morals to Britannia's ears.
Accept th' imported boon; as echoing Greece
Receiv'd from wand'ring chiefs her golden fleece;
Nor only richer by the spoils become, [home.
But praise th' advent'rous youth who brings them
One dubious character, we own, he draws,
A patriot zealous in a monarch's cause!
Nice is the task the varying hand to guide,
And teach the blending colours to divide;
Where, rainbow-like, th' encroaching tints invade
Each other's bounds, and mingle light with shade.
If then, assiduous to obtain his end,
You find too far the subject's zeal extend;
If undistinguish'd loyalty prevails
Where nature shrinks, and strong affection fails,
On China's tenets charge the fond mistake,
And spare his error for his virtue's sake.
From nobler motives our allegiance springs,
For Britain knows no right divine in kings;
From freedom's choice that boasted right arose,
And through each line from freedom's choice it
flows.
Justice, with mercy join'd, the throne maintains;
And in his people's hearts—our monarch reigns.

## PROLOGUE TO THE SCHOOL FOR LOVERS,

AS IT WAS INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN, 1762.

Success makes people vain.—The maxim's true,
We all confess it—and not over new.
The veriest clown who stumps along the streets,
And doffs his hat to each grave cit he meets,

Some twelvemonths hence, bedaub'd with livery lace,
Shall thruſt his ſaucy flambeau in your face.
Not ſo our bard, though twice your kind applauſe
Has on this fickle ſpot eſpous'd his cauſe,
He owns with gratitude th' obliging debt;
Has twice been favour'd, and is modeſt yet.
Plain tragedy, his firſt adventurous care,
Spoke to your hearts, and found an echo there.
Plain comedy to-night, with ſtrokes refin'd,
Would catch the coyeſt features of the mind;
Would play politely with your hopes and fears,
And ſometimes ſmiles provoke, and ſometimes tears.
Your giant wits, like thoſe of old, may climb
Olympus high, and ſtep o'er ſpace and time;
May ſtride, with ſeven-leagu'd boots, from ſhore to ſhore,
And, nobly by tranſgreſſing, charm you more.
Alas! our author dares not laugh at ſchools,
Plain ſenſe confines his humbler muſe to rules.
Form'd on the claſſic ſcale his ſtructures riſe,
He ſhifts no ſcenes to dazzle and ſurpriſe.
In one poor garden's ſolitary grove,
Like the primeval pair, his lovers rove;
And in due time will each tranſaction paſs
—Unleſs ſome haſty critic ſhakes the glaſs.

## PROLOGUE TO THE SAME.

AS SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, 1762.

Success makes people vain.—The maxim's true,
We all confeſs it—and not over new.
The vrieſt clown, who ſtumps along the ſtreets,
And doffs his hat to each grave cit he meets,
Some twelvemonths hence, dedaub'd with livery lace,
Shall thruſt his ſaucy flambeau in your face.
Not ſo our bard—though twice your kind applauſe
Has on this fickle ſpot eſpous'd his cauſe,
He owns with gratitude th' obliging debt;
Has twice been favour'd, and is modeſt yet.
Your giant wits, like thoſe of old, may climb
Olympus high, and ſtep o'er ſpace and time;
May ſtride, with ſeven-leagu'd boots, from ſhore to ſhore,
And nobly by tranſgreſſing, charm you more.
Alas! our author dares not laugh at ſchools—
Plain ſenſe confines his humbler muſe to rules:
He ſhifts no ſcenes—But here I ſtopp'd him ſhort—
" Not change your ſcenes?" ſaid I—" I'm ſorry
" for't:"
" My conſtant friends above, around, below,
" Have Engliſh taſtes, and love both change and
" ſhow: [flat—
" Without ſuch aids, ev'n Shakſpeare would be
" Our crowded pantomimes are proofs of that.
" What eager tranſport ſtares from every eye,
" When pullies rattle, and our genii fly!
" When tin caſcades like falling waters gleam;
" Or through the canvaſs—burſts the real ſtream,
" While thirſty Iſlington laments in vain
" Half her New River roll'd to Drury-Lane.
" Lord, Sir," ſaid I, " for gallery, boxes, pit,
" I'll back my Harlequin againſt your wit"——
Yet ſtill the author, anxious for his play,
Shook his wiſe head—" What will the critics ſay?"
" As uſual, Sir—abuſe you all they can!"—
" And what the ladies?"—" He's a charming man!
" A charming piece!—One ſcarce knows what it
" means; [ſcenes!"
" But that's no matter—where there's ſuch ſweet
Still he perſiſts—and let him—*entre nous*—
I know your taſtes, and will indulge 'em too.
Change you ſhall have; ſo ſet your hearts at eaſe:
Write as he will, we'll act it as you pleaſe.

## EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

*Spoken before the Dance, by Mrs. Yates and Mr. Palmer, in the Characters of Araminta and Modely, 1762.*

*Araminta.*

Well, ladies, am I right, or am I not?
Should not this fooliſh paſſion be forgot;
This fluttering ſomething, ſcarce to be expreſt,
Which pleads for coxcombs in each female breaſt?
How mortified he look'd!—and looks ſo ſtill.
[*Turning to Modely.*
He really may repent—perhaps he will—

*Modely.*

Will Araminta?—Ladies, be ſo good,
Man's made of frail materials, fleſh and blood.
We all offend at ſome unhappy criſis,
Have whims, caprices, vanities—and vices.
Your happier ſex by nature was deſign'd,
Her laſt beſt work, to perfect humankind.
No ſpot, no blemiſh, the fair frame deforms,
No avarice taints, no naughty paſſion warms
Your firmer hearts. No love of change in you
E'er taught deſire to ſtray.——

*Amarinta.*

All this is true.
Yet ſtay; the men, perchance, may call it ſneer,
And ſome few ladies think you not ſincere.
For your petition, whether wrong or right,
Whate'er it be, withdraw it for to-night.
Another time, if I ſhould want a ſpouſe,
I may myſelf report it to the houſe:
At preſent, let us ſtrive to mend the age;
Let juſtice reign, at leaſt upon the ſtage.
Where the fair dames, who like to live by rule,
May learn two leſſons from the Lovers' School;
While Cælia's choice inſtructs them how to chooſe,
And my refuſal warns them to refuſe.

## PROLOGUE TO ALMIDA.

SPOKEN BY MR. REDDISH, 1771.

Critics be dumb—to-night a lady ſues,
From ſoft Italia's ſhores, an Engliſh muſe,
Though fate there binds her in a pleaſing chain,
Sends to our ſtage the offspring of her brain:
True to her birth, ſhe pants for Britiſh bays,
And to her country truſts for genuine praiſe.
From infancy well read in tragic lore,
She treads the path her father trod before;
To the ſame candid judges truſts her cauſe,
And hopes the ſame indulgence and applauſe.
No Salic law here bars the female's claim,
Who pleads hereditary right to fame.
Of love and arms ſhe ſings, the mighty two,
Whoſe powers uniting muſt the world ſubdue;
Of love and arms! in that heroic age,
Which knew no poet's, no hiſtorian's page;

But war to glory form'd the unletter'd mind,
And chivalry alone taught morals to mankind;
Nor taught in vain: the youth who dar'd aſpire
To the nice honours of a lover's fire,
Obſerv'd with duteous care each rigid rule,
Each ſtern command of labour's patient ſchool;
Was early train'd to bear the ſultry beams
Of burning ſuns, and winter's fierce extremes;
Was brave, was temperate: to one idol fair
His vows he breath'd, his wiſhes center'd there:
Honour alone could gain her kind regard;
Honour was virtue beauty its reward.
And ſhall not Britiſh breaſts, in beauty's cauſe,
Adopt to-night the manners which ſhe draws?
Male writers we confeſs are lawful prize,
Giants and monſters that but rarely riſe!
With their enormous ſpoils your triumphs grace,
Attack, confound, exterminate the race;
But when a lady tempts the critic war,
Be all knights-errant, and protect the fair.

# MISCELLANIES.

(NOT INCLUDED IN THE EDITION OF THE ENGLISH POETS, 1790.)

## THE VISION OF SOLOMON *.

'Twas night, and ſleep with gently-waving wand
Sat ſoftly brooding o'er that monarch's brow,
Whoſe waking nod could Judah's realms command,
Or deal deſtruction to the frighted foe.
Great David's ſon—but at this tranquil hour
No dreams of ſtate diſturb'd his peaceful bed;
To nobler heights his thoughts unfetter'd ſoar,
And brighter viſions hover round his head.
Let meaner kings by mortals guard their ſtate,
Around his ſacred couch aërial legates wait.

"Hail, beſt belov'd!" ſuperior to the reſt,
One bending angel cry'd with heavenly voice,
"Earth, ſeas, and air, ſtand to thy view conteſs'd,
And God's own mandate ratifies thy choice.
Chooſe then from theſe—ſay ſhall thy pow'r extend [more,
Where ſuns ſcarce warm this earth's remoteſt
Shall India's lords beneath thy ſceptre bend,
Whilſt their black troops ſtand ſilent and adore?
To thee, ſole lord, ſhall earth her ſtores unfold,
Pour all her gems to thee, and mines that flame with gold?

Shall ocean's waves, obedient to thy call,
As erſt to Moſes, rang'd in order ſtand;
While crowds once more admire the floating wall,
And treaſures open on the glittering ſand?
Or ſhall Fame's breath inſpire each ſofter air,
Thee juſt and good, to diſtant worlds reſound,
While Peace, fair goddeſs, leads the ſmiling year,
Swells the glad grain, and ſpreads the harveſt round:
Bids Jordan's ſtream extend its azure pride,
Pleas'd with reflected fruits that tremble in the tide?"

The cherub ſpoke—when Power majeſtic roſe;
A Tyrian-tinctur'd robe ſhe dragg'd behind,
Whoſe artful folds at every turn diſcloſe
Sceptres and crowns that flutter'd in the wind.
Gigantic phantom! in her face appear'd
Terrific charms, too fierce for mortal eyes.
Aw'd and amaz'd, her very ſmiles we fear'd,
As though ſtorms lurk'd beneath the ſmooth diſguiſe;
But when ſhe frowns, tremendous thunders roar,
Stern deſolation reigns, and kingdoms float in gore.

Her, Wealth ſucceeds—and ſcarce his tottering head
Suſtains the glittering ore's incumbent weight;
O'er his old limbs were tatter'd garments ſpread;
A well-fix'd ſtaff directs his feeble feet.
Thus mean himſelf appear'd; but all around
What crowds unnumber'd hail the paſſing peer!
Power, as he came, bow'd lowly to the ground,
And own'd with reverence a ſuperior there.
"Riſe, David's ſon, thy utmoſt wiſh extend,
See to thy ſceptre Wealth, the world's great monarch, bend."

Fame next approach'd, whoſe clarion's martial ſound
Bids conqu'ring laurels flouriſh ever green;
And gentle Peace with olive chaplets crown'd,
And Plenty, goddeſs of the ſylvan ſcene. [hair;
Theſe Pleaſure join'd; looſe flow'd her radiant
Her flying fingers touch'd the trembling lyre.
"Come, Mirth," ſhe ſung, "your blooming wreaths prepare;
Come, gay Delight, and ever-young Deſire:
Let days, let years in downy circles move,
Sacred to ſprightly Joy, and all-ſubduing Love."

The mingled train advanc'd; to cloſe the rear,
As loſt in thought, appear'd a penſive maid;
Bright was her aſpect, lovely, yet ſevere,
In virgin white her decent limbs array'd:
She mov'd in ſober ſtate; on either ſide
A beauteous handmaid friendly aid beſtow'd,
Fair Virtue here, her view from earth to guide;
There Contemplation rais'd her golden rod.
Hail, Wiſdom, hail! I ſee and bleſs the ſight,
Firſt-born of Heav'n, pure ſource of intellectual light.

On her the monarch fix'd his eager eyes,
On her alone, regardleſs of the crowd;
"Let vulgar ſouls (he cry'd) yon trifles prize,
Mortals that dare of mis'ry to be proud.
Hence then: I burn for more ingenuous charms;
Nature's true beauties with more luſtre ſhine.
Then take me, Wiſdom, take me to thy arms;
O ſnatch me from myſelf, and make me thine.
All Heav'n calls good, or man felicity,
Peace, plenty, health, content, are all compriz'd in thee."

* *See 2 Chron. chap. i. ver. 7.—12.*

## VERSES TO HIS MOTHER.

### ON HER BIRTH-DAY *.

E yet to Heaven my infant thought could reach,
e praise its Maker by the powers of speech,
ught by thy care, by thy example mov'd,
ais'd my waking eyes, ador'd and lov'd.
For life, and this my more than life, receiv
at poor return which I with blushes give;
r, ah! the trifling tribute of a lay,
all my humble gratitude can pay!
Hear then my fervent wish, though cloth'd in song,
e powers confirm it, ere it quit my tongue!)
om this bleft day may fate propitious shine;
ch earthly bliss that Heaven calls good, be thine.
ay adverse clouds like empty mists decay,
id time declining, shed a purer ray,
gild the evening of thy well-spent day.
id when (yet ne'er let that sad hour appear,
hile my poor breast draws in this vital air),
ıy fainting frame sinks on the bed of death,
ay no sharp pangs attend thy fleeting breath;
care on care, like restless billows roll,
break the calm of thy departing soul.
ll in thy sight let choirs of angels spread
eir radiant plumes, and hover round thy head;
en one soft sigh thy issuing soul convey,
hile thy great loss and mine points out the way †
scenes of bliss, and realms of endless day.

## TO DR. STEBBING ‡.

.. .. .. .. .. ..

EVER mine! whate'er my fate portends,
absence, passions, business, fortune, friends;
hether in wide-spread scarf and rustling gown,
y borrow'd rhetoric sooths the saints in town,
makes in country pews soft matrons weep,
y damsels smile, and tir'd church-wardens sleep.
hether to ease consign'd, my future day,
e downy circle, sportive rolls away;
, deep in Cambria, or the wilds of Kent,
rag out life, and learn from ills content;
ll be thy friendship like a genius there,
ft of the joy, and solace of the care.

.. .. .. .. .. ..

## ON CHURCHILL.

.. .. .. .. .. ..

from his common place, when Churchill strings
o some motley form his damn'd good things,
The purple patches every where prevail,
But the poor work has neither head nor tail.

.. .. .. .. .. ..

Churchill had strength of thought, had power to paint,
Nor felt from principles the least restraint.
From hell itself his characters he drew,
And christen'd them by every name he knew;
For 'twas from hearsay he pick'd up his tales,
Where false and true by accident prevails:
Hence I, though older far, have liv'd to see
Churchill forgot, an empty shade like me.

.. .. .. .. .. ..

That I'm his foe, ev'n Churchill can't pretend;
But—thank my stars—he proves I am no friend:
Yet Churchill, could an honest wish succeed,
I'd prove myself to thee a friend indeed;
For had I power like that which bends the spheres
To music never heard by mortal ears,
Where, in his system fix'd the central sun,
And drags reluctant planets into tune,
So would I bridle thy eccentric soul,
In reason's sober orbit bid to roll:
Spite of thyself, would make thy rancour cease,
Preserve thy present fame, and future peace;
And teach thy muse no vulgar place to find
In the full moral chorus of mankind.

.. .. .. .. .. ..

## A PATHETIC APOLOGY

*For all Laureats, past, present, and to come.*

"Veniant ad Cæsaris aures!"

Ye silly dogs, whose half-year lays
Attend like satellites on *Bays*,
And still, with added lumber load
Each birth-day, and each new-year ode,
Why will ye *strive* to be *severe?*
In pity to yourselves forbear;
Nor let the sneering public see
What numbers write far worse than he.
*His* muse, *oblig'd* by sack and pension,
Without a subject or invention—
Must certain words in order set,
As innocent as a gazette;
Must some half-meaning, half-disguise,
And utter neither truth nor lies.
But why will *you*, ye volunteers
In nonsense, teaze us with your jeers,
Who *might* with dullness and her crew
Securely slumber? Why will *you*
Sport your dim orbs amidst her fogs,
You're not *oblig'd*—ye silly dogs!
When Jove, as ancient fables sing,
Made of a senseless log a king,
The frogs at first their doubts express'd,
But soon leap'd up, and smok'd the jest,
While every tadpole of the lake
Lay quiet, though they felt it quake.
They knew their nature's due degree,
Themselves scarce more alive than he;
They knew they could not croak like frogs,
—Why will *you* try?—ye silly dogs!
When the poor barber felt askance
The thunder of a Quixote's lance,
For merely bearing on his head
Th' expressive emblem of his trade.

* *He seems to have had Pope's verses to Mrs. Martha Blount, in his eye, when he wrote this little poem. The imitation, however, is by no means servile.*

† *This line probably alludes to the recent loss of his mother.*

‡ *Written apparently while he was but young in the college, and had an intention to take orders. He left a sermon among his MSS. apparently prepared for the pulpit, written in a plain, clear, and unornamented style; such as might be expected from a man whose judgment was too correct, to give to any species of composition which he exercised himself, in graces foreign to it.*

The barber was a harmleſs log,
The hero was the ſilly dog.—
What trivial things are cauſe of quarrel,
Mambrino's helmet, or the laurel,
Alike diſtract an idiot's brain,
" Unreal mock'ries!" ſhadowy pain!
Each laureat (if kind Heaven diſpenſe
Some little gleam of common ſenſe),
Bleſt with *one hundred pounds per ann.*
And that too tax'd, and but ill paid,
With caution frames his frugal plan,
Nor apes his brethren of the trade.
He never will to garrets riſe,
For inſpiration from the ſkies,
And pluck, as Hotſpur would have done,
" Bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon."
He never will to cellars venture,
To drag up glory from the centre,
But calmly ſteer his courſe between
Th' aërial and infernal ſcene,
—*One hundred pounds!* a golden mean!
Nor need *he* aſk a printer's pains,
To fix the type, and ſhare the gains;
Each morning paper is ſo kind,
To give his works to every wind.
Each evening poſt and magazine
*Gratis* adopts the *lay ſerene.*
On their frail barks his praiſe or blame
Floats for an hour, and ſinks with them.
Sure without envy you might ſee
Such floundering immortality.
Why will ye then, amidſt the bogs,
Thruſt in *your* oar?—ye ſilly dogs!
*He* ne'er deſires his ſtated loan
(I honeſtly can ſpeak for one)
Should meet in print the public eye;
Content with *Boyce's* harmony,
Who throws on many a worthleſs lay
His muſic and his powers away.
Are *you* not charm'd, when at Vauxhall
Or Marybone, the Syrens ſquall
Your oft-repeated madrigals,
Your Nancys of the hills or vales,
While tip-toe miſſes and their beaux
Catch the dear ſounds in triple rows,
And whiſper, as their happineſs,
They know the author of the piece?
*This* vanity, my gentle brothers,
*You* feel; forgive it then in others;
At leaſt in one you call a dunce.
The laureat's odes are ſung but once,
And then not heard—while your renown
For half a ſeaſon ſtuns the town—
Nay, on brown paper fairly ſpread,
With wooden print to grace its head,
Each barber paſtes you on his wall,
Each cobler chants you in his ſtall;
And *Dolly*, from her maſter's ſhop,
*Encores* you, as ſhe twirls her mop.
Then " ponder well ye parents dear"
Of works, which live a whole half year,
And with a tender eye ſurvey
The frailer offſpring of a day,
Whoſe glories wither ere they bloom,
Whoſe very cradle is their tomb.
Have ye no bowels, cruel men!
*You* who may graſp or quit the pen,
May chooſe your ſubject, nay, your time,
When genius prompts to ſport in rhyme,
Dependent on yourſelves alone,
To be immortal, or unknown;
Does no compaſſion touch your breaſt,
For brethren to the ſervice preſt?
To laureats is no pity due,
Encumber'd with a thouſand clogs?
I'm very ſure they *pity* you,
Ye ſilliеſt of all ſilly dogs!

## INSCRIPTION

IN THE GARDENS AT NUNEHAM, IN OXFORDSHIRE.

*To the Memory of Walter Clark, Floriſt, who di[ed] ſuddenly near this ſpot*, 1784.

On him whoſe very ſoul was here,
Whoſe duteous, careful, conſtant toil
Has varied with the varying year,
To make the gay profuſion ſmile;
Whoſe harmleſs life in ſilent flow
Within theſe circling ſhades has paſt,
What happier death could Heaven beſtow,
Than in theſe ſhades to breathe his laſt?

'Twas here he fell: not far remov'd
Has earth receiv'd him in her breaſt;
Still far beſide the ſcenes he lov'd,
In holy ground his relicks reſt.
Each clambering woodbine, flaunting roſe,
Which round yon bow'r he taught to wave,
With ev'ry fragrant brier that blows,
Shall lend a wreath to bind his grave.

Each village matron, village maid,
Shall with chaſte fingers chaplets tie:
Due honours to the rural dead,
And emblems of mortality.
Each village ſwain that paſſes by,
A ſigh ſhall to his memory give;
For ſure his death demands a ſigh,
Whoſe life inſtructs them how to live.

If ſpirits walk, as fabling age
Relates to childhood's wond'ring ear,
Full oft, does fancy dare preſage,
Shall Walter's faithful ſhade be here;
Athwart yon glade, at night's pale noon,
Full oft ſhall glide with buſy feet,
And by the glimmering of the moon
Reviſit each belov'd retreat:

Perhaps the taſks on earth he knew,
Reſume, correct the gadding ſpray,
Bruſh from the plants the ſickly dew,
Or chaſe the noxious worm away.
The burſting buds ſhall gladlier grow,
No midnight blaſts the flowers ſhall fear;
And many a fair effect ſhall ſhow
At noon that Walter has been here.

Nay, ev'ry morn, in times to come,
If quainter ringlets curl the ſhade,
If richer breezes breathe perfume,
If ſofter ſwell the verdant glade;
If neatneſs charm a thouſand ways,
Till nature almoſt art appear,
Tradition's conſtant fav'rite theme,
Shall be—Poor Walter has been here.

THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# SOAME JENYNS, ESQ.

Containing

| | |
|---|---|
| ART OF DANCING, | TALES, |
| MODERN FINE GENTLEMAN, | ECLOGUES, |
| MODERN FINE LADY, | FABLES, |
| ODES, | EPITAPHS, |
| EPISTLES, | TRANSLATIONS, |
| SONGS, | IMITATIONS, |

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

*THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.*

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In the ſmooth dance to move with graceful mien,
Eaſy with care, and ſprightly though ſerene,
To mark th' inſtructions echoing ſtrains convey,
And with juſt ſteps each tuneful note obey,
I teach———

THE ART OF DANCING, CANTO I.

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*Anno* 1795.

# THE LIFE OF JENYNS.

Soame Jenyns was born in Great Ormond-Street, London, in the beginning of the year 1704. He was the only ſon of Sir Roger Jenyns, Knt. of Bottiſham-Hall, in Cambridgeſhire, deſcended from the ancient and reſpectable family of the Jenyns of Churchill, in Somerſetſhire. He was knighted by King William, January 9. 1693-4. His mother was one of the daughters of Sir Peter Soame, Bart. of Hayden, in the county of Eſſex; a woman of great beauty, and of very amiable manners, and elegant accompliſhments.

He received a domeſtic education, at firſt under the Rev. Mr. Hill, and afterwards under the Rev. Stephen White.

At the age of ſeventeen, he was ſent to the Univerſity of Cambridge, and entered a Fellow Commoner of St. John's College, July 2. 1722, under Dr. Edmonſon, at that time one of the principal tutors of the college.

He reſided there near three years, purſuing his ſtudies with great induſtry; but left the univerſity, as was formerly the uſual practice with gentlemen of fortune, without taking any degree.

From the time he left Cambridge, his reſidence in winter was in London, and in the ſummer in the country, in his father's family, as long as he lived.

He early diſplayed his poetical talents. In 1728, he publiſhed *The Art of Dancing*, a poem in two cantos, inſcribed to Lady Fanny Fielding; 1729, he wrote the verſes *In the Earl of Oxford's Library*; in 1730, verſes *To the Earl of Cheſterfield, on his being inſtalled Knight of the Garter*; and in 1733, *An Epiſtle to Lord Lovelace*. This was followed by *The Modern Fine Gentleman*, 1746; *The Squire and Parſon, An Eclogue*; *The Firſt Epiſtle of the Second Book of Horace Imitated* to *Lord Hardwicke*; *To the Hon. Miſs Yorke, on her Marriage to Lord Anſon*, 1748; *The Modern Fine Lady*, 1750; and ſeveral others, which he collected into a volume in 1752.

Soon after his father's death, at the general election, in 1741, he was choſen one of the repreſentatives for the county of Cambridge, and gave his ſupport to Walpole. He repreſented it again in the parliament of 1747. In that of 1754, he was member for Dunwich, in Suffolk; and in 1761, took his ſeat for the town of Cambridge, which place he continued to repreſent ſo long as he remained in Parliament.

When Moore began "The World," in 1753, he gave his aſſiſtance, among others, and contributed Nos. 125, 153, 157, 163, and 178.

In 1755, he was appointed one of the Lords of Trade and Plantations; a place which he held during every change of adminiſtration, until it was aboliſhed in 1780, when he retired from the buſineſs of parliament. He was, in general, an adherent of the miniſter for the time being, and was a uſeful, active, and diligent member of the Houſe of Commons, though he ſhared, as he admitted in one of his poems, no gift of tongue.

In 1757, he publiſhed his *Free Inquiry into the Origin of Evil, in Six Letters*, 8vo. This work excited much attention, and produced ſeveral anſwers; to which he replied, in an *Additional Preface* to the ſecond edition. He is of opinion, that to produce good excluſive of evil, is one of thoſe im-

poſſibilities which even Infinite Power cannot accompliſh, and that all evils owe their exiſtence ſolely to the neceſſity of their own nature; by which he means, that they could not poſſibly have been prevented without the loſs of ſome ſuperior good. Many evils, he thinks, will unavoidably inſinuate themſelves, by the natural relations and circumſtances of things, into the moſt perfect ſyſtem of created beings, even in oppoſition to the will of an Almighty Creator; by reaſon that they cannot be excluded without working contradictions, which not being proper ſubjects of power, it is no diminution of Omnipotence, to affirm that it cannot effect them. Such is the ground-work of his *Inquiry*, &c. which was reviewed with great ſeverity by Dr. Johnſon, in the "Literary Magazine" for 1757. He took a revenge unworthy of a man of letters, many years after, in a ſevere *Epitaph on Dr. Johnſon.*

On the publication of Mr. Hawkins Browne's Latin poem, on the "Immortality of the Soul," in 1752, Jenyns made a *tranſlation* of it into Engliſh, which was publiſhed in Dodſley's "Collection of Poems," 1758.

In 1756 he publiſhed a pamphlet, intituled *Short but Serious Reaſons for a National Militia*, 8vo; and to this ſucceeded ſeveral other performances, both in proſe and verſe, either in defence of Government, or levelled at ſome perſons in oppoſition to the meaſures of adminiſtration.

In 1761, he publiſhed his *Miſcellaneous Poems*, in 2 vols, 8vo, one of which contained ſome political eſſays.

In 1767, he publiſhed a pamphlet, intituled *Thoughts on the Cauſes and Conſequences of the High Price of Proviſions*, 8vo. This high price he attributes principally to the increaſe of our national debt, and the increaſe of our riches, that is, to the poverty of the public, and the wealth of private individuals. This pamphlet is replete with very ingenious obſervations.

In 1776, he publiſhed his celebrated work, intituled *A View of the Internal Evidence of the Chriſtian Religion*, 12mo. This publication was very generally read, and commended in terms of the higheſt praiſe, by ſome, whilſt it was ſpoken of in the ſlighteſt manner by others. Though he profeſſes and appears to have written it with a laudable deſign, yet it has provoked cenſure from the divine and the moraliſt, and profane ſarcaſm from the philoſopher and ſceptic. He is accuſed of injuring the cauſe he profeſſed to defend, by diligently relating, and elaborately diſplaying the ſtrongeſt objections which have been raiſed againſt the Chriſtian religion, while his mode of refuting them is cold, careleſs, and unſatisfactory. He ſeems to have defended Chriſtianity upon principles that lead, as perſons may be differently diſpoſed, to ſcepticiſm, or to enthuſiaſm.

His plan is comprehended under the following propoſitions: 1ſt, That there is now extant, a book intituled the New Teſtament. 2dly, That from this book may be extracted, a ſyſtem of religion entirely new, both with regard to the object, and the doctrines, not only infinitely ſuperior to, but unlike every thing which had ever entered into the mind of man. 3dly, That from this book may likewiſe be collected a ſyſtem of ethics, in which every moral precept founded on reaſon is carried to a higher degree of purity and perfection, than in any other of the wiſeſt philoſophers of preceding ages; every moral precept founded on falſe principles is totally omitted, and many new precepts added, peculiarly correſponding with the new object of this religion. Laſtly, that ſuch a ſyſtem of religion and morality could not have been the work of any man, or ſet of men, much leſs of thoſe obſcure, ignorant, and illiterate perſons, who actually did diſcover and publiſh it to the world; and that, therefore, it muſt undoubtedly have been effected by the interpoſition of Divine Power, that is, that it muſt derive its origin from God. Under the *third* propoſition, he reckoned *valour*, *patriotiſm*, and *friendſhip*, among fictitious virtues, founded on falſe principles; and he apprehends that however they have been celebrated and admired, they are, in fact, no virtues at all.

At the cloſe of his work, he makes the following explicit declaration of his belief in the doctrine of the Chriſtian religion. "Should it ever have the honour to be admitted into ſuch good company, they will, immediately, I know, determine that it muſt be the work of ſome enthuſiaſt, or methodiſt, ſome beggar, or ſome madman. I ſhall, therefore, beg leave to aſſure them, that the author is very far removed from all theſe characters: that he once, perhaps, believed as little as themſelves; but having ſome leiſure, and more curioſity, he employed them both in reſolving a queſtion, which ſeemed to him of ſome importance—Whether Chriſtianity was really an impoſture

founded on an abſurd, incredible, and obſolete fable, as many ſuppoſe it? or whether it is what it pretends to be, a revelation communicated to mankind by the interpoſition of ſome ſupernatural power? On a candid inquiry he found that the firſt was an abſolute impoſſibility, and that its pretenſions to the latter were founded on the moſt ſolid grounds. In the further purſuits of his examination, he perceived at every ſtep new lights ariſing, and ſome of the brighteſt, from parts of it the moſt obſcure, but productive of the cleareſt proofs, becauſe equally beyond the power of human artifice to invent, and human reaſon to diſcover. Theſe arguments, which have convinced him of the divine origin of this religion, he has here put together in as clear and conciſe a manner as he was able, thinking they might have the ſame effect upon others, and being of opinion that if there were a few more true Chriſtians in the world, it would be beneficial to themſelves, and by no means detrimental to the public."

Many anſwers to this work appeared, but only two of them merit notice: "A Series of Letters addreſſed to Soame Jenyns, &c." by Dr. Maclaine, the learned tranſlator of Moſheim's "Church Hiſtory;" and "A Full Anſwer to a Late View of the Internal Evidence of the Chriſtian Religion, &c." by the Rev. Henry Taylor, the editor of Ben. Mordecai's Letters to Eliſha Levi. "I have the intereſt of Chriſtianity," ſays Dr Maclaine, "too much at heart, not to proteſt ſolemnly againſt your method of defending it. Your *View* of its internal evidence is certainly exceptionable in many reſpects. In general, your reaſoning is neither cloſe nor accurate; your illuſtrations run wide of the principles they are deſigned to explain and enforce. One would be tempted ſometimes to think that you yourſelf loſt ſight of thoſe principles in the midſt of the deſultory detail of arguments and obſervations which you bring to ſupport them; and while we admire ſeveral fine touches of genius, wit, and eloquence, that ſtrike us in the midſt of this ſplendid confuſion, we lament the want of that luminous order, and philoſophical preciſion, that are indiſpenſably required in a work of this kind. You look like a man who has been ſuddenly tranſported into a new ſcene of things, where a multitude of objects ſtrike him at once, and who begins to deſcribe them before he had time to conſider their arrangement and their connections. Or, to uſe another figure that comes nearer to your particular caſe, you look like a zealous and ſpirited volunteer, who has embarked in a veſſel ſurrounded with enemies, and aſſailed by tempeſtuous weather, and begins to defend and work the ſhip, without that experience in the art of navigation, or the ſcience of defence, that is neceſſary to enſure ſucceſs and victory."

In 1782, he publiſhed eight *Diſquiſitions on ſeveral Subjects*, 8vo. In this work, among other ingenious, but idle fancies, he communicates his ideas of the *pre-exiſtent ſtate of man* as a ſtate of puniſhment, which he attempts to confirm, by a fanciful conſtruction of thoſe paſſages of ſcripture, which are commonly adduced in ſupport of the doctrine of original ſin. But if the condition of man be indeed ſo forlorn and wretched, as he repreſents, it muſt be likewiſe entirely hopeleſs; for if all be wrong at preſent, it is impoſſible we ſhould have any proof that things ever have been, or ever will be right. The doctrines which he inculcates in his diſquiſition *on Government*, in oppoſition to the eſtabliſhed principles of civil liberty, are inconſiſtent with the great rights and intereſts of mankind. In his diſquiſition *on Rational Chriſtianity*, he dogmatically condemns the doctrines and ſpirit of theſe friends to Chriſtianity, who believe it on rational grounds, and explain it in a manner conſiſtent with common ſenſe; and paradoxically aſſerts that the doctrines of Chriſtianity are "ſo adverſe to all the principles of human reaſon, that if brought before her tribunal, it muſt be inevitably condemned." It will generally, however, be thought by thoſe who are ſincere believers in Chriſtianity, that that explanation of the Scriptures which makes them agree with our natural ideas of religion and morals, is as likely to be the true one, as that which aſcribes to them doctrines contrary to the principles of reaſon. His oppoſition to all the eſtabliſhed principles of civil liberty, in his *ſeventh* diſquiſition, was combated in a very ſenſible and ſpirited pamphlet, intituled "An Anſwer to the Diſquiſition on Government and Civil Liberty, &c. It was likewiſe ridiculed, with great humour, in the "Dean and the 'Squire," a political eclogue, humbly dedicated to Soame Jenyns, Eſq. by the "Author of the Heroic Epiſtle to Sir William Chambers."

This was the laſt performance which he gave to the world; but he continued from time to time to write verſes. Among the laſt of his occaſional compoſitions, were the burleſque *Ode to Lord Carliſle*, the

*Epitaph on Dr. Johnſon*, the ſhort poem on his *Majeſty's Eſcape* from the attack of a lunatic, and the compliment to *Lady Salisbury*, 1787.

He died at his houſe in Tilney-Street, of a fever, after a few days illneſs, December 18. 1787, in the 83d year of his age, leaving no iſſue. He was buried in the church of Bottiſham. In the regiſtry of burials in the pariſh of Bottiſham for 1787, the following entry was made by the Rev. William Lort Manſell, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, who was then ſequeſtrator of that vicarage.

SOAME JENYNS, in the 83d year of
his age.
What his literary character was,
The world hath already judged for itſelf;
But it remains for his pariſh Miniſter
to do his duty,
By declaring,
That while he regiſters the burial of
SOAME JENYNS,
He regrets the loſs of one of the moſt
amiable of men,
And one of the trueſt Chriſtians.
To the pariſh of Bottiſham he is an
irreparable loſs.
He was buried in this church, December 27,
near midnight,
By William Lort Manſell, ſequeſtrator;
Who thus trangreſſes the common forms
of a Regiſter,
Merely becauſe he thinks it to be
The moſt ſolemn and laſting method
of recording to poſterity,
That the fineſt underſtanding
Has been united
To the beſt heart.

He was twice married, firſt to Mary, the only daughter of Colonel Soame, of Dereham, in Norfolk, a lady of great fortune, to whom his father was guardian. In this union, as is too frequently the caſe, his inclinations were leſs conſulted than the advantages that were ſuppoſed to be the certain appendages to an alliance with great wealth. The conſequence may be imagined. A ſeparation enſued, which his lady did not long ſurvive. He afterwards married Elizabeth, the daughter of Henry Grey, Eſq. of Hackney, in the county of Middleſex, who ſurvived him.

Three editions of his works were printed during his life. The firſt was printed in a ſmall 8vo, 1752, the ſecond in two ſmall volumes 8vo, 1761, and the laſt was printed in one large volume 8vo, 1770. His name was not put to either of theſe editions; but the title-pages of the firſt and laſt contain an urn filled with flowers, round which a wreath is entwined, charged with the motto to his arms, *Ignavis nunquam* In 1790, his *Works* were collected in 4 vols. 8vo, *including ſeveral pieces never before publiſhed*, by Charles Nalſon Cole, Eſq. with "Short Sketches of his Life," which have been chiefly followed in the preſent account. The firſt volume contains his *Miſcellaneous Poems*. The ſecond, the tranſlation of Browne, *De Animi Immortalitate*, five numbers of the "World;" *Short but Serious Reaſons for a National Militia; Thoughts on the Cauſes and Conſequences of the preſent high Price of Proviſions; The objections to the Taxation of our American Colonies by the Legiſlature; Reflections on ſeveral Subjects; Thoughts on a Parliamentary Reform; A Scheme for the Coalition of Parties; Thoughts on the National Debt*, never before publiſhed. The third, *A Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil, in Six Letters; On Evil in General, On Evils of imperfection, On Natural Evils, On Moral Evils, On Political Evils*; and ſeven *Diſquiſitions, On the Chain of Univerſal Being, On Cruelty to Inferior Animals, On a Pre-exiſtent State, On the Nature of Fame, On the Analogy between things Material and Intellectual, On Rational Chriſtianity, On Government and Civil Liberty*. The fourth, *View of the Internal Evidence of the Chriſtian Religion, and Short and Curſory Obſervations on Several Paſſages in the New Teſtament*, never before publiſhed.

His *Poems* were inſerted in the edition of "The Engliſh Poets," 1790, and are reprinted in the preſent collection, with the following additional pieces from Mr. Cole's edition, 1790, *written in the Earl of Oxford's Library at Wimple; To a Noſegay in Pancharilla's Breaſt, From Bonfarius, Given to a Lady with a Watch; Belphegor, a Fable from Machiavel; A Dialogue between the Right Hon. Henry Pelham, and Madam Popularity; A Simile; A Paſſage in Oſſian Verſified; On ſeeing the Earl of Cheſterfield at a Ball, at Bath; The American Coachman; Burleſque Ode, Written at the Counteſs of Saliſbury's Aſſembly; Epitaph on Dr. Johnſon; On a late execrable Attempt on his Majeſty's Life*

His character ſeems to have been amiable and reſpectable. His life had been very active and diverſified. He had ſtudied much, he had ſeen more. He converſed as well as he wrote. His thoughts were ſprightly, his expreſſions neat. His perſon was diminutive, and of a ſlight make; and he had a ſmall wen, or protuberance, on his neck. In his youth, he had been ſo fond of dreſs, as to be diſtinguiſhed as one of the beaux of his time; but in the latter part of his life, his appearance was rather mean, being generally habited in a Bath beaver ſurtout, with blue worſted boot-ſtockings. His religious routine is ſaid to have been ſingular. From early impreſſion, or ſtrong conviction, he was originally a zealous believer of revelation, and ſuſpected of a tendency to certain fanatical opinions. Gradually loſing ground in faith, he wandered into paths obſcured by doubt, and became a profeſſed deiſt; till, by a retrograde progreſs, he meaſured back his ſteps to the comforts of rational Chriſtianity. On his death-bed, it is ſaid, he reviewed his life, and with a viſible gleam of joy, he gloried in the belief that his *View of the Internal Evidences of the Chriſtian Religion* had been uſeful. It was received, perhaps, where greater works would not make their way, and ſo might have aided the ardour of virtue, the confidence of truth. He ſpoke of his death as one prepared to die. He did not ſhrink from it as an evil, nor as a puniſhment, but met it with decent firmneſs, as his original deſtiny, the kind releaſe from what was worſe, the kinder ſummons to all that is better. As a lay-vindicator of divine revelation, he ranks with Milton, Locke, Addiſon, and Newton.

As an author, he has attained no ſmall degree of reputation, by powers which have had every aid that uſeful and polite learning could give. He poſſeſſes a judgment critically exact, an elegant taſte, and a rich vein of wit and humour. He is entitled to great praiſe for many excellencies of ſtyle. Mr. Burke has truly ſaid, that he was one of thoſe who wrote the pureſt Engliſh, that is, the moſt ſimple and aboriginal language, the leaſt qualified with foreign impregnation. To the character of an elegant, he joins that of a ſenſible and agreeable writer. He has the rare merit of treating, in a pleaſing manner, that abſtracted metaphyſic ſubject, the origin or neceſſity of evil, which has perplexed human reaſon in every age. He has written like a man of taſte and acuteneſs, in the habit of deep thinking. A ſpecies of reading often injurious, and generally unentertaining, he has rendered at once intereſting and argumentative. But genius, like every power in human nature, is capable of an abſurd and pernicious, as well as of a judicious and beneficial application. While it is employed in inveſtigating uſeful truths, and enlarging the boundaries of real knowledge, it is rendering ſuch important ſervices to mankind, as to merit the higheſt applauſe. Of this perverſion of genius, his political tracts and philoſophical diſquiſitions afford a ſtriking example. Not contented with that portion of reputation for originality, which is to be acquired in the plain path of truth and common ſenſe, he finds it neceſſary to employ the ſubtleties of ſophiſtry in ſupport of opinions, which party-attachments led him to adopt, and to exerciſe his ſuperior abilities, in erecting fanciful and paradoxical ſyſtems, or in defending ſome dangerous tenets. His *View of the Internal Evidence of the Chriſtian Religion*, contains many juſt and important obſervations; but his method of reaſoning is liable to conſiderable objections. It has not occurred to the advocates of the Chriſtian religion, that doctrines, allowed to be contradictory to reaſon, are not on this account the leſs credible, nor have they ever conceived that the virtues of friendſhip, fortitude, and patriotiſm, do not form a part of the morality of the goſpel; much leſs have they urged the want of theſe virtues as a peculiar recommendation of its excellence. They are conſpicuouſly illuſtrated in the character of its author; and it would be eaſy to produce ſtriking inſtances, in which his courage and friendſhip, and concern for the welfare of his country, were actually diſplayed. The advocates of Chriſtianity, in anſwer to Shafteſbury and others, have ſufficiently vindicated it in this reſpect. They are unqueſtionably virtues of conſi-

derable importance; and so far as they do not interfere with the general principles of benevolence, which Christianity inculcates, they constitute a part of Christian morality.

As a poet, he is rather characterised by elegance and correctness, than by invention or enthusiasm. He writes with terseness and neatness, seldom with much vigour or animation. He is a pleasing and elegant, but not a very animated, or first-rate writer. His expression is concise, his wit lively, his satire poignant, his humour delicate, and his versification easy, flowing and agreeable. His *Art of Dancing*, *Modern Fine Gentleman*, *Modern Fine Lady*, *First Epistle of Horace*, *Burlesque Ode*, &c. are elegant and beautiful compositions. In every one of them there are just conception, lively imagination, correct expression, and clear connection. His version of Browne's *De Imortalitate Animi*, is a correct and classical performance, which may challenge a comparison with the subsequent versions of Mr. Cranwell and Mr. Lettice. His shorter pieces, in general, may be read with pleasure. We find here and there some indecencies of expression, which we sincerely wish he had avoided. The *Epitaph on Dr. Johnson* was not dictated by the same spirit of candour and friendship which bedewed the grave of Jenyns, and strewed it with flowers.

His moral and literary character has been delineated by Mr. Cole, in his "Sketches," with the zeal of friendship and the fondness of affectionate remembrance; but he rates his merits too high. His remarks on his style are exceeding just.

"He was a man of great mildness, gentleness, and sweetness of temper, which he manifested to all with whom he had concerns, either in the business of life or its social intercourse. His earnest desire was, as far as it was possible, never to offend any person; and he made such allowances, even for those who in their dispositions differed from him, that he was rarely offended with others; of which, in a long life, he gave many notable instances. He was strict in the performance of religious duties in public, and a constant practiser of them in private; ever professing the greatest veneration for the church of England and its government, as by law established; holding her liturgy as the purest and most perfect form of public worship in any established church in Christendom: but he thought that alterations and amendments might be made in it, which would render it more perfect than it is in its present state, and which he earnestly desired to have seen accomplished by those who were properly authorized.

"In private life, he was most amiable and engaging; for he was possessed of a well-informed mind, accompanied by an uncommon vein of the most lively, spirited, and genuine wit, which always flowed very copiously amongst those with whom he conversed, but which was tempered with such a kindness of nature, that it never was the cause of uneasiness to any of those with whom he lived: this made his acquaintance much sought after and courted by all those who had a taste for brilliant conversation, being well assured that they would be delighted with it where he was; and that, though they did not possess the same talent, they never would be censured by him because they wanted it.

"This so gentle an exertion of so rare a quality, he not only strictly observed himself, but was always much hurt if he observed the want of it in others; and considered every sally of wit, however bright it might be, which tended to the mortification of those who heard it, as one of its greatest abuses, since he looked upon all pre-eminent gifts of the mind, bestowed by nature, as much for the happiness of others, as of those who possess them.

"No person ever felt more for the miseries of others than he did; no person saw, or more strictly practised, the necessity imposed on those who form the superior ranks of life, whose duty it is to reconcile the lower classes to their present condition, by contributing the utmost to make them happy; and thereby to cause them to feel as little of that difference as is possible; for he was most kind and courteous to all his inferiors, not only in his expressions and in his behaviour, but in assisting them in all their wants and distresses, as far as he could; ever considering his poor neighbours in the country as parts of his family, and, as such, entitled to his care and protection.

"He spent his summers at his house in the country, residing there with hospitality to his tenants and neighbours, and never suffered any places at that season calculated for public diversions to allure him; for he said he could at that time do more good in his own parish than in any other situation.

"He frequently lamented the prevailing fashion of the later times of his life, which carried gentleman with their families from London, when it is deserted by all whose absence can be dispensed

with, to places far diſtant from their houſes and ancient ſeats in the country; opened chiefly for the reception of thoſe who wiſh to continue the ſcenes of diſſipation they have left: whence it is, that the money which ſhould revert to the diſtricts from which it was received, is turned into a different channel; tenants are deprived of the advantages they are in ſome degree entitled to, from its expenditure amongſt them; hoſpitality done away, and the ſtream of charity, that would otherwiſe have gladdened the hearts of their poor neighbours, is ſtopped; their inferiors deprived of their example, encouragement, and protection, in the practice of religion and virtue, and thereby the manners of the country altered for the worſe, which neceſſarily occaſions great miſchiefs to the public.

"When he was in the country, he conſtantly acted as a magiſtrate in his own diſtrict, and attended all thoſe meetings which were holden for the purpoſes of public juſtice.

"From the general opinion that was entertained of his inflexible integrity, and ſuperior underſtanding, he was much reſorted to in that character at home.

"Unknown to Sir Robert Walpole, and unconnected with him by acquaintance or private regard, he ſupported him to the utmoſt of his power, till he retired from his high ſtation. He ſeldom or ever ſpoke, whilſt ſitting in Parliament.

"From having long had a ſeat at the Board of Trade, and conſtantly attending his duty there, he gained an underſtanding of the great outlines of the commercial intereſts of this country.

"As an author, ſo long as a true taſte of fine writing ſhall exiſt, he will have a diſtinguiſhed place amongſt thoſe who have excelled. Whatever he hath publiſhed, whether he played with his muſe, or appeared in the plain livery of proſe, was ſought for with avidity, and read with pleaſure, by thoſe who at the time were eſteemed the beſt judges of compoſition. A minute criticiſm on their ſeveral excellencies is unneceſſary, as the public ſanction hath ſtamped their merit. Suffice it to ſay, that his poems are on the moſt pleaſing ſubjects, and are executed with a warm animation of fancy, ſterling wit, and, at the ſame time, great correctneſs.

"He wonderfully excelled in burleſque imitations of the ancient poets, by applying their thoughts to modern times and circumſtances; which might be well expected, after his ſhort but excellent ſtrictures on this manner of writing, prefixed to his imitations of the firſt epiſtle of the ſecond book of Horace's Epiſtles, inſcribed to the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke.

"How far he followed the rules there laid down, muſt be determined by thoſe who ſhall read and compare the original with the tranſlation; in which it may be found, that in this kind of imitation, he hath gone through a poem of three hundred lines, without ever loſing ſight of the original, by introducing new thoughts of his own.

"As a writer of proſe, whoever will examine his ſtyle, will find that he is entitled to a place amongſt the pureſt and correcteſt writers of the Engliſh language. He always puts proper words in proper places, and hath at the ſame time a variety in different members of his periods, which would otherwiſe tire and diſguſt the reader with their ſameneſs; a failure which may be found in ſome of the works of thoſe to whom the public have aſcribed a ſuperior degree of merit. But this variety occaſions no difficulty or embarraſſment in the ſenſe intended to be conveyed, which always at firſt ſight appears clear, and is eaſy to be comprehended, ſo that the reader is never ſtopped in his progreſs to ſtudy what is meant.

"This is his characteriſtic as a writer, on whatever ſubject he engaged, whether it were ſerious or called for his wit, whether political, moral, religious, or metaphyſical. His matter is always moſt pertinent to the ſubject which he handles; he reaſons with cloſeneſs and preciſion, and always, by a regular chain of argument, arrives at the concluſions which he profeſſes is his deſign to eſtabliſh. And whoever will attend to the exertions of his mind, manifeſting at ſome times the trueſt humour and the moſt lively wit, at other times the moſt regular chain of argument, with the niceſt diſcrimination and marked differences of abſtract ideas, cannot but allow, that as wit conſiſts in quickly aſſembling ideas, and putting thoſe together with readineſs and variety, wherein can be found any reſemblance; and judgment, on the contrary, in carefully ſeparating ideas from one another, and examining them apart; I ſay, that he cannot but allow that our author was one of thoſe very few who have appeared in the world poſſeſſed of theſe two almoſt diſcordant talents of the underſtanding."

# THE WORKS OF JENYNS.

## POEMS.

### THE ART OF DANCING.

*Inscribed to the Right Hon. the Lady Fanny Fielding *.*

" Inceſſu patuit Dea." VIRG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1730.

#### CANTO I.

In the ſmooth dance to move with graceful mien,
Eaſy with care, and ſprightly, though ſerene,
To mark th' inſtructions echoing ſtrains convey,
And with juſt ſteps each tuneful note obey,
I teach; be preſent, all ye ſacred choir,
Blow the ſoft flute, and ſtrike the ſounding lyre:
When Fielding bids, your kind aſſiſtance bring,
And at her feet the lowly tribute ſling;
O may her eyes (to her this verſe is due),
What firſt themſelves inſpir'd, vouchſafe to view!
Hail, lovelieſt art! that canſt all hearts enſnare,
And make the faireſt ſtill appear more fair.
Beauty can little execution do,
Unleſs ſhe borrows half her arms from you;
Few, like Pygmalion, doat on lifeleſs charms,
Or care to claſp a ſtatue in their arms;
But breaſts of flint muſt melt with fierce deſire,
When art and motion wake the ſleeping fire:
A Venus drawn by great Apelles' hand,
May for a while our wond'ring eyes command,
But ſtill, though form'd with all the pow'rs of art,
The lifeleſs piece can never warm the heart;
So a fair nymph, perhaps, may pleaſe the eye,
Whilſt all her beauteous limbs unactive lie,
But when her charms are in the dance diſplay'd,
Then ev'ry heart adores the lovely maid:
This ſets her beauty in the faireſt light,
And ſhows each grace in full perfection bright;
Then as ſhe turns around, from ev'ry part,
Like porcupines, ſhe ſends a piercing dart;
In vain, alas! the fond ſpectator tries
To ſhun the pleaſing dangers of her eyes,
For, Parthian like, ſhe wounds as ſure behind
With flowing curls, and ivory neck reclin'd:
Whether her ſteps the Minuet's mazes trace,
Or the ſlow Louvre's more majeſtic pace,
Whether the Rigadoon employs her care,
Or ſprightly Jigg diſplays the nimble fair,
At every ſtep new beauties we explore,
And worſhip now, what we admir'd before:
So when Æneas in the Tyrian grove
Fair Venus met, the charming queen of love,
The beauteous goddeſs, whilſt unmov'd ſhe ſtood,
Seem'd ſome fair nymph, the guardian of the wood;
But when ſhe mov'd, at once her heavenly mien
And graceful ſtep confeſs bright beauty's queen,
New glories o'er her form each moment riſe,
And all the goddeſs open to his eyes.
Now haſte, my muſe, purſue thy deſtin'd way,
What dreſſes beſt become the dancer, ſay;
The rules of dreſs forget not to impart,
A leſſon previous to the dancing art.
The ſoldier's ſcarlet glowing from afar,
Shows that his bloody occupation's war;
Whilſt the lawn band, beneath a double chin,
As plainly ſpeaks divinity within; [ſnows,
The milk-maid ſafe through driving rains and
Wrapp'd in her cloke and propp'd on pattens goes;
While the ſoft Belle immur'd in velvet chair,
Needs but the ſilken ſhoe, and truſts her boſom bare:
The woolly drab, and Engliſh broad cloth warm,
Guard well the horſeman from the beating ſtorm,
But load the dancer with too great a weight,
And call from ev'ry pore the dewy ſweat;
Rather let him his active limbs diſplay
In camblet thin, or gloſſy paduaſoy:
Let no unwieldy pride his ſhoulders preſs,
But airy, light, and eaſy be his dreſs;
Thin be his yielding ſole, and low his heel,
So ſhall he nimbly bound, and ſafely wheel.
But let not precepts known my verſe prolong,
Precepts which uſe will better teach than ſong;
For why ſhould I the gallant ſpark command,
With clean white gloves to fit his ready hand?
Or in his fob enlivening ſpirits wear,
And pungent ſalts to raiſe the fainting fair?
Or hint, the ſword that dangles at his ſide,
Should from its ſilken bondage be unty'd?
Why ſhould my lays the youthful tribe adviſe,
Leſt ſnowy clouds from out their wigs ariſe:
So ſhall their partners mourn their laces ſpoil'd,
And ſhining ſilks with greaſy powder ſoil'd?
Nor need I, ſure, bid prudent youths beware,
Leſt with erected tongues their buckles ſtare,
The pointed ſteel ſhall oft their ſtockings rend,
And oft th' approaching petticoat offend.
And now, ye youthful fair, I ſing to you,
With pleaſing ſmiles my uſeful labours view;
For you the ſilk-worm's fine-wrought webs diſplay,
And lab'ring ſpin their little lives away.

* *Daughter of Baſil, fourth Earl of Denbigh. She married Daniel Earl of Winchelſea, and died Sep. 27. 1734.*

For you bright gems with radiant colours glow,
Fair as the dyes that paint the heavenly bow,
For you the sea resigns its pearly store,
And earth unlocks her mines of treasur'd ore;
In vain yet nature thus her gifts bestows,
Unless yourselves with art those gifts dispose.
Yet think not, nymphs, that in the glitt'ring ball,
One form of dress prescrib'd can suit with all;
One brightest shines when wealth and art combine,
To make the finish'd piece completely fine;
When least adorn'd, another steals our hearts,
And rich in native beauties, wants not arts;
In some are such resistless graces found,
That in all dresses they are sure to wound;
Their perfect forms all foreign aids despise,
And gems but borrow lustre from their eyes. [seen
Let the fair nymph, in whose plump cheeks are
A constant blush, be clad in cheerful green;
In such a dress the sportive sea-nymphs go;
So in their grassy bed fresh roses blow:
The lass, whose skin is like the hazel brown,
With brighter yellow should o'ercome her own;
While maids grown pale with sickness or despair,
The fable's mournful dye should choose to wear;
So the pale moon still shines with purest light,
Cloth'd in the dusky mantle of the night.
But far from you be all those treach'rous arts,
That wound with painted charms unwary hearts;
Dancing's a touch-stone that true beauty tries,
Nor suffers charms that nature's hand denies:
Though for a while we may with wonder view
The rosy blush, and skin of lovely hue,
Yet soon the dance will cause the cheeks to glow,
And melt the waxen lips, and neck of snow;
So shine the fields in icy fetters bound,
Whilst frozen gems bespangle all the ground;
Through the clear crystal of the glitt'ring snow,
With scarlet dye the blushing hawthorns glow;
O'er all the plains unnumber'd glories rise,
And a new bright creation charms our eyes;
Till zephyr breathes, then all at once decay
The splendid scenes, their glories fade away,
The fields resign the beauties not their own,
And all their snowy charms run trickling down.
Dare I in such momentous points advise,
I should condemn the hoop's enormous size:
Of ills I speak by long experience found,
Oft have I trod th' immeasurable round,
And mourn'd my shins bruis'd black with many a wound.
Nor should the tighten'd stays, too straitly lac'd,
In whalebone bondage gall the slender waist;
Nor waving lappets should the dancing fair,
Nor ruffles edg'd with dangling fringes wear;
Oft will the cobweb-ornaments catch hold
On the approaching button rough with gold,
Nor force nor art can then the bonds divide,
When once th' entangled Gordian knot is ty'd.
So the unhappy pair, by Hymen's power,
Together join'd in some ill-fated hour,
The more they strive their freedom to regain,
The faster binds th' indissoluble chain.
Let each fair maid, who fears to be disgrac'd,
Ever be sure to tie her garters fast,
Lest the loos'd string, amidst the public ball,
A wish'd-for prize to some proud fop should fall,
Who the rich treasure shall triumphant show,
And with warm blushes cause her cheeks to glow.

But yet, (as fortune by the self-same ways
She humbles many, some delights to raise)
It happen'd once, a fair illustrious dame
By such neglect acquir'd immortal fame.
And hence the radiant star and garter blue
Britannia's nobles grace, if fame says true:
Hence still, Plantagenet, thy beauties bloom,
Though long since moulder'd in the dusky tomb,
Still thy lost garter is sovereign's care,
And what each royal breast is proud to wear.
But let me now my lovely charge remind,
Lest they forgetful leave their fans behind;
Lay not, ye fair, the pretty toy aside,
A toy at once display'd for use and pride,
A wond'rous engine, that by magic charms
Cools your own breasts, and ev'ry other's warms.
What daring bard shall e'er attempt to tell
The pow'rs that in this little weapon dwell?
What verse can e'er explain its various parts,
Its num'rous uses, motions, charms, and arts?
Its painted folds that oft extended wide,
Th' afflicted fair one's blubber'd beauties hide,
When secret sorrows her sad bosom fill,
If Strephon is unkind, or Shock is ill:
Its sticks, on which her eyes dejected pore,
And pointing fingers number o'er and o'er,
When the kind virgin burns with secret shame,
Dies to consent, yet fears to own her flame;
Its shake triumphant, its victorious clap,
Its angry flutter, and its wanton tap?
Forbear, my muse, th' extensive theme to sing,
Nor trust in such a flight thy tender wing;
Rather do you in humble lines proclaim,
From whence this engine took its form and name,
Say from what cause it first deriv'd its birth,
How form'd in heaven, how thence deduc'd to earth.
Once in Arcadia, that fam'd seat of love,
There liv'd a nymph the pride of all the grove,
A lovely nymph, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
An easy shape, and sweetly-blooming face;
Fanny, the damsel's name, as chaste as fair,
Each virgin's envy, and each swain's despair;
To charm her ear the rival shepherds sing,
Blow the soft flute, and wake the trembling string;
For her they leave their wand'ring flocks to rove,
Whilst Fanny's name resounds through ev'ry grove, [love;
And spreads on ev'ry tree, enclos'd in knots of
As Fielding's now, her eyes all hearts inflame,
Like her in beauty, as alike in name.
'Twas when the Summer sun now mounted high,
With fiercer beams had scorch'd the glowing sky,
Beneath the covert of a cooling shade,
To shun the heat, this lovely nymph was laid;
The sultry weather o'er her cheeks had spread
A blush that added to their native red,
And her fair breast, as polish'd marble white,
Was half conceal'd, and half expos'd to sight:
Æolus, the mighty god whom winds obey,
Observ'd the beauteous maid, as thus she lay;
O'er all her charms he gaz'd with fond delight,
And suck'd in poison at the dangerous sight;
He sighs, he burns; at last declares his pain,
But still he sighs, and still he woos in vain;

The cruel nymph, regardleſs of his moan,
Minds not his flame, uneaſy with her own;
But ſtill complains, that he who rul'd the air
Would not command one zephyr to repair
Around her face, nor gentle breeze to play
Through the dark glade, to cool the ſultry day;
By love incited, and the hopes of joy,
Th' ingenious god contriv'd this pretty toy,
With gales inceſſant to relieve her flame,
And call'd it Fan, from lovely Fanny's name.

## CANTO II.

Now ſee prepar'd to lead the ſprightly dance,
The lovely nymphs and well-dreſs'd youths advance;
The ſpacious room receives its jovial gueſt,
And the floor ſhakes with pleaſing weight oppreſt:
Thick rang'd on ev'ry ſide, with various dyes
The fair in gloſſy ſilks our ſight ſurpriſe;
So in a garden bath'd with genial ſhow'rs,
A thouſand ſorts of variegated flow'rs,
Jonquils, carnations, pinks, and tulips riſe,
And in a gay confuſion charm our eyes.
High o'er their heads, with num'rous candles bright,
Large ſconces ſhed their ſparkling beams of light,
Their ſparkling beams, that ſtill more brightly glow,
Reflected back from gems, and eyes below:
Unnumber'd fans to cool the crowded fair,
With breathing zephyrs move the circling air:
The ſprightly fiddle, and the ſounding lyre,
Each youthful breaſt with gen'rous warmth inſpire;
Fraught with all joys the bliſsful moments fly,
Whilſt muſic melts the ear, and beauty charms the eye.

Now let the youth, to whoſe ſuperior place
It firſt belongs the ſplendid ball to grace,
With humble bow and ready hand prepare
Forth from the crowd to lead his choſen fair;
The fair ſhall not his kind requeſt deny,
But to the pleaſing toil with equal ardour fly.

But ſtay, raſh pair, nor yet untaught advance:
Firſt hear the muſe, ere you attempt to dance:
* By art directed o'er the foaming tide,
Secure from rocks the painted veſſels glide;
By art the chariot ſcours the duſty plain,
Springs at the whip, and † hears the ſtrait'ning rein;
To art our bodies muſt obedient prove,
If e'er we hope with graceful eaſe to move.

Long was the dancing art unfix'd and free,
Hence loſt in error, and uncertainty;
No precepts did it mind, or rules obey,
But ev'ry maſter taught a diff'rent way:
Hence ere each new-born dance was fully try'd,
The lovely product ev'n in blooming dy'd;
Through various hands in wild confuſion toſt;
Its ſteps were alter'd, and its beauties loſt;

Till ‡ Fuillet, the pride of Gallia roſe,
And did the dance in characters compoſe;
Each lovely grace by certain marks he taught,
And ev'ry ſtep in laſting volumes wrote;
Hence o'er the world this pleaſing art ſhall ſpread,
And ev'ry dance in ev'ry clime be read,
By diſtant maſters ſhall each ſtep be ſeen,
Though mountains riſe, and oceans roar between;
Hence, with her ſiſter arts, ſhall dancing claim
An equal right to univerſal fame;
And Iſaac's Rigadoon ſhall live as long
As Raphael's painting, or as Virgil's ſong.

Wiſe nature ever, with a prudent hand,
Diſpenſes various gifts to ev'ry land;
To ev'ry nation frugally imparts
A genius fit for ſome peculiar arts;
To trade the Dutch incline, the Swiſs to arms,
Muſic and verſe are ſoft Italia's charms;
Britannia juſtly glories to have found
Lands unexplor'd, and ſail'd the globe around;
But none will ſure preſume to rival France,
Whether ſhe forms or executes the dance:
To her exalted genius 'tis we owe
The ſprightly Rigadoon and Louvre flow,
The Boree, and Courant unpractis'd long,
Th' immortal Minuet, and ſmooth Bretagne,
With all thoſe dances of illuſtrious fame,
‖ Which from their native country take their name:
With theſe let ev'ry ball be firſt begun,
Nor Country-Dance intrude till theſe are done.

Each cautious bard, ere he attempts to ſing,
Firſt gently flutt'ring tries his tender wing;
And if he finds that with uncommon fire
The muſes all his raptur'd ſoul inſpire,
At once to Heav'n he ſoars in lofty odes,
And ſings alone of heroes and of gods;
But if he trembling fears a flight ſo high,
He then deſcends to ſofter elegy;
And if in elegy he can't ſucceed,
In paſtoral he ſtill may tune the oaten reed:
So ſhould the dancer, ere he tries to move,
With care his ſtrength, his weight and genius prove;
Then, if he finds kind nature's gifts impart
Endowments proper for the dancing art,
If in himſelf he feels together join'd,
An active body and ambitious mind,
In nimble Rigadoons he may advance,
Or in the Louvre's ſlow majeſtic dance:
If theſe he fears to reach, with eaſy pace
Let him the Minuet's circling mazes trace:
Is this too hard? This too let him forbear,
And to the Country-Dance confine his care.

Would you in dancing ev'ry fault avoid,
To keep true time be firſt your thoughts employ'd;
All other errors they in vain ſhall mend,
Who in this one important point offend;
For this, when now united hand in hand
Eager to ſtart the youthful couple ſtand,
Let them a while their nimble feet reſtrain,
And with ſoft taps beat time to every ſtrain:

* "Arte citæ veloque rates remoque moventur,
"Arte leves currus." OVID.

† "——Nec audit currus habenas." VIRG.

‡ *Fuillet wrote the Art of Dancing by Characters, in French, ſince tranſlated by Weaver.*

‖ *French Dances.*

So for the race prepar'd two courſers ſtand,
And with impatient pawings ſpurn the ſand.
In vain a maſter ſhall employ his care,
Where nature has once fix'd a clumſy air;
Rather let ſuch, to country ſports confin'd,
Purſue the flying hare or tim'rous hind:
Nor yet, while I the rural 'ſquire deſpiſe,
A mien effeminate would I adviſe:
With equal ſcorn I would the fop deride,
Nor let him dance—but on the woman's ſide.
And you, fair nymphs, avoid with equal care
A ſtupid dullneſs, and a coquette air;
Neither with eyes, that ever love the ground,
Aſleep, like ſpinning tops, run round and round,
Nor yet with giddy looks and wanton pride
Stare all around, and ſkip from ſide to ſide.
True dancing, like true wit, is beſt expreſt
By nature only to advantage dreſt;
'Tis not a nimble bound, or caper high,
That can pretend to pleaſe a curious eye;
Good judges no ſuch tumbler's tricks regard,
Or think them beautiful, becauſe they're hard.
'Tis not enough that ev'ry ſtander-by
No glaring errors in your ſteps can ſpy,
The dance and muſic muſt ſo nicely meet,
Each note ſhould ſeem an echo to her feet;
A nameleſs grace muſt in each movement dwell,
Which words can ne'er expreſs, or precepts tell,
Not to be taught, but ever to be ſeen
In Flavia's air, and Chloe's eaſy mien;
'Tis ſuch an air that makes her thouſands fall,
When Fielding dances at a birth-night ball;
Smooth as Camilla ſhe ſkims o'er the plain,
And flies like her through crowds of heroes ſlain.
Now when the Minuet, oft repeated o'er,
(Like all terreſtrial joys) can pleaſe no more,
And ev'ry nymph, refuſing to expand
Her charms, declines the circulating hand;
Then let the jovial Country-Dance begin,
And the loud fiddles call each ſtraggler in:
But ere they come, permit me to diſcloſe,
How firſt, as legends tell, this paſtime roſe.
In ancient times (ſuch times are now no more)
When Albion's crown illuſtrious Arthur wore,
In ſome fair op'ning glade, each Summer's night,
Where the pale moon diffus'd her ſilver light,
On the ſoft carpet of a graſſy field,
The ſporting fairies their aſſemblies held:
Some lightly tripping with their pigmy queen,
In circling ringlets mark'd the level green,
Some with ſoft notes bade mellow pipes reſound,
And muſic warble through the groves around;
Oft lonely ſhepherds by the foreſt ſide,
Belated peaſants oft their revels ſpy'd,
And home returning, o'er their nut-brown ale
Their gueſts diverted with the wond'rous tale.
Inſtructed hence, throughout the Britiſh iſle,
And fond to imitate the pleaſing toil,
Round where the trembling May-pole fix'd on high,
Upliſts its flow'ry honours to the ſky,
The ruddy maids and ſun-burnt ſwains reſort,
And practiſe ev'ry night the lovely ſport;
On ev'ry ſide Æolian artiſts ſtand,
Whoſe active elbows ſwelling winds command,
The ſwelling winds harmonious pipes inſpire,
And blow in ev'ry breaſt a gen'rous fire.

Thus taught, at firſt the Country-Dance began,
And hence to cities and to courts it ran;
Succeeding ages did in time impart
Various improvements to the lovely art;
From fields and groves to palaces remov'd,
Great ones the pleaſing exerciſe approv'd:
Hence the loud fiddle and ſhrill trumpet's ſounds
Are made companions of the dancer's bounds;
Hence gems, and ſilks, brocades, and ribbons join,
To make the ball with perfect luſtre ſhine.
So rude at firſt the tragic muſe appear'd,
Her voice alone by ruſtic rabble heard;
Where twiſting trees a cooling arbour made,
The pleas'd ſpectators ſat beneath the ſhade;
The homely ſtage with ruſhes green was ſtrew'd,
And in a cart the ſtrolling actors rode;
Till time at length improv'd the great deſign,
And bade the ſcenes with painted landſcapes ſhine;
Then art did all the bright machines diſpoſe,
And theatres of Parian marble roſe;
Then mimic thunder ſhook the canvas ſky,
And gods deſcended from their tow'rs on high.
With caution now let ev'ry youth prepare
To chooſe a partner from the mingled fair;
Vain would be here th' inſtructing muſe's voice,
If ſhe pretended to direct his choice:
Beauty alone by fancy is expreſt,
And charms in diff'rent forms each diff'rent breaſt:
A ſnowy ſkin this am'rous youth admires,
Whilſt nut-brown cheeks another's boſom fires;
Small waiſts and ſlender limbs ſome hearts inſnare,
Whilſt others love the more ſubſtantial fair.
But let not outward charms your judgment ſway,
Your reaſon rather than your eyes obey;
And in the dance, as in the marriage nooſe,
Rather for merit, than for beauty chooſe:
Be her your choice, who knows with perfect ſkill
When ſhe ſhould move, and when ſhe ſhould be ſtill,
Who uninſtructed can perform her ſhare,
And kindly half the pleaſing burden bear.
Unhappy is that hopeleſs wretch's fate,
Who fetter'd in the matrimonial ſtate
With a poor ſimple inexperienc'd wife,
Is forc'd to lead the tedious dance of life;
And ſuch is his, with ſuch a partner join'd,
A moving puppet, but without a mind:
Still muſt his hand be pointing out the way,
Yet ne'er can teach ſo faſt as ſhe can ſtray;
Beneath her follies he muſt ever groan,
And ever bluſh for errors not his own.
But now behold, united hand in hand,
Rang'd on each ſide, the well-pair'd couples ſtand!
Each youthful boſom beating with delight,
Waits the brisk ſignal for the pleaſing fight;
While lovely eyes, that flaſh unuſual rays,
And ſnowy bubbies pull'd above the ſtays,
Quick buſy hands, and bridling heads declare
The fond impatience of the ſtarting fair.
And ſee, the ſprightly dance is now begun!
Now here, now there, the giddy maze they run;
Now with ſlow ſteps they pace the circling ring,
Now all confus'd, too ſwift for ſight they ſpring:

So in a wheel, with rapid fury toſt,
The undiſtinguiſh'd ſpokes are in the motion loſt.
The dancer here no more requires a guide,
To no ſtrict ſteps his nimble feet are ty'd;
The muſe's precepts here would uſeleſs be,
Where all is fancy'd, unconfin'd, and free;
Let him but to the muſic's voice attend,
By this inſtructed, he can ne'er offend:
If to his ſhare it falls the dance to lead,
In well-known paths he may be ſure to tread;
If others lead, let him their motions view,
And in their ſteps the winding maze purſue.
In every country-dance a ſerious mind,
Turn'd for reflection, can a moral find.
In hunt-the-ſquirrel thus the nymph we view,
Seeks when we fly, but flies when we purſue:
Thus in round-dances where our partners change,
And unconfin'd from fair to fair we range,
As ſoon as one from his own conſort flies,
Another ſeizes on the lovely prize;
A while the fav'rite youth enjoys her charms,
Till the next comer ſteals her from his arms;
New ones ſucceed, the laſt is ſtill her care;
How true an emblem of th' inconſtant fair!
Where can philoſophers, and ſages wiſe,
Who read the curious volumes of the ſkies,
A model more exact than dancing name
Of the creation's univerſal frame?
Where worlds unnumber'd o'er th' ethereal way
In a bright regular confuſion ſtray;
Now here, now there they whirl along the ſky,
Now near approach, and now far diſtant fly;
Now meet in the ſame order they begun,
And then the great celeſtial dance is done.
Where can the mor'liſt find a juſter plan
Of the vain labours and the life of man;
A while through juſtling crowds we toil, and ſweat,
And eagerly purſue we know not what;
Then when our trifling ſhort-liv'd race is run,
Quite tir'd ſit down, juſt where we firſt begun.
Though to your arms kind fate's indulgent care
Has given a partner exquiſitely fair,
Let not her charms ſo much engage your heart,
That you neglect the ſkilful dancer's part;
Be not, when you the tuneful notes would hear,
Still whiſp'ring idle prattle in her ear;
When you ſhould be employ'd, be not at play,
Nor for your joys all other ſteps delay;
But when the finiſh'd dance you once have done,
And with applauſe through ev'ry couple run,
There reſt a while; there ſnatch the fleeting bliſs,
The tender whiſper, and the balmy kiſs;
Each ſecret wiſh, each ſoft'ner hope conſeſs,
And her moiſt palm with eager fingers preſs:
With ſmiles the fair ſhall hear your warm deſires,
When muſic melts her ſoul, and dancing fires.
Thus mix'd with love, the pleaſing toil purſue,
Till the unwelcome morn appears in view;
Then, when approaching day its beams diſplays,
And the dull candles ſhine with fainter rays,
Then, when the ſun juſt riſes o'er the deep,
And each bright eye is almoſt ſet in ſleep;
With ready hand, obſequious youths prepare
Safe to her coach to lead each choſen fair,
And guard her from the morn's inclement air:
Let a warm hood enwrap her lovely head,
And o'er her neck a handkerchief be ſpread;
Around her ſhoulders let this arm be caſt;
Whilſt that from cold defends her ſlender waiſt;
With kiſſes warm her balmy lips ſhall glow,
Unchill'd by nightly damps or wint'ry ſnow;
While gen'rous white-wine, mull'd with ginger warm,
Safely protects her inward frame from harm.
But ever let my lovely pupils fear
To chill their mantling blood with cold ſmall beer.
Ah, thoughtleſs fair! the tempting draught refuſe,
When thus forewarn'd by my experienc'd muſe:
Let the ſad conſequence your thoughts employ,
Nor hazard future pains for preſent joy;
Deſtruction lurks within the poiſ'nous doſe,
A fatal fever, or a pimpled noſe.
Thus through each precept of the dancing art
The muſe has play'd the kind inſtructor's part;
Through ev'ry maze her pupils ſhe has led,
And pointed out the ſureſt paths to tread:
No more remains; no more the goddeſs ſings,
But drops her pinions, and unfurls her wings.
On downy beds the weary dancers lie,
And ſleep's ſilk cords tie down each drowſy eye;
Delightful dreams their pleaſing ſports reſtore,
And ev'n in ſleep they ſeem to dance once more.
And now the work completely finiſh'd lies,
Which the devouring teeth of time defies:
Whilſt birds in air, or fiſh in ſtreams we find,
Or damſels fret with aged partners join'd;
As long as nymphs ſhall with attentive ear
A fiddle rather than a ſermon hear:
So long the brighteſt eyes ſhall oft peruſe
Theſe uſeful lines of my inſtructive muſe;
Each belle ſhall wear them wrote upon her fan,
And each bright beau ſhall read them—if he can.

## AN EPISTLE,

### WRITTEN IN THE COUNTRY,

*To the Right Honourable the Lord Lovelace, then in Town. September* 1735.

In days, my Lord, when mother time,
Though now grown old, was in her prime,
When Saturn firſt began to rule,
And Jove was hardly come from ſchool,
How happy was a country life!
How free from wickedneſs and ſtrife!
Then each man liv'd upon his farm,
And thought and did no mortal harm;
On moſſy banks fair virgins ſlept,
As harmleſs as the flocks they kept;
Then love was all they had to do,
And nymphs were chaſte, and ſwains were true.
But now, whatever poets write,
'Tis ſure the caſe is alter'd quite:
Virtue no more in rural plains,
Or innocence or peace remains;
But vice is in the cottage found,
And country girls are oft unſound;
Fierce party rage each village fires,
With wars of juſtices and 'ſquires;
Attorneys, for a barley ſtraw,
Whole ages hamper folks in law,

And ev'ry neighbour's in a flame
About their rates, or tithes, or game:
Some quarrel for their hares and pigeons,
And some for diff'rence in religions:
Some hold their parson the best preacher,
The tinker some a better teacher;
These to the church they fight for strangers,
Have faith in nothing but her dangers;
While those, a more believing people,
Can swallow all things—but a steeple.
But I, my Lord, who, as you know,
Care little how these matters go,
And equally detest the strife
And usual joys of country life,
Have by good fortune little share
Of its diversions or its care;
For seldom I with 'squires unite,
Who hunt all day, and drink all night;
Nor reckon wonderful inviting,
At quarter-sessions, or cock-fighting:
But then no farm I occupy
With sheep to rot, and cows to die;
Nor rage I much, or much despair,
Though in my hedge I find a snare;
Nor view I, with due admiration,
All the high honours here in fashion;
The great commissions of the quorum,
Terrors to all who come before 'em;
Militia scarlet edg'd with gold,
Or the white staff high-sheriffs hold;
The representative's caressing,
The judge's bow, the bishop's blessing;
Nor can I for my soul delight
In the dull feast of neighb'ring knight,
Who, if you send three days before,
In white gloves meets you at the door,
With superfluity of breeding
First makes you sick, and then with feeding:
Or if with ceremony cloy'd,
You would next time such plagues avoid,
And visit without previous notice,
"John, John, a coach!—I can't think who 'tis,
My Lady cries, who spies your coach,
Ere you the avenue approach:
"Lord, how unlucky!—washing day!
"And all the men are in the hay!"
Entrance to gain is something hard,
The dogs all bark, the gates are barr'd;
The yard's with lines of linen cross'd,
The hall-door's lock'd, the key is lost:
These difficulties all o'ercome,
We reach at length the drawing-room;
Then there's such trampling over-head,
Madam you'd swear was brought-to-bed;
Miss in a hurry bursts her lock,
To get clean sleeves to hide her smock;
The servants run, the pewter clatters,
My lady dresses, calls, and chatters;
The cook-maid raves for want of butter,
Pigs squeak, fowls scream, and green geese flutter.
Now after three hours tedious waiting,
On all our neighbour's faults debating,
And having nine times view'd the garden,
In which there's nothing worth a farthing,
In comes my lady and the pudden:
"You will excuse, Sir,—on a sudden"—
Then that we may have four and four,
The bacon, fowls, and cauliflow'r,
Their ancient unity divide,
The top one graces, one each side;
And by and by, the second course
Comes lagging like a distanc'd horse;
A salver then to church and king,
The butler sweats, the glasses ring:
The cloth remov'd, the toasts go round,
Bawdy and politics abound;
And as the knight more tipsey waxes,
We damn all ministers and taxes.
At last the ruddy sun quite sunk,
The coachman tolerably drunk,
Whirling o'er hillocks, ruts, and stones,
Enough to dislocate one's bones,
We home return, a wond'rous token
Of Heaven's kind care, with limbs unbroken.
Afflict us not, ye gods, though sinners,
With many days like this, or dinners!
But if civilities thus teaze me,
Nor business, nor diversions please me;
You'll ask, my Lord, how time I spend?
I answer, with a book or friend:
The circulating hours dividing
'Twixt reading, walking, eating, riding:
But books are still my highest joy,
These earliest please, and latest cloy.
Sometimes o'er distant climes I stray,
By guides experienc'd taught the way;
The wonders of each region view,
From frozen Lapland to Peru;
Bound o'er rough seas, and mountains bare,
Yet ne'er forsake my elbow chair.
Sometimes some fam'd historian's pen
Recals past ages back again;
Where all I see, through ev'ry page,
Is but how men, with senseless rage,
Each other rob, destroy, and burn,
To serve a priest's, a statesman's turn;
Though loaded with a diff'rent aim,
Yet always asses much the same.
Sometimes I view with much delight,
Divines their holy game-cocks fight;
Here faith and works at variance set,
Strive hard who shall the vict'ry get;
Presbytery and Episcopacy
They fight so long, it would amaze ye:
Here free-will holds a fierce dispute
With reprobation absolute;
There sense kicks transubstantiation,
And reason pecks at revelation.
With learned Newton now I fly
O'er all the rolling orbs on high,
Visit new worlds, and for a minute
This old one scorn, and all that's in it;
And now with lab'ring Boyle I trace
Nature through ev'ry winding maze;
The latent qualities admire
Of vapours, water, air, and fire;
With pleasing admiration see
Matter's surprising subtlety;
As how the smallest lamp displays,
For miles around, its scatter'd rays;
Or how (the case still more t' explain)
A * fart, that weighs not half a grain,
The atmosphere will oft perfume
Of a whole spacious drawing-room.

* *See Boyle's Experiments.*

Sometimes I paſs a whole long day
In happy indolence away,
In fondly meditating o'er
Paſt pleaſures, and in hoping more;
Or wander through the fields and woods,
And gardens bath'd in circling floods;
There blooming flowers with rapture view,
And ſparkling gems of morning dew,
Whence in my mind ideas riſe
Of Cælia's cheeks, and Chloe's eyes.
'Tis thus my lord, I free from ſtrife
Spend an inglorious country life;
Theſe are the joys I ſtill purſue,
When abſent from the town and you;
Thus paſs long ſummer ſuns away,
Buſily idle, calmly gay:
Nor great, nor mean, nor rich, nor poor,
Not having much, nor wiſhing more;
Except that you, when weary grown
Of all the follies of the town,
And ſeeing in all public places
The ſame vain fops and painted faces,
Would ſometimes kindly condeſcend
To viſit a dull country friend:
Here you'll be ever ſure to meet
A hearty welcome, though no treat;
One who has nothing elſe to do,
But to divert himſelf and you;
A houſe, where quiet guards the door,
No rural wits ſmoak, drink, and roar;
Choice books, ſafe horſes, wholeſome liquor,
Clean girls, backgammon, and the vicar.

## AN ESSAY ON VIRTUE.

" Atque ipſa utilitas juſti prope mater et æqui."
HOR.

*To the Hon. Philip Yorke, Eſq.* *

THOU, whom nor honours, wealth, nor youth can ſpoil
With the leaſt vice of each luxuriant ſoil,
Say, Yorke, (for ſure, if any, thou can'ſt tell)
What Virtue is, who practiſe it ſo well;
Say, where inhabits this ſultana queen;
Prais'd and ador'd by all, but rarely ſeen:
By what ſure mark her eſſence can we trace,
When each religion, faction, age, and place
Sets up ſome fancy'd idol of its own,
A vain pretender to her ſacred throne?
In man too oft a well diſſembled part,
A ſelf-denying pride in woman's heart;
In ſynods faith, and in the fields of fame
Valour uſurps her honours, and her name.
Whoe'er their ſenſe of Virtue would expreſs,
'Tis ſtill by ſomething they themſelves poſſeſs.
Hence youth good-humour, frugal craft old-age,
Warm politicians term it party-rage,
True churchmen zeal right orthodox; and hence
Fools think it gravity, and wits pretence;
To conſtancy alone fond lovers join it,
And maids unaſk'd to chaſtity confine it.
But have we then no law beſides our will?
No juſt criterion fix'd to good and ill?

* *Now Earl of Hardwicke.*

As well at noon we may obſtruct our ſight,
Then doubt if ſuch a thing exiſts as light;
For no leſs plain would nature's law appear
As the meridian ſun unchang'd, and clear,
Would we but ſearch for what we were deſign'd,
And for what end th' Almighty form'd mankind;
A rule of life we then ſhould plainly ſee,
For to purſue that end muſt Virtue be.
Then what is that? Not want of power, or fame,
Or worlds unnumber'd to applaud his name,
But a deſire his bleſſings to diffuſe,
And fear leſt millions ſhould exiſtence loſe;
His goodneſs only could his power employ,
And an eternal warmth to propagate his joy.
Hence ſoul and ſenſe diffus'd through ev'ry place,
Make happineſs as infinite as ſpace;
Thouſands of ſuns beyond each other blaze,
Orbs roll o'er orbs, and glow with mutual rays;
Each is a world, where, form'd with wond'rous art,
Unnumber'd ſpecies live through ev'ry part:
In ev'ry tract of ocean, earth, and ſkies,
Myriads of creatures ſtill ſucceſſive riſe:
Scarce buds a leaf, or ſprings the vileſt weed,
But little flocks upon its verdure feed:
No fruit our palate courts, or flow'r our ſmell,
But on its fragrant boſom nations dwell,
All form'd with proper faculties to ſhare
The daily bounties of their Maker's care:
The great Creator from his heav'nly throne
Pleas'd on the wide-expanded joy looks down,
And his eternal law is only this,
That all contribute to the general bliſs.
Nature ſo plain this primal law diſplays,
Each living creature ſees it, and obeys;
Each, form'd for all, promotes through private care
The public good, and juſtly takes its ſhare.
All underſtand their great Creator's will,
Strive to be happy, and in that fulfil;
Mankind excepted, lord of all beſide,
But only ſlave to folly, vice and pride;
'Tis he that's deaf to this command alone,
Delights in other's woe, and courts his own;
Racks and deſtroys with tort'ring ſteel and flame,
For luxury brutes, and man himſelf for fame;
Sets ſuperſtition high on virtue's throne,
Then thinks his Maker's temper like his own:
Hence are his altars ſtain'd with reeking gore,
As if he could atone for crimes by more:
Hence whilſt offended Heav'n he ſtrives in vain
T' appeaſe by faſts and voluntary pain,
Ev'n in repenting he provokes again.
How eaſy is our yoke! how light our load!
Did we not ſtrive to mend the laws of God:
For his own ſake no duty he can aſk,
The common welfare is our only taſk:
For this ſole end his precepts, kind as juſt,
Forbid intemperance, murder, theft, and luſt,
With ev'ry act injurious to our own
Or others good, for ſuch are crimes alone:
For this are peace, love, charity enjoin'd,
With all that can ſecure and bleſs mankind.
Thus is the public ſafety virtue's cauſe,
And happineſs the end of all her laws;

For ſach by nature is the human frame,
Our duty and our intereſt are the ſame.
" But hold," cries out ſome Puritan divine,
Whoſe well-ſtuff'd cheeks with eaſe and plenty ſhine,
" Is this to faſt, to mortify, refrain?
" And work ſalvation out with fear and pain?"
We own the rigid leſſons of their ſchools
Are widely diff'rent from theſe eaſy rules:
Virtue, with them, is only to abſtain
From all that nature aſks, and covet pain;
Pleaſure and vice are ever near a-kin,
And, if we thirſt, cold water is a ſin:
Heaven's path is rough and intricate, they ſay,
Yet all are damn'd that trip, or miſs their way;
God is a Being cruel and ſevere,
And man a wretch by his command plac'd here,
In ſun-ſhine for a while to take a turn,
Only to dry and make him fit to burn.
Miſtaken men, too piouſly ſevere!
Through craft miſleading, or miſled by fear;
How little they God's counſels comprehend,
Our univerſal parent, guardian, friend!
Who, forming by degrees to bleſs mankind,
This globe our ſportive nurſery aſſign'd,
Where for a while his fond paternal care
Feaſts us with ev'ry joy our ſtate can bear:
Each ſenſe, touch, taſte, and ſmell diſpenſe delight,
Muſic our hearing, beauty charms our ſight;
Trees, herbs, and flow'rs to us their ſpoils reſign,
Its pearl the rock preſents, its gold the mine;
Beaſts, fowl, and fiſh their daily tribute give
Of food and clothes, and die that we may live:
Seaſons but change, new pleaſures to produce,
And elements contend to ſerve our uſe:
Love's gentle ſhafts, ambition's tow'ring wings,
The pomps of ſenates, churches, courts, and kings,
All that our rev'rence, joy, or hope create,
Are the gay play-things of this infant ſtate.
Scarcely an ill to human life belongs,
But what our follies cauſe, or mutual wrongs;
Or if ſome ſtripes from providence we feel,
He ſtrikes with pity, and but wounds to heal;
Kindly perhaps ſometimes afflicts us here,
To guide our views to a ſublimer ſphere,
In more exalted joys to fix our taſte,
And wean us from delights that cannot laſt.
Our preſent good the eaſy taſk is made,
To earn ſuperior bliſs, when this ſhall fade;
For, ſoon as e'er theſe mortal pleaſures cloy,
His hand ſhall lead us to ſublimer joy;
Snatch us from all our little ſorrows here,
Calm ev'ry grief, and dry each childiſh tear;
Waft us to regions of eternal peace,
Where bliſs and virtue grow with like increaſe;
From ſtrength to ſtrength our ſouls for ever guide
Through wond'rous ſcenes of being yet untry'd,
Where in each ſtage we ſhall more perfect grow,
And new perfections, new delights beſtow.
Oh! would mankind but make theſe truths their guide,
And force the helm from prejudice and pride;
Were once theſe maxims fix'd, that God's our friend,
Virtue our good, and happineſs our end,
How ſoon muſt reaſon o'er the world prevail,
And error, fraud, and ſuperſtition fail!
None would hereafter then with groundleſs fear
Deſcribe th' Almighty cruel and ſevere,
Predeſtinating ſome without pretence
To Heav'n, and ſome to hell for no offence;
Inflicting endleſs pains for tranſient crimes,
And favouring ſects or nations, men or times.
To pleaſe him none would fooliſhly forbear
Or food, or reſt, or itch in ſhirts of hair,
Or deem it merit to believe or teach
What reaſon contradicts, or cannot reach *;
None would fierce zeal for piety miſtake,
Or malice for whatever tenets ſake,
Or think ſalvation to one ſect confin'd,
And heaven too narrow to contain mankind.
No more then nymphs, by long neglect grown nice,
Would in one female frailty ſum up vice,
And cenſure thoſe, who, nearer to the right,
Think virtue is but to diſpenſe delight†.
No ſervile tenets would admittance find,
Deſtructive of the rights of human kind;
Of power divine, hereditary right,
And non-reſiſtance to a tyrant's might:
For ſure that all ſhould thus for one be curs'd,
Is but great nature's edict juſt revers'd.
No moraliſts then, righteous to exceſs,
Would ſhow fair virtue in ſo black a dreſs,
That they, like boys, who ſome feign'd ſpright array,
Firſt from the ſpectre fly themſelves away:
No preachers in the terrible delight,
But chooſe to win by reaſon, not affright:
Not, conjurers like, in fire and brimſtone dwell,
And draw each moving argument from hell.
No more our ſage interpreters of laws
Would ſatten on obſcurities and flaws,
But rather, nobly careful of their truſt,
Strive to wipe off the long contracted duſt,
And be, like Hardwicke, guardians of the juſt.
No more applauſe would on ambition wait,
And laying waſte the world be counted great,
But one good-natur'd act more praiſes gain
Than armies overthrown, and thouſands ſlain;
No more would brutal rage diſturb our peace,
But envy, hatred, war, and diſcord ceaſe;
Our own and others good each hour employ,
And all things ſmile with univerſal joy;
Virtue with happineſs her conſort join'd,
Would regulate and bleſs each human mind,
And man be what his Maker firſt deſign'd.

## THE MODERN FINE GENTLEMAN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

" Quale portentum neque militaris
" Daunia in latis alit eſculetis,
" Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
" Arida nutrix."

Just broke from ſchool, pert, impudent, and raw,
Expert in Latin, more expert in taw,

* *It is apprehended, that genuine Chriſtianity requires not the belief of any ſuch propoſitions.*

† *Theſe lines mean only, that cenſorioufneſs is a vice more odious than unchaſtity; this always*

His honour posts o'er Italy and France,
Measures St. Peter's dome, and learns to dance.
Thence, having quick through various countries flown,
Glean'd all their follies and expos'd his own,
He back returns, a thing so strange all o'er,
As never ages past produc'd before;
A monster of such complicated worth,
As no one single clime could e'er bring forth;
Half atheist, papist, gamester, bubble, rook,
Half fiddler, coachman, dancer, groom, and cook.
Next, because business is now all the vogue,
And who'd be quite polite must be a rogue,
In parliament he purchases a seat,
To make th' accomplish'd gentleman complete.
There safe in self-sufficient impudence,
Without experience, honesty, or sense,
Unknowing in her int'rest, trade, or laws,
He vainly undertakes his country's cause:
Forth from his lips, prepar'd at all to rail,
Torrents of nonsense burst, like bottled ale,
* Though shallow, muddy; brisk, though mighty dull;
Fierce without strength; o'erflowing, though not full.
Now quite a Frenchman in his garb and air,
His neck yok'd down with bag and solitaire,
The liberties of Britain he supports,
And storms at place-men, ministers, and courts;
Now in cropt greasy hair, and leather breeches,
He loudly bellows out his patriot speeches;
King, lords, and commons ventures to abuse,
Yet dares to show those ears he ought to lose.
From hence to White's our virtuous Cato flies,
There sits with countenance erect and wise,
And talks of games of whist, and pig-tail pies;
Plays all the night, nor doubts each law to break,
Himself unknowingly has help'd to make;
Trembling and anxious, stakes his utmost groat,
Peeps o'er his cards, and looks as if he thought;
Next morn disowns the losses of the night,
Because the fool would fain be thought a bite.
Devoted thus to politics and cards,
Nor mirth, nor wine, nor women, he regards;
So far is ev'ry virtue from his heart,
That not a gen'rous vice can claim a part;
Nay, lest one human passion e'er should move
His soul to friendship, tenderness, or love,
To Figg and Broughton * he commits his breast,
To steel it to the fashionable test.
Thus poor in wealth, he labours to no end,
Wretched alone, in crowds without a friend;
Insensible to all that's good or kind,
Deaf to all merit, to all beauty blind;
For love too busy, and for wit too grave,
A harden'd, sober, proud, luxurious knave;
By little actions striving to be great,
And proud to be, and to be thought a cheat.
And yet in this so bad is his success,
That as his fame improves, his rents grow less;
On parchment wings his acres take their flight,
And his unpeopled groves admit the light;
With his estate his int'rest too is done,
His honest borough seeks a warmer sun:
For him, now cash and liquor flows no more,
His independent voters cease to roar;
And Britain soon must want the great defence
Of all his honesty and eloquence,
But that the gen'rous youth, more anxious grown
For public liberty than for his own,
Marries some jointur'd antiquated crone;
And boldly, when his country is at stake,
Braves the deep yawning gulf, like Curtius, for its sake.
Quickly again distress'd for want of coin,
He digs no longer in th' exhausted mine,
But seeks preferment, as the last resort,
Cringes each morn at levées, bows at court,
And, from the hand he hates, implores support.
The minister, well pleas'd at small expence
To silence so much rude impertinence,
With squeeze and whisper yields to his demands,
And on the venal list enroll'd he stands;
A ribband and a pension buy the slave:
This bribes the fool about him; that the knave.
And now arriv'd at his meridian glory.
He sinks apace, despis'd by Whig and Tory;
Of independence now he talks no more,
Nor shakes the senate with his patriot roar;
But silent votes, and with court-trappings hung,
Eyes his own glitt'ring star and holds his tongue.
In craft political a bankrupt made,
He sticks to gaming, as the surer trade;
Turns downright sharper, lives by sucking blood,
And grows, in short, the very thing he would:
Hunts out young heirs who have their fortunes spent,
And lends them ready cash at *cent. per cent.*
Lays wagers on his own, and others lives,
Fights uncles, fathers, grandmothers, and wives;
Till death at length, indignant to be made
The daily subject of his sport and trade,
Veils with his sable hand the wretch's eyes,
And, groaning for the betts he loses by't, he dies.

*proceeding from malevolence, that sometimes from too much good-nature and compliance.*

* *Parody on these lines of Sir John Denham.*

" Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
" Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

* *One, a celebrated prize-fighter; the other, a no less famous boxer.*

## THE MODERN FINE LADY.

———" Miseri quibus
" Intentata nites." HOR.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1750.

SKILL'D in each art that can adorn the fair,
The sprightly dance, the soft Italian air,
The toss of quality and high-bred fleer,
Now Lady Harriot reach'd her fifteenth year:
Wing'd with diversions all her moments flew,
Each, as it pass'd, presenting something new;
Breakfast and auctions wear the morn away,
Each evening gives an opera, or a play;
Then Brag's eternal joys all night remain,
And kindly usher in the morn again.

For love no time has ſhe, or inclination,
Yet muſt coquette it for the ſake of faſhion;
For this ſhe liſtens to each ſop that's near,
Th' embroider'd colonel flatters with a ſneer,
And the cropt enſign nuzzles in her ear.
But with moſt warmth her dreſs and airs inſpire
Th' ambitious boſom of the landed 'ſquire,
Who fain would quit plump Dolly's ſofter charms
For wither'd lean Right Honourable arms;
He bows with reverence at her ſacred ſhrine,
And treats her as if ſprung from race divine,
Which ſhe returns with inſolence and ſcorn,
Nor deigns to ſmile on a plebeian born.

Ere long by friends, by cards, and lovers croſs'd,
Her fortune, health, and reputation loſt;
Her money gone, yet not a tradeſman paid,
Her fame, yet ſhe ſtill damn'd to be a maid;
Her ſpirits ſink, her nerves are ſo unſtrung,
* She weeps, if but a handſome thief is hung.
By mercers, lacemen, mantua-makers preſt,
But moſt for ready caſh for play diſtreſt,
Where can ſhe turn!—The 'ſquire muſt all repair,
She condeſcends to liſten to his pray'r,
And marries him at length in mere deſpair.

But ſoon th' endearments of a huſband cloy,
Her ſoul, her frame incapable of joy:
She feels no tranſports in the bridal bed,
Of which ſo oft ſh' has heard, ſo much has read;
Then vex'd, that ſhe ſhould be condemn'd alone
To ſeek in vain this philoſophic ſtone,
To abler tutors ſhe reſolves t' apply,
A proſtitute from curioſity:
Hence men of ev'ry ſort, and ev'ry ſize,
† Impatient for Heaven's cordial drop, ſhe tries;
The fribbling beau, the rough unwieldy clown,
The ruddy templar newly on the town,
The Hibernian captain of gigantic make,
The brimful parſon, and th' exhauſted rake.

But ſtill malignant fate her wiſh denies,
Cards yield ſuperior joys, to cards ſhe flies;
All night from rout to rout her chairman run,
Again ſhe plays, and is again undone.

Behold her now in ruin's frightful jaws!
Bonds, judgments, executions ope their paws;
Seize jewels, furniture, and plate, nor ſpare
The gilded chariot, or the taſſel'd chair;
For lonely ſeat ſhe's forc'd to quit the town,
And ‡ Tubbs conveys the wretched exile down.

Now rumbling o'er the ſtones of Tyburn-road,
Ne'er preſs'd with a more griev'd or guilty load,
She bids adieu to all the well-known ſtreets,
And envies ev'ry cinder-wench ſhe meets:
And now the dreaded country firſt appears,
With ſighs unfeign'd the dying noiſe ſhe hears
Of diſtant coaches fainter by degrees,
Then ſtarts and trembles at the ſight of trees.
Silent and ſullen, like ſome captive queen,
She's drawn along unwilling to be ſeen,
Until at length appears the ruin'd hall
Within the graſs green moat and ivy'd wall;
The doleful priſon where for ever ſhe,
But not, alas! her griefs, muſt bury'd be.

Her coach the curate and the tradeſmen meet,
Great-coated tenants her arrival greet,
And boys with ſtubble bonfires light the ſtreet,
While bells her ears with tongues diſcordant grate,
Types of the nuptial tyes they celebrate:
But no rejoicings can unbend her brow,
Nor deigns ſhe to return one aukward bow,
But bounces in, diſdaining once to ſpeak,
And wipes the trickling tear from off her cheek.

Now ſee her in the ſad decline of life,
A peeviſh miſtreſs, and a ſulky wife;
Her nerves unbrac'd, her faded cheek grown pale
With many a real, and many a fancy'd ail;
Of cards, admirers, equipage bereft,
Her inſolence and title only left;
Severely humbled to her one-horſe chair,
And the low paſtimes of a country fair:
Too wretched to endure one lonely day,
Too proud one friendly viſit to repay,
Too indolent to read, too criminal to pray,
At length half dead, half mad, and quite confin'd,
Shunning, and ſhunn'd by all of human kind,
Ev'n robb'd of the laſt comfort of her life,
Inſulting the poor curate's callous wife,
Pride, diſappointed pride, now ſtops her breath,
And with true ſcorpion rage ſhe ſtings herſelf to death.

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THE

## FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

## SECOND BOOK OF HORACE,

IMITATED.

*To the Right Hon. Philip, Lord Hardwicke, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.*

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1748.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following piece is a burleſque imitation: a ſpecies of poetry, whoſe chief excellence conſiſts in a lucky and humourous application of the words and ſentiments of any author, to a new ſubject totally different from the original. This is what is uſually forgot both by the writers and readers of theſe kind of compoſitions; the firſt of whom are apt to ſtrike out new and independent thoughts of their own, and the latter to admire ſuch injudicious excreſcencies: theſe immediately loſe ſight of their original, and thoſe ſcarce ever caſt an eye towards him at all. It is thought proper therefore to advertiſe the reader, that in the following epiſtle he is to expect nothing more than

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* *Some of the brighteſt eyes were at this time in tears for one M'Lean, condemned for a robbery on the highway.*

† "The cordial drop Heav'n in our cup has
"thrown,
"To make the nauſeous draught of life go
"down." *Roch.*

‡ *A perſon well known for ſupplying people of quality with hired equipages.*

an appoſite converſion of the ſerious ſentiments of Horace on the Roman poetry, into more ludicrous ones on the ſubject of Engliſh politics; and if he thinks it not worth while to compare it line for line with the original, he will find in it neither wit, humour, nor even common ſenſe; all the little merit it can pretend to, conſiſting ſolely in the cloſeneſs of ſo long, and uninterrupted an imitation.

WHILST you, my Lord, ſuch various toils ſuſtain,
Preſide o'er Britain's peers, her laws explain,
With ev'ry virtue ev'ry heart engage,
And live the bright example of the age;
With tedious verſe to treſpaſs on your time,
Is ſure impertinence, if not a crime.
All the fam'd heroes, ſtateſmen, admirals,
Who after death within the ſacred walls
Of Weſtminſter with kings have been receiv'd,
Met with but ſorry treatment, while they liv'd;
And though they labour'd in their country's cauſe,
With arms defe ded her, and form'd with laws,
Yet ever mourn'd they till'd a barren ſoil,
And left the world ungrateful to their toil.
Ev'n * he who long the Houſe of Commons led,
That hydra dire, with many a gaping head,
Found by experience to his lateſt breath,
Envy could only be ſubdu'd by death.
Great men whilſt living muſt expect diſgraces,
Dead they're ador'd—when none deſire their places.
This common fate, my lord, attends not you,
Above all equal, and all envy too;
With ſuch unrivall'd eminence you ſhine,
That in this truth alone all parties join,
The ſeat of juſtice in no former reign
Was e'er ſo greatly fill'd, nor ever can again.
But though the people are ſo juſt to you,
To none beſides will they allow their due,
No miniſter approve, who is not dead,
Nor till h' has loſt it, own he had a head;
Yet ſuch reſpect they bear to ancient things,
They've ſome for former miniſters and kings;
And, with a kind of ſuperſtitious awe,
Deem *Magna Charta* ſtill a ſacred law.
But if becauſe the government was beſt
Of old in France, when freedom ſhe poſſeſt,
In the ſame ſcale reſolv'd to weigh our own,
England's we judge was ſo, who then had none;
Into moſt ſtrange abſurdities we fall,
Unworthy to be reaſon'd with at all.
Brought to perfection in theſe days we ſee
All arts, and their great parent liberty;
With ſkill profound we ſing, eat, dreſs, and dance,
And in each goût polite, excel ev'n France,
If age of miniſters is then the teſt,
And, as of wines, the oldeſt are the beſt,
Let's try and fix ſome æra, if we can,
When good ones were extinct, and bad began:
Are they all wicked ſince Eliza's days?
Did none in Charles' or James' merit praiſe?
Or are they knaves but ſince the revolution?
If none of theſe are facts, then all's confuſion;
And by the ſelf-ſame rule one cannot fail
To pluck each hair out ſingly from the tail.

* *Sir Robert Walpole.*

Wiſe Cecil, lov'd by people and by prince,
As often broke his word as any ſince:
Of Arthur's days we almoſt nothing know,
Yet ſing their praiſe, becauſe they're long ago.
Oft as 'tis doubted in their ſeveral ways
Which of paſt orators beſt merit praiſe,
We find it to decide extremely hard,
If Harley's head deſerv'd the moſt regard,
Or Windham's tongue, or Jekyl's patriot heart,
Old Shippen's gravity, or Walpole's art.
Theſe were ador'd by all with whom they voted,
And in the fulleſt houſes ſtill are quoted;
Theſe have been fam'd from Anna's days till ours,
When Pelham has improv'd, with unknown pow'rs,
The art of miniſterial eloquence,
By adding honeſt truth to nervous ſenſe.
Oft are the vulgar wrong, yet ſometimes right;
The late rebellion in the trueſt light
By chance they ſaw; but were not once ſo wiſe,
Unknown, unheard, in damning the exciſe:
If former reigns they fancy had no fault,
I think their judgment is not worth a groat:
But if they frankly own their politics,
Like ours, might have ſome blunders, and ſome tricks,
With ſuch impartial ſentiments I join,
And their opinions tally juſt with mine.
I would by no means church or king deſtroy,
And yet the doctrines taught me when a boy
By Crab the curate, now ſeem wond'rous odd,
That either came immediately from God:
In all the writings of thoſe high-flown ages,
You meet with now and then ſome ſcatter'd pages
Wrote with ſome ſpirit and with ſenſe enough;
Theſe ſell the book, the reſt is wretched ſtuff:
I'm quite provok'd, when principles, though true,
Muſt ſtand impeach'd by fools, becauſe they're new.
Should I but queſtion, only for a joke,
If all was flow'rs, when pompous Hanmer ſpoke,
If things went right, when St. John trod the ſtage,
How the old Tories all would ſtorm and rage!
They ſhun conviction, or becauſe a truth
Confeſs'd in age implies they err'd in youth;
Or that they ſcorn to learn of junior wits:
What!—to be taught by Lytteltons and Pitts.
When angry patriots or in proſe or rhymes
Extol the virtuous deeds of former times,
They only mean the preſent to diſgrace,
And look with envious hate on all in place:
But had the patriots of thoſe ancient days
Play'd the ſame game for profit, or for praiſe,
The trade, though now ſo flouriſhing and new,
Had long been ruin'd and the nation too.
England, when once of peace and wealth poſſeſt,
Began to think frugality a jeſt,
So grew polite; hence all her well-bred heirs
Gameſters and jockeys turn'd, and cricket-play'rs;
Pictures and buſts in ev'ry houſe were ſeen;
What ſhould have paid the butcher, bought Pouſſin;
Now operas, now plays were all the faſhion,
Then whiſt became the buſineſs of the nation,
That, like a froward child, in wanton play
Now cries for toys, then toſſes them away;

Each hour we chang'd our pleaſures, dreſs, and diet;
Theſe were the bleſt effects of being quiet,
Not thus behav'd the true old Engliſh 'ſquire,
He ſmoak'd his pipe each morn by his own fire,
There juſtice to diſpenſe was ever willing,
And for his warrants pick'd up many a ſhilling:
To teach his younger neighbours always glad,
Where for their corn beſt markets might be had,
And from experienc'd age as glad to learn,
How to defraud unſeen the parſon's barn.
But now the world's quite alter'd; all are bent
To leave their ſeats, and fly to parliament:
Old men and boys in this alone agree,
And vainly courting popularity,
Ply their obſtrep'rous voters all night long
With bumpers, toaſts, and now and then a ſong:
Ev'n I, who ſwear theſe follies I deſpiſe,
Than ſtateſmen, or their porters, tell more lies;
And, for the faſhion-ſake, in ſpite of nature,
Commence ſometimes a moſt important creature,
Buſy as Car—w rave for ink and quills,
And ſtuff my head and pockets full of bills.
Few landmen go to ſea unleſs they're preſt,
And quacks in all profeſſions are a jeſt;
None dare to kill, except moſt learn'd phyſicians,
Learn'd, or unlearn'd, we all are politicians;
There's not a ſoul but thinks, could he be ſent,
H' has parts enough to ſhine in parliament.
Though many ills this modern taſte produces,
Yet ſtill, my Lord, 'tis not without its uſes;
Theſe minor politicians are a kind
Not much to ſelfiſh avarice inclin'd;
Do but allow them with applauſe to ſpeak,
They little care, though all their tenants break;
They form intrigues with no man's wife or daughter,
And live on pudden, chicken-broth, and water;
Fierce Jacobites, as far as bluſt'ring words,
But loth in any cauſe to draw their ſwords.
Were ſmaller matters worthy of attention,
A thouſand other uſes I could mention;
For inſtance, in each monthly magazine
Their eſſays and orations ſtill are ſeen,
And magazines teach boys and girls to read,
And are the canons of each tradeſman's creed;
Apprentices they ſerve to entertain,
Inſtead of ſmutty tales, and plays profane;
Inſtruct them how their paſſions to command,
And to hate none—but thoſe who rule the land:
Facts they record, births, marriages, and deaths,
Sometimes receipts for claps, and ſtinking breaths.
When with her brothers miſs comes up to town,
How for each play can ſhe afford a crown;
Where find diverſions gratis, and yet pretty,
Unleſs ſhe goes to church, or a committee;
And ſure committees better entertain,
Than hearing a dull parſon pray for rain,
Or whining beg deliverance from battle,
Dangers, and ſins, and ſickneſs amongſt cattle;
At church ſhe hears with unattentive ear
The pray'rs for peace, and for a plenteous year,
But here quite charm'd with ſo much wit and ſenſe,
She falls a victim ſoon to eloquence:
Well may ſhe fall; ſince eloquence has power
To govern both the Upper Houſe and Lower.

Our ancient gentry, frugal, bold, and rough,
Were farmers, yet liv'd happily enough;
They, when in barns their corn was ſafely laid,
For harveſt-homes, great entertainments made,
The well-rubb'd tables crack'd with beef and pork,
And all the ſupper ſhar'd who ſhar'd the work:
This gave freeholders firſt a taſte for eating,
And was the ſource of all election-treating;
A while their jeſts, though merry, yet were wiſe,
And they took none but decent liberties.
Brandy and punch at length ſuch riots bred,
No ſober family cou'd ſleep in bed:
All were alarm'd, ev'n thoſe who had no hurt
Call'd in the law, to ſtop ſuch dang'rous ſport.
Rich citizens at length new arts brought down
With ready caſh, to win each country town;
This leſs diſorders caus'd than downright drink,
Freemen grew civil, and began to think;
But ſtill all canvaſſing produc'd confuſion,
The relicts of its ruſtic inſtitution.
'Tis but of late ſince thirty years of peace
To uſeful ſciences have giv'n increaſe,
That w' have inquir'd how Rome's loſt ſons of old
Barter'd their liberties for feaſts and gold;
What treats proud Sylla, Cæſar, Craſſus gave,
And try'd, like them, to buy each hungry knave:
Nor try'd in vain; too fortunately bold,
Many have purchas'd votes, and many ſold;
No laws can now amend this venal land,
That dreads the touch of a reforming hand.
Some think an int'reſt may be form'd with eaſe,
Becauſe the vulgar we muſt chiefly pleaſe;
But for that reaſon 'tis the harder taſk,
For ſuch will neither pardon, grant, nor aſk.
See how Sir W———, maſter of this art,
By different methods wins each C———n heart.
He tells raw youths, that whoring is no harm,
And teaches their attentive ſires to farm;
To his own table lovingly invites
Inſidious pimps, and hungry paraſites:
Sometimes in ſlippers, and a morning gown,
He pays his early viſits round a town,
At every houſe relates his ſtories over,
Of place-bills, taxes, turnips, and Hanover;
If tales will money ſave, and buſineſs do,
It matters little, are they falſe or true.
Whoe'er prefers a clam'rous mob's applauſe,
To his own conſcience, or his country's cauſe,
Is ſoon elated, and as ſoon caſt down
By every drunken cobler's ſmile or frown;
So ſmall a matter can depreſs or raiſe
A mind that's meanly covetous of praiſe:
But if my quiet muſt dependent be
On the vain breath of popularity,
A wind each hour to diff'rent quarters veering,
Adieu, ſay I, to all electioneering.
The boldeſt orator it diſconcerts,
To find the many, though of meaneſt parts,
Illit'rate, ſquabbling, diſcontented prigs,
Fitter t' attend a boxing-match at Figg's,
To all good ſenſe and reaſon ſhut their ears,
Yet take delight in S—d—m's bulls and bears.
Young knights now ſent from many a diſtant ſhire
Are better pleas'd with what they ſee than hear;
Their joy's to view his majeſty approach,
Drawn by eight milkwhite ſteeds in gilded coach,
The pageant ſhow and buſtle to behold,
The guards, both horſe and foot, lac'd o'er with gold,

The rich insignia from the Tower brought down,
The iv'ry sceptre, and the radiant crown.
The mob huzza, the thund'ring cannons roar,
And business is delay'd at least an hour;
The Speaker calls indeed to mind what passes,
But might as well read orders to deaf asses.
But now see honest V—— rise to joke!
The House all laugh: "What says he? Has he spoke?"
No not a word; then whence this sudden mirth?
His phiz foretels some jest's approaching birth.
But lest I seem these orators to wrong,
Envious because I share no gift of tongue,
Is there a man whose eloquence has pow'r
To clear the fullest house in half an hour,
Who now appears to rave, and now to weep,
Who sometimes makes us swear, and sometimes sleep,
Now fills our heads with false alarms from France,
Then conjurer-like, to India bids us dance,
All eulogies on him we own are true,
For surely he does all that man can do.
But whilst, my Lord, these makers of our laws
Thus speak themselves into the world's applause,
Let bards for such attempts too modest share
What more they prize, your patronage and care,
If you would spur them up the Muses' hill,
Or ask their aid your library to fill.
We poets are in ev'ry age and nation,
A most absurd, wrong-headed generation;
This in a thousand instances is shown
(Myself as guilty as the rest I own);
As when on you our nonsense we impose,
Tir'd with the nonsense you have heard in prose;
When w' are offended, if some honest friend
Presumes one unharmonious verse to mend;
When undesir'd our labours we repeat,
Grieve they're no more regarded by the great,
And fancy, thou'd you once but see our faces,
You'd bid us write, and pay us all with places.
'Tis yours, my Lord, to form the soul to verse,
Who have such num'rous virtues to rehearse;
Great Alexander once, in ancient days,
Pay'd Chœrilus for daubing him with praise;
And yet the fame fam'd hero made a law,
None but Apelles thou'd his picture draw;
None but Lysippus cast his royal head
In brass: it had been treason if in lead:
A prince he was in valour ne'er surpass'd,
And had in painting too perhaps some taste;
But as to verse, undoubted is the matter,
He must be dull, as a Dutch commentator.
But you, my Lord, a fav'rite of the Muse,
Wou'd choose good poets, were there good to choose,
You know they paint the great man's soul as like,
As can his features Kneller or Vandyke.
Had I such pow'r, I never wou'd compose
Such creeping lines as these, nor verse, nor prose;
But rather try to celebrate your praise,
And with your just encomiums swell my lays:
Had I a genius equal to my will,
Gladly would I exert my utmost skill
To consecrate to fame Britannia's land
Receiving law from your impartial hand;
By your wise councils once more pow'rful made,
Her fleets rever'd, and flourishing her trade;
Exhausted nations trembling at her sword,
And peace *, long wish'd-for, to the world restor'd.
But your true greatness suffers no such praise,
My verse would sink the theme it meant to raise;
Unequal to the task wou'd surely meet
Deserv'd contempt, and each presumptuous sheet
Could serve for nothing, scrawl'd with lines so simple,
Unless to wrap up sugar-loaves for Wimple †.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

## THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD,

ON HIS BEING INSTALLED KNIGHT OF THE GARTER ‡.

These trophies, Stanhope, of a lovely dame,
Once the bright object of a monarch's flame,
Who with such just propriety can wear,
As thou, the darling of the gay and fair?
See ev'ry friend to wit, politeness, love,
With one consent thy sovereign's choice approve!
And liv'd Plantagenet her voice to join,
Herself and garter both were surely thine.

## TO A LADY IN TOWN.

SOON AFTER HER LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

Whilst you, dear maid, o'er thousands born to reign,
For the gay town exchange the rural plain,
The cooling breeze and ev'ning walk forsake
For stifling crowds, which your own beauties make;
Through circling joys while you incessant stray,
Charm in the Mall, and sparkle at the play;
Think (if successive vanities can spare
One thought to love) what cruel pangs I bear,
Left in these plains all wretched, and alone,
To weep with fountains, and with echoes groan,
And mourn incessantly that fatal day,
That all my bliss with Chloe snatch'd away.
Say by what arts I can relieve my pain,
Music, verse, all I try, but try in vain;
In vain the breathing flute my hand employs,
Late the companion of my Chloe's voice,
Nor Handel's nor Corelli's tuneful airs
Can harmonize my soul, or sooth my cares;
Those once-lov'd med'cines unsuccessful prove,
Music, alas, is but the voice of love!
In vain I oft harmonious lines peruse,
And seek for aid from Pope's and Prior's muse;
Their treach'rous numbers but assist the foe,
And call forth scenes of sympathising woe:
Here Heloise mourns her absent lover's charms,
There parting Emma sighs in Henry's arms;
Their loves like mine ill-fated I bemoan,
And in their tender sorrows read my own.
Restless sometimes, as oft the mournful dove
Forsakes her nest, forsaken by her love,

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* *A general peace was at this time just concluded at Aix la Chapelle.*

† *Lord Hardwicke's seat in Cambridgeshire.*

‡ *He was installed at Windsor on the 18th of June 1730, at the same time with the Duke of Cumberland and the Earl of Burlington.*

I fly from home, and ſeek the ſacred fields
Where Cam's old urn its ſilver current yields,
Where ſolemn tow'rs o'erlook each moſſy grove,
As if to guard it from th' aſſaults of love;
Yet guard in vain, for there my Chloe's eyes
But lately made whole colleges her prize;
Her ſons, though few, not Pallas cou'd defend,
Nor Dullneſs ſuccour to her thouſands lend;
Love, like a fever with infectious rage,
Scorch'd up the young, and thaw'd the froſt of age:
To gaze at her, ev'n Dons were ſeen to run,
And leave unfiniſh'd pipes, and authors—ſcarce begun.
* So Helen look'd, and mov'd with ſuch a grace,
When the grave ſeniors of the Trojan race
Were forc'd thoſe fatal beauties to admire,
That all their youth conſum'd, and ſet their town on fire.
At fam'd Newmarket oft I ſpend the day,
An unconcern'd ſpectator of the play;
There pitileſs obſerve the ruin'd heir
With anger fir'd, or melting with deſpair;
For how ſhou'd I his trivial loſs bemoan,
Who feel one, ſo much greater, of my own?
There while the golden heaps, a glorious prize,
Wait the deciſion of two rival dice,
Whilſt long diſputes 'twixt ſeven and five remain,
And each, like parties, have their friends for gain,
Without one wiſh I ſee the guineas ſhine,
"Fate, keep your gold, I cry, make Chloe mine."
Now ſee, prepar'd their utmoſt ſpeed to try,
O'er the ſmooth turf the bounding racers fly!
Now more and more their ſlender limbs they ſtrain,
And foaming ſtretch along the velvet plain!
Ah ſtay! ſwift ſteeds, your rapid flight delay,
No more the jockey's ſmarting laſh obey:
But rather let my hand direct the rein,
And guide your ſteps a nobler prize to gain;
Then ſwift as eagles cut the yielding air,
Bear me, oh bear me to the abſent fair.
Now when the winds are huſh'd, the air ſerene,
And cheerful ſun-beams gild the beauteous ſcene,
Penſive o'er all the neighb'ring fields I ſtray,
Where'er or choice or chance directs the way:
Or view the op'ning lawns, or private woods,
Or diſtant bluiſh hills, or ſilver floods:
Now harmleſs birds in ſilken nets inſnare,
Now with ſwift dogs purſue the flying hare:
Dull ſports! for oh my Chloe is not there!
Fatigu'd at length, I willingly retire
To a ſmall ſtudy, and a cheerful fire,
There o'er ſome folio pore; I pore 'tis true,
But oh my thoughts are fled, and fled to you!
I hear you, ſee you, feaſt upon your eyes,
And claſp with eager arms the lovely prize;
Here for a while I cou'd forget my pain,
Whilſt I by dear affliction live again:
But ev'n theſe joys are too ſublime to laſt,
And quickly fade, like all the real ones paſt;
For juſt when now beneath ſome ſilent grove
I hear you talk—and talk perhaps of love,
Or charm with thrilling notes the liſt'ning ear,
Sweeter than angels ſing, or angels hear,
My treach'rous hand its weighty charge lets go,
The book falls thund'ring on the floor below,
The pleaſing viſion in a moment's gone,
And I once more am wretched, and alone.
So when glad Orpheus from th' infernal ſhade
Had juſt recall'd his long-lamented maid,
Soon as her charms had reach'd his eager eyes,
Loſt in eternal night—again ſhe dies.

* *Vid. Hom. Il. lib.* 3. *ver.* 150.

## TO A LADY.

SENT WITH A PRESENT OF SHELLS AND STONES DESIGNED FOR A GROTTO.

With gifts like theſe, the ſpoils of neighb'ring ſhores,
The Indian ſwain his ſable love adores.
Off'rings well ſuited to the duſky ſhrine
Of his rude goddeſs, but unworthy mine:
And yet they ſeem not ſuch a worthleſs prize,
If nicely view'd by philoſophic eyes;
And ſuch are yours, that nature's works admire
With warmth like that, which they themſelves inſpire.
To ſuch how fair appears each grain of ſand,
Or humbleſt weed as wrought by nature's hand!
How far ſuperior to all human pow'r
Springs the green blade, or buds the painted flow'r!
In all her births, though of the meaneſt kinds,
A juſt obſerver entertainment finds,
With fond delight her low productions ſees,
And how ſhe gently riſes by degrees;
A ſhell or ſtone he can with pleaſure view,
Hence trace her nobleſt works, the heav'ns—and you.
Behold, how bright theſe gaudy trifles ſhine,
The lovely ſportings of a hand divine!
See with what art each curious ſhell is made,
Here carv'd in fret-work, there with pearl inlaid!
What vivid ſtreaks th' enamell'd ſtones adorn,
Fair as the paintings of the purple morn!
Yet ſtill not half their charms can reach our eyes,
While thus confus'd the ſparkling chaos lies;
Doubly they'll pleaſe, when in your grotto plac'd,
They plainly ſpeak their fair diſpoſer's taſte;
Then glories yet unſeen ſhall o'er them riſe,
New order from your hand, new luſtre from your eyes.
How ſweet, how charming will appear this grot,
When by your art to full perfection brought;
Here verdant plants and blooming flow'rs will grow,
There bubbling currents through the ſhell-work flow;
Here coral mix'd with ſhells of various dyes,
There poliſh'd ſtones will charm our wand'ring eyes;
Delightful bower of bliſs! ſecure retreat!
Fit for the muſes, and Statira's ſeat.
But ſtill how good muſt be that fair one's mind,
Who thus in ſolitude can pleaſure find!
The muſe her company, good ſenſe her guide,
Reſiſtleſs charms her pow'r, but not her pride;
Who thus forſakes the town, the park, and play,
In ſilent ſhades to paſs her hours away;

Who better likes to breathe freſh country air,
Than ride impriſon'd in a velvet chair;
And makes the warbling nightingale her choice,
Before the thrills of Farinelli's voice;
Prefers her books, and conſcience void of ill,
To concerts, balls, aſſemblies, and quadrille:
Sweet bow'rs more pleas'd than gilded chariot fees,
For groves the playhouſe quits, and beaus for trees.
Bleſt is the man, whom Heav'n ſhall grant one hour
With ſuch a lovely nymph, in ſuch a lovely bow'r!

## TO A LADY.

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER WROTE IN A VERY FINE HAND.

Whilst well-wrote lines our wond'ring eyes command,
The beauteous work of Chloe's artful hand,
Throughout the finiſh'd piece we ſee diſplay'd
The exacteſt image of the lovely maid;
Such is her wit, and ſuch her form divine,
This pure, as flows the ſtyle through ev'ry line,
That like each letter, exquiſitely fine.
See with what art the ſable currents ſtain
In wand'ring mazes all the milk-white plain!
Thus o'er the meadows wrapp'd in ſilver ſnow
Unfrozen brooks in dark meanders flow;
Thus jetty curls in ſhining ringlets deck
The ivory plain of lovely Chloe's neck:
See, like ſome virgin, whoſe unmeaning charms
Receive new luſtre from a lover's arms,
The yielding paper's pure but vacant breaſt,
By her fair hand and flowing pen impreſt,
At ev'ry touch more animated grows,
And with new life and new ideas glows,
Freſh beauties from the kind defiler gains,
And ſhines each moment brighter from its ſtains.
Let mighty love no longer boaſt his darts,
That ſtrike unerring, aim'd at mortal hearts;
Chloe, your quill can equal wonders do,
Wound full as ſure, and at a diſtance too:
Arm'd with your feather'd weapons in your hands,
From pole to pole you ſend your great commands;
To diſtant climes in vain the lover flies,
Your pen o'ertakes him, if he 'ſcapes your eyes;
So thoſe who from the ſword in battle run,
But periſh victims to the diſtant gun.
Beauty's a ſhort-liv'd blaze, a fading flow'r,
But theſe are charms no ages can devour
Theſe far ſuperior to the brighteſt face,
Triumph alike o'er time as well as ſpace.
When that fair form, which thouſands now adore,
By years decay'd, ſhall tyrannize no more,
Theſe lovely lines ſhall future ages view,
And eyes unborn, like ours, be charm'd by you.
How oft do I admire with fond delight
The curious piece, and wiſh like you to write!
Alas, vain hope! that might as well aſpire
To copy Paulo's ſtroke, or Titian's fire:
Ev'n now your ſplendid lines before me lie,
And I in vain to imitate them try:
Believe me, fair, I'm practiſing this art,
To ſteal your hand, in hopes to ſteal your heart.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

## THE LADY MARGARET CAVENDISH HARLEY*.

PRESENTED WITH A COLLECTION OF POEMS.

The tuneful throng was ever beauty's care,
And verſe a tribute facred to the fair;
Hence in each age the lovelieſt nymph has been,
By undiſputed right, the muſes queen;
Her ſmiles have all poetic boſoms fir'd,
And patroniz'd the verſe themſelves inſpir'd:
Leſbia preſided thus in Roman times,
Thus Sacharifſa reign'd o'er Britiſh rhymes.
And preſent bards to Margaretta bow,
For what they were of old, is Harley now.
From Oxford's houſe, in theſe dull buſy days,
Alone we hope for patronage, or praiſe;
He to our ſlighteſt labours ſtill is kind,
Beneath his roof, w' are ever ſure to find
(Reward ſufficient for the world's neglect)
Charms to inſpire, and goodneſs to protect;
Your eyes with rapture animate our lays,
Your ſire's kind hand uprears our drooping bays;
Form'd for our glory and ſupport, ye ſeem,
Our conſtant patron he, and you our theme.
Where ſhou'd poetic homage then be pay'd?
Where ev'ry verſe, but at your feet, be lay'd?
A double right you to this empire bear,
As firſt in beauty, and as Oxford's heir.
Illuſtrious maid! in whoſe ſole perſon join'd
Ev'ry perfection of the fair we find;
Charms that might warrant all her ſex's pride,
Without one foible of her ſex to hide;
Good-nature, artleſs as the bloom that dyes
Her cheeks, and wit as piercing as her eyes.
Oh Harley! cou'd but you theſe lines approve,
Theſe children ſprung from idleneſs and love,
Cou'd they, (but ah how vain is the deſign!)
Hope to amuſe your hours, as once they've mine,
Th' ill-judging world's applauſe, and critics blame,
Alike I'd ſcorn: Your approbation's fame.

## HORACE,

BOOK II. ODE XVI. IMITATED.

*To the Honourable Philip Yorke, Eſq. ſoon after the general election in 1747.*

For quiet, Yorke, the ſailor cries,
When gathering ſtorms obſcure the ſkies,
The ſtars no more appearing;
The candidate for quiet prays,
Sick of the bumpers and huzzas
Of bleſt electioneering.

Who thinks, that from the ſpeaker's chair
The ſerjeant's mace can keep off care,
Is wond'rouſly miſtaken:
Alas! he is not half ſo bleſt
As thoſe wh' have liberty. and reſt,
And dine on beans and bacon.

---

* *Only daughter and heir of Edward Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, by Lady Henrietta Cavendiſh, only daughter and heir of John Holles, Duke of Newcaſtle. She was afterwards Ducheſs of Portland, and died July 17. 1785.*

Why ſhould we then to London run,
And quit our cheerful country ſun,
For buſineſs, dirt, and ſmoke?
Can we, by changing place and air,
Ourſelves get rid of, or our care?
In troth, 'tis all a joke.

Care climbs proud ſhips of mightieſt force,
And mounts behind the general's horſe,
Outſtrips huſſars and pandours;
Far ſwifter than the bounding hind,
Swifter than clouds before the wind,
Or ——— before the Highlanders.

A man, when once he's ſafely choſe,
Shou'd laugh at all his threat'ning foes,
Nor think of future evil:
Each good has its attendant ill;
A ſeat is no bad thing, but ſtill
Elections are the devil.

Its gifts with hand impartial Heav'n
Divides: to Oxford it was giv'n
To die in full-blown glory;
To ——— indeed a longer date,
But then with unrelenting hate
Purſu'd by Whig and Tory.

The gods to you with bounteous hand
Have granted ſeats, and parks, and land;
Brocades and ſilks you wear;
With claret and ragouts you treat,
Six neighing ſteeds with nimble feet
Whirl on your gilded car:

To me they've given a ſmall retreat,
Good port and mutton, beſt of meat,
With broad-cloth on my ſhoulders,
A ſoul that ſcorns a dirty job,
Loves a good rhyme, and hates a mob,
I mean who a'n't freeholders.

## HORACE,

BOOK IV. ODE VIII. IMITATED.

*To the ſame.*

Did but kind fate to me impart
Wealth equal to my gen'rous heart,
Some curious gift to ev'ry friend,
A token of my love, I'd ſend;
But ſtill the choiceſt and the beſt
Shou'd be conſign'd to friends at Wreſt *.
An organ, which, if right I gueſs,
Wou'd beſt pleaſe Lady Marchioneſs,
Shou'd firſt be ſent by my command,
Worthy of her inſpiring hand:
To Lady Bell of niceſt mould
A coral fet in burniſh'd gold:
To you, well knowing what you like,
Portraits by Lely or Vandyke,
A curious bronze, or buſt antique.
But ſince theſe gifts exceed my power,
And you, who need not wiſh for more,
Already bleſt with all that's fine,
Are pleas'd with verſe, though ſuch as mine;
As poets us'd in ancient times,
I'll make my preſents all in rhymes;
And leſt you ſhould forget their worth,
Like them I'll ſet their value forth.
Not monumental braſs or ſtones,
The guardians of heroic bones,
Not victories won by Marlbro's ſword,
Nor titles which theſe feats record,
Such glories o'er the dead diffuſe,
As can the labours of the muſe.
But if ſhe ſhould her aid deny,
With you your virtues all muſt die,
Nor tongues unborn ſhall ever ſay
How wiſe, how good, was Lady Grey.
What now had been th' ignoble doom
Of him who built imperial Rome?
Or him deſerving ten times more,
Who fed the hungry, cloth'd the poor,
Clear'd ſtreams, and bridges laid acroſs,
And built the little church of Roſs?
Did not th' eternal powers of verſe
From age to age their deeds rehearſe.
The muſe forbids the brave to die,
Beſtowing immortality;
Still by her aid in bleſt abodes
Alcides feaſts among the gods;
And royal Arthus ſtill is able
To fill his hoſpitable table
With Engliſh beef, and Engliſh knights,
And looks with pity down on White's.

* *The ſeat of the Marchioneſs of Kent, wife of Lord Hardwicke.*

## TO THE HON. MISS YORKE,

ON HER MARRIAGE TO LORD ANSON, APRIL 25, 1748.

Victorious Anſon ſee returns
From the ſubjected main!
With joy each Britiſh boſom burns,
Fearleſs of France and Spain.

Honours his grateful ſovereign's hand,
Conqueſt his own beſtows,
Applauſe unfeign'd his native land,
Unenvy'd wealth her foes.

" But ſtill, my ſon," Britannia cries,
" Still more thy merits claim;
" Thy deeds deſerve a richer prize
" Than titles, wealth, or fame:

" Twice wafted ſafe from pole to pole,
" Thou'ſt ſail'd the globe around;
" Contains it aught can charm thy ſoul?
" Thy fondeſt wiſhes bound?

" Is there a treaſure worth thy care
" Within th' encircling line?
" Say, and I'll weary Heav'n with pray'r,
" To make that treaſure thine."

Heav'n liſten'd to Britannia's voice,
Agreed that more was due:
He choſe ———, the gods approv'd his choice,
And paid him all in you.

## CHLOE TO STREPHON.

A SONG.

Too plain, dear youth, theſe tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare;
But, for Heav'n's ſake, let it ſuffice,
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmoſt pow'r to try,
Nor farther urge your ſway;
Preſs not for what I muſt deny,
For fear I ſhould obey.

Could all your arts ſucceſsful prove,
Would you a maid undo,
Whoſe greateſt failing is her love,
And that her love for you?

Say, would you uſe that very pow'r
You from her fondneſs claim,
To ruin in one fatal hour
A life of ſpotleſs fame?

Ah ceaſe, my dear, to do an ill,
Becauſe perhaps you may!
But rather try your utmoſt ſkill
To ſave me than betray.

Be you yourſelf my virtue's guard,
Defend, and not purſue;
Since 'tis a taſk for me too hard,
To fight with love and you.

## A SONG.

Cease, Sally, thy charms to expand,
All thy arts and thy witchcraft forbear,
Hide thoſe eyes, hide that neck and that hand,
And thoſe ſweet flowing treſſes of hair.

Oh, torture me not, for love's ſake,
With the ſmirk of thoſe delicate lips,
With that head's dear ſignificant ſhake,
And the toſs of the hoop and the hips!

Oh, ſight ſtill more fatal! look there,
O'er her tucker what murderers peep!
So —— now there's an end of my care,
I ſhall never more eat, drink, or ſleep.

Do you ſing too? Ah, miſchievous thought!
Touch me, touch me not there any more;
Who the devil can 'ſcape being caught
In a trap that's thus baited all o'er?

But why to adviſe ſhould I try?
What nature ordains we muſt prove;
You no more can help charming, than I
Can help being charm'd, and in love.

## A SONG.

When firſt I fought fair Cælia's love,
And ev'ry charm was new,
I ſwore by all the gods above,
To be for ever true.

But long in vain did I adore,
Long wept, and ſigh'd in vain,
She ſtill proteſted, vow'd, and ſwore
She ne'er would eaſe my pain.

At laſt o'ercome, ſhe made me bleſt,
And yielded all her charms,
And I forſook her when poſſeſt,
And fled to others arms.

But let not this, dear Cælia, now
To rage thy breaſt incline;
For why, ſince you forget your vow,
Should I remember mine?

## THE CHOICE.

Had I, Pigmalion-like, the pow'r
To make the nymph I would adore,
The model ſhould be thus deſign'd,
Like this her form, like this her mind.
Her ſkin ſhould be as lilies fair,
With roſy cheeks and jetty hair;
Her lips with pure vermillion ſpread,
And ſoft and moiſt, as well as red;
Her eyes ſhould ſhine with vivid light,
At once both languiſhing and bright;
Her ſhape ſhould be exact and ſmall,
Her ſtature rather low than tall;
Her limbs well turn'd, her air and mien
At once both ſprightly and ſerene;
Beſides all this, a nameleſs grace
Should be diffus'd all o'er her face:
To make the lovely piece complete,
Not only beautiful, but ſweet.
This for her form; now for her mind;
I'd have it open, gen'rous, kind,
Void of all coquettiſh arts,
And vain deſigns of conquering hearts,
Not ſway'd by any views of gain,
Nor fond of giving others pain;
But ſoft, though bright, like her own eyes,
Diſcreetly witty, gayly wiſe.
I'd have her ſkill'd in ev'ry art
That can engage a wand'ring heart;
Know all the ſciences of love,
Yet ever willing to improve;
To preſs the hand, and roll the eye,
And drop ſometimes an amorous ſigh,
To lengthen out the balmy kiſs,
And heighten ev'ry tender bliſs;
And yet I'd have the charmer be
By nature only taught—or me.
I'd have her ſo ſtrict honour ty'd,
And yet without one ſpark of pride;
In company well dreſs'd and fine,
Yet not ambitious to outſhine;
In private always neat and clean,
And quite a ſtranger to the ſpleen;
Well pleas'd to grace the park and play,
And dance ſometimes the night away,
But oft'ner fond to ſpend her hours
In ſolitude and ſhady bow'rs,
And there beneath ſome ſilent grove,
Delight in poetry and love.
Some ſparks of the poetic fire
I fain would have her ſoul inſpire,
Enough, at leaſt, to let her know
What joys from love and virtue flow;
Enough, at leaſt, to make her wiſe,
And ſops and fopperies deſpiſe;
Prefer her books, and her own muſe,
To viſits, ſcandal, chat, and news;
Above her ſex exalt her mind,
And make her more than womankind.

## TO A YOUNG LADY,

GOING TO THE WEST-INDIES.

For univerſal ſway deſign'd,
To diſtant realms Clorinda flies,
And ſcorns, in one ſmall iſle confin'd,
To bound the conqueſts of her eyes.

From our cold climes to India's ſhore
With cruel haſte ſhe wings her way,
To ſcorch their ſultry plains ſtill more,
And rob us of our only day.

Whilſt ev'ry ſtreaming eye o'erflows
With tender floods of parting tears,
Thy breaſt, dear cauſe of all our woes,
Alone unmov'd, and gay appears.

But ſtill, if right the muſes tell,
The fated point of time is nigh,
When grief ſhall that fair boſom ſwell,
And trickle from thy lovely eye.

Though now, like Philip's ſon, whoſe arms
Did once the vaſſal world command,
You rove with unreſiſted charms,
And conquer both by ſea and land;

Yet when (as ſoon they muſt) mankind
Shall all be doom'd to wear your chain,
You too, like him, will weep to find
No more unconquer'd worlds remain.

## CHLOE ANGLING.

On yon fair brook's enamell'd ſide,
Behold my Chloe ſtands!
Her angle trembles o'er the tide,
As conſcious of her hands.

Calm as the gentle waves appear,
Her thoughts ſerenely flow,
Calm as the ſoftly-breathing air
That curls the brook below.

Such charms her ſparkling eyes diſcloſe,
With ſuch ſoft pow'r endu'd,
She ſeems a new-born Venus roſe
From the tranſparent flood.

From each green bank, and moſſy cave,
The ſcaly race repair,
They ſport beneath the cryſtal wave,
And kiſs her image there.

Here the bright ſilver eel enroll'd
In ſhining volumes lies,
There baſks the carp bedropt with gold
In the ſunſhine of her eyes.

With hungry pikes in wanton play
The tim'rous trouts appear,
The hungry pikes forget to prey,
The tim'rous trouts to fear.

With equal haſte the thoughtleſs crew
To the fair tempter fly,
Nor grieve they, whilſt her eyes they view,
That by her hand they die.

Thus I too view'd the nymph of late,
Ah, ſimple fiſh, beware!
Soon will you find my wretched fate,
And ſtruggle in the ſnare.

But, fair one, though theſe toils ſucceed,
Of conqueſt be not vain,
Nor think o'er all the ſcaly breed
Unpuniſh'd thus to reign;

Remember, in a wat'ry glaſs
His charms Narciſſus ſpy'd,
When for his own bewithing face
The youth deſpair'd, and dy'd.

No more then harmleſs fiſh enſnare,
No more ſuch wiles purſue;
Leſt whilſt your baits for them prepare,
Love finds out one for you.

## CHLOE HUNTING.

Whilst thouſands court fair Chloe's love,
She fears the dang'rous joy,
But, Cynthia-like, frequents the grove,
As lovely, and as coy.

With the ſame ſpeed ſhe ſeeks the hind,
Or hunts the flying hare;
She leaves purſuing ſwains behind,
To languiſh and deſpair.

Oh, ſtrange caprice in thy dear breaſt!
Whence firſt this whim began;
To follow thus each worthleſs beaſt,
And ſhun their ſovereign man!

Conſider, fair, what 'tis you do,
How thus they both muſt die,
Not furer they, when you purſue,
Than we whene'er you fly.

## ON LUCINDA'S RECOVERY FROM THE SMALL-POX.

Bright Venus long with envious eyes
The fair Lucinda's charms had ſeen,
" And ſhall ſhe ſtill," the goddeſs cries,
" Thus dare to rival beauty's queen!"

She ſpoke, and to th' infernal plains
With cruel haſte indignant goes,
Where death, the prince of terrors, reigns
Amidſt diſeaſes, pains, and woes.

To him her pray'rs ſhe thus applies:
" O ſole in whom my hopes confide!
" To blaſt my rival's potent eyes,
" And in her fate all mortal pride;

" Let her but feel thy chilling dart;
" I will forgive, tremendous god,
" Ev'n that which pierc'd Adonis' heart:"
He hears, and gives th' aſſenting nod.

Then calling forth a fierce diſeaſe
Impatient for the beauteous prey,
Bids him the loveliеſt fabric ſeize
The gods e'er form'd of human clay.

Affur'd he meant Lucinda's charms,
To her th' infectious dæmon flies,
Her neck, her cheeks, her lips diſarms,
And of their lightning robs her eyes.

The Cyprian queen with cruel joy
Beholds her rival's charms o'erthrown,
Nor doubts, like mortal fair, t' employ
Their ruins to augment her own.

From out the ſpoils of ev'ry grace
The goddeſs picks ſome glorious prize,
Tranſplants the roſes from her face,
And arms young Cupids from her eyes.

Now death (ah veil the mournful ſcene)!
Had in one moment pierc'd her heart,
Had kinder fate not ſtept between,
And turn'd aſide th' uplifted dart.

"What phrenzy bids thy hand eſſay,"
He cries, "to wound thy fureſt friend,
"Whoſe beauties to thy realms each day
"Such num'rous crowds of victims ſend?

"Are not her eyes, where-e'er they aim,
"As thine own ſilent arrows ſure?
"Or who that once has felt their flame,
"Dar'd e'er indulge one hope of cure?"

Death thus reprov'd his hand reſtrains,
And bids the dire diſtemper fly;
The cruel beauty lives, and reigns,
That thouſands may adore, and die.

## WRITTEN IN MR. LOCKE'S ESSAY ON HUMAN UNDERSTANDING.

Long had the mind of man with curious art
Search'd nature's wond'rous plan through ev'ry part,
Meaſur'd each tract of ocean, earth and ſky,
And number'd all the rolling orbs on high;
Yet ſtill, ſo learn'd, herſelf ſhe little knew,
'Till Locke's unerring pen the portrait drew.
So beauteous Eve a while in Eden ſtray'd,
And all her great Creator's works ſurvey'd;
By ſun, and moon, ſhe knew to mark the hour;
She knew the genus of each plant and flow'r;
She knew, when ſporting on the verdant lawn,
The tender lambkin, and the nimble fawn:
But ſtill a ſtranger to her own bright face,
She gueſs'd not at its form, nor what ſhe was;
'Till led at length to ſome clear fountain's ſide,
She view'd her beauties in the cryſtal tide;
The ſhining mirror all her charms diſplays,
And her eyes catch their own rebounded rays.

## WRITTEN IN A LADY'S VOLUME OF TRAGEDIES.

Since thou, relentleſs maid, can'ſt daily hear
Thy ſlave's complaints without one ſigh or tear,
Why beats thy breaſt, or thy bright eyes o'erflow
At theſe imaginary ſcenes of woe?
Rather teach theſe to weep, and that to heave,
At real pains themſelves to thouſands give;
And if ſuch pity to feign'd love is due,
Conſider how much more you owe to true.

## CUPID RELIEVED.

As once young Cupid went aſtray,
The little god I found;
I took his bow and ſhafts away,
And faſt his pinions bound.

At Chloe's feet my ſpoils I caſt,
My conqueſt proud to ſhow;
She ſaw his godſhip fetter'd faſt,
And ſmil'd to ſee him ſo.

But ah! that ſmile ſuch freſh ſupplies
Of arms reſiſtleſs gave!
I'm forc'd again to yield my prize,
And fall again his ſlave.

## THE WAY TO BE WISE.

IMITATED FROM LA FONTAINE.

Poor Jenny, am'rous, young, and gay,
Having by man been led aſtray,
To numn'ry dark retir'd;
There liv'd and look'd ſo like a maid,
So ſeldom eat, ſo often pray'd,
She was by all admir'd.

The lady Abbeſs oft would cry,
If any ſiſter trod awry,
Or prov'd an idle flattern;
"See wife and pious Mrs. Jane!
"A life ſo ſtrict, ſo grave a mien
"Is ſure a worthy pattern."

A pert young flut at length replies,
"Experience, madam, makes folks wiſe,
"'Tis that has made her ſuch;
"And we, poor ſouls, no doubt ſhould be
"As pious, and as wiſe, as ſhe,
"If we had ſeen as much."

## THE SNOW-BALL.

FROM PETRONIUS ARBANIUS.

White as her hand fair Julia threw
A ball of ſilver ſnow;
The frozen globe ſir'd as it flew,
My boſom felt it glow.

Strange pow'r of love! whoſe great command
Can thus a ſnow-ball arm;
When ſent, fair Julia, from thine hand,
Ev'n ice itſelf can warm.

How ſhould we then ſecure our hearts?
Love's pow'r we all muſt feel,
Who thus can, by ſtrange magic arts,
In ice his flames conceal.

'Tis thou alone, fair Julia, know,
Can'ſt quench my fierce deſire;
But not with water, ice, or ſnow,
But with an equal fire.

## ANACREON, ODE XX.

A rock on Phrygian plains we ſee
That once was beauteous Niobe:
And Progne, too revengeful fair!
Now flits a wand'ring bird in air:
Thus I a looking-glaſs would be,
That you, dear maid, might gaze on me;
Be chang'd to ſtays, that ſtraitly lac'd,
I might embrace thy ſlender waiſt;
A ſilver ſtream I'd bathe thee, fair,
Or ſhine pomatum on thy hair;
In a ſoft ſable tippet's form
I'd kiſs thy ſnowy bubbies warm;

In ſhape of pearl thy boſom deck,
And hang for ever round thy neck,
Pleas'd to be aught that touches you,
Your glove, your garter, or your ſhoe.

## A TRANSLATION OF SOME LATIN VERSES ON THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

The various pow'rs of blended ſhade and light,
The ſkilful Zeuxis of the duſky night;
The lovely forms that paint the ſnowy plain
Free from the pencil's violating ſtain;
In tuneful lines, harmonious Phœbus, ſing,
At once of light and verſe celeſtial king.
Divine Apollo! let thy ſacred fire
Thy youthful bard's unſkilful breaſt inſpire,
Like the fair empty ſheet he hangs to view,
Void, and unfurniſh'd, till inſpir'd by you;
O let one beam, one kind enlight'ning ray
At once upon his mind and paper play!
Hence ſhall his breaſt with bright ideas glow,
Hence num'rous forms the ſilver field ſhall ſtrew.
But now the muſe's uſeful precepts view,
And with juſt care the pleaſing work purſue.
Firſt chooſe a window that convenient lies,
And to the north directs the wand'ring eyes;
Dark be the room; let not a ſtraggling ray
Intrude, to chaſe the ſhadowy forms away,
Except one bright refulgent blaze convey'd
Through a ſtrait paſſage in the ſhutter made,
In which th' ingenious artiſt firſt muſt place
A little, convex, round, tranſparent glaſs,
And juſt behind th' extended paper lay,
On which his art ſhall all its pow'r diſplay:
There rays reflected from all parts ſhall meet,
And paint their objects on the ſilver ſheet;
A thouſand forms ſhall in a moment riſe,
And magic landſcapes charm our wand'ring eyes;
'Tis thus from ev'ry object that we view,
If Epicurus' doctrine teaches true,
The ſubtile parts upon our organs play,
And to our minds th' external forms convey.
But from what cauſes all theſe wonders flow,
'Tis not permitted idle bards to know,
How through the centre of the convex glaſs,
The piercing rays together twiſted paſs,
Or why revers'd the lovely ſcenes appear,
Or why the ſun's approaching light they fear;
Let grave philoſophers the cauſe inquire,
Enough for us to ſee, and to admire.
See then what forms with various colours ſtain
The painted ſurface of the paper plain!
Now bright and gay, as ſhines the heavenly bow,
So late a wide, unpeopled waſte of ſnow:
Here verdant groves, there golden crops of corn
The new uncultivated fields adorn;
Here gardens deckt with flow'rs of various dyes,
There ſlender tow'rs, and little cities riſe:
But all with tops inverted downward bend,
Earth mounts aloft, and ſkies and clouds deſcend:
Thus the wiſe vulgar on a pendent land
Imagine our antipodes to ſtand,
And wonder much, how they ſecurely go,
And not fall headlong on the heav'ns below.

The charms of motion here exalt each part
Above the reach of great Apelles' art;
Zephyrs the waving harveſts gently blow,
The waters curl, and brooks inceſſant flow;
Men, beaſts, and birds in fair confuſion ſtray,
Some riſe to fight, whilſt others paſs away.
On all we ſeize that comes within our reach,
The rolling coach we ſtop, the horſe-man catch;
Compel the poſting traveller to ſtay;
But the ſhort viſit cauſes no delay.
Again, behold what lovely proſpects riſe!
Now with the loveliеſt feaſt your longing eyes.
Nor let ſtrict modeſty be here afraid,
To view upon her head a beauteous maid:
See in ſmall folds her waving garments flow,
And all her ſlender limbs ſtill ſlenderer grow;
Contracted in one little orb is found
The ſpacious hoop, once five vaſt ells around:
But think not to embrace the flying fair,
Soon will ſhe quit your arms unſeen as air,
In this reſembling too a tender maid,
Coy to the lover's touch, and of his hand afraid.
Enough w' have ſeen; now let th' intruding day
Chaſe all the lovely magic ſcenes away;
Again th' unpeopled ſnowy waſte returns,
And the lone plain its faded glories mourns;
The bright creation in a moment flies,
And all the pigmy generation dies.
Thus, when ſtill night her gloomy mantle ſpreads,
The fairies dance around the flow'ry meads!
But when the day returns, they wing their flight
To diſtant lands, and ſhun th' unwelcome light.

## THE TEMPLE OF VENUS.

In her own iſle's remoteſt grove
Stands Venus' lovely ſhrine,
Sacred to beauty, joy, and love,
And built by hands divine.

The poliſh'd ſtructure, fair and bright
As her own ivory ſkin,
Without is alabaſter white,
And ruby all within.

Above, a cupola charms the view,
White as unſully'd ſnow;
Two columns of the ſame fair hue
Support the dome below.

Its walls a trickling fountain laves,
In which ſuch virtue reigns,
That, bath'd in its balſamic waves,
No lover feels his pains.

Before th' unfolding gates there ſpreads
A fragrant ſpicy grove,
That with its curling branches ſhades
The labyrinths of love.

Bright beauty here her captives holds,
Who kiſs their eaſy chains,
And in the ſofteſt cloſeſt folds
Her willing ſlaves detains.

Would'ſt thou, who ne'er theſe ſeas haſt try'd,
Find where this iſland lies,
Let pilot love the rudder guide,
And ſteer by Chloe's eyes.

## ON A NOSEGAY IN THE COUNTESS OF COVENTRY'S BREAST.

IN IMITATION OF WALLER.

Delightful scene! in which appear
At once all beauties of the year!
See how the zephyrs of her breath
Fan gently all the flow'rs beneath!
See the gay flow'rs, how bright they glow,
Though planted in a bed of snow!
Yet see how soon they fade, and die,
Scorch'd by the sunshine of her eye!
No wonder if, o'ercome with blis,
They droop their heads to steal a kis;
Who would not die on that dear breast?
Who would not die to be so blest?

## THE 'SQUIRE AND THE PARSON.

AN ECLOGUE.

WRITTEN ON THE CONCLUSION OF THE PEACE, 1748.

By his hall chimney, where in rusty grate
Green faggots wept their own untimely fate,
In elbow-chair the pensive 'Squire reclin'd,
Revolving debts and taxes in his mind:
A pipe just fill'd upon a table near
Lay by the London-Evening stain'd with beer,
With half a Bible, on whose remnants torn
Each parish round was annually forsworn.
The gate now claps, as ev'ning just grew dark,
Tray starts, and with a growl prepares to bark;
But soon discerning with sagacious nose
The well-known savour of the Parson's toes,
Lays down his head, and sinks in soft repose.
The doctor ent'ring to the tankard ran,
Takes a good hearty pull, and thus began:

*Parson.*

Why sitt'st thou thus forlorn and dull, my friend,
Now war's rapacious reign is at an end?
Hark, how the distant bells inspire delight!
See bonfires spangle o'er the veil of night!

*'Squire.*

What peace, alas! in foreign parts to me?
At home, nor peace nor plenty can I see;
Joyless I hear drums, bells, and fiddles sound,
'Tis all the same—Four shillings in the pound.
My wheels, though old, are clogg'd with a new tax;
My oaks, though young, must groan beneath the axe
My barns are half unthatch'd, untyl'd my house;
Lost by this fatal sickness all my cows:
See there's the bill my late damn'd lawsuit cost!
Long as the land contended for,—and lost:
Ev'n Ormond's head I can frequent no more,
So short my pocket is, so long the score;
At shops all round I owe for fifty things.—
This comes of fetching Hanoverian kings.

*Parson.*

I must confess the times are bad indeed;
No wonder, when we scarce believe our creed;
When purblind reason's deem'd the surest guide,
And heav'n-born faith at her tribunal try'd;
When all church-pow'r is thought to make men slaves,
Saints, martyrs, fathers, all call'd fools and knaves.

*'Squire.*

Come, preach no more, but drink, and hold your tongue:
I'm for the church;—but think the parson's wrong.

*Parson.*

See there! free-thinking now so rank is grown,
It spreads infection through each country town;
Deistic scoffs fly round at rural boards,
'Squires, and their tenants too, profane as lords,
Vent impious jokes on every sacred thing.

*'Squire.*

Come drink;—

*Parson.*

—Here's to you then, to'church and king.

*'Squire.*

Here's church and king; I hate the glass should stand,
Though one takes tythes, and t' other taxes land.

*Parson.*

Heav'n with new plagues will scourge this sinful nation,
Unless we soon repeal the Toleration,
And to the church restore the Convocation.

*'Squire.*

Plagues we should feel sufficient, on my word,
Starv'd by two houses, priest-rid by a third.
For better days we lately had a chance,
Had not the honest Plaids been trick'd by France.

*Parson.*

Is not most gracious George our faith's defender?
You love the church, yet wish for the Pretender!

*'Squire.*

Preferment, I suppose, is what you mean;
Turn Whig, and you, perhaps, may be a dean:
But you must first learn how to treat your betters.
What's here? sure some strange news! a boy with letters:
Oh, ho! here's one, I see, from parson Sly:
"My rev'rend neighbour Squab being like to die,
"I hope, if heav'n should please to take him hence,
"To ask the living wou'd be no offence."

*Parson.*

Have you not swore that I shou'd Squab succeed?
Think how for this I taught your sons to read;
How oft discover'd pus on new-plow'd land;
How oft supported you with friendly hand,
When I cou'd scarcely go, nor cou'd your worship stand.

*'Squire.*

'Twas yours, had you been honest, wise, or civil;
Now ev'n go court the bishops or the devil.

*Parson.*

If I meant any thing, now let me die;
I'm blunt, and cannot fawn and cant, not I,
Like that old Presbyterian rascal Sly.
I am, you know, a right true hearted Tory,
Love a good glass, a merry song or story.

*'Squire.*

Thou art an honest dog, that's truth indeed—
Talk no more nonsense then about the creed.
I can't, I think, deny thy first request;
'Tis thine; but first a bumper to the best.

*Parson.*

Moſt noble 'Squire, more gen'rous than your wine,
How pleaſing's the condition you aſſign!
Give me the ſparkling glaſs, and here d'ye ſee,
With joy I drink it on my bended knee:
Great queen! who governeſt this earthly ball,
And mak'ſt both kings and kingdoms riſe and fall;
Whoſe wond'rous pow'r in ſecret all things rules,
Makes fools of mighty peers, and peers of fools;
Diſpenſes mitres, coronets, and ſtars;
Involves far diſtant realms in bloody wars,
Then bids the ſnaky treſſes ceaſe to hiſs,
And gives them peace again—— *nay gav'ſt us this;
Whoſe health does health to all mankind impart,
Here's to thy much-lov'd health:—

*'Squire,* rubbing his hands.

——With all my heart.

## ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

*Tranſlated from the Latin of Iſaac Hawkins Browne, Eſq.*

### BOOK I.

To all inferior animals 'tis giv'n
T' enjoy the ſtate allotted them by Heav'n;
No vain reſearches e'er diſturb their reſt,
No fears of dark futurity moleſt.
Man, only man ſolicitous to know
The ſprings whence nature's operations flow,
Plods through a dreary waſte with toil and pain,
And reaſons, hopes, and thinks, and lives in vain;
For ſable death ſtill hovering o'er his head,
Cuts ſhort his progreſs, with his vital thread.
Wherefore, ſince nature errs not, do we find,
Theſe ſeeds of ſcience in the human mind,
If no congenial fruits are predeſign'd?
For what avails to man this pow'r to roam
Through ages paſt, and ages yet to come,
T' explore new worlds o'er all th' etherial way,
Chain'd to a ſpot, and living but a day?
Since all muſt periſh in one common grave,
Nor can theſe long laborious ſearches ſave,
Were it not wiſer far, ſupinely laid,
To ſport with Phillis in the noontide ſhade?
Or at thy jovial feſtivals appear,
Great Bacchus, who alone the ſoul can clear
From all that it has felt, and all that it can fear?
Come on then, let us feaſt; let Chloe ſing,
And ſoft Neæra touch the trembling ſtring;
Enjoy the preſent hour, nor ſeek to know
What good or ill to-morrow may beſtow.
But theſe delights ſoon pall upon the taſte;
Let's try then if more ſerious cannot laſt:
Wealth let us heap on wealth, or fame purſue,
Let pow'r and glory be our points in view;
In courts, in camps, in ſenates let us live,
Our levees crowded like the buzzing hive:
Each weak attempt the ſame ſad leſſon brings!
Alas! what vanity in human things!
What means then ſhall we try? where hope to find
A friendly harbour for the reſtleſs mind?

Who ſtill, you ſee, impatient to obtain
Knowledge immenſe, (ſo Nature's laws ordain)
Ev'n now, though fetter'd in corporeal clay,
Climbs ſtep by ſtep the proſpect to ſurvey,
And ſeeks unwearied truth's eternal ray.
No fleeting joys ſhe aſks which muſt depend
On the frail ſenſes, and with them muſt end;
But ſuch as ſuit her own immortal fame,
Free from all change, eternally the ſame.
Take courage then, theſe joys we ſhall attain;
Almighty wiſdom never acts in vain;
Nor ſhall the ſoul, on which it has beſtow'd
Such pow'rs, e'er periſh like an earthly clod;
But purg'd at length from foul corruption's ſtain,
Freed from her priſon and unbound her chain,
She ſhall her native ſtrength and native ſkies regain:
To heav'n an old inhabitant return,
And draw nectareous ſtreams from truth's perpetual urn.
Whilſt life remains, (if life it can be call'd
T' exiſt in fleſhly bondage thus enthrall'd)
Fir'd with the dull purſuit of worldly things,
The ſoul ſcarce wakes, or opes her gladſome wings,
Yet ſtill the godlike exile in diſgrace
Retains ſome marks of her celeſtial race;
Elſe whence from mem'ry's ſtore can ſhe produce
Such various thoughts, or range them ſo for uſe?
Can matter theſe contain, diſpoſe, apply?
Can in her cells ſuch mighty treaſures lie?
Or can her native force produce them to the eye?
Whence is this pow'r, this foundreſs of all arts,
Serving, adorning life, through all its parts,
Which names impos'd, by letters mark'd thoſe names,
Adjuſted properly by legal claims,
From woods and wilds collected rude mankind,
And cities, laws, and governments deſign'd?
What can this be, but ſome bright ray from heav'n,
Some emanation from Omniſcience given?
When now the rapid ſtream of eloquence
Bears all before it, paſſion, reaſon, ſenſe,
Can its dread thunder, or its lightning's force
Derive their eſſence from a mortal ſource?
What think you of the bard's enchanting art,
Which, whether he attempts to warm the heart
With fabled ſcenes, or charm the ear with rhyme,
Breathes all pathetic, lovely, and ſublime?
Whilſt things on earth roll round from age to age,
The fame dull farce repeated on the ſtage,
The poet gives us a creation new,
More pleaſing, and more perfect than the true;
The mind, who always to perfection haſtes,
Perfection ſuch as here ſhe never taſtes,
With gratitude accepts the kind deceit,
And thence foreſees a ſyſtem more complete.
Of thoſe what think you, who the circling race
Of ſuns, and their revolving planets trace,
And comets journeying through unbounded ſpace?
Say, can you doubt, but that th' all-ſearching ſoul,
That now can traverſe heav'n from pole to pole,
From thence deſcending viſits but this earth,
And ſhall once more regain the regions of her birth?
Cou'd ſhe thus act, unleſs ſome power unknown,
From matter quite diſtinct and all her own,
Supported, and impell'd her? She approves
Self-conſcious, and condemns; ſhe hates and loves,

* *Madam de P—mp—dour.*

Mourns and rejoices, hopes and is afraid,
Without the body's unrequested aid:
Her own internal strength her reason guides,
By this she now compares things, now divides;
Truth's scatter'd fragments piece by piece collects,
Rejoins, and thence her edifice erects;
Piles arts on arts, effects to causes ties,
And rears the aspiring fabric to the skies;
From whence, as on a distant plain below,
She sees from causes consequences flow,
And the whole chain distinctly comprehends,
Which from the Almighty's throne to earth descends:
And lastly, turning inwardly her eyes,
Perceives how all her own ideas rise,
Contemplates what she is, and whence she came,
And almost comprehends her own amazing frame.
Can mere machines be with such pow'rs endu'd,
Or conscious of those pow'rs, suppose they cou'd?
For body is but a machine alone
Mov'd by external force, and impulse not its own.
Rate not th' extension of the human mind
By the plebeian standard of mankind,
But by the size of those gigantic few
Whom Greece and Rome still offer to our view,
Or Britain, well deserving equal praise,
Parent of heroes too in better days.
Why shou'd I try her numerous sons to name,
By verse, law, eloquence consign'd to fame;
Or who have forc'd fair science into light,
Long lost in darkness, and afraid of light?
O'er all superior, like the solar ray,
First Bacon usher'd in the dawning day,
And drove the mists of sophistry away;
Pervaded nature with amazing force.
Following experience still throughout his course,
And finishing at length his destin'd way,
To Newton he bequeath'd the radiant lamp of day.
Illustrious souls! if any tender cares
Affect angelic breasts for man's affairs,
If in your present happy heav'nly state,
You're not regardless quite of Britain's fate,
Let this degenerate land again be blest
With that true vigour which she once possest;
Compel us to unfold our slumb'ring eyes,
And to our ancient dignity to rise.
Such wond'rous pow'rs as these must sure be giv'n
For most important purposes by Heav'n;
Who bids these stars as bright examples shine,
Besprinkled thinly by the hand divine,
To form to virtue each degenerate time,
And point out to the soul its origin sublime.
That there's a self which after death shall live,
All are concern'd about, and all believe;
That something's ours, when we from life depart,
This all conceive, all feel it at the heart;
The wise of learn'd antiquity proclaim
This truth, the public voice declares the same;
No land so rude but looks beyond the tomb
For future prospects in a world to come.
Hence, without hopes to be in life repaid,
We plant slow oaks posterity to shade;
And hence vast pyramids aspiring high
Lift their proud heads aloft, and time defy.
Hence is our love of fame; a love so strong,
We think no dangers great, or labours long,
By which we hope our beings to extend,
And to remotest times in glory to descend.

For fame the wretch beneath the gallows lies,
Disowning every crime for which he dies;
Of life profuse, tenacious of a name,
Fearless of death, and yet afraid of shame.
Nature has wove into the human mind
This anxious care for names we leave behind,
T' extend our narrow views beyond the tomb,
And give an earnest of a life to come:
For if when dead we are but dust or clay,
Why think of what posterity shall say?
Her praise or censure cannot us concern,
Nor ever penetrate the silent urn.
What mean the nodding plumes, the fun'ral train,
And marble monument that speaks in vain,
With all those cares which ev'ry nation pays
To their unfeeling dead in diff'rent ways!
Some in the flower-strewn grave the corpse have lay'd,
And annual obsequies around it pay'd,
As if to please the poor departed shade;
Others on blazing piles the body burn,
And store their ashes in the faithful urn;
But all in one great principle agree,
To give a fancy'd immortality.
Why shou'd I mention those, whose ouzy soil
Is render'd fertile by the o'erflowing Nile?
Their dead they bury not, nor burn with fires,
No graves they dig, erect no fun'ral pires,
But washing first th' embowel'd body clean,
Gums, spice, and melted pitch they pour within;
Then with strong fillets bind it round and round,
To make each flaccid part compact and sound;
And lastly paint the varnish'd surface o'er
With the same features which in life it wore:
So strong their presage of a future state,
And that our nobler part survives the body's fate.
Nations behold, remote from reason's beams,
Where Indian Ganges rolls his sandy streams,
Of life impatient rush into the fire,
And willing victims to their gods expire!
Persuaded the loos'd soul to regions flies,
Blest with eternal spring, and cloudless skies.
Nor is less fam'd the oriental wife
For stedfast virtue, and contempt of life:
These heroines mourn not with loud female cries
Their husbands lost, or with o'erflowing eyes;
But, strange to tell! their funeral piles ascend,
And in the same sad flames their sorrows end;
In hopes with them beneath the shades to rove,
And there renew their interrupted love.
In climes where Boreas breathes eternal cold,
See num'rous nations, warlike, fierce, and bold,
To battle all unanimously run,
Nor fire, nor sword, nor instant death they shun.
Whence this disdain of life in ev'ry breast,
But from a notion on their minds impress,
That all who for their country die, are blest?
Add too to these the once-prevailing dreams;
Of sweet Elysian groves, and Stygian streams;
All show with what consent mankind agree
In the firm hope of immortality.
Grant these inventions of the crafty priest,
Yet such inventions never cou'd subsist,
Unless some glimmerings of a future state
Were with the mind coæval, and innate;
For ev'ry fiction which can long persuade,
In truth must have its first foundations laid.

Becanſe we are unable to conceive
How unembody'd ſouls can act, and live,
The vulgar give them forms, and limbs, and faces,
And habitations in peculiar places:
Hence reas'ners more refin'd, but not more wiſe,
Struck with the glare of ſuch abſurdities,
Their whole exiſtence fabulous ſuſpect,
And truth and falſehood in a lump reject;
Too indolent to learn what may be known,
Or elſe too proud that ignorance to own.
For hard's the taſk the daubing to pervade
Folly and fraud on truth's fair form have laid:
Yet let that taſk be our's; for great the prize;
Nor let us truth's celeſtial charms deſpiſe,
Becauſe that prieſts or poets may diſguiſe.
That there's a God, from nature's voice is clear;
And yet what errors to this truth adhere?
How have the fears and follies of mankind
Now multiply'd their gods, and now ſubjoin'd
To each the frailties of the human mind?
Nay ſuperſtition ſpread at length ſo wide,
Beaſts, birds, and onions too were deify'd.
Th' Athenian ſage, revolving in his mind
This weakneſs, blindneſs, madneſs of mankind,
Foretold, that in maturer days, though late,
When time ſhould ripen the decrees of fate,
Some God would light us, like the riſing day,
Through errors maze, and chaſe theſe clouds away.
Long ſince has time fulfill'd this great decree,
And brought us aid from this divinity.
Well worth our ſearch diſcoveries may be made
By nature, void of this celeſtial aid:
Let's try what her conjectures then can reach,
Nor ſcorn plain reaſon, when ſhe deigns to teach.
That mind and body often ſympathize,
Is plain; ſuch is this union nature ties:
But then as often too they diſagree,
Which proves the ſoul's ſuperior progeny.
Sometimes the body in full ſtrength we find,
Whilſt various ails debilitate the mind;
At others, whilſt the mind its force retains,
The body ſinks with ſickneſs and with pains:
Now, did one common fate their beings end,
Alike they'd ſicken, and alike they'd mend.
But ſure experience, on the ſlighteſt view,
Shows us, that the reverſe of this is true;
For when the body oft expiring lies,
Its limbs quite ſenſeleſs, and half cloſ'd its eyes,
The mind new force and eloquence acquires,
And with prophetic voice the dying lips inſpires.
Of like materials were they both compos'd,
How comes it that the mind, when ſleep has cloſ'd
Each avenue of ſenſe, expatiates wide,
Her liberty reſtor'd, her bonds unty'd?
And like ſome bird who from its priſon flies,
Claps her exulting wings, and mounts the ſkies.
Grant that corporeal is the human mind,
It muſt have parts *in infinitum* join'd;
And each of theſe muſt will, perceive, deſign,
And draw confus'dly in a diff'rent line;
Which then can claim dominion o'er the reſt,
Or ſtamp the ruling paſſion in the breaſt?
Perhaps the mind is form'd by various arts
Of modelling and figuring theſe parts;
Juſt as if circles wiſer were than ſquares;
But ſurely common ſenſe aloud declares
That ſite and figure are as foreign quite
From mental pow'rs, as colours black or white.
Allow that motion is the cauſe of thought,
With what ſtrange pow'rs muſt motion then be fraught?
Reaſon, ſenſe, ſcience muſt derive their ſource
From the wheel's rapid whirl, or pully's force;
Tops whipp'd by ſchool-boys ſages muſt commence,
Their hoops, like them, be cudgell'd into ſenſe,
And boiling pots o'erflow with eloquence.
Whence can this very motion take its birth;
Not ſure from matter, from dull clods of earth:
But from a living ſpirit lodg'd within,
Which governs all the bodily machine:
Juſt as th' Almighty Univerſal Soul
Informs, directs, and animates the whole.
Ceaſe then to wonder how th' immortal mind
Can live, when from the body quite disjoin'd;
But rather wonder, if ſhe e'er could die,
So fram'd, ſo faſhion'd for eternity;
Self-mov'd, not form'd of parts together ty'd,
Which time can diſſipate, and force divide;
For beings of this make can never die,
Whoſe pow'rs within themſelves and their own eſſence lie.
If to conceive how any thing can be
From ſhape extracted and locality
Is hard, what think you of the Deity?
His being not the leaſt relation bears,
As far as to the human mind appears,
To ſhape or ſize, ſimilitude or place,
Cloth'd in no form, and bounded by no ſpace.
Such then is God, a Spirit pure, refin'd
From all material droſs; and ſuch the human mind.
For in what part of eſſence can we ſee
More certain marks of immortality?
Ev'n from this dark confinement with delight
She looks abroad, and prunes herſelf for flight;
Like an unwilling inmate longs to roam
From this dull earth, and ſeek her native home.
Go then, forgetful of its toils and ſtrife,
Purſue the joys of this fallacious life;
Like ſome poor fly, who lives but for a day,
Sip the freſh dews, and in the ſunſhine play,
And into nothing then diſſolve away.
Are theſe our great purſuits? Is this to live?
Theſe all the hopes this much-lov'd world can give?
How much more worthy envy is their fate,
Who ſearch for truth in a ſuperior ſtate?
Not groping ſtep by ſtep, as we purſue,
And following reaſon's much-entangled clue,
But with one great and inſtantaneous view.
But how can ſenſe remain, perhaps you'll ſay,
Corporeal organs if we take away?
Since it from them proceeds, and with them muſt decay.
Why not? or why may not the ſoul receive
New organs, ſince ev'n art can theſe retrieve?
The ſilver trumpet aids th' obſtructed ear,
And optic glaſſes the dim eye can clear;
Theſe in mankind new faculties create,
And lift him far above his native ſtate;
Call down revolving planets from the ſky,
Earth's ſecret treaſures open to his eye,

The whole minute creation make his own,
With all the wonders of a world unknown.
How could the mind, did ſhe alone depend
On ſenſe, the errors of thoſe ſenſes mend?
Yet oft we ſee thoſe ſenſes ſhe corrects,
And oft their information quite rejects.
In diſtances of things, their ſhapes and ſize,
Our reaſon judges better than our eyes.
Declares not this the ſoul's pre-eminence
Superior to, and quite diſtinct from ſenſe?
For ſure 'tis likely, that, ſince now ſo high
Clogg'd and unfledg'd ſhe dares her wings to try,
Loos'd and mature ſhe ſhall her ſtrength diſplay,
And ſoar at length to truth's refulgent ray.
Inquire you how theſe pow'rs we ſhall attain,
'Tis not for us to know; our ſearch is vain:
Can any now remember or relate
How he exiſted in the embryo ſtate?
Or one from birth inſenſible of day
Conceive ideas of the ſolar ray?
That light's deny'd to him, which others ſee,
He knows, perhaps you'll ſay,—and ſo do we.
The mind contemplative finds nothing here
On earth that's worthy of a wiſh or fear:
He whoſe ſublime purſuit is God and truth,
Burns, like ſome abſent and impatient youth,
To join the object of his warm deſires;
Thence to ſequeſter'd ſhades, and ſtreams retires,
And there delights his paſſion to rehearſe
In wiſdom's ſacred voice, or in harmonious verſe.
To me moſt happy therefore he appears,
Who having once, unmov'd by hopes or fears,
Survey'd this ſun, earth, ocean, clouds, and flame,
Well ſatisfy'd returns from whence he came.
Is life an hundred years, or e'er ſo few,
'Tis repetition all, and nothing new;
A fair, where thouſands meet, but none can ſtay;
An inn, where travellers bait, then poſt away;
A ſea, where man perpetually is toſt,
Now plung'd in buſineſs, no in trifles loſt:
Who leave it firſt, the peaceful port firſt gain;
Hold then! nor farther launch into the main:
Contract your ſails; life nothing can beſtow
By long continuance, but continued woe;
The wretched privilege daily to deplore
The fun'rals of our friends, who go before;
Diſeaſes, pains, anxieties, and cares,
And age ſurrounded with a thouſand ſnares.
But whither, bury'd by a gen'rous ſcorn
Of this vain world, ah whither am I borne?
Let's not unbid th' Almighty's ſtandard quit;
Howe'er ſevere our poſt, we muſt ſubmit.
Could I a firm perſuaſion once attain,
That after death no being would remain;
To thoſe dark ſhades I'd willingly deſcend,
Where all muſt ſleep, this drama at an end,
Nor life accept, although renew'd by fate,
Ev'n from its earlieſt and its happieſt ſtate.
Might I from fortune's bounteous hand receive
Each boon, each bleſſing in her pow'r to give,
Genius, and ſcience, morals, and good ſenſe,
Unenvy'd honours, wit, and eloquence;
A num'rous offspring to the world well known,
Both for paternal virtues, and their own;
Ev'n at this mighty price I'd not be bound
To tread the ſame dull circle round and round;
The ſoul requires enjoyments more ſublime,
By ſpace unbounded, un'leſtroy'd by time

## BOOK II.

God then through all creation gives, we find,
Sufficient marks of an indulgent mind,
Excepting in ourſelves; ourſelves of all
His works the chief on this terreſtrial ball,
His own bright image, who alone unbleſt
Feel ills perpetual, happy all the reſt.
But hold, preſumptuous! charge not Heaven's decree
With ſuch injuſtice, ſuch partiality.
Yet true it is, ſurvey we life around,
Whole hoſts of ills on ev'ry ſide are found;
Who wound not here and there by chance a foe,
But at the ſpecies meditate the blow.
What millions periſh by each other's hands
In war's fierce rage? or by the dread commands
Of tyrants languiſh out their lives in chains,
Or loſe them in variety of pains?
What numbers pinch'd by want and hunger die,
In ſpite of nature's liberality?
(Thoſe, ſtill more num'rous, I to name diſdain,
By lewdneſs and intemperance juſtly ſlain)
What numbers guiltleſs of their own diſeaſe
Are ſnatch'd by ſudden death, or waſte by ſlow degrees?
Where then is virtue's well-deſerv'd reward?—
Let's pay to virtue ev'ry due regard;
That ſhe enables man, let us confeſs,
To bear thoſe evils which ſhe can't redreſs,
Gives hope, and conſcious peace, and can aſſuage
Th' impetuous tempeſts both of luſt and rage;
Yet ſhe's a guard ſo far from being ſure,
That oft her friends peculiar ills endure:
Where vice prevails ſevereſt is their fate,
Tyrants purſue them with a threefold hate:
How many ſtruggling in their country's cauſe,
And from their country meriting applauſe,
Have fall'n by wretches fond to be enſlav'd,
And periſh'd by the hands themſelves had ſav'd?
Soon as ſuperior worth appears in view,
See knaves and fools united to purſue!
The man ſo form'd they all conſpire to blame,
And envy's pois'nous tooth attacks his fame:
Should he at length ſo truly good and great,
Prevail, and rule with honeſt views the ſtate,
Then muſt he toil for an ungrateful race,
Submit to clamour, libels, and diſgrace,
Threaten'd, oppos'd, defeated in his ends,
By foes ſeditious, and aſpiring friends.
Hear this, and tremble! all who would be great,
Yet know not what attends that dang'rous wretched ſtate.
Is private life from all theſe evils free?
Vice of all kinds, rage, envy there we ſee,
Deceit, that friendſhip's maſk inſidious wears,
Quarrels and feuds, and law's entangling ſnares.
But there are pleaſures ſtill in human life,
Domeſtic eaſe, a tender loving wife,
Children whoſe dawning ſmiles your heartengage
The grace and comfort of ſoft-ſtealing age:
If happineſs exiſts, 'tis ſurely here;
But are theſe joys exempt from care and fear?

Need I the miseries of that state declare,
When diff'rent passions draw the wedded pair?
Or say how hard those passions to discern,
Ere the dye's cast, and 'tis too late to learn?
Who can insure, that what is right, and good,
These children shall pursue? or if they should,
Death comes when least you fear to black a day,
And all your blooming hopes are snatch'd away.
We say not that these ills from virtue flow;
Did her wise precepts rule the world, we know
The golden ages would again begin;
But 'tis our lot in this to suffer, and to sin.
Observing this, some sages have decreed,
That all things from two causes must proceed;
Two principles with equal pow'r endu'd,
This wholly evil, that supremely good.
From this arise the mis'ries we endure,
Whilst that administers a friendly cure;
Hence life is chequer'd still with bliss and woe,
Hence tares with golden crops promiscuous grow,
And pois'nous serpents make their dread repose
Beneath the covert of the fragrant rose.
Can such a system satisfy the mind?
Are both these gods in equal pow'r conjoin'd,
Or one superior? Equal if you say,
Chaos returns, since neither will obey:
Is one superior? good or ill must reign,
Eternal joy or everlasting pain:
Which e'er is conquer'd must entirely yield,
And the victorious god enjoy the field:
Hence with these fictions of the magi's brain!
Hence ouzy Nile, with all her monstrous train!
Or comes the Stoic nearer to the right?
He holds, that whatsoever yields delight,
Wealth, fame, externals all, are useless things;
Himself half-starving happier far than kings.
'Tis fine indeed to be so wond'rous wise!
By the same reasoning too he pain denies;
Roast him, or flay him, break him on the wheel,
Retract he will not, though he can't but feel:
Pain's not an ill, he utters with a groan;
What then? An inconvenience 'tis, he'll own!
What vigour, health, and beauty? are these good?
No; they may be accepted, not pursued:
Absurd to squabble thus about a name,
Quibbling with diff'rent words that mean the same.
Stoic, were you not fram'd of flesh and blood,
You might be blest without external good;
But know, be self-sufficient as you can,
You are not spirit quite, but frail and mortal man.
But since these sages, so absurdly wise,
Vainly pretend enjoyments to despise,
Because externals, and in fortune's pow'r,
Now mine, now thine, the blessing of an hour;
Why value, then, that strength of mind they boast,
As often varying, and as quickly lost?
A head-ach hurts it, or a rainy day,
And a slow fever wipes it quite away.
See * one whose councils, one † whose conqu'ring hand
Once sav'd Britannia's almost sinking land,
Examples of the mind's extensive pow'r;
Examples too how quickly fades that flow'r.

Him let me add, whom late we saw excel
‡ In each politer kind of writing well:
Whether he strove our follies to expose
In easy verse, or droll and hum'rous prose;
Few years, alas! compel his throne to quit
This mighty monarch o'er the realms of wit:
See self-surviving he's an idiot grown!
A melancholy proof our parts are not our own.
Thy tenets, Stoic, yet we may forgive,
If in a future state we cease to live.
For here the virtuous suffer much 'tis plain,
If pain is evil, this must God arraign;
And on this principle confess we must,
Pain can no evil be, or God must be unjust.
Blind man! whose reason such strait bounds confine,
That ere it touches truth's extremest line,
It stops amaz'd, and quits the great design.
Own you not, Stoic, God is just and true?
Dare to proceed; secure this path pursue:
'Twill soon conduct you far beyond the tomb,
To future justice, and a life to come.
This path, you say, is hid in endless night;
'Tis self-conceit alone obstructs your sight;
You stop ere half your destin'd course is run,
And triumph when the conquest is not won!
By this the Sophists were of old misled;
See what a monstrous race from one mistake is bred!
Hear then my argument:—Confess we must,
A God there is, supremely wise and just:
If so, however things affect our sight,
As sings our bard, *whatever is, is right.*
But is it right what here so oft appears,
That vice should triumph, virtue sink in tears?
The inference then that closes this debate,
Is, that there must exist a future state,
The wise extending their inquiries wide,
See how both states are by connection ty'd;
Fools view but part, and not the whole survey,
So crowd existence all into a day.
Hence are they led to hope, but hope in vain,
That justice never will resume her reign;
On this vain hope adulterers, thieves rely,
And to this altar vile assassins fly.
"But rules not God by general laws divine:
"Man's vice or virtue change not the design:"
What laws are these? Instruct us if you can:—
There's one design'd for brutes, and one for man:
Another guides inactive matter's course,
Attracting, and attracted by its force:
Hence mutual gravity subsists between
Far distant worlds, and ties the vast machine.
The laws of life, why need I call to mind,
Obey'd by birds and beasts of ev'ry kind?
By all the sandy desert's savage brood,
And all the num'rous offspring of the flood;
Of these none uncontroul'd and lawless rove,
But to some destin'd end spontaneous move:
Led by that instinct Heav'n itself inspires,
Or so much reason as their state requires:
See all with skill acquire their daily food,
All use those arms which nature has bestow'd;
Produce their tender progeny, and feed
With care parental, whilst that care they need;

* *Lord Somers.*

† *Duke of Marlborough.*

‡ *Dean Swift.*

In theſe lov'd offices completely bleſt,
No hopes beyond them, nor vain fears moleſt.
Man o'er a wider field extends his views:
God through the wonders of his works purſues:
Exploring thence his attributes and laws,
Adores, loves, imitates th' Eternal Cauſe;
For ſure in nothing we approach ſo nigh
The great example of divinity,
As in benevolence: the patriot's ſoul
Knows not ſelf-center'd for itſelf to roll,
But warms, enlightens, animates the whole:
Its mighty orb embraces firſt his friends,
His country next, then man; nor here it ends,
But to the meaneſt animal deſcends.
Wiſe nature has this ſocial law confirm'd
By forming man ſo helpleſs and unarm'd:
His want of others' aid, and pow'r of ſpeech
T' implore that aid, this leſſon daily teach:
Mankind with other animals compare,
Single, how weak and impotent they are!
But view them in their complicated ſtate,
Their pow'rs how wond'rous, and their ſtrength how great,
When ſocial virtue individuals joins,
And in one ſolid maſs, like gravity combines!
This then's the firſt great law by nature giv'n,
Stamp'd on our ſouls, and ratify'd by Heav'n;
All from utility this law approve,
As ev'ry private bliſs muſt ſpring from ſocial love.
Why deviate then ſo many from this law!
See paſſions, cuſtom, vice, and folly draw!
Survey the rolling globe from eaſt to weſt,
How few, alas! how very few are bleſt!
Beneath the frozen poles, and burning line,
What poverty and indolence combine
To cloud with error's miſts the human mind?
No trace of man, but in the form we find.
And are we free from error and diſtreſs,
Whom Heav'n with clearer light has pleas'd to bleſs?
Whom true religion leads! (for ſhe but leads
By ſoft perſuaſion, not by force proceeds);
Behold how we avoid this radiant ſun,
This proferr'd guide how obſtinately ſhun,
And after ſophiſtry's vain ſyſtems run!
For theſe as for eſſentials we engage
In wars and maſſacres with holy rage;
Brothers by brothers' impious hands are ſlain,
Miſtaken zeal, how ſavage is thy reign!
Unpuniſh'd vices here ſo much abound,
All right and wrong, all order they confound;
Theſe are the giants who the gods defy,
And mountains heap on mountains to the ſky:
Sees this th' Almighty Judge, or ſeeing ſpares,
And deems the crimes of man beneath his cares?
He ſees; and will at laſt rewards beſtow,
And puniſhments, not leſs aſſur'd for being ſlow.
Nor doubt I, though this ſtate confus'd appears,
That ev'n in this God ſometimes interferes;
Sometimes, leſt man ſhould quite his pow'r diſown,
He makes that pow'r to trembling nations known:
But rarely this; not for each vulgar end,
As ſuperſtition's idle tales pretend,
Who thinks all foes to God who are her own,
Directs his thunder, and uſurps his throne.

Nor know I not how much a conſcious mind
Avails to puniſh, or reward mankind;
Ev'n in this life thou, impious wretch, muſt feel
The fury's ſcourges, and th' infernal wheel;
From man's tribunal though thou hop'ſt to run,
Thyſelf thou canſt not, nor thy conſcience ſhun:
What muſt thou ſuffer when each dire diſeaſe,
The progeny of vice, thy fabric ſeize?
Conſumption, fever, and the racking pain
Of ſpaſms, and gout, and ſtone, a frightful train!
When life new tortures can alone ſupply,
Life thy ſole hope thou'lt hate, yet dread to die.
Should ſuch a wretch to num'rous years arrive,
It can be little worth his while to live:
No honours, no regards his age attend,
Companions fly; he ne'er could have a friend:
His flatterers leave him, and with wild affright
He looks within, and ſhudders at the ſight:
When threat'ning death uplifts his pointed dart,
With what impatience he applies to art,
Life to prolong amidſt diſeaſe and pains!
Why this, if after it no ſenſe remains?
Why ſhould he chooſe theſe miſeries to endure,
If death could grant an everlaſting cure?
'Tis plain there's ſomething whiſpers in his ear,
(Though fain he'd hide it) he has much to fear.
See the reverſe, how happy thoſe we find,
Who know by merit to engage mankind?
Prais'd by each tongue, by ev'ry heart belov'd,
For virtues practis'd, and for arts improv'd;
Their eaſy aſpects ſhine with ſmiles ſerene,
And all is peace and happineſs within:
Their ſleep is ne'er diſturb'd by fears or ſtrife,
Nor luſt, nor wine, impair the ſprings of life.
Him fortune cannot ſink, nor much elate,
Whoſe views extend beyond this mortal ſtate;
By age when ſummon'd to reſign his breath,
Calm, and ſerene, he ſees approaching death,
As the ſafe port, the peaceful ſilent ſhore,
Where he may reſt, life's tedious voyage o'er:
He, and he only, is of death afraid,
Whom his own conſcience has a coward made;
Whilſt he who virtue's radiant courſe has run,
Deſcends like a ſerenely ſetting ſun,
His thoughts triumphant Heav'n alone employs,
And hope anticipates his future joys.
So good, ſo bleſt th' illuſtrious * Hough we find,
Whoſe image dwells with pleaſure on my mind;
The mitre's glory, freedom's conſtant friend,
In times which aſk'd a champion to defend;
Who after near an hundred virtuous years,
His ſenſes perfect, free from pains and fears,
Replete with life, with honours, and with age,
Like an applauded actor left the ſtage;
Or like ſome victor in th' Olympic games,
Who, having run his courſe, the crown of glory claims.
From this juſt contraſt plainly it appears,
How conſcience can inſpire both hopes and fears:
But whence proceed theſe hopes, or whence this dread,
If nothing really can affect the dead?
See all things join to promiſe, and preſage
The ſure arrival of a future age!

* *Biſhop of Worceſter.*

Whate'er their lot is here, the good and wise
Nor doat on life, nor peevishly despise.
An honest man, when fortune's storms begin,
Has consolation always sure within;
And if she sends a more propitious gale,
He's pleas'd, but not forgetful it may fail.
Nor fear that he who sits so loose to life,
Should too much shun its labours, and its strife;
And, scorning wealth, contented to be mean,
Shrink from the duties of this bustling scene;
Or, when his country's safety claims his aid,
Avoid the fight, inglorious and afraid:
Who scorns life most must surely be most brave,
And he who pow'r contemns, be least a slave:
Virtue will lead him to ambition's ends,
And prompt him to defend his country and his friends.
But still his merit you can not regard,
Who thus pursues a posthumous reward;
His soul, you cry, is uncorrupt and great,
Who, quite uninfluenc'd by a future state,
Embraces virtue from a nobler sense
Of her abstracted, native excellence,
From the self-conscious joy her essence brings,
The beauty, sitness, harmony of things.
It may be so: yet he deserves applause,
Who follows where instructive nature draws;
Aims at rewards by her indulgence giv'n,
And soars triumphant on her wings to heav'n.
Say what this venal virtuous man pursues;
No mean rewards, no mercenary views;
Not wealth usurious, or a num'rous train,
Not fame by fraud acquir'd, or title vain!
He follows but where nature points the road,
Rising in virtue's school, till he ascends to God.
But we th' inglorious common herd of man,
Sail without compass, toil without a plan;
In fortune's varying storms for ever tost,
Shadows pursue, that in pursuit are lost;
Mere infants all till life's extremest day,
Scrambling for toys, then tossing them away.
Who rests of immortality assur'd
Is safe, whatever ills are here endur'd:
He hopes not vainly in a world like this,
To meet with pure uninterrupted bliss;
For good and ill, in this imperfect state,
Are ever mix'd by the decrees of fate.
With wisdom's richest harvest folly grows,
And baleful hemlock mingles with the rose;
All things are blended, changeable, and vain,
No hope, no wish we perfectly obtain;
God may perhaps (might human reason's line
Pretend to fathom infinite design)
Have thus ordain'd things, that the restless mind
No happiness complete on earth may find;
And, by this friendly chastisement made wise,
To Heav'n her safest best retreat may rise.
Come then, since now in safety we have past
Through error's rocks, and see the port at last;
Let us review and recollect the whole.——
Thus stands my argument.——The thinking soul
Cannot terrestrial, or material be,
But claims by nature immortality;
God, who created it, can make it end,
We question not, but cannot apprehend
He will; because it is by him endued
With strong ideas of all perfect good;
With wond'rous pow'rs to know and calculate
Things too remote from this our ear thly state
With sure presages of a life to come;
All false and useless, if beyond the tomb
Our beings cease: we therefore can't believe
God either acts in vain, or can deceive.
If ev'ry rule of equity demands,
That vice and virtue from the Almighty's hands
Should due rewards and punishments receive,
And this by no means happens whilst we live;
It follows, that a time must surely come,
When each shall meet their well-adjusted doom:
Then shall this scene, which now to human sight
Seems so unworthy Wisdom Infinite,
A system of consummate skill appear,
And ev'ry cloud dispers'd, be beautiful and clear.
Doubt we of this! what solid proof remains,
That o'er the world a wise Disposer reigns?
Whilst all creation speaks a pow'r divine,
Is it deficient in the main design?
Not so: the day shall come, (pretend not now
Presumptuous to inquire or when, or how,
But) after death shall come th' important day,
When God to all his justice shall display;
Each action with impartial eyes regard,
And in a just proportion punish and reward.

## WRITTEN IN THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF OXFORD'S LIBRARY AT WIMPLE *, 1729.

Who, uninspir'd, can tread this sacred ground,
With all the sons of fame encompass'd round?
Where, crown'd with wreaths of ever-verdant bays,
Each sister art her willing charms displays:
Mellow'd by time, here beauteous paintings glow;
Here marble busts illustrious faces show:
And in old coins are little heroes seen,
With venerable rust of ages green:
Around, unwounded by the teeth of age,
By Gothic fire, and persecution's rage,
Perfect and fair unnumber'd volumes stand,
By Providence preserv'd for Oxford's hand.
Whilst thus within these magic walls I stray,
At once all climes and ages I survey:
On fancy's wings I fly from shore to shore,
Recal past time, and live whole eras o'er:

* *Wimple-Hall, with the estate round it, was formerly the possession of the Cutts family, an ancient family in the county of Cambridge, and a descendant of which was the gallant Lord Cutts, who so frequently distinguished himself in the several sieges and battles during the war in which the great Duke of Marlborough commanded.—This estate was sold by the Cutts family to the famous Sir John Cutler, who settled it on the marriage of his daughter with Lord Radnor. Lord Radnor afterwards sold it to John Hollis, Duke of Newcastle, in the partition of whose estates it came to the Earl of Oxford, who married his only daughter. This he made his country residence, and here was kept his famous library till the time of his death. After his death, it was sold by his family to the Chancellor Lord Hardwicke, from whom it descended to the present Earl Hardwicke.*

Converſe with heroes fam'd in ancient ſong,
And bards, by whom thoſe heroes breathe ſo long:
Obſerve the quick migrations learning makes,
How harafs'd nations trembling ſhe forſakes,
And haſtes away to build her downy neſt
In happier climes, with peace and plenty bleſt.
See how, in fam'd Auguſtus' golden days,
Wit triumph's, crown'd with univerſal praiſe!
Approaches thrones with a majeſtic air,
The prince's miſtreſs, and the ſtateſman's care.
Mecænas ſhines in ev'ry claſſic page,
Mecænas, once the Harley of his age.
Nor with leſs glory ſhe her charms diſplay'd,
In Albion once when Royal Anna ſway'd.
See Oxford ſmiles! and all the tuneful train,
In his Britannia's ſons revive again;
Prior, like Horace, ſtrikes the ſounding ſtrings,
And in harmonious Pope once more great Mara ſings.

Again ſhe waves her pinions to be gone,
And only hopes protection from his ſon:
Chas'd from the ſenate and the court ſhe flies,
There craft and party zeal her place ſupplies.
Yet ſtill, ſince fix'd in Wimple's happy plain,
(Her laſt retreat) ſhe knows not to complain.
There in great Oxford's converſe does engage
Th' inſtructed ear, and ſhames a vicious age;
Or in his conſort's accents ſtands confeſt,
And charms with graceful eaſe each liſt'ning gueſt;
Or with her lov'd companions gladly tied,
Goodneſs ſincere, and beauty void of pride,
Fixes her throne in Margaretta's * face,
And from her lips acquires a new reſiſtleſs grace.

* *Lady Margaret Cavendiſh Harley, afterwards married to William, the ſecond Duke of Portland.*

## BONFONIUS *,

BAS. XI.

*Exoptat ſe florem illum eſſe, quo uteretur amica.*

Ergo, floſcule, tu meæ puellæ
Hoc florente ſinu uſque conquieſces?
Ergo tu dominæ meæ papillis
Beatus nimis inſidebis uſque?
O ſi, floſcule, mî tuâ liceret
Iſta ſorte frui, et meæ puellæ
Incubare ſinu, atque delidere
Hos inter globulos papillularum,
Non ſic lentus inerſque conquieſcam,
Non ſic inſideam otioſus uſque.
Sed toto ſpatio inquietus errem,
Et feram ſinui, feramque collo
Mille baſia, mille et huic et illi
Impingam globulo oſculationes.
Nec mihi ſatis hæc putes futura:
Namque et diſcere curioſus optem,
Quid diſcriminis inter hunc et illum,
Et quantus tumor hujus illiuſque;
Quantum albedine præſtet hic vel ille;
Quantum duritie hic vel ille vincat;
Siniſterne globus, globuſne dexter
Figura placeat rotundiore;
An dexter globus, an globus ſiniſter
Papilla rubeat rubentiore:
Explorem quoque, quo beata ducat
Illa ſemita, quæ globos gemellos
Sic diſcriminat, et ſubeſſe clamat
Mellitum magis eleganſque quiddam:
Indagem quoque, quicquid eſt latentis,
Et labar tacitus, ferarque ſenſim,
Uſque Cypridis ad beata regna.
At mî Pancharidis meæ papillas
Nec ſummo licet ore ſuaviari,
Nec levi licet attigiſſe palmâ.
O ſortem nimis aſperam atque iniquam!
Tantillum illa negat mihi petenti,
Tantillum illa negat mihi ſcienti;
Quæ tantum huic tribuit nec id petenti,
Quæ tantum huic tribuit nec id ſcienti.

* *A poet of the ſixteenth century, born at Clermont, in Auvergne, Lieutenant General of Bar on the Seigne; who, of all the moderns, in his Latin poems approaches the neareſt to the grace, eaſe, and ſoftneſs of Tibullus.*

## TO A NOSEGAY IN PANCHARILLA'S BREAST.

WRITTEN IN 1729.

Must you alone then, happy flow'rs,
Ye ſhort-liv'd ſons of vernal ſhow'rs,
Muſt you alone be ſtill thus bleſt,
And dwell in Pancharilla's breaſt?
Oh would the gods but hear my pray'r,
To change my form and place me there!
I ſhould not ſure ſo quickly die,
I ſhou'd not ſo inactive lie;
But ever wand'ring to and fro,
From this to that fair ball of ſnow,
Enjoy ten thouſand thouſand bliſſes
And print on each ten thouſand kiſſes.
Nor would I thus the taſk give o'er;
Curious new ſecrets to explore,
I'd never reſt till I had found
Which globe was ſofteſt, which moſt round—
Which was moſt yielding, ſmooth, and white,
Or the left boſom or the right;
Which was the warmeſt, eaſieſt bed,
And which was tip'd with pureſt red.
Nor cou'd I leave the beauteous ſcene,
Till I had trac'd the path between,
That milky way ſo ſmooth and even,
That promiſes to lead to heav'n:
Lower and lower I'd deſcend,
To find where it at laſt wou'd end;
Till fully bleſt I'd wand'ring rove
O'er all the fragrant Cyprian grove.
But ah! thoſe wiſhes all are vain,
The fair one triumphs in my pain;
To flow'rs that know not to be bleſt,
The nymph unveils her ſnowy breaſt;
While to her ſlave's deſiring eyes,
The heav'nly proſpect ſhe denies:
Too cruel fate, too cruel fair,
To place a ſenſeleſs noſegay there,
And yet refuſe my lips the bliſs
To taſte one dear tranſporting kiſs.

## GIVEN TO A LADY

*With a Watch which she had borrowed to hang at her Bed's Head.*

Whilst half asleep my Chloe lies,
And all her softest thoughts arise;
Whilst, tyrant honour laid at rest,
Love steals to her unguarded breast;
Then whisper to the yielding fair,
Thou witness to the pains I bear,
How oft her slave with open eyes,
All the long night despairing lies;
Impatient till the rosy day
Shall once again his beams display,
And with it he again may rise,
To greet with joy her dawning eyes.
Tell her as all thy motions stand,
Unless, recruited by her hand,
So shall my life forget to move;
Unless, each day, the fair I love
Shall new repeated vigour give
With smiles, and make me fit to live.
Tell her, when far from her I stray,
How oft I chide thy slow delay;
But when beneath her smiles I live,
Blest with all joys the gods can give,
How often I reprove thy haste,
And think each precious moment flies too fast.

## BELPHEGOR:

### A FABLE.

*From Machiavel.*

——"Fugit indignata sub umbras." Virg.

Th' infernal monarch once, as stories tell,
Review'd his subjects from all parts of hell;
Around his throne unnumber'd millions wait,
He scarce believ'd his empire was so great;
Still as each pass'd, he ask'd with friendly care
What crime had caus'd their fall, and brought them there:
Scarce one he question'd, but replied the same,
And on the marriage noose laid all the blame;
Thence ev'ry fatal error of their lives
They all deduce, and all accuse their wives.
Then to his peers, and potentates around,
Thus Satan spoke: hell trembled with the sound.
My friends, what vast advantages wou'd flow
To these our realms, could we but fully know
The form and nature of these marriage chains,
That send such crowds to our infernal plains;
Let some bold patriot then, who dares to show
His gen'rous love to this our state below,
For his dear country's good the task essay,
And animate awhile some human clay;
Ten years in marriage bonds he shall remain,
Enjoy its pleasures, and endure its pain,
Then to his friends return'd, with truth relate
The nature of the matrimonial state
He spoke; the list'ning crowds his scheme approv'd:
But who so much his prince, or country lov'd,
As thus, with fearless heart, to undertake
This hymeneal trial, for their sake?
At length with one consent they all propose,
That fortune shall by lot the task impose;
The dreaded chance on bold Belphegor fell,
Sighing h' obey'd, and took his leave of hell.
First in fair Florence he was pleas'd to fix,
Bought a large house, fine plate, a coach and six;
Dress'd rich and gay, play'd high, drank hard, and whor'd,
And liv'd in short in all things like a lord:
His feasts were plenteous, and his wines were strong,
So poets, priests, and pimps his table throng,
Bring dedications, sermons, whores, and plays,
The dev'l was ne'er so flatter'd in his days:
The ladies too were kind, each tender dame
Sigh'd, when she mention'd Roderigo's name;
For so he's call'd: rich, young, and debonnair,
He reigns sole monarch of the longing fair;
No daughter, sure, of Eve could e'er escape
The dev'l, when cloth'd in such a tempting shape.
One nymph at length, superior to the rest,
Gay, beautiful, and young, inspir'd his breast;
Soft looks and sighs his passion soon betray'd,
Awhile he woos, then weds the lovely maid.
I shall not now, to grace my tale, relate
What feasts, what balls, what dresses, pomp and state,
Adorn'd their nuptial day, lest it should seem
As tedious to the reader, as to him,
Who big with expectation of delight,
Impatient waited for the happy night;
The happy night is come, his longing arms
Press close the yielding maid in all her charms,
The yielding maid, who now no longer coy
With equal ardour loves, and gives a loose to joy;
Dissolv'd in bliss more exquisite than all
He e'er had felt in heav'n, before his fall,
With rapture clinging to his lovely bride,
In murmurs to himself Belphegor cry'd: [fears?
Are these the marriage chains? are these my
Oh had my ten, but been ten thousand years!
But ah these happy moments last not long!
For in one month his wife has found her tongue,
All thoughts of love and tenderness are lost,
Their only aim is, who shall squander most;
She dreams of nothing now but being fine,
Whilst he is ever guzzling nasty wine;
She longs for jewels, equipage, and plate,
And he, sad man! stays out so very late!
Hence ev'ry day domestic wars are bred,
A truce is hardly kept, while they're abed;
They wrangle all day long, and then at night,
Like wooing cats, at once they love and fight.
His riches too are with his quiet flown,
And they once spent, all friends on course are gone;
The sum design'd his whole ten years to last,
Is all consum'd before the first is past:
Where shall he hide? ah whither must he fly?
Legions of duns abroad in ambush lie,
For fear of them, no more he dares to roam,
And the worst dun of all, his wife's at home.
Quite tir'd at length, with such a wretched life,
He flies one night at once from debts, and wife;
But ere the morning dawn his flight is known;
And crowds pursue him close from town to town:

He quits the public road, and wand'ring ſtrays
Through unfrequented woods, and pathleſs ways;
At laſt with joy a little farm he ſees,
Where liv'd a good old man, in health and eaſe;
Matthew his name: to him Belphegor goes,
And begs protection from purſuing foes,
With tears relates his melancholy caſe,
Tells him from whence he came, and who he was,
And vows to pay for his reception well,
When next he ſhould receive his rents from hell:
The farmer hears his tale with pitying ear,
And bids him live in peace, and ſafety there;
Awhile he did; no duns, no noiſe, or ſtrife,
Diſturb'd him there;—for Matt had ne'er a wife.
But ere few weeks in this retreat are paſt
Matt too himſelf becomes a dun at laſt;
Demands his promis'd pay with heat and rage,
Till thus Belphegor's words his wrath aſſwage.
My friend, we dev'ls, like Engliſh peers, he cry'd,
Though free from law, are yet by honour ty'd;
Though tradeſmen's cheating bills I ſcorn to view,
I pay all debts that are by honour due;
And therefore have contriv'd long ſince a way,
Beyond all hopes thy kindneſs to repay;
We ſubtle ſpirits can, you know, with eaſe
Poſſeſs whatever human breaſts we pleaſe,
With ſudden frenzy can o'ercaſt the mind,
Let paſſions looſe, and captive reaſon bind:
Thus I three mortal boſoms will infeſt,
And force them to apply to you for reſt;
Vaſt ſums for cure they willingly ſhall pay,
Thrice, and but thrice, your pow'r I will obey.
He ſpoke, then fled unſeen, like ruſhing wind,
And breathleſs left his mortal frame behind:
The corps is quickly known, and news is ſpread
That Roderigo's in the deſert dead;
His wife in faſhionable grief appears,
Sighs for one day, then mourns two tedious years.
A beauteous maid, who then in Florence dwelt,
In a ſhort time unuſual ſymptoms felt;
Phyſicians came, preſcrib'd, then took their fees,
But none could find the cauſe of her diſeaſe;
Her parents thought 'twas love diſturb'd her reſt,
But all the learn'd agreed ſhe was poſſeſt;
In vain the doctors all their art apply'd,
In vain the prieſts their holy trump'ry try'd;
No pray'rs nor med'cines could the dæmon tame,
'Till Matthew heard the news, and haſt'ning came:
He aſks five hundred pounds; the money's paid;
He forms the magic ſpell, then cures the maid:
Hence chas'd, the dev'l to rich houſes flies,
And makes their heirs ſucceſſively his prize,
Who both by Matthew's ſkill reliev'd from pains,
Reward his wond'rous art with wond'rous gains.
And now Belphegor, having thrice obey'd,
With reaſon thinks his hoſt is fully paid;
Next free to range, to Gallia's king he flies,
As dev'ls ambitious ever love to rife;
Black hideous ſcenes diſtract his royal mind,
From all he ſeeks relief, but none can find,
And vows vaſt treaſures ſhall his art repay,
Whoe'er can chaſe the ſtrange diſeaſe away:
At length, inſtructed by the voice of fame,
To Matthew ſends; poor Matt reluctant came;
He knew his pow'r expir'd, refus'd to try,
But all excuſes fail'd, he muſt, or die;
At laſt deſpairing he the taſk eſſay'd,
Approach'd the monarch's ear, and whiſp'ring ſaid:
Since force, not choice, has brought thy ſervant here,
Once more, Belphegor, my petition hear,
This once at my requeſt, thy poſt reſign,
And ſave my life, as once I reſcu'd thine.
Cruel Belphegor, deaf to his requeſt,
Diſdain'd his pray'rs, and made his woes a jeſt;
With tears and ſighs he beg'd, and beg'd again,
Still the ungrateful fiend but mock'd his pain;
Then turning round he told th' expecting court,
This dev'l was of a moſt malignant fort;
And that he could but make one trial more,
And if that fail'd, he then muſt give him o'er:
Then placing num'rous drums, and trumpets round,
Inſtructed when he mov'd his hand to ſound,
He whiſper'd in his patient's ear again,
Belphegor anſwer'd all his arts were vain:
He gives the ſign, they ſound; th' outrageous din
Startles the king, and frights the dev'l within;
He aſks what 'tis, and vows that in his life
He ne'er had heard the like—except his wife;
By Heav'n's, 'tis ſhe, Matt cries, you'd beſt be gone,
She comes once more to ſeize you for her own;
Belphegor frighted, not one word replies,
But to th' infernal ſhades for refuge flies;
There paints a dreadful ſketch of marry'd lives,
And feelingly confirms the charge on wives:
Matthew o'erpaid with honours, fame, and fees,
Returns to bleſt obſcurity, and eaſe,
With joy triumphant lo Pæan ſings,
And vows to deal no more with dev'ls or kings.

## A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE RIGHT HON. HENRY PELHAM, AND MADAM POPULARITY*.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK III. ODE IX.

*H. Pelham.*

1. WHILST I was pleaſing in your eyes,
And you was conſtant, chaſte, and wife;
Ere yet you had your favours granted
To ev'ry knave or fool who canted,
In peaceful joy I paſs'd each hour,
Nor envy'd Walpole's wealth and pow'r.

*Madam Popularity.*

2. While I poſſeſs'd your love alone,
My heart and voice were all your own;
But on my ſoul 'twould vex a ſaint,
When I've moſt reaſon for complaint,

* *From the commencement of the Spaniſh war in* 1739, *to the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, ſigned October* 7. 1748, *the land tax was raiſed from two ſhillings to four ſhillings. In* 1749, *it was lowered to three ſhillings, at which rate it was continued till* 1752, *when Mr. Pelham, at that time the miniſter, reduced it to two ſhillings, at which rate it continued till the time of his death in* 1754. *This was one, amongſt others, of thoſe popular meaſures which gilded the evening of this miniſter's life, and rendered his death an object of public lamentation. To this event we owe this happy imitation, wrote ſoon after the land-tax act of that year paſſed.*

To hear you thus begin to ſcold:
Think on Britannia! proud and old!
Are not her intereſts all your theme,
Your daily labour, nightly dream?

*H. Pelham.*

3. My juſt regard I can't deny
For her and her proſperity;
Nor am aſham'd it is ſo great,
That, to deliver her from debt,
From foreign wars and civil ſtrife,
I'd freely ſacrifice my life.

*Madam Popularity.*

4. To her your warmeſt vows are plighted,
For her I ev'ry day am ſlighted;
Her welfare always is preferr'd,
And my neglected voice unheard:
Examples numerous I could mention,
A peace! bad as the old convention;
Money reduc'd to three *per cent*,
No pity on the poor who lent;
Armies that muſt for ever ſtand,
And ſtill three ſhillings laid on land.

*H. Pelham.*

5. Suppoſe now, Madam, I was willing
For once to bait this grievous ſhilling,
To humour you—I know 'tis wrong,
But you have ſuch a curſed tongue.

*Madam Popularity.*

6. Why then, though rough as winds or ſeas,
You ſcorn all little arts to pleaſe,
Yet thou art honeſt, faith, and I
With thee alone will live and die.

## A SIMILE.

Corinna, in the country bred,
Harbour'd ſtrange notions in her head,
Notions in town quite out of faſhion;
Such as that love's a dangerous paſſion,
That virtue is the maiden's jewel,
And to be ſafe, ſhe muſt be cruel.
Thus arm'd ſhe'ad long ſecur'd her honour
From all aſſaults yet made upon her,
Had ſcratch'd th' impetuous captain's hand,
Had torn the lawyer's gown and band,
And gold refus'd from knights and ſquires
To bribe her to her own deſires:
For, to ſay truth, ſhe thought it hard,
To be of pleaſures thus debarr'd,
She ſaw by others freely taſted,
So pouted, pin'd, grew pale, and waſted:
Yet, notwithſtanding her condition,
Continu'd firm in oppoſition.
At length a troop of horſe came down,
And quarter'd in a neighb'ring town;
The cornet he was tall and young,
And had a moſt bewitching tongue.
They ſaw and lik'd: the ſiege begun:
Each hour he ſome advantage won.
He ogled firſt;—ſhe turn'd away;—
But met his eyes the following day;
Then her reluctant hand he ſeizes,
That ſoon ſhe gives him, when he pleaſes:
Her ruby lips he next attacks:—
She ſtruggles;—in a while ſhe ſmacks:
Her ſnowy breaſt he then invades;—
That yields too after ſome parades;
And of that fortreſs once poſſeſt,
He quickly maſters all the reſt.
No longer now, a dupe to fame,
She ſmothers or reſiſts her flame,
But loves without or fear or ſhame.
So have I ſeen the Tory race
Long in the pouts for want of place,
Never in humour, never well,
Wiſhing for what they dar'd not tell,
Their heads with country-notions fraught,
Notions in town not worth a groat,
Theſe tenets all reluctant quit,
And ſtep by ſtep at laſt ſubmit
To reaſon, eloquence, and Pitt.
At firſt to Hanover a plum
Was ſent;—They ſaid—A trivial ſum,
But if he went one title further,
They vow'd and ſwore they'd cry out murder;
Ere long a larger ſum is wanted;
They piſh'd and frown'd—but ſtill they granted:
He puſh'd for more, and more agen—
Well—Money's better ſent, than Men:
Here virtue made another ſtand.—
No—not a man ſhall leave the land.
What?—not one regiment to Embden?
They ſtart—but now they're fairly hem'd in:
Theſe ſoon, and many more are ſent;—
They're ſilent—Silence gives conſent.
Our troops, they now can plainly ſee,
May Britain guard in Germany:
Hanoverians, Heſſians, Pruſſians
Are paid, t'oppoſe the French and Ruſſians:
No ſcruple they with truth to ſay,
They're fighting for America:
No more they make a fiddle-faddle
About an Heſſian horſe or ſaddle;
No more of continental meaſures,
No more of waſting Britiſh treaſures;
Ten millions, and a vote of credit.—
'Tis right—He can't be wrong, who did it:
They're fairly ſous'd o'er head and ears,
And cur'd of all their ruſtic fears.

## A PASSAGE IN OSSIAN VERSIFIED.

The deeds of ancient days ſhall be my theme;
O Lora, the ſoft murmurs of thy ſtream,
Thy trees, Garmallar, ruſtling in the wind,
Recal thoſe days with pleaſure to my mind.
See'ſt thou that rock, from whoſe heath-cover'd crown,
Melvina, three old bended firs look down?
Green is the plain which at its feet is ſpread,
The mountain flower there ſhakes its milk-white head;
Two ſtones, memorials of departed worth,
Uplift their moſs-cap'd heads, half ſunk in earth;
The mountain deer, that crop the graſs around,
See the pale ghoſts who guard the ſacred ground,
Then ſtarting, fly the place, and at a diſtance bound.

## ON SEEING THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD AT A BALL AT BATH.

WRITTEN IN 1770.

In times by ſelfiſhneſs and faction four'd
When dull importance has all wit devour'd;

When rank, as if t'inſult alone deſign'd,
Affects a proud ſecluſion * from mankind;
And greatneſs, to all ſocial converſe dead,
Eſteems it dignity to be ill-bred:
See! Cheſterfield alone reſiſts the tide,
Above all party, and above all pride,
Vouchſafes each night theſe brilliant ſcenes to grace,
Augments and ſhares the amuſements of the place;
Admires the fair, enjoys the ſprightly ball,
Deigns to be pleas'd, and therefore pleaſes all.
Hence, though unable now this ſtyle to hit,
Learn what was once politeneſs, eaſe, and wit.

## THE AMERICAN COACHMAN.

Crown'd be the man with laſting praiſe,
Who firſt contriv'd the pin
From vicious ſteeds to looſe a chaiſe,
And ſave the necks within.

See how they prance, and bound, and ſkip,
And all controul diſdain;
Defy the terrors of the whip,
And rend the ſilken rein!

Awhile we try if art or ſtrength
Are able to prevail;
But hopeleſs, when we find at length
That all our efforts fail,

With ready foot the ſpring we preſs,
Out flies the magic plug,
Then, diſengag'd from all diſtreſs,
We ſit quite ſafe and ſnug.

The pamper'd ſteeds, their freedom gain'd,
Run off full ſpeed together;
But having no plan aſcertain'd,
They run they know not whither.

Boys, who love miſchief, and of courſe
Enjoying the diſaſter,
Bawl, Stop them! Stop them! till they're hoarſe,
But mean to drive them faſter.

Each claiming now his native right,
Scorns to obey his brother;
So they proceed to kick and bite,
And worry one another.

Hungry at length, and blind, and lame,
Bleeding at noſe and eyes;
By ſufferings growing mighty tame,
And by experience wiſe;

With bellies full of liberty,
But void of oats and hay;
They both ſneak back, their folly ſee,
And run no more away.

Let all who view th' inſtructive ſcene,
And patronize the plan,
Give thanks to Glouſter's honeſt Dean,
For, Tucker†,—thou'rt the man.

* *Alluding to the ſupercilious airs of ſome of our people of quality, who affect to avoid frequenting the public rooms.*

† *Early in the unfortunate conteſt between the mother country and the American colonies, the Rev. Dr. Tucker, Dean of Glouceſter, publiſhed a pamphlet, intituled,* An Addreſs and Appeal to the Landed Intereſt; *in which he propoſed and recommended to the nation a total ſeparation from the colonies, offering at the ſame time to enter into alliance of friendſhip and treaties of commerce with them, as with any other ſovereign independent ſtates. This pamphlet was the foundation of the preceding ſhort poem, written about a year after it, in which the author, with that conciſeneſs as to the matter, and humour in the manner ſo peculiar to himſelf, recommends and ſupports the Dean's plan.*

## BURLESQUE ODE.

I'll combat nature, interrupt her courſe,
And baffle all her ſtated laws by force;
Tear from its bed the deeply-rooted pine,
And hurl it up the craggy mountain's ſide;
Divert the tempeſt from its deſtin'd line,
And ſtem the torrent of th' impetuous tide;
Teach the dull ox to dance, the aſs to play,
And even obſtinate Americans t' obey.

Like ſome dread herald, tygers I'll compel
In the ſame field with ſtags in peace to dwell:
The rampant lion now erect ſhall ſtand,
Now couchant at my ſeat ſhall lie depreſt;
And if he dares but queſtion my command,
With one ſtrong blow I'll halve him to a creſt.
Thus ſpoke the giant Gogmagog: the ſound
Reverberates from all the echoing rocks around.

Now morning, rob'd in ſaffron-colour'd gown,
Her head with pink and pea-green ribbands dreſt,
Climbs the celeſtial ſtaircaſe, and looks down
From out the gilt balcony of the eaſt;
From whence around ſhe ſees
The cryſtal lakes and tufted trees,
The lawns all powder'd o'er with ſtraggling flocks,
The ſcarce-enlighten'd vales, and high o'er-ſhadowing rocks.

Enamour'd with her newly-dawning charms,
Old ocean views her with deſiring eyes,
And longs once more to claſp her in his arms,
Repenting he had ſuffer'd her to riſe;
Forth from his tumbled bed,
From whence ſhe juſt had fled,
To the ſlow, loitering hours he roars amain,
To haſten back the lovely fugitive again.

Parent of life! refulgent lamp of day!
Without whoſe genial animating ray
Men, beaſts, the teeming earth, and rolling ſeas,
Courts, camps, and mighty cities, in a trice
Muſt ſhare one common fate, intenſely freeze,
And all become one ſolid maſs of ice;
Ambition would be froze, and faction numb,
Speeches congeal'd, and orators be dumb.
Say, what new worlds and ſyſtems you ſurvey!
In circling round your planetary way;
What beings Saturn's orb inhabit, tell,
Where cold in everlaſting triumph reigns;
Or what their frames, who unconſum'd can dwell
In Mercury's red-hot and molten plains;
Say! for moſt ardently I wiſh to know,
What bodies can endure eternal fire, or ſnow!

And thou, ſweet moon! canſt tell a ſofter tale;
To thee the maid, thy likeneſs fair and pale,
In penſive contemplation oft applies,
When parted from her lov'd and loving ſwain,
And looks on you with tear-beſprinkled eyes,
And ſighs and looks, and looks and ſighs again;

Say, for thou know'ſt what conſtant hearts endure;
And by thy frequent changes teach the cure.

Thy gentle beams the lonely hermit ſees,
Gleam through the waving branches of the trees,
Which, high-embow'ring, ſhade his gloomy cell,
Where undiſturb'd perpetual ſilence reigns,
Unleſs the owl is heard, or diſtant bell,
Or the wind whiſtling o'er the furzy plains.
How bleſt to dwell in this ſequeſter'd ſpot:
Forgetting parliaments; by them forgot!

Now lovely Spring her velvet mantle ſpreads,
And with green and gold the flow'ry meads;
Fruit-trees in vaſt white perriwigs are ſeen,
Reſembling much ſome antiquated beau,
Which north-eaſt winds, that blow ſo long and keen,
Powder full oft with gentle flakes of ſnow;
Soft nightingales their tuneful vigils hold,
And ſweetly ſing and ſhake—and ſhake with cold.

Summer ſucceeds; in ev'nings ſoft and warm,
Thrice-happy lovers ſaunter arm and arm;
The gay and fair now quit the duſty town,
O'er turnpike-roads inceſſant chaiſes ſweep,
And whirling, bear their lovely ladings down,
To brace their nerves beneath the briny deep;
There with ſucceſs each ſwain his nymph aſſails,
As birds, they ſay, are caught—can we but ſalt their tails.

Then Autumn, more ſerene, if not ſo bright,
Regales at once our palate, and our ſight;
With joy the ruddy orchards we behold,
And of its purple cluſters rob the vine;
The ſpacious fields are cover'd o'er with gold,
Which the glad farmer counts as ready coin:
But diſappointment oft his hopes attend—
In tithes and mildews the rich proſpect ends.

Laſt, Winter comes; decrepit, old, and dull;
Yet has his comforts too—his barns are full;
The ſocial converſe, circulating glaſs,
And cheerful fire, are his: to him belong
Th' enlivening dance that warms the chilly laſs,
The ſerious game at whiſt, and merry ſong;
Nor wants he beauties—ſee the ſun-beams glow
O'er lakes of cryſtal ice, and plains of ſilver ſnow!

Thus roll the ſeaſons o'er Britannia's land,
But none her freeborn-weather can command;
Seaſons unlike to thoſe in ſervile climes,
Which o'er Hiſpania's or Italia's plains
Diſpenſe, at regular and ſtated times,
Succeſſive heat and cold, and drought and rains;
Her's ſcorning, like her ſons, to be controul'd,
Breathe heat in Winter oft, and oft in ſummer cold.

Hail, Liberty, fair goddeſs of this iſle!
Deign on my verſes, and on me, to ſmile;
Like them unfetter'd by the bouds of ſenſe,
Permit us to enjoy life's tranſient dream,
To live, and write, without the leaſt pretence
To method, order, meaning, plan, or ſcheme:
And ſhield us ſafe beneath thy guardian wings,
From law, religion, miniſters, and kings.

## WROTE AT THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY'S ASSEMBLY, 1787.

From Saliſbury's garter droop'd the hiſtorian knows,
Th' illuſtrious order ſo entitled roſe!
Another Saliſbury now our boſoms warms,
With equal elegance and equal charms.
Let then her form, her trophies, and her name,
With juſtice be conſign'd to equal fame;
Let kings with no leſs pride her garter wear,
Then every noble knight may have a pair.

## EPITAPH ON DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Here lies Sam Johnſon:—Reader have a care,
Tread lightly, leſt you wake a ſleeping bear:
Religious, moral, generous, and humane
He was; but ſelf-ſufficient, proud, and vain,
Fond of, and overbearing in diſpute,
A Chriſtian, and a ſcholar—but a brute.

## ON A LATE EXECRABLE ATTEMPT ON HIS MAJESTY'S LIFE, 1786.

Long had our gracious George, with gentle hand,
And love paternal, Britain's ſceptre ſway'd;
To render this a free and happy land,
Was all for which he wiſh'd to be obey'd.

With radiance bright, though mild, his virtues ſhone,
For he of every virtue was poſſeſt,
Which can add luſtre to a monarch's throne,
Or warm an undiſſembling patriot's breaſt.

Pattern of female excellence! his toils
His royal conſort ever ſooths and ſhares;
Imparting ſweet domeſtic bliſs, with ſmiles
That can diſperſe the heavieſt cloud of cares.

Though faction, diſappointment's reſtleſs child,
Has ſometimes dar'd to interrupt his peace;
Yet aw'd at once, and charm'd, whene'er he ſmil'd,
She bade diſorder and confuſion ceaſe.

Lov'd and ador'd by all, to all a friend,
Caution ſeem'd needleſs to protect his life;
Till hell and madneſs ſent abroad a fiend,
And arm'd that fiend with a deſtructive knife.

But Britain's guardian angel, who ſtill watch'd,
To ſhield her favourite ſon from every harm,
Juſt in th' important moment trembling catch'd,
And turn'd aſide th' aſſaſſinating arm.

Let then earth, air, and the high-vaulted ſky,
With praiſes, pray'rs, and loud thankſgivings, ring,
Joy fire each breaſt, and ſparkle in each eye,
That heav'n has thus preſerv'd our country and our king.

THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# JOHN LOGAN.

Containing

| | |
|---|---|
| ODES, | TALES, |
| SONGS, | HYMNS, |

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

*THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.*

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While youthful Bards their verſe inſpire
Alone with Fancy's ſparkling fire,
They form the rhyme in vain;
Unleſs, like you, they join the glow,
That melts the ſoul to gentleſt woe,
In ſoft impaſſion'd ſtrain.

Then will poetic tranſports riſe,
And mildly brighten in our eyes;
Then tears begin to flow:
And as we own the potent lay,
Our duteous hands will twine the bay
Around the Poet's brow.

MR. DAVID ROBERTSON'S ODE TO LOGAN.

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EDINBURGH:

PRINTED [illegible] AND [illegible] BANK CLOSE.

# THE LIFE OF LOGAN.

Of the perſonal hiſtory of LOGAN there is no written memorial. With talents and virtues that commanded the admiration and eſteem of his contemporaries, he has not had the good fortune to find a biographer. Perhaps the time approaches, when the public is to be preſented with a full and candid repreſentation of him and his writings. It is expected to accompany an edition of his "Miſcellaneous Works," which has been long meditated by his friend and executor the Rev. Dr. Thomas Robertſon, miniſter of Dalmeny, already advantageouſly known to the public by his "Inquiry into the Fine Arts," "Hiſtory of Mary Queen of Scots," and other learned and ingenious performances.

In the mean time, the preſent writer is able to give no other account of this accompliſhed and amiable man, than ſuch as is ſupplied by caſual information, and a very ſlight perſonal knowledge.

John Logan was born at Soutra, in the pariſh of Fala, in the county of Mid Lothian, about the year 1748. He was the ſecond ſon of George Logan, a farmer at that place, and afterwards at Goſsford, in the pariſh of Aberlady, in the county of Eaſt Lothian. He was a man of ſtrong parts, and equally diſtinguiſhed for his induſtry and ſkill as a farmer, and his integrity and friendlineſs of diſpoſition as a neighbour. In the latter part of his life he was viſited with a diſorder that affected his imagination and ſpirits, and produced an unhappy vacillation of mind, from which he was never perfectly relieved. His mother, Janet Waterſton, was the daughter of John Waterſton, a ſmall proprietor of land at Howden, in the pariſh of Stowe, on Gala Water, and remarkable for nothing but the mildneſs of her piety, the gentleneſs of her diſpoſition, and the ſimplicity of her manners. They had two ſons, of whom the poet was the youngeſt. James, the eldeſt, followed the occupation of his father, which he quitted ſoon after his death for the profeſſion of phyſic. He ſettled in America, and ſerved ſome time as a ſurgeon in the American army; and died ſeveral years before the poet. Both parents were Seceders, of the claſs called Burghers.

Early in life he diſcovered a propenſity to learning; and the uncommon proficiency which he made in thoſe branches of education uſually taught in remote country villages, determined his parents to educate him for the clerical profeſſion.

After paſſing through the uſual courſe of ſchool-education in the country, he was ſent to the Univerſity of Edinburgh, where he attended the ſeveral claſſes of languages, and afterwards applied himſelf to the ſeveral branches of philoſophy and theology with remarkable aſſiduity and ſucceſs.

Soon after his coming to Edinburgh, he contracted an intimacy with Dr. Robertſon, then a ſtudent at the univerſity; which improved with their years, undiſturbed by any caſual miſtake, or jealouſy on either ſide. He alſo became acquainted with Bruce, who was his contemporary at the univerſity. A ſimilarity of taſte and of purſuits, ſoon brought on an intimacy between them, which continued without abatement till the death of Bruce.

He had before this time given evident ſigns of a propenſity to the ſtudy of poetry, and diſcovered an early predilection for that more perfect ſpecies of poetical compoſition, which abounds in fiction and fancy, picturesque deſcription, and romantic imagery. Hence the compoſitions of Spenſer, Milton, Collins, Akenſide, Gray, and Maſon, became his favourite ſtudy; and from admiring their poetical beauties, the tranſition was eaſy to his believing himſelf capable of producing ſimilar excellencies. He began to write verſes early; but unluckily none of his pieces are dated, ſo that it cannot be ſaid at what preciſe age he compoſed them.

After the death of Bruce, he made a ſelection from his MSS. of ſuch poems as he thought worthy of publication, and gave them to the world in a ſmall 12mo volume, intituled "Poems on Several Occaſions, by Michael Bruce," printed at Edinburgh by ſubſcription, in 1770, with a *Preface*, giving a ſhort account of his life and character, and "ſome poems wrote by different authors." His ſhare in this miſcellany is variouſly repreſented by Dr. Robertſon, and the friends of Bruce.

While he reſided in the country, during the vacation of the college, the reputation of his abilities procured him the notice of Lord Elibank, who then reſided at Ballencrief, in the pariſh of Aberlady; a nobleman, who to a conſummate knowledge of polite literature, and other accompliſhments be-

coming his rank, joined an exemplary ſpirit of true patriotiſm, whereof that part of the country with which he was connected, ſtill feels the ſalutary influence.

When he had completed his theological ſtudies, he reſided for ſome time in the family of Mr. Sinclair of Ulbſter, as private tutor to his ſon, the preſent Sir John Sinclair, Bart. an employment in which he was ſucceeded by his friend Dr. Robertſon. It is unneceſſary to add, that the nation is indebted to the laudable patriotiſm of the pupil of Logan, and of Dr. Robertſon, for the "Statiſtical Account of Scotland," and the eſtabliſhment of the "Board of Agriculture."

After undergoing the uſual trials appointed by the Church, he was admitted a probationer of the Preſbytery of Edinburgh, and ſoon obtained ſo much diſtinction as an eloquent and affecting preacher, that he was choſen by the Kirk-Seſſion and Incorporations of South-Leith, to be one of the miniſters of that pariſh, and ordained in 1773.

While he was engaged in the duties of his clerical function, he was not negligent of literature; but continued from time to time to exert his poetical faculties in various kinds of metrical compoſition, to which nature gave him a ſtrong impulſe.

In 1779, he delivered to a voluntary ſet of pupils, in St. Mary's Chapel, Edinburgh, during the Winter Seſſion of the College, a ſeries of lectures on *The Philoſophy of Hiſtory*, and met with the countenance, approbation, and friendſhip of Dr. Robertſon, Principal of the Univerſity, Dr. Blair, Dr. Fergusſon, and other men of genius and learning.

He read the ſame courſe of lectures during the Seſſion of the College 1780, with ſuch general approbation, that he was encouraged to become a candidate for the Profeſſorſhip of Univerſal Hiſtory in the Univerſity, then vacant by the reſignation of John Pringle, Eſq.: but this chair having been always filled by an advocate, he was reckoned inadmiſſible; and Alexander Fraſer Tytler, Eſq. was elected by the Magiſtrates and Council of the city, Feb. 16. 1780. upon a *leet* preſented by the Faculty of Advocates.

The reading of his lectures the year following, not meeting with encouragement, he reſolved to commit them to the preſs, and publiſhed an analyſis of them, ſo far as they relate to ancient hiſtory, under the title of *Elements of the Philoſophy of Hiſtory*, 8vo, 1781, which was followed by one of the lectures *on the Manners and Government of Aſia*, 8vo, 1782. This excellent production exhibits one of the moſt ſucceſsful attempts to apply the ſcience of moral philoſophy to the illuſtration of the hiſtory of mankind, that has yet appeared.

The ſame year, 1781, he publiſhed his *Poems*, 8vo, in which he reprinted, with ſome alterations, the *Ode to the Cuckoo*, originally inſerted in the collection of poems publiſhed under the name of Bruce. A ſecond edition of his poems appeared in 1782.

In 1783, he offered his *Runnamede*, a tragedy, to Mr. Harris, the manager of Covent-Garden Theatre, who put it in rehearſal; but a ſtop was put to its repreſentation by an injunction from the Chamberlain's Office, on account of the alluſions it was ſuppoſed to contain to the politics of the time. It was therefore firſt preſented from the preſs; and notwithſtanding the prejudice the world is apt to conceive againſt dramatic compoſitions that have not been exhibited on the ſtage, was very favourably received.

It was afterwards acted at the theatre in Edinburgh, with conſiderable applauſe.

The failure of his ſcheme of giving lectures, and the prohibition of his play, made a deep impreſſion on his ſpirits, which had always been unequal, and had a conſiderable effect on his health, which from this time began viſibly to decline. The penſive melancholy, which he felt in common with men of genius and feeling, aggravated, perhaps, by a conſtitutional defect in his nervous ſyſtem, that inexplicable part of our frame, now became in ſome degree habitual, and diſcovered itſelf in deviations from the modes of the world, and violations of profeſſional decorum, which offended his pariſhioners, and made it eligible for him to diſcontinue the exerciſe of his clerical function.

An agreement to that purpoſe was completed between him and the Kirk-Seſſion and Incorporations of South Leith, in 1786; in conſequence of which Mr. Dickſon was appointed his aſſiſtant and ſucceſſor; and he retired upon a moderate annuity.

While this ſcheme was ripening, he went to London, in October 1785, and was for ſome time concerned in the "Engliſh Review."

In 1788, he publiſhed, without his name, a pamphlet intituled *A Review of the Principal Charges againſt Mr. Haſtings*, 8vo, which attracted the public attention in an uncommon degree. Some paſſages in it reflecting on the conduct of the managers of the proſecution, being conſidered by the Houſe of Commons as an infringement on their privileges, the Attorney-General was ordered to proſecute the publiſher, Mr. Stockdale, who was tried 9th December 1789, and acquitted.

This was the laſt publication which he gave to the world. After a lingering indiſpoſition, he died in London, the 28th of December 1788, in the 40th year of his age.

By his will, he appointed Dr. Robertſon, and the Rev. Dr. Donald Grant, his joint executors, and left them his books and manuſcripts, to be ſold for the payment of legacies to the amount of 600 l. which he bequeathed to his friends and relations.

In 1790, a volume of *Sermons*, ſelected from his MSS. was publiſhed at Edinburgh, in 8vo, under the ſuperintendance of Dr. Blair, Dr. Robertſon, and Dr. Hardy, Profeſſor of Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory in the Univerſity. A ſecond volume was publiſhed in 8vo, 1791. and his MSS. in the poſſeſſion of Dr. Robertſon, would furniſh an additional volume. The third edition of the two volumes was printed in 1793.

The following liſt of his unpubliſhed works, and uncollected pieces, was communicated to the preſent writer, in a letter from Dr. Robertſon, dated Dalmeny, Sept. 19. 1795.

"Thoſe in verſe conſiſt of *Electra*, a tragedy; the *Wedding Day*, a tragedy, being a tranſlation into blank verſe of the *Deſerteur* of Mercier; the *Carthagenian Heroine*, a tragedy, but of which there is only the firſt act finiſhed; and about half-a-dozen of ſhort lyric poems. Thoſe in proſe conſiſt of eight numbers of an intended periodical paper, called the *Guardian*. The ſubject of one of the numbers is a capital eſſay on the genius and writings of Addiſon. Beſides theſe, I have alſo in my poſſeſſion Mr. Logan's MS. *Lectures on Roman Hiſtory*, about twenty-five in number, with ſix or ſeven introductory ones to his Courſe of Lectures on Univerſal Hiſtory. His Lectures on Roman Hiſtory begin with Romulus, and come down to the fall of the empire, and the eſtabliſhment of the feudal ſyſtem.

"In the ſmall volume of poems publiſhed under the title of "Poems by Michael Bruce," the following were compoſed by Mr. Logan: *Damon*, *Menalcas*, and *Melibæus*; *Paſtoral Song*, to the tune of the "Yellow-Hair'd Laddie;" *Eclogue* in the manner of Oſſian; *Ode to a Fountain*; two *Daniſh Odes*; *Chorus* of "Anacreontic to a Waſp;" the tale of *Levina* (278 lines), in the poem of "Lochleven;" *Ode to Paoli*; *Ode to the Cuckoo*."

It is of importance to the reputation of Bruce, to ſubjoin the following account of his ſhare in the volume of poems publiſhed under his name, given by his friend Mr. David Pearſon, in a letter to the preſent writer, dated, Little Balgedie, near Kinneſſwood, Aug. 29. 1795.

"I need not inform you concerning the bad treatment that his [Bruce's] poems met with from the Rev. Mr Logan, when he received from his father the whole of his manuſcripts, publiſhed only his own pleaſure, and kept back thoſe poems that his friends would moſt gladly have embraced; and ſince publiſhed many of them in his own name. The *Cuckoo* and the *Hymns* in the end of Logan's book, are aſſuredly Mr. Bruce's productions."

The facts ſtated in Mr. Pearſon's letter are more circumſtantially related in the following extract of a letter to the preſent writer, from Mr. John Birrel, dated Kinneſſwood, Aug. 31. 1795. The veneration with which this worthy and intelligent man regards the memory of Bruce, and the enthuſiaſm with which he cultivates his favourite ſtudies, are only leſs meritorious than his benevolent exertions to relieve the neceſſities, and ſooth the afflictions of his aged mother, which afford an example worthy the imitation of perſons of ſuperior rank and education.

"Some time before the poet's father died, he delivered the book containing the firſt draught of ſome of Michael's poems, his ſermons, and other papers, into my hand, deſiring I would keep them, ſaying, "I know of none to whom I would rather give them than you, for you mind me more of my Michael than any body;" a compliment which I never deſerved, and which in modeſty I ſhould conceal. Some years after I entered upon terms with Mr. Moriſon of Perth, to ſell the MSS. for the benefit of auld Annie [the poet's mother], who was in very deſtitute circumſtances. But in the mean time, Dr. Baird wrote for them, with a view to republiſh Michael's poems, with any others that could be procured of his. I ſent them to him gladly, hoping ſoon to ſee the whole in print,

and the old woman decently provided for in conſequence. The finiſhed book of Michael's poems was given to Mr. Logan, who never returned them. Many a time, with tears trickling down his cheeks, has old Alexander told me how much he was diſappointed in Logan, who came unexpectedly and got all the papers, letters, and the books away, without giving him time to take a note of the titles, or getting a receipt for the papers, &c. After the publication, he went over to Edinburgh to recover them. Mr. Logan deſired him to call again, and they would be ready. He did ſo; but he was gone out, and no meſſage left. He ſaw Mr. Logan on the ſtreet, who told him that he had left the poems with the ſervants, but that, as he did not get them, he was afraid the ſervants had taken them, and ſinged fowls with them:—David Pearſon," he adds in another place, " does not remember of ſeeing the *Ode to the Fountain*, *The Vernal Ode*, *Ode to Paoli*, *Chorus of Elyſian Bards*, or the *Daniſh Odes*, until he ſaw them in print. But the reſt of the publication he decidedly aſcribes to Michael, and in a moſt particular manner the *Cuckoo*, *Salgar* and *Morna*, *and* the other *Eclogue*."

Such are the facts which the preſent writer eſteems it a part of his duty to ſtate, as they have been communicated to him by the reſpective friends of Logan and Bruce. He ſhall not intrude upon the admirers of theſe two poets any opinion of his own concerning the claims of their reſpective friends, ſince his only intention is to enable them, from a conſideration of the facts, to form their own concluſions; leaving them ſtill open to the impreſſion of any additional, or more ſatisfactory evidence that may hereafter ariſe.

It muſt not be concealed, that an unauthoriſed report is wandering about in the literary circles of Edinburgh, which aſcribes the firſt ſketch of the *Ode to the Cuckoo* to Bruce, and the compoſition, as it now ſtands, to Logan, who, it is ſaid, improved and embelliſhed it ſo much, as to make it in a great meaſure his own. On the other hand, his couſin Mrs. Hutchiſon, wife of Mr. John Hutchiſon, merchant in Edinburgh, informs the preſent writer that ſhe ſaw the *Ode* in Logan's hand-writing before it was printed. If the teſtimonies of Dr. Robertſon and Mrs. Hutchiſon went the length of eſtabliſhing the exiſtence of the *Ode* in Logan's hand-writing in Bruce's lifetime, or before his MSS. came into Logan's poſſeſſion, they might be conſidered as deciſive of the controverſy. The ſuppreſſion of Bruce's MSS. it muſt be owned, is a circumſtance unfavourable to the pretenſions of Logan.

No new edition of his *Poems* has been called for ſince his death. They are now, reprinted from the edition 1782, received, for the firſt time, into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry. In this edition the preſent writer has not ventured, upon the authority of Dr. Robertſon, to give him the pieces aſcribed to him in Bruce's " Poems," which he did not think proper to claim himſelf; neither has he preſumed, upon the authority of Mr. Pearſon, to deprive him of the *Ode to the Cuckoo*, to which he has put his name. In juſtice to both poets, he has followed the collection of their poems, printed under their reſpective names, in the preſent edition, diſtinguiſhing the pieces which have been claimed for the one or the other by their reſpective friends.

Logan was a man of very amiable diſpoſitions, and of very agreeable manners. He loved and eſteemed his friends, and was by them loved and eſteemed. He was reſpected by the world as a man of ſuperior talents, learning, and virtue. Genius, a ſufficient ſtock of profeſſional erudition, and a happy facility of communication, diſtinguiſhed him as a public inſtructor. Failings he had undoubtedly; many of his friends will remember them; but he had no failings which did not proceed from an unhappy conſtitutional temperament. In feeling minds paſſions naturally burn with too much vehemence. His ſenſibility was too ardent, his paſſions were too eaſily moved. His ſpirits were always much elated, or much depreſſed. After the failure of his ſchemes of literary ambition, the frequency and duration of his periods of melancholy became more remarkable. His health continually declined. He grew burdenſome to himſelf, and with the uſual weakneſs of men ſo diſeaſed, eagerly ſnatched that temporary relief which the bottle ſupplies; a weakneſs which, in his unhappy circumſtances, reflects no diſhonour on his memory, and cannot be remembered, but with pity and ſadneſs.

As an author, Logan has diſtinguiſhed himſelf as an *hiſtorian*, a *divine* and a *poet*.

His *Elements of the Philoſophy of Hiſtory*, diſplay the deep penetration, comprehenſive views, and animated compoſition, which diſtinguiſhed his courſe of " Lectures on Ancient and Modern Hiſtory." He appears from theſe outlines, to have taken a very comprehenſive and philoſophical ſur-

vey of the hiſtory of mankind. Though they were particularly intended for his pupils, they may be of uſe to readers of hiſtory in general, in leading them to contemplate events in their connection with each other, and in relation to their cauſes, and in ſuggeſting hints of ſpeculation and inquiry. In this excellent production, as well as in his *Diſſertation on Aſia*, he ſhows himſelf to be both a man of erudition and a philoſopher. But, beſides this, we diſcover in them ſome of the principal qualifications of a poet, a vein of imagery and invention, and the true flame of genius.

It is no unpleaſant reflection, to be able to find ſo many elegant writers of ſermons among the Scottiſh preachers; in the firſt rank of which Logan ſtands very high. Leechman, Craig, Farquhar, Walker, Logan, Dryſdale, Gerard, Lamont, Charters, and Blair, are ſuch writers of ſermons, as any country might with juſtice be proud of. It is remarkable, that an art which has been ſo long and ſo conſtantly practiſed as that of preaching, ſhould hitherto have furniſhed ſo very few models of eloquence. It was in France that the firſt attempts appear to have been made towards any improvement in this ſpecies of compoſition. In the reign of Lewis XIV. the eloquence of the pulpit was carried to a perfection which has not ſince been exceeded by the writers of that or any other country. The firſt who diſtinguiſhed themſelves in France by their eloquence in preaching, were Boſſuet, Flechier, and Bourdaloue; and the two former were ſurpaſſed by the latter, who united with conſiderable warmth, and remarkable correctneſs and purity of expreſſion, great force and ſtrength of reaſoning. Theſe were followed by Maſſillon, who exceeded all his predeceſſors, and has afforded the moſt perfect models of pulpit-eloquence that have yet appeared in any country. Bourdaloue, nervous in his ſtyle, ſimple in his expreſſion, and acute in his reaſoning, aims at convincing the underſtanding, rather than at touching the heart. Maſſillon, not leſs nervous in his ſtyle, but more acute in his expreſſion, expreſſes himſelf in a language dictated by the richeſt imagination and the moſt delicate taſte; and, addreſſing himſelf to the heart, hurries us along with a never-failing torrent of the warmeſt and moſt paſſionate eloquence.

In England the art of preaching has made a leſs diſtinguiſhed progreſs, and is yet far from having arrived at that degree of perfection which the French have attained. Before the Reſtoration, there is hardly a preacher whoſe ſermons deſerve to be read. The ſpirit of religious controverſy gave them ſome warmth; but, utterly void of taſte, and deſtitute of elegance of expreſſion, they abound in cold diviſions and ſcholaſtic jargon. Then appeared Sanderſon and Barrow, who, deviating from the involved method of their predeceſſors, introduced a mode leſs formal, though not quite pure from the parade of artificial compoſition. In that reign, Scott, diffuſe, figurative, ſerious, and fervent, formed a manner peculiar to himſelf, which, without an equal portion of congenial talents, it was impoſſible to imitate. About the end of the laſt, and the beginning of the preſent century, ſome improvements were made. In the ſermons of Tillotſon there is remarkable good ſenſe, accompanied with ſimplicity, and conſiderable purity of expreſſion. Clarke pondered his ſubjects with patience, compared the Bible carefully with itſelf, argued coolly, decided with caution, wrote with preciſion, and ſeldom admitted an improper word, or gave it a wrong poſition; but he is generally dry and unintereſting. Butler's ſermons are for the moſt part upon very abſtruſe metaphyſical points, little ſuited to the pulpit, or to the generality of readers. In the ſermons of Seed there is ſound and clear reaſoning; the expreſſion is lively and elegant, and the manner warm and intereſting; but his ſtyle is often too artificial, as oppoſed to natural. The ſermons of Hoadly, Sherlock, Secker, Jortin, and many others, though juſtly celebrated for their ſound and clear reaſoning, and nervous expreſſion, yet hardly ever afford any examples of an animated and paſſionate eloquence. Atterbury is almoſt the only Engliſh preacher who has attained any remarkable elegance, or who approaches in any degree to the eloquence of the French. His ſtyle is more nervous, his expreſſion more elegant, and his manner more warm and affecting than almoſt any of the Engliſh preachers; but he is ſometimes careleſs and incorrect, and ſometimes even flat and inſipid.

If the Engliſh preachers have fallen ſhort of the eloquence of the French, thoſe of Scotland have been ſtill farther behind. The genius of preſbytery, and the manners of the people, were unfavourable to a refined and poliſhed eloquence. Of late, however, together with other improvements, good ſenſe, elegance, and correctneſs, have come to be attempted in the diſcourſes from the pulpit; and ſome preachers have appeared, who, in ſound and diſpaſſionate reaſoning, in order and clearneſs, and even in purity and elegance of expreſſion, have rivalled the moſt celebrated preachers of our

neighbouring country. The firſt who appears to have diſtinguiſhed himſelf in Scotland, by the good ſenſe, ſound reaſoning, and manly ſimplicity of his pulpit compoſitions, was Dr. Leechman. Some improvements were made by ſucceeding preachers, and ſermons became gradually more faſhionable. Thoſe of Mr. Walker, as the productions of taſte and genius, exerciſed on important ſubjects, were deſervedly commended. But the poliſh of Dr. Blair, which gave elegance to ſentiments not too profound for common comprehenſion, nor too obvious to be unintereſting, was wanting to render this ſpecies of compoſition popular and generally pleaſing. By employing the utmoſt exertions of a vigorous mind, and of patient ſtudy, to ſelect the beſt ideas, and to prune off every ſuperfluous thought, by taking pains to embelliſh them by all the beauties of language and elegant expreſſion, and by repeatedly examining, with the ſeverity of an enlightened critic, every ſentence, and eraſing every harſh and uncouth phraſe, he has produced the moſt elegant models of pulpit-compoſition that has yet appeared in theſe kingdoms. In conſequence of Dr. Johnſon's approbation, one hundred pounds were given for the firſt volume of his ſermons; which, on account of the extenſive ſale, the proprietors doubled. They gave him 300 l. for the ſecond, and 600 l. for each of the two ſucceeding volumes; which was more than ever a work of equal bulk procured from bookſellers; but they increaſed the ſale of the former volumes.

The *Sermons* of Logan, though not ſo exquiſitely poliſhed as thoſe of Dr. Blair, poſſeſs in a higher degree the animated and paſſionate eloquence of Maſſillon and Atterbury. His compoſition is everywhere excellent. Its leading characteriſtics are ſtrength, elegance, and ſimplicity. The formation of his ſentences appears the moſt inartificial, though at the ſame time it will be found to be ſtrictly correct. But the manner, amidſt all its beauties, is on the firſt peruſal loſt in the enjoyment the reader feels from the ſentiment. Devotional and ſolemn ſubjects peculiarly accord with his feelings and genius. In exhibiting deep and ſolemn views of human life, his ſentiments are bold and varied, and his imagination teems with the moſt ſoothing and elevated figures. His knowledge of poetry in general, and his reliſh for its higheſt beauties, are every where conſpicuous. Topics ſuch as theſe, which we have ſeen illuſtrated before a thouſand times, are made to paſs before the mind in the moſt impreſſive and affecting manner; and for a moment we deceive ourſelves into a belief that the ſubjects themſelves muſt be new to us. But it appears to have been no part of his plan, to ſeek out for new ſubjects of preaching, or to excite his ingenuity in exhibiting new views of moral and religious topics. To embelliſh the moſt common ſubjects, which are certainly the moſt proper and uſeful, with new ornaments; to perſuade by a more forcible and more captivating illuſtration; to unite the beauties of elegant diction, and the ſplendour of fine imagery; in this lay his chief exertions, and here reſts his chief praiſe. The *fourth*, *ninth*, and *eleventh* diſcourſes, in the firſt volume, remind us that the *Sermons* are poſthumous, and many of them, at leaſt, not intended for publication. The firſt head of the *fourth* ſermon, and three ſhort paſſages in the *ninth*, are almoſt literal tranſcripts from Seed's ſermon "On the Path of the Juſt;" and almoſt the one-half of the *eleventh* is taken from Seed's ſermon on "Charity." It is evident that he was indolent at times, and did not write up to his powers, contenting himſelf with producing what was at hand, rather than ſeeking what was beſt, and what he *could* have given. It is alſo evident that what is his own, is ſuperior to what is foreign, and that he has improved what he has adopted. The *Prayers* and *Addreſſes* to communicants, in the celebration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, according to the form in which that ſolemn ordinance is generally adminiſtred in the preſent times in Scotland, are diſtinguiſhed compoſitions, and highly devotional.

As a *poet*, Logan appears to no leſs advantage than in thoſe departments of literature in which we have ſurveyed him. He is characteriſed by that pregnancy of invention, that exquiſite ſenſibility, and that genuine enthuſiaſm, which are the invariable ſanctions beſtowed by nature on every true poet. His poems are the productions of a mind tremblingly alive to thoſe fine impulſes of paſſion which form the ſoul of poetic compoſition, and familiariſed to all the moſt delicate graces of the poetic art. He diſcovers taſte and delicacy of ſentiment, joined to a great ſhare of poetical imagination. His thoughts are always juſt, and often ſtriking. His images are pleaſing and picturesque, and his language is for the moſt part correct and harmonious. Sprightly ſubjects he treats with eaſe; in the pathetic and ſolemn he is a maſter. The penſiveneſs of his diſpoſition, though un-

fortunate for himſelf, enriched his poetical vein, and ſhaded his compoſitions with a tender melancholy. Melpomene, Erato, and Euterpe; were his favourite muſes.

His *Runnamede* is the greateſt effort of his genius. The title is taken from the place where the famous *Magna Charta* was obtained. The ſtory is founded on the conteſt between King John and his barons. The under-plot is borrowed, without any acknowledgment, from the *Tancrede* of Voltaire. This is evident from the following liſt of correſpondent characters: Tancrede, *Elvine*, Orbaſſan, *Arden*, Argive, *Albemarle*, Aldamon, *Edgar*, Amenaide, *Elvina*, the Sultan, and the *Dauphin*. It is not, however, a mere tranſlation of the *Tancrede*. It has variations in the circumſtances, and variations in the conduct of the ſtory. The ſavage temper of Amenaide is properly ſoftened in *Elvina*; an unnatural connection is formed between the love-tale and the conteſt of the barons with King John; the ſtory terminates happily, and the performance is made more dramatical. The ſubject is announced in the *Prologue*, in an elevated tone.

A nameleſs youth beheld with noble rage
One ſubject ſtill a ſtranger to the ſtage;
A name that's muſic to the Britiſh ear!
A name that's worſhipp'd in the Britiſh ſphere!
Fair *Liberty*, the goddeſs of the iſle,
Who bleſſes England with a guardian ſmile.

The play is intended to awaken ſentiments of liberty and public ſpirit in the hearts of his countrymen. But *Liberty* is by no means *a ſtranger to the ſtage*. It makes the principal ſubject of the "Cato" of Addiſon, and has been brought forward by Voltaire in his "Brutus," and "Death of Cæſar," to omit a crowd of leſs illuſtrious examples. The ſtories which form the moſt ſtriking exemplification of moral or political heroiſm, the death of Socrates, or the cataſtrophe of Cato, though inexpreſſibly beautiful and engaging in themſelves, are by no means calculated to ſucceed upon the theatre. This has been imputed to the neceſſity of introducing the paſſion of love, in order to make a tragedy intereſting. But this is by no means the caſe. The tragedies of Shakſpeare, the *Athalie*, the *Merope*, and the *Orphelin de la Chine*, of the French theatre, have been ſucceſsful without this ſubſidiary aid. In reality, nothing more is requiſite than an event full of anxiety and uncertainty, and ſubject to the greateſt and moſt unexpected changes of fortune. Addiſon found the inability of ſupporting the repreſentation of five acts, merely by the patriotiſm of Cato. Logan has alſo found the neceſſity of recurring to the aid of an improbable love-tale. Excluſive of the injudiciouſneſs of this circumſtance, it muſt be allowed to be a very intereſting and pathetic performance. The diction is nervous and elegant; though it is ſometimes deficient in grace, and ſometimes chargeable with redundancy and amplification. It has many paſſages highly dramatic and highly poetical. It has a beauty directly the reverſe of amplification. He not unfrequently concenters a thought which an unſkilful poet would have dilated, in a very few words, and by that means gives it a high degree of force and pathos. The whole performance is animated with the nobleſt enthuſiaſm for liberty, and is ſtamped with the peculiar characters of genius. The ſpirited addreſs to *King John*, which is put into the mouth of *Elvine*, aſſerting the natural rights of mankind, in oppoſition to tyranny and oppreſſion, is the moſt ſingular paſſage in the play. But it is difficult to intereſt the generality of readers in ſentiments of public virtue, which are in a great meaſure peculiar to minds of a ſuperior order.

In his *Odes* he is rather characteriſed by the ſprightly and tender, than by the ſublime; yet his muſe preſerves her dignity, and retains that pleaſing wildneſs, that excurſive humour, which neceſſarily enter into the genius of lyric poetry. She diſcovers not by the barbarity of her accent, and the harſhneſs of her numbers, that ſhe has acquired her firſt ideas of harmony and modulation north of the Tweed. The numbers are eaſy, the language is elegant, and the ſtanzas are regular throughout. The regular meaſure is always preferable to looſe and irregular numbers, while the length and variety of the ſtanza prevent the diſguſt of monotony; becauſe in poetry, as in muſic, it is neceſſary that there ſhould be a proportion of parts, ſo that the ear ſhould be accuſtomed with the modulation. The ſelection of his ſubjects diſplays at once the delicacy of his taſte, and the ſenſibility of his heart.

The *Ode to the Cuckoo*, which he is ſuppoſed to have written, and certainly improved, is diſtinguiſhed by the delicate graces of ſimplicity and tenderneſs, in the higheſt degree. The hint of this exquiſite performance was probably taken from "A Song to the Cuckoo," the earlieſt ſpecimen of song-

writing extant in our language; but the train of the thoughts is purely original. His *Ode to Women* is ſprightly and poetical, but inclines more to the *beautiful* than to the *ſublime* ſpecies of lyric compoſition. It is more in the manner of Anacreon than Pindar. We cannot, however, admit that any modern breathes the true ſpirit of Anacreon. There is, in the ſound of the Teian lyre, an irreſiſtible and ineffable magic, when ſtruck by the hand of its original maſter, which no other touch can extort. His *Odes* written in *Spring* and *Autumn*, and his other deſcriptive and allegorical performances, are not deſtitute of pathetic ſentiment and agreeable deſcription; but their ſpirit and genius are of a more abſtracted kind, and will be moſt admired by thoſe few congenial minds, who can diſcern and feel the finer influences of fancy, who can enjoy the enthuſiaſm of viſionary communications, and aſpire to the regions of ideal exiſtence. But, abſtracted from all external praiſe, there is a charm in the indulgence of poetic fancy; and in this reſpect poetry, like virtue, is its own reward.

Of his *Lovers* and *Tale* the ſentiments are delicate and noble, and the narration is animated and agreeable. He judiciouſly avoids that minuteneſs, which anticipates every reflection of the reader, and ſupports attention without an affectation of brilliancy, and without wandering from his purpoſe, like an ordinary artiſt, in ſearch of flowers and embelliſhment. He well knew that poetry, when it fails to intereſt the affections, is no longer the animated language of nature. His *Braes of Yarrow* is an imitation of Hamilton's beautiful ballad of that name; but his ſtory of the bereaved bride ſurpaſſes the original. Ovid, Propertius, and Tibullus, never compoſed a more affecting and impaſſioned elegy. The poem on Hero and Leander cannot boaſt a ſtronger infuſion of the ſoft and tender, of energy and pathos.

His *Hymns* may challenge a compariſon with the moſt popular compoſitions of that kind in our language; but they add little to his poetical reputation. Moſt of them were originally printed, with ſome variations, in the collection of "Tranſlations and Paraphraſes of Sacred Scripture," 1781, uſed in public worſhip in Scotland. It appears from a copy of the "Paraphraſes, &c." in the poſſeſſion of Dr. Robertſon, in which the ſeveral authors are diſtinguiſhed by Logan, that he is the moſt conſiderable, as well as the moſt poetical contributor to that collection of ſacred poems. In majeſty and ſublimity of ſentiment, grandeur and ſolemnity of deſcription, and beauty and ſimplicity of expreſſion, he maintains a diſtinguiſhed ſuperiority over his competitors. His verſion of *Geneſis* xxvii. 20—22. has exceeding merit. If his efforts to ſmooth the path of duty by the powers of imagination, and to win our attention to the precepts of life by ornament and harmony, are ſometimes unſucceſsful, his motives at leaſt deſerve applauſe. He is even entitled to ſome praiſe, for having done better than others, what no verſifier of the ſacred writings has done well. "Poetical devotion," to uſe the emphatical words of Dr. Johnſon, in his Life of Waller, "cannot often pleaſe. Contemplative piety, or the intercourſe between God and the human ſoul, cannot be poetical. Man, admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, and plead the merits of his Redeemer, is already in a higher ſtate than poetry can confer. Whatever is great, deſirable, or tremendous, is compriſed in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted, Infinity cannot be amplified, Perfection cannot be improved. Of ſentiments purely religious, it will be generally found that the moſt ſimple expreſſion is the moſt ſublime. Poetry loſes its luſtre and its power, becauſe it is applied to the decoration of ſomething more excellent than itſelf. The ideas of Chriſtian theology are too ſimple for eloquence, too ſacred for fiction, and too majeſtic for ornament; to recommend them by tropes and figures, is to magnify by a concave mirror the ſidereal hemiſphere." But beſides this want of conformity and aſſimilation between piety and poetry, there is another reaſon why the verſification of the ſacred writings ſhould not be attended with ſucceſs; the want of conformity and aſſimilation between language and ſentiment. Nothing can be more ſtriking and oppoſite than the different genius of the Engliſh and the Hebrew poetry. The Eaſtern Muſe is daring, fervent, and unſubdued in her progreſs; ſnatching at figures remote in their nature and diſpoſition, frequently inattentive to conſiſtency and connection, deſultory in ſentiment, and abrupt in expreſſion. Theſe qualities are utterly unfit for the regular and limited walks of rhyme. The ſongs of Sion will no more bend to the genius of a ſtrange language, than their ſingers would of old to the commands of their conquerors, when called upon to ſing them in a ſtrange land.

# THE WORKS OF LOGAN.

## POEMS.

### ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous ſtranger of the grove!
Thou meſſenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural ſeat,
And woods thy welcome ſing.

What time the daiſy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Haſt thou a ſtar to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful viſitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the ſound of muſic ſweet
From birds among the bowers.

The ſchool-boy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primroſe gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou flieſt thy vocal vale,
An annual gueſt in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy ſky is ever clear;
Thou haſt no ſorrow in thy ſong,
No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual viſit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

### SONG.

#### THE BRAES OF YARROW.

"Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow ſtream!
" When firſt on them I met my lover;
"Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow ſtream!
" When now thy waves his body cover!
"For ever now, O Yarrow ſtream!
" Thou art to me a ſtream of ſorrow;
"For never on thy banks ſhall I
" Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

"He promiſed me a milk-white ſteed,
" To bear me to his father's bowers;
"He promiſed me a little page,
" To 'ſquire me to his father's towers;
"He promiſed me a wedding-ring,—
" The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow;—
"Now he is wedded to his grave,
" Alas, his watery grave in Yarrow!

"Sweet were her words when laſt we met;
" My paſſion I as freely told him!
"Claſp'd in his arms, I little thought
" That I ſhould never more behold him!
"Scarce was he gone, I ſaw his ghoſt;
" It vaniſh'd with a ſhriek of ſorrow;
"Thrice did the water-wraith aſcend,
" And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

"His mother from the window look'd,
" With all the longing of a mother;
"His little ſiſter weeping walk'd
" The green-wood path to meet her brother:
"They ſought him eaſt, they ſought him weſt,
" They ſought him all the foreſt thorough;
"They only ſaw the cloud of night,
" They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

"No longer from thy window look,
" Thou haſt no ſon, thou tender mother!
"No longer walk, thou lovely maid!
" Alas, thou haſt no more a brother!
"No longer ſeek him eaſt or weſt,
" And ſearch no more the foreſt thorough;
"For, wandering in the night ſo dark,
" He fell a lifeleſs corſe in Yarrow.

"The tear ſhall never leave my cheek,
" No other youth ſhall be my marrow;
"I'll ſeek thy body in the ſtream,
" And then with thee I'll ſleep in Yarrow."
The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow;
She found his body in the ſtream,
And now with him ſhe ſleeps in Yarrow.

## ODE

### ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

The peace of Heaven attend thy ſhade,
My early friend, my favourite maid!
When life was new, companions gay,
We hail'd the morning of our day.

Ah, with what joy did I behold
The flower of beauty fair unfold!
And fear'd no ſtorm to blaſt thy bloom,
Or bring thee to an early tomb!

Untimely gone! for ever fled
The roſes of the cheek ſo red;
Th' affection warm, the temper mild,
The ſweetneſs that in ſorrow ſmil'd.

Alas! the cheek where beauty glow'd,
The heart where goodneſs overflow'd,
A clod amid the valley lies,
And "duſt to duſt" the mourner cries.

O from thy kindred early torn,
And to thy grave untimely borne!
Vaniſh'd for ever from my view,
Thou ſiſter of my ſoul, adieu!

Fair with my firſt ideas twin'd,
Thine image oft will meet my mind;
And, while remembrance brings thee near,
Affection ſad will drop a tear.

How oft does ſorrow bend thy head,
Before we dwell among the dead!
Scarce in the years of manly prime,
I've often wept the wrecks of time.

What tragic tears bedew the eye!
What deaths we ſuffer ere we die!
Our broken friendſhips we deplore,
And loves of youth that are no more!

No after-friendſhip e'er can raiſe
Th' endearments of our early days;
And ne'er the heart ſuch fondneſs prove,
As when it firſt began to love.

Affection dies, a vernal flower;
And love, the bloſſom of an hour;
The ſpring of fancy cares controul,
And mar the beauty of the ſoul.

Vers'd in the commerce of deceit,
How ſoon the heart begins to beat!
The blood runs cold at int'reſt's call:—
They look with equal eyes on all.

Then lovely nature is expell'd,
And friendſhip is romantic held;
Then prudence comes with hundred eyes:—
The veil is rent: the viſion flies.

The dear illuſions will not laſt;
The era of enchantment's paſt;
The wild romance of life is done;
The real hiſtory is begun.

The ſallies of the ſoul are o'er,
The feaſt of fancy is no more;
And ill the banquet is ſupply'd
By form, by gravity, by pride.

Ye gods! whatever ye withhold,
Let my affections ne'er grow old;
Ne'er may the human glow depart,
Nor nature yield to frigid art!

Still may the generous boſom burn,
Though doom'd to bleed o'er beauty's urn;
And ſtill the friendly face appear,
Though moiſten'd with a tender tear!

## ODE TO WOMEN.

Ye virgins! fond to be admir'd,
With mighty rage of conqueſt fir'd,
And univerſal ſway;
Who heave th' uncover'd boſom high,
And roll a fond, inviting eye,
On all the circle gay!

You miſs the fine and ſecret art
To win the caſtle of the heart,
For which you all contend;
The coxcomb tribe may crowd your train,
But you will never, never gain
A lover, or a friend.

If this your paſſion, this your praiſe,
To ſhine, to dazzle, and to blaze,
You may be call'd divine:
But not a youth beneath the ſky
Will ſay in ſecret, with a ſigh,
"O were that maiden mine!"

You marſhal, brilliant, from the box,
Fans, feathers, diamonds, caſtled locks,
Your magazine of arms;
But 'tis the ſweet ſequeſter'd walk,
The whiſpering hour, the tender talk,
That gives your genuine charms.

The nymph-like robe, the natural grace,
The ſmile, the native of the face,
Refinement without art;
The eye where pure affection beams,
The tear from tenderneſs that ſtreams,
The accents of the heart;

The trembling frame, the living cheek,
Where, like the morning, bluſhes break
To crimſon o'er the breaſt;
The look where ſentiment is ſeen,
Fine paſſions moving o'er the mien,
And all the ſoul expreſt;

Your beauties theſe: with theſe you ſhine,
And reign on high by right divine,
The ſovereigns of the world;
Then to your court the nations flow;
The muſe with flowers the path will ſtrew,
Where Venus' car is hurl'd.

From dazzling deluges of ſnow,
From Summer noon's meridian glow,
We turn our aching eye,
To nature's robe of vernal green,
To the blue curtain all ſerene,
Of an Autumnal ſky.

The favourite tree of beauty's queen,
Behold the myrtle's modeſt green,
The virgin of the grove!

Soft from the circlet of her ſtar,
The tender turtles draw the car
Of Venus and of Love.

The growing charm invites the eye;
See morning gradual paint the ſky
With purple and with gold!
See Spring approach with ſweet delay!
See roſebuds open to the ray,
And leaf by leaf unfold!

We love th' alluring line of grace,
That leads the eye a wanton chace,
And lets the fancy rove;
The walk of beauty ever bends,
And ſtill begins, but never ends,
The labyrinth of love.

At times, to veil, is to reveal,
And to diſplay, is to conceal;
Myſterious are your laws!
The viſion's finer than the view;
Her landſcape nature never drew
So fair as fancy draws.

A beauty, careleſsly betray'd,
Enamours more, than if diſplay'd
All woman's charms were given;
And, o'er the boſom's veſtal white,
The gauze appears a robe of light,
That veils, yet opens, Heav'n.

See virgin Eve, with graces bland,
Freſh blooming from her Maker's hand,
In orient beauty beam!
Fair on the river-margin laid,
She knew not that her image made
The angel in the ſtream.

Still ancient Eden blooms your own;
But artleſs innocence alone
Secures the heavenly poſt;
For if, beneath an angel's mien,
The ſerpent's tortuous train is ſeen,
Our Paradiſe is loſt.

O nature, nature, thine the charm!
Thy colours woo, thy features warm,
Thy accents win the heart!
Pariſian paint of every kind,
That ſtains the body or the mind,
Proclaims the harlot's art.

The midnight minſtrel of the grove,
Who ſtill renews the hymn of love,
And woos the wood to hear;
Knows not the ſweetneſs of his ſtrain,
Nor that, above the tuneful train,
He charms the lover's ear.

The zone of Venus, heavenly-fine,
Is nature's handy-work divine,
And not the web of art;
And they who wear it never know
To what enchanting charm they owe
The empire of the heart.

## OSSIAN'S HYMN TO THE SUN.

O THOU whoſe beams the ſea-girt earth array,
King of the ſky, and father of the day!
O ſun! what fountain, hid from human eyes,
Supplies thy circle round the radiant ſkies,
For ever burning and for ever bright,
With heaven's pure fire, and everlaſting light?
What awful beauty in thy face appears!
Immortal youth, beyond the power of years!
When gloomy darkneſs to thy reign reſigns,
And from the gates of morn thy glory ſhines,
The conſcious ſtars are put to ſudden flight,
And all the planets hide their heads in night;
The queen of heaven forſakes th' ethereal plain,
To ſink inglorious in the weſtern main.
The clouds refulgent deck thy golden throne,
High in the heavens, immortal and alone!
Who can abide the brightneſs of thy face!
Or who attend thee in thy rapid race?
The mountain-oaks, like their own leaves, decay;
Themſelves the mountains wear with age away;
The boundleſs main that rolls from land to land,
Leſſens at times, and leaves a waſte of ſand;
The ſilver moon, refulgent lamp of night,
Is loſt in heaven, and emptied of her light:
But thou for ever ſhalt endure the ſame,
Thy light eternal, and unſpent thy flame.
When tempeſts with their train impend on high,
Darken the day, and load the labouring ſky;
When heaven's wide convex glows with lightnings dire,
All ether flaming, and all earth on fire;
When loud and long the deep-mouth'd thunder rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles;
If from the opening clouds thy form appears,
Her wonted charm the face of nature wears;
Thy beauteous orb reſtores departed day,
Looks from the ſky, and laughs the ſtorm away.

## ODE WRITTEN IN SPRING.

No longer hoary winter reigns,
No longer binds the ſtreams in chains,
Or heaps with ſnow the meads;
Array'd with robe of rainbow-dye,
At laſt the Spring appears on high,
And, ſmiling over earth and ſky,
Her new creation leads.

The ſnows confeſs a warmer ray,
The looſen'd ſtreamlet loves to ſtray,
And echo down the dale;
The hills uplift their ſummits green,
The vales more verdant ſpread between,
The cuckoo in the wood unſeen
Coos ceaſeleſs to the gale.

The rainbow arching woos the eye
With all the colours of the ſky,
With all the pride of Spring;
Now Heaven deſcends in ſunny ſhowers,
The ſudden fields put on the flowers,
The green leaves wave upon the bowers,
And birds begin to ſing.

The cattle wander in the wood,
And find the wonted verdant food,
Beſide the well-known rills;
Blithe in the ſun the ſhepherd ſwain

Like Pan attunes the paſt'ral ſtrain,
While many echoes ſend again
The muſic of the hills.

At eve, the primroſe path along,
The milkmaid ſhortens with a ſong
Her ſolitary way;
She ſees the fairies, with their queen,
Trip hand-in-hand the circled green,
And hears them raiſe at times, unſeen,
The ear-inchanting lay.

Maria, come! Now let us rove,
Now gather garlands in the grove,
Of every new-ſprung flower:
We'll hear the warblings of the wood,
We'll trace the windings of the flood;
O come thou, fairer than the bud
Unfolding in a ſhower!

Fair as the lily of the vale,
That gives its boſom to the gale,
And opens in the ſun;
And ſweeter than thy favourite dove,
The Venus of the vernal grove,
Announcing to the choirs of love
Their time of bliſs begun.

Now, now, thy ſpring of life appears;
Fair in the morning of thy years,
And May of beauty crown'd:
Now vernal viſions meet thine eyes,
Poetic dreams to fancy riſe,
And brighter days in better ſkies;—
Elyſium blooms around.

Now, now's the morning of thy day;
But, ah! the morning flies away,
And youth is on the wing;
'Tis nature's voice, "O pull the roſe,
"Now while the bud in beauty blows,
"Now while the opening leaves diſcloſe
"The incenſe of the Spring!"

What youth, high-favour'd of the ſkies,
What youth ſhall win the brighteſt prize
That nature has in ſtore?
Whoſe conſcious eyes ſhall meet with thine;
Whoſe arms thy yielding waſte entwine;
Who, raviſh'd with thy charms divine,
Requires of Heaven no more!

Not happier the primæval pair,
When new-made earth, ſupremely fair,
Smiled on her virgin Spring;
When all was fair to God's own eye,
When ſtars conſenting ſung on high,
And all Heaven's chorus made the ſky
With hallellujahs ring.

Devoted to the muſes' choir,
I tune the Caledonian lyre
To themes of high renown:—
No other theme than you I'll chooſe,
Than you invoke no other muſe:
Nor will that gentle hand refuſe
Thy bard with bays to crown.

Where hills by ſtoried ſtreams aſcend,
My dreams and waking wiſhes tend
Poetic eaſe to woo;
Where fairy fingers curl the grove,
Where Grecian ſpirits round me rove,
Alone enamour'd with the love
Of nature and of you!

## SONG.

The day is departed, and round from the cloud
The moon in her beauty appears;
The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud
The muſic of love in our ears:
Maria, appear! now the ſeaſon ſo ſweet
With the beat of the heart is in tune;
The time is ſo tender for lovers to meet
Alone by the light of the moon.

I cannot when preſent unfold what I feel,
I ſigh—Can a lover do more?
Her name to the ſhepherds I never reveal,
Yet I think of her all the day o'er.
Maria, my love! Do you long for the grove?
Do you ſigh for an interview ſoon?
Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove
Alone by the light of the moon?

Your name from the ſhepherds whenever I hear,
My boſom is all in a glow;
Your voice when it vibrates ſo ſweet through mine ear,
My heart thrills—my eyes overflow.
Ye powers of the ſky, will your bounty divine
Indulge a fond lover his boon?
Shall heart ſpring to heart, and Maria be mine,
Alone by the light of the moon?

## ODE TO SLEEP.

In vain I court till dawning light,
The coy divinity of night;
Reſtleſs from ſide to ſide I turn,
Ariſe, ye muſings of the morn!

Oh, Sleep! though baniſh'd from thoſe eyes,
In viſions fair to Delia riſe;
And o'er a dearer form diffuſe
Thy healing balm, thy lenient dews.

Bleſt be her night as infants reſt,
Lull'd on the fond maternal breaſt,
Who ſweetly-playful ſmiles in ſleep,
Nor knows that he is born to weep.

Remove the terrors of the night,
The phantom-forms of wild affright,
The ſhrieks from precipice or flood,
And ſtarting ſcene that ſwims with blood.

Lead her aloft to blooming bowers,
And beds of amaranthine flowers,
And golden ſkies, and glittering ſtreams,
That paint the paradiſe of dreams.

Venus! preſent a lover near,
And gently whiſper in her ear
His woes, who, lonely and forlorn,
Counts the ſlow clock from night till morn.

Ah! let no portion of my pain,
Save juſt a tender trace, remain;
Aſleep conſenting to be kind,
And wake with Daphnis in her mind.

## ODE TO A YOUNG LADY.

Maria bright with beauty's glow,
In conſcious gaiety you go
The pride of all the park:
Attracted groupes in ſilence gaze,
And ſoft behind you hear the praiſe
And whiſper of the ſpark.

In fancy's airy chariot whirl'd,
You make the circle of the world,
And dance a dizzy round;
The maids and kindling youths behold
You triumph o'er the envious old,
The queen of beauty crown'd.

Where'er the beams of fortune blaze,
Or faſhion's whiſpering zephyr plays,
The inſect tribe attends;
Gay-glittering through a ſummer's day,
The ſilken myriads melt away
Before a ſun deſcends.

Divorc'd from elegant delight,
The vulgar Venus holds her night
An alien to the ſkies;
Her boſom breathes no finer fire,
No radiance of divine deſire
Illumes reſponſive eyes.

Gods! ſhall a ſordid ſon of earth
Enfold a form of heavenly birth,
And raviſh joys divine?
An angel bleſs unconſcious arms?
The circle of ſurrender'd charms
Unhallowed hands entwine?

The abſent day; the broken dream;
The viſion wild; the ſudden ſcream;
Tears that unbidden flow!—
Ah! let no ſenſe of griefs profound,
That beauteous boſom ever wound
With unavailing woe!

The wild enchanter youth beguiles,
And fancy's fairy landſcape ſmiles
With more than nature's bloom;
The ſpring of Eden paints your bowers,
Unſetting ſuns your promis'd hours
With golden light illume.

A hand advancing ſtrikes the bell!
That ſound diſſolves the magic ſpell,
And all the charm is gone!
The viſionary landſcape flies:
At once th' aërial muſic dies;
In wild you walk alone!

Howe'er the wind of fortune blows,
Or ſadly-ſevering fate diſpoſe
Our everlaſting doom;
Impreſſions never felt before,
And tranſports to return no more,
Will haunt me to the tomb!

My God! the pangs of nature paſt,
Will e'er a kind remembrance laſt
Of pleaſures ſadly ſweet?
Can love aſſume a calmer name?
My eyes with friendſhip's angel-flame
An angel's beauty meet?

Ah! ſhould that firſt of finer forms
Require, through life's impending ſtorms,
A ſympathy of ſoul;
The lov'd Maria of the mind
Will ſend me, on the wings of wind,
To Indus or the Pole.

## ODE TO A MAN OF LETTERS.

Lo, Winter's hoar dominion paſt!
Arreſted in his eaſtern blaſt
The fiend of nature flies;
Breathing the Spring, the zephyrs play,
And re-enthron'd the lord of day
Reſumes the golden ſkies.

Attendant on the genial hours,
The voluntary ſhades and flowers
For rural lovers ſpring;
Wild choirs unſeen in concert join,
And round Apollo's ruſtic ſhrine
The ſylvan muſes ſing.

The fineſt vernal bloom that blows,
The ſweeteſt voice the foreſt knows,
Ariſe to vaniſh ſoon;
The roſe unfolds her robe of light,
And Philomela gives her night
To Richmond and to June.

With bounded ray, and tranſient grace,
Thus, Varro, holds the human race
Their place and hour aſſign'd;
Loud let the venal trumpet ſound,
Reſponſive never will rebound
The echo of mankind.

You forms divine that deck the ſphere,
The radiant rulers of the year,
Confeſs a nobler hand;
Thron'd in the majeſty of morn,
Behold the king of day adorn
The ſkies, the ſea, the land.

Nor did th' Almighty raiſe the ſky,
Nor hang th' eternal lamps on high,
On one abode to ſhine;
The circle of a thouſand ſuns
Extends, while nature's period runs
The theatre divine.

Thus ſome, whom ſmiling nature hails
To ſacred ſprings, and choſen vales,
And ſtreams of old renown;
By noble toils and worthy ſcars,
Shall win their manſion 'mid the ſtars,
And wear th' immortal crown.

Bright in the firmament of fame
The lights of ancient ages flame
With never ſetting ray,
On worlds unfound from hiſtory torn,
O'er ages deep in time unborn,
To pour the human day.

Won from neglected waſtes of time,
Apollo hails his faireſt clime,
The provinces of mind;

An Egypt *, with eternal towers,
See Monteſquieu redeem the hours,
From Lewis, to mankind.

No tame remiſſion genius knows;
No interval of dark repoſe,
To quench the ethereal flame;
From Thebes to Troy the victor hies,
And Homer with his hero vies
In varied paths to fame.

The orb which rul'd thy natal night
And uſher'd in a greater light
Than ſets the pole on fire,
With undiminiſh'd luſtre crown'd,
Unwearied walks th' eternal round,
Amid the heav'nly quire.

Proud in triumphal chariot hurl'd,
And crown'd the maſter of the world,
Ah! let not Philip's ſon,
His ſoul in Syrian ſoftneſs drown'd,
His brows with Perſian garlands bound.
The race of pleaſure run!

With croſſing thoughts Alcides preſt,
The awful goddeſs thus addreſt,
And pointing to the prize:
" Behold the wreath of glory ſhine!
" And mark the onward path divine
" That opens to the ſkies!

" The heavenly fire muſt ever burn,
" The hero's ſtep muſt never turn
" From yon ſublime abodes;
" Long muſt thy life of labours prove
" At laſt to die the ſon of Jove,
" And mingle with the gods."

## THE LOVERS.

[The lovers in the following poem were deſcended of houſes that had been long at variance. The lady is firſt introduced as leaving her father's houſe, and venturing out in the darkneſs of the night, to meet with her lover. They meet at the appointed hour. The reſt of the dialogue paſſes in the chariot]

*Harriet.*

'Tis midnight dark: 'tis ſilence deep,
My father's houſe is huſh'd in ſleep;
In dreams the lover meets his bride,
She ſees her lover at her ſide;
The mourner's voice is now ſuppreſt,
A while the weary are at reſt:
'Tis midnight dark; 'tis ſilence deep;
I only wake, and wake to weep.

The window's drawn, the ladder waits,
I ſpy no watchman at the gates;
No tread re-echoes through the hall,
No ſhadow moves along the wall.
I am alone 'Tis dreary night,
O come, thou partner of my flight!
Shield me from darkneſs, from alarms;
O take me trembling to thine arms!

The dog howls diſmal in the heath,
The raven croaks the dirge of death;
Ah me! diſaſter's in the ſound!
The terrors of the night are round;
A ſad miſchance my fears forebode,
The demon of the dark's abroad,
And lures, with apparition dire,
The night-ſtruck man through flood and fire.

The howlet ſcreams ill-boding ſounds,
The ſpirit walks unholy rounds;
The wizard's hour eclipſing rolls;
The ſhades of hell uſurp the poles;
The moon retires; the heaven departs.
From opening earth a ſpectre ſtarts:
My ſpirit dies—Away my fears,
My love, my life, my lord appears!

*Henry.*

I come, I come, my love! my life!
And nature's deareſt name, my wife!
Long have I lov'd thee; long have fought;
And dangers brav'd, and battles fought;
In this embrace our evils end;
From this our better days aſcend;
The year of ſuffering now is o'er,
At laſt we meet to part no more!

My lovely bride! my conſort, come!
The rapid chariot rolls thee home.

*Harriet.*

I fear to go——I dare not ſtay.
Look back.——I dare not look that way.

*Henry.*

No evil ever ſhall betide
My love, while I am at her ſide.
Lo! thy protector and thy friend,
The arms that fold thee will defend.

*Harriet.*

Still beats my boſom with alarms:
I tremble while I'm in thy arms!
What will impaſſion'd lovers do?
What have I done—to follow you?
I leave a father torn with fears;
I leave a mother ba h'd in tears;
A brother girding on his ſword,
Againſt my life, againſt my lord.

Now, without father, mother, friend,
On thee my future days depend;
Wilt thou, for ever true to love,
A father, mother, brother prove?
O Henry!——to thy arm I fall,
My friend! my huſband! and my all!
Alas! what hazards may I run?
Shouldſt thou forſake me—I'm undone.

*Henry.*

My Harriet, diſſipate thy fears,
And let a huſband wipe thy tears;
For ever join'd our fates combine,
And I am yours, and you are mine.
The fires the firmament that rend,
On this devoted head deſcend,
If e'er in thought from thee I rove,
Or love thee leſs than now I love!

Although our fathers have been foes,
From hatred ſtronger, love aroſe;

* *The fineſt provinces of Egypt, gained from a neglected waſte.*

From adverſe briars that threat'ning ſtood,
And threw a horror o'er the wood,
Two lovely roſes met on high.
Tranſplanted to a better ſky,
And, grafted in one ſtock, they grow,
In union ſpring, in beauty blow.

*Harriet.*

My heart believes my love; but ſtill
My boding mind preſages ill:
For luckleſs ever was our love,
Dark as the ſky that hung above.
While we embraced, we ſhook with fears,
And with our kiſſes mingled tears;
We met with murmurs and with ſighs,
And parted ſtill with watery eyes.

An unforeſeen and fatal hand
Croſs'd all the meaſures love had plann'd;
Intruſion marr'd the tender hour,
A demon ſtarted in the bower;
If, like the paſt, the future run,
And my dark day is but begun,
What clouds may hang above my head?
What tears may I have yet to ſhed?

*Henry.*

O do not wound that gentle breaſt,
Nor ſink, with fancied ills oppreſt;
For ſoftneſs, ſweetneſs, all, thou art,
And love is virtue in thy heart.
That boſom ne'er ſhall heave again
But to the poet's tender ſtrain;
And never more theſe eyes o'erflow
But for a hapleſs lover's woe.

Long on the ocean tempeſt-toſt,
At laſt we gain the happy coaſt;
And late recount upon the ſhore
Our ſufferings paſt, and dangers o'er:
Paſt ſcenes; the woes we wept erewhile
Will make our future minutes ſmile:
When ſudden joy from ſorrow ſprings,
How the heart thrills through all its ſtrings!

*Harriet.*

My father's caſtle ſprings to ſight;
Ye towers that gave me to the light!
O hills! O vales! where I have play'd;
Ye woods, that wrap me in your ſhade!
O ſcenes I've often wander'd o'er!
O ſcenes I ſhall behold no more!
I take a long, laſt, lingering view:
Adieu! my native land adieu!

O father, mother, brother dear!
O names ſtill utter'd with a tear!
Upon whoſe knees I've ſat and ſmil'd,
Whoſe griefs my blandiſhments beguil'd;
Whom I forſake in ſorrows old,
Whom I ſhall never more behold!
Farewel, my friends, a long farewel,
Till time ſhall toll the funeral knell!

*Henry.*

Thy friends, thy father's houſe reſign;
My friends, my houſe, my all is thine,
Awake, ariſe, my wedded wife,
To higher thoughts, and happier life!
For thee the marriage feaſt is ſpread,
For thee the virgins deck the bed;
The ſtar of Venus ſhines above,
And all thy future life is love.

They riſe, the dear domeſtic hours!
The May of love unfolds her flow'rs;
Youth, beauty, pleaſure ſpread the feaſt,
And friendſhip ſits a conſtant gueſt;
In cheerful peace the morn aſcends,
In wine and love the evening ends;
At diſtance grandeur ſheds a ray,
To gild the evening of our day.

Connubial love has dearer names,
And finer ties, and ſweeter claims,
Than e'er unwedded hearts can feel,
Than wedded hearts can e'er reveal;
Pure as the charities above,
Riſe the ſweet ſympathies of love;
And cloſer cords than thoſe of life
Unite the huſband to the wife.

Like cherubs new come from the ſkies,
Henrys and Harriets round us riſe;
And playing wanton in the hall,
With accent ſweet their parents call;
To your fair images I run,
You claſp the huſband in the ſon;
O how the mother's heart will bound!
O how the father's joy be crown'd!

## A TALE.

WHERE paſt'ral Tweed, renown'd in ſong,
With rapid murmur flows;
In Caledonia's claſſic ground,
The hall of Arthur roſe.

A braver Briton never arm'd
To guard his native iſle;
A gentler friend did never make
The ſocial circle ſmile.

Twice he aroſe, from rebel rage
To ſave the Britiſh crown;
And in the field where heroes ſtrove
He won him high renown.

But to the ploughſhare turn'd the ſword,
When bloody war did ceaſe;
And in the arbour which he rear'd,
He rais'd the ſong of peace.

An only daughter in his age
Solac'd a father's care;
And all the country bleſs'd the name
Of Emily the fair.

The picture of her mother's youth,
(Now ſainted in the ſky);
She was the angel of his age,
And apple of his eye.

Something unſeen o'er all her form
Did nameleſs grace impart;
A ſecret charm that won the way
At once into the heart.

Her eye the pure etherial blue,
Than that did fairer ſhow,
Whene'er ſhe watch'd a father's look,
Or wept a lover's woe:

For now the lover of her youth
To Indian climes had rov'd,
To conquer fortune's cruel rage,
And match the maid he lov'd.

Her voice, the gentle tone of love,
The heart a captive ſtole;
The tender accent of her tongue
Went thrilling through the ſoul.

The graces, that for nature fair
Preſent us mimic art;
The falſe refinements that refine
Away the human heart,

She knew not; in the ſimple robe
Of elegance and eaſe,
Complete ſhe ſhone, and ever pleas'd,
Without the thought to pleaſe.

Inſtruct th' unplanted foreſt crab
To leave its genius wild;
Subdue the monſter of the wood,
And make the ſavage mild:

But who would give the roſe a hue,
Which nature has not giv'n?
But who would tame the nightingale,
Or bring the lark from heav'n?

The father watching o'er his child,
The joy of fathers found;
And, bleſt himſelf, he ſtretch'd his hand
To bleſs the neighbours round.

A patriarch in the vale of peace,
To all he gave the law;
The good he guarded in their rights,
And kept the bad in awe.

Lord of his own paternal field,
He liberal dealt his ſtore:
And call'd the ſtranger to his feaſt,
The beggar to his door.

But, ah! what mortal knows the hour
Of fate? A hand unſeen
Upon the curtain ever reſts,
And ſudden ſhifts the ſcene.

Arthur was ſurety for his friend,
Who fled to foreign climes,
And left him to the gripe of law,
The victim of his crimes.

The ſun, that, riſing ſaw him lord
Of hill and valley round,
Beheld him, at his ſetting hour,
Without one foot of ground.

Forth from the hall no longer his,
He is a pilgrim gone,
And walks a ſtranger o'er the fields
He lately call'd his own.

The blaſt of Winter whiſtled loud
And ſhrill through the void hall;
And heavy on his hoary locks
The ſhower of night did fall.

Claſp'd in his daughter's trembling hand,
He journey'd ſad and ſlow;
At times he ſtopt to look behind,
And tears began to flow.

Wearied, and faint, and cold, and wet,
To ſhelter he did hie;
" Beneath the covert of this rock,
" My daughter, let us die!"

At midnight in the weary waſte,
In ſorrow ſat the pair;
She chaff'd his ſhiv'ring hands, and wrung
The water from his hair.

The ſigh ſpontaneous roſe, the tear
Involuntary flow'd;
No word of comfort could ſhe ſpeak,
Nor would ſhe weep aloud.

" In yonder hall my fathers liv'd,
" In yonder hall they died;
" Now in that church-yard's aiſle they ſleep,
" Each by his ſpouſe's ſide.

" Oft have I made yon hall reſound
" With ſocial ſweet delight;
" And marked not the morning hour,
" That ſtole upon the night.

" When there the wanderers of the dark,
Repoſing, ceas'd to roam;
" And ſtrangers, happy in the hall,
" Did find themſelves at home:

" I little thought that, thus forlorn,
" In deſerts I ſhould bide,
" And have not where to lay the head,
" Amid the world ſo wide?"

A ſtranger, wandering through the wood,
Beheld the hapleſs pair;
Long did he look in ſilence ſad,
Then ſhriek'd as in deſpair.

He ran, and lowly at the feet
Of his late lord he fell;
" Alas, my maſter, have I liv'd
" To bid your houſe farewel!

" But I will never bid adieu
" To him I priz'd ſo high:
" As with my maſter I have liv'd,
" I'll with my maſter die.

" I ſaw the Summer-friend, who ſhar'd
" The banquet in your hall,
" Depart, nor caſt one look behind
" On the forſaken wall.

" I ſaw the daily, nightly gueſt
" The changing ſcene forſake;
" Nor drop a tear, nor turn his ſteps
" The long farewel to take:

" Then to the ſervice of my lord
" I vow'd a throbbing heart;
" And in the changes of your life
" To bear an humble part.

" Forgive the fond officious zeal
" Of one that loves his lord!
" The new poſſeſſor of your field
" A ſuppliant I implor'd.

" I told the treachery of your friend,
" The ſtory of your woe,
" And ſought his favour, when I ſaw
" His tears begin to flow.

" I aſk'd the hamlet of the hill,
" The lone ſequeſter'd ſeat,
" Your choſen haunt and favourite bower,
" To be your laſt retreat.

" I offer'd—what was all your own—
" The gold I had in ſtore;
" Low at his feet I fell, and wept
" That I could give no more.

" Your gold is your's," the generous youth
With gentle accent ſaid;
" Your maſter's be that little field,
" And cheerful be his ſhed!"

" Now Heav'n has heard my prayer; I've wiſh'd
" I could in part repay
" The favours your extended hand
" Beſtow'd from day to day.

" I yet may ſee a garland green
" Upon the hoary head;
" Yet ſee my maſter bleſt, before
" I dwell among the dead!"

In ſilence Arthur look'd to Heav'n,
And claſp'd his Edwin's hand;
The eyes of Emily in tears
Expreſs'd affection bland.

From opening heaven the moon appear'd;
Fair was the face of night;
Bright in their beauty ſhone the ſtars;
The air was flowing light.

Arthur reſum'd the pilgrim's ſtaff;
They held their lonely way.
Dim through the foreſt's darkſome bourne,
Till near the dawning day.

Then a long line of ruddy light,
That quiver'd to and fro,
Reveal'd their lone retreat, and clos'd
The pilgrimage of woe.

He enter'd ſolemn, ſlow, and ſad,
The deſtin'd hermitage,
A little and a lonely hut,
To cover hapleſs age.

He claſp'd his daughter in his arms,
And kiſs'd a falling tear;
" I have my all, ye gracious powers!
" I have my daughter here!"

A ſober banquet to prepare,
Emilia cheerful goes;
The faggot blaz'd the window glanc'd,
The heart of age aroſe.

" I would not be that guilty man,
" With all his golden ſtore;
" Nor change my lot with any wretch
" That counts his thouſands o'er.

" Now here at laſt we are at home,
" We can no lower fall;

" Low in the cottage peace can dwell,
" As in the lordly hall.

" The wants of nature are but few;
" Her banquet ſoon is ſpread;
" The tenant of the vale of tears
" Requires but daily bread.

" The food that grows in every field
" Will life and health prolong:
" And water from the ſpring ſuffice
" To quench the thirſty tongue.

" But all the Indies, with their wealth,
" And earth, and air, and ſeas,
" Will never quench the fickly thirſt
" And craving of diſeaſe.

" My humble garden to my hand
" Contentment's feaſt will yield;
" And, in the ſeaſon, harveſt white
" Will load my little field.

" Like nature's ſimple children here,
" With nature's ſelf we'll live,
" And, of the little that is left,
" Have ſomething ſtill to give.

" The ſad viciſſitudes of life
" Long have I learn'd to bear;
" But, oh! my daughter, thou art new
" To ſorrow and to care!

" How ſhall that fine and flow'ry form,
" In ſilken folds confin'd,
" That ſcarcely fac'd the Summer's gale,
" Endure the Wint'ry wind?

" Ah! how wilt thou ſuſtain a ſky
" With angry tempeſt red?
" How wilt thou bear the bitter ſtorm
" That's hanging o'er thy head?

" Whate'er thy juſtice dooms, O God!
" I take with temper mild;
" But, oh! repay it thouſand-fold
" In bleſſings on my child!"

" Weep not for me, thou father fond!"
The virgin ſoft did ſay;
" Could I contribute to thy peace,
" O, I would bleſs the day!

" The Parent who provides for all,
" For us will now provide;
" Theſe hands have learn'd the gayer arts
" Of elegance and pride;

" What once amus'd a vacant hour,
" Shall now the day engage;
" And vanity ſhall ſpread the board
" Of poverty and age.

" At eventide, how blithe we'll meet,
" And, while the faggots blaze,
" Recount the trifles of the time,
" And dream of better days!

" I'll read the tragic tales of old,
" To ſooth a father's woes;
" I'll lay the pillow for thy head,
" And ſing thee to repoſe."

The father wept. " Thy wond'rous hand,
" Almighty, I adore!
" I had not known how bleſt I was,
" Had I not been ſo poor!

" Now bleſt be God for what is reft,
" And bleſt for what is given!
" Thou art an angel, O my child!
" With thee I dwell in heaven!"

Then, in the garb of ancient times,
They trod the paſt'ral plain:
But who deſcribes a Summer's day,
Or paints the halcyon main:

One day, a wanderer in the wood
The lonely threſhold preſt;
'Twas then that Arthur's humble roof
Had firſt receiv'd a gueſt.

The ſtranger told his tender tale:
" I come from foreign climes;
" From countries red with Indian blood,
" And ſtain'd with Chriſtian crimes.

" O may Britannia never hear
" What theſe ſad eyes have ſeen!
" May an eternal veil be drawn
" That world and this between!

" No frantic avarice fir'd my ſoul,
" And Heav'n my wiſhes crown'd;
" For ſoon a fortune to my mind
" With innocence I found.

" From exile ſad, returning home,
" I kiſs'd the ſacred earth;
" And flew to find my native woods
" And walls that gave me birth.

" To church on Sunday fond I went,
" In hopes to mark unſeen,
" All my old friends aſſembled round
" The circle of the green.

" Alas, the change that time had made!
" My ancient friends were gone;
" Another race poſſeſs'd the walls,
" And I was left alone!

" A ſtranger among ſtrangers, long
" I look'd from pew to pew;
" But not the face of one old friend
" Roſe imag'd to my view.

" The horrid plough had ras'd the green,
" Where we have often play'd;
" The ax had fell'd the hawthorn tree,
" The ſchool-boy's Summer ſhade.

" One maid, the beauty of the vale,
" To whom I vow'd my care,
" And gave my heart, had fled away,
" And none could tell me where,

" My cares and toils in foreign climes
" Were for that peerleſs maid:
" She roſe in beauty by my ſide;
" My toils were all repaid.

" By Indian ſtreams I ſat alone,
" While on my native iſle,
" And on my ancient friends, I thought,
" And wept the weary while.

" 'Twas ſhe that cheer'd my captive hours,
" She came in every dream,
" As, ſmiling on the rear of night,
" Appears the morning beam.

" In queſt of her, I wander wild,
" O'er mountain, ſtream, and plain;
" And, if I find her not, I fly
" To Indian climes again."

The father thus began: " My ſon,
" Mourn not thy wretched fate;
" For he that rules in heaven decrees
" This life a mixed ſtate.

" The ſtream that carries us along,
" Flows through the vale of tears;
" Yet, on the darkneſs of our day,
" The bow of heav'n appears.

" The roſe of Sharon, king of flowers,
" Is fenc'd with prickes round;
" Queen of the vale, the lily fair
" Among the thorns is found.

" Ev'n while we raiſe the ſong, we ſigh
" The melancholy while;
" And, down the face of mortal man,
" The tear ſucceeds the ſmile.

" Nought pure or perfect here is found;
" But when this night is o'er,
" Th' eternal morn will ſpring on high,
" And we ſhall weep no more.

" Beyond the dim horizon far,
" That bounds the mortal eye,
" A better country blooms to view,
" Beneath a brighter ſky."—

Unſeen the trembling virgin heard
The ſtranger's tale of woe;
Then enter'd, as an angel bright,
In beauty's higheſt glow.

The ſtranger roſe, he look'd, he gaz'd,
He ſtood a ſtatue pale;
His heart did throb, his cheek did change,
His fault'ring voice did fail.

At laſt, " My Emily herſelf
" Alive in all her charms!"
The father kneel'd; the lover's ruſh'd
To one another's arms.

In ſpeechleſs eccſtaſy entranc'd
Long while they did remain;
They glow'd, they trembl'd, and they ſobb'd,
They wept and wept again.

The father lifted up his hands,
To bleſs the happy pair;
Heav'n ſmil'd on Edward the belov'd,
And Emily the fair.

## MONIMIA:

### AN ODE.

In weeds of ſorrow wildly dight,
Alone beneath the gloom of night,
Monimia went to mourn;

She left a mother's fond alarms;
She left a father's folding arms;
Ah! never to return!

The bell had ſtruck the midnight hour,
Diſaſtrous planets now had pow'r,
And evil ſpirits reign'd;
The lone owl from the cloiſter'd iſle,
O'er falling fragments of the pile,
Ill-boding prophet plain'd.

While down her devious footſteps ſtray,
She tore the willows by the way,
And gaz'd upon the wave:
Then raiſing wild to heav'n her eyes,
With ſobs and broken accent, cries,
"I'll meet thee in the grave."

Bright o'er the border of the ſtream,
Illumin'd by a tranſient beam,
She knew the wonted grove;
Her lover's hand had deck'd it fine,
And roſes mix'd with myrtles twine,
To form the bower of love.

The tuneful Philomela roſe,
And ſweetly mournful ſung her woes,
Enamour'd of the tree:
Touch'd with the melody of woe,
More tender tears began to flow,
"She mourns her mate like me."

"I lov'd my lover from a child,
"And ſweet the youthful cherub ſmil'd,
"And wanton'd o'er the green;
"He train'd my nightingale to ſing,
"He ſpoil'd the gardens of the ſpring,
"To crown me rural queen.

"My brother died before his day:
"Sad through the church-yard's dreary way,
"We wont to walk at eve;
"And bending o'er th' untimely urn,
"Long at the monument to mourn,
"And look upon his grave.

"Like forms funereal while we ſtand,
"In tender mood he held my hand,
"And laid his cheek to mine;
"My boſom beat unknown alarms,
"We wept in one another's arms,
"And mingled tears divine.

"From ſweet compaſſion love aroſe,
"Our hearts were wedded by our woes,
"And pair'd upon the tomb;
"Atteſting all the powers above,
"A fond romance of fancied love
"We vow'd our days to come.

"A wealthy lord from Indian ſkies,
"Illuſtrious in my parent's eyes,
"Implor'd a mutual mind;
"Sad to my chamber I withdrew,
"But Harry's footſteps never flew
"The wonted ſcene to find.

"Three nights in dire ſuſpenſe I ſat
"Alone; the fourth convey'd my fate,
"Sent from a foreign ſhore;—

"Go, where thy wandering wiſhes tend,
"Go, and embrace thy father's friend,
"You never ſee me more!"—

"Deſpair! diſtraction! I obey'd,
"And one diſorder'd moment made
"An ever-wretched wife;
"Ah! in the circuit of one ſun,
"Heaven! I was wedded and undone,
"And deſolate for life!

"Apart my wedding robes I tore,
"And guarded tears now guſhing o'er
"Diſtain'd the bridal bed:
"Wild I invok'd the funeral yell,
"And ſought devoted now to dwell
"For ever with the dead.

"My lord to Indian climates went,
"A letter from my lover ſent
"Renew'd eternal woes;—
"Before my love my laſt words greet,
"Wrapt in the weary winding ſheet,
"I in the duſt repoſe!

"Perhaps your parents have deceiv'd,
"Perhaps too raſhly I believ'd
"A tale of treach'rous art;
"Monimia! could you now behold
"The youth you lov'd in ſorrows old,
"Oh! it would break thy heart!

"Now in the grave for ever laid,
"A conſtant ſolitary ſhade,
"Thy Harry hangs o'er thee!
"For you I fled my native ſky;
"Loaded with life for you I die;
"My love, remember me!"

"Of all the promiſes of youth,
"The tears of tenderneſs and truth,
"The throbs that lovers ſend;
"The vows in one another's arms,
"The ſecret ſympathy of charms;
"My God! is this the end?"

She ſaid, and ruſhing from the bow'r,
Devoted ſought in evil hour
The promontory ſteep;
Hung o'er the margin of the main,
Her fix'd and earneſt eyeballs ſtrain
The daſhing of the deep.

"Waves that reſound from ſhore to ſhore!
"Rocks loud rebellowing to the roar
"Of ocean, ſtorm, and wind!
"Your elemental war is tame,
"To that which rages in my frame,
"The battle of the mind!"

With downcaſt eye and muſing mood,
A lurid interval ſhe ſtood
The victim of deſpair;
Her arms then toſſing to the ſkies,
She pour'd in nature's ear her cries,
"My God! my father! where?"——

Wild on the ſummit of the ſteep
She ruminated long the deep,
And felt her freezing blood;

Approaching feet ſhe heard behind,
Then ſwifter than the winged wind
She plung'd into the flood.

Her form emerging from the wave
Both parents ſaw, but could not ſave;
The ſhriek of death aroſe!
At once ſhe ſunk to riſe no more;
And ſadly ſounding to the ſhore,
The parted billows cloſe!

## ODE

WRITTEN IN A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY IN AUTUMN.

'Tis paſt! no more the Summer blooms!
Aſcending in the rear,
Behold congenial Autumn comes,
The Sabbath of the year!
What time thy holy whiſpers breathe,
The penſive evening ſhade beneath,
And twilight conſecrates the floods;
While nature ſtrips her garment gay,
And wears the veſture of decay,
O let me wander through the ſounding woods!

Ah! well-known ſtreams! ah! wonted groves,
Still pict'ur'd in my mind!
Oh! ſacred ſcene of youthful loves,
Whoſe image lives behind!
While ſad I ponder on the paſt,
The joys that muſt no longer laſt;
The wild-flow'r ſtrown on Summer's bier,
The dying muſic of the grove,
And the laſt elegies of love,
Diſſolve the ſoul, and draw the tender tear!

Alas! the hoſpitable hall,
Where youth and friendſhip play'd,
Wide to the winds a ruin'd wall
Projects a death like ſhade!
The charm is vaniſh'd from the vales;
No voice with virgin-whiſper hails
A ſtranger to his native bow'rs:
No more Arcadian mountains bloom,
Nor Enna valleys breathe perfume,
The fancied Eden fades with all its flowers!

Companions of the youthful ſcene,
Endear'd from earlieſt days!
With whom I ſported on the green,
Or rov'd the woodland maze?
Long-exil'd from your native clime,
Or by the thunder-ſtroke of time
Snatch'd to the ſhadows of deſpair;
I hear your voices in the wind,
Your forms in every walk I find,
I ſtretch my arms: ye vaniſh into air!

My ſteps, when innocent and young,
Theſe fairy paths purſu'd;
And wand'ring o'er the wild, I ſung
My fancies to the wood.
I mourn'd the linnet-lover's fate,
Or turtle from her murder'd mate,
Condemn'd the widow'd hours to wail:
Or while the mournful viſion roſe,
I ſought to weep for imag'd woes,
Nor real life believ'd a tragic tale!

Alas! misfortune's cloud unkind
May Summer ſoon o'ercaſt!
And cruel fate's untimely wind
All human beauty blaſt!
The wrath of nature ſmites our bowers,
And promis'd fruits and cheriſh'd flowers,
The hopes of life in embryo ſweeps;
Pale o'er the ruins of his prime,
And deſolate before his time,
In ſilence ſad the mourner walks and weeps!

Relentleſs power! whoſe fated ſtroke
O'er wretched man prevails!
Ha! love's eternal chain is broke,
And friendſhip's covenant fails!
Upbraiding forms! a moment's eaſe—
O memory! how ſhall I appeaſe
The bleeding ſhade, the unlaid ghoſt?
What charm can bind the guſhing eye?
What voice conſole th' inceſſant ſigh,
And everlaſting longings for the loſt?

Yet not unwelcome waves the wood,
That hides me in its gloom,
While loſt in melancholy mood
I muſe upon the tomb.
Their chequer'd leaves the branches ſhed;
Whirling in eddies o'er my head,
They ſadly ſigh that Winter's near:
The warning voice I hear behind,
That ſhakes the wood without a wind,
And ſolemn ſounds the death-bell of the year.

Nor will I court Lethean ſtreams,
The ſorrowing ſenſe to ſteep;
Nor drink oblivion of the themes
On which I love to weep.
Belated oft by fabled rill,
While nightly o'er the hallowed hill
Aereal muſic ſeems to mourn;
I'll liſten Autumn's cloſing ſtrain;
Then woo the walks of youth again,
And pour my ſorrows o'er th' untimely urn!

# HYMNS.

## HYMN I.

THE PRAYER OF JACOB.

O God of Abraham! by whoſe hand
Thy people ſtill are fed;
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
Haſt all our fathers led!

Our vows, our prayers, we now preſent
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their ſucceeding race

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footſteps guide,

Give us by day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide!

O ſpread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wand'rings ceaſe,
And at our fathers' lov'd abode
Our feet arrive in peace!

Now with the humble voice of prayer
Thy mercy we implore;
Then with the grateful voice of praiſe
Thy goodneſs we'll adore!

## HYMN II.

### THE COMPLAINT OF NATURE.

Few are thy days and full of woe,
O man of woman born!
Thy doom is written, duſt thou art,
And ſhalt to duſt return.

Determin'd are the days that fly
Succeſſive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing,
That lays thee with the dead.

Alas! the little day of life
Is ſhorter than a ſpan;
Yet black with thouſand hidden ills
To miſerable man.

Gay is thy morning, flattering hope
Thy ſprightly ſtep attends;
But ſoon the tempeſt howls behind,
And the dark night deſcends.

Before its ſplendid hour the cloud
Comes o'er the beam of light;
A pilgrim in a weary land,
Man tarries but a night.

Behold! ſad emblem of thy ſtate,
The flowers that paint the field;
Or trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and bloſſoms yield.

When chill the blaſt of Winter blows,
Away the Summer flies,
The flowers reſign their ſunny robes,
And all their beauty dies.

Nipt by the year the foreſt fades;
And ſhaking to the wind,
The leaves toſs to and fro, and ſtreak
The wilderneſs behind.

The Winter paſt, reviving flowers
Anew ſhall paint the plain,
The woods ſhall hear the voice of Spring,
And flouriſh green again.

But man departs this earthly ſcene,
Ah! never to return!
No ſecond Spring ſhall e'er revive
The aſhes of the urn.

Th' inexorable doors of death
What hand can e'er unfold?
Who from the cearments of the tomb
Can raiſe the human mold?

The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
The waters loſt can ne'er recal
From that abyſs again.

The days, the years, the ages, dark
Deſcending down to night,
Can never, never be redeem'd
Back to the gates of light.

So man departs the living ſcene,
To night's perpetual gloom;
The voice of morning ne'er ſhall break
The ſlumbers of the tomb.

Where are our fathers! Whither gone
The mighty men of old?
" The patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings,
" In ſacred books enroll'd.

" Gone to the reſting-place of man,
" The everlaſting home,
" Where ages paſt have gone before,
" Where future ages come."

Thus nature pour'd the wail of woe,
And urged her earneſt cry;
Her voice in agony extreme
Aſcended to the ſky.

Th' Almighty heard: Then from his throne
In majeſty he roſe;
And from the Heaven, that open'd wide,
His voice in mercy flows.

" When mortal man reſigns his breath,
" And falls a clod of clay,
" The ſoul immortal wings its flight,
" To never-ſetting day.

" Prepar'd of old for wicked men
" The bed of torment lies;
" The juſt ſhall enter into bliſs
" Immortal in the ſkies."

## HYMN III.

### TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

Almighty father of mankind,
On thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I ſhall not truſt in vain.

Thou art our kind Preſerver, from
The cradle to the tomb;
And I was caſt upon thy care,
Even from my mother's womb.

In early ears thou waſt my guide,
And of my youth the friend;
And as my days began with thee,
With thee my days ſhall end.

I know the power in whom I truſt,
The arm on which I lean;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.

In former times, when trouble came,
Thou didſt not ſtand afar;
Nor didſt thou prove an abſent friend
Amid the din of war.

My God, who cauſedſt me to hope,
When life began to beat,

And when a ſtranger in the world,
Didſt guide my wandering feet;

Thou wilt not caſt me off, when age
And evil days deſcend;
Thou wilt not leave me in deſpair,
To mourn my latter end.

Therefore in life I'll truſt to thee,
In death I will adore;
And after death will ſing thy praiſe,
When time ſhall be no more.

## HYMN IV.

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

O HAPPY is the man who hears
Inſtruction's warning voice,
And who celeſtial wiſdom makes
His early, only choice.

For ſhe has treaſures greater far
Than eaſt or weſt unfold,
And her reward is more ſecure
Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand ſhe holds to view
A length of happy years,
And in her left, the prize of fame
And honour bright appears.

She guides the young, with innocence,
In pleaſure's path to tread,
A crown of glory ſhe beſtows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours riſe,
So her rewards increaſe,
Her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs,
And all her paths are peace.

## HYMN V.

BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days ſhall riſe,
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

To this the joyful nations round
All tribes and tongues ſhall flow,
Up to the Hill of God they'll ſay,
And to his houſe we'll go.

The beam that ſhines on Zion hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Zion towers
Shall all the world command.

No ſtrife ſhall vex Meſſiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years,
To ploughſhares ſoon they beat their ſwords,
To pruning-hooks their ſpears.

No longer hoſts encountering hoſts,
Their millions ſlain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And ſtudy war no more.

Come then—O come from every land,
To worſhip at his ſhrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauty's ſhine.

## HYMN VI.

BEHOLD! th' Ambaſſador divine,
Deſcending from above,
To publiſh to mankind the law
Of everlaſting love!

On him in rich effuſion pour'd
The heavenly dew deſcends;
And truth divine he ſhall reveal,
To earth's remoteſt ends.

No trumpet-ſound, at his approach,
Shall ſtrike the wondering ears;
But ſtill and gentle breathe the voice
In which the God appears.

By his kind hand the ſhaken reed
Shall raiſe its falling frame;
The dying embers ſhall revive,
And kindle to a flame.

The onward progreſs of his zeal
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and diſtant iſles
Receive the law divine.

He who ſpread forth the arch of heaven,
And bade the planets roll,
Who laid the baſis of the earth,
And form'd the human ſoul.

Thus ſaith the Lord, "Thee have I ſent,
"A prophet from the ſky,
"Wide o'er the nations to proclaim
"The meſſage from on high.

"Before thy face the ſhades of death
"Shall take to ſudden flight,
"The people who in darkneſs dwell
"Shall hail a glorious light;

"The gates of braſs ſhall 'funder burſt,
"The iron fetters fall;
"The promis'd jubilee of Heaven
"Appointed riſe o'er all.

"And lo! preſaging thy approach,
"The Heathen temples ſhake,
"And trembling in forſaken fanes.
"The fabled idols quake.

"I am Jehovah: I am One:
"My name ſhall now be known;
"No idol ſhall uſurp my praiſe,
"Nor mount into my throne."

Lo, former ſcenes, predicted once,
Conſpicuous riſe to view;
And future ſcenes, predicted now,
Shall be accompliſh'd too.

Now ſing a new ſong to the Lord!
Let earth his praiſe reſound;
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
And fill the iſles around.

O city of the Lord! begin
The univerſal ſong;
And let the ſcatter'd villages
The joyful notes prolong.

Let Kedar's wilderneſs afar
Lift up the lonely voice;

And let the tenants of the rock
With accent rude rejoice.

O from the ſtreams of diſtant lands
Unto Jehovah ſing!
And joyful from the mountain tops
Shout to the Lord the King!

Let all combin'd with one accord
Jehovah's glories raiſe,
Till in remoteſt bounds of earth
The nations ſound his praiſe.

## HYMN VII.

Messiah! at thy glad approach
The howling wilds are ſtill;
Thy praiſes fill the lonely waſte,
And breathe from every hill.

The hidden fountains, at thy call,
Their ſacred ſtores unlock;
Loud in the deſert ſudden ſtreams
Burſt living from the rock.

The incenſe of the Spring aſcends
Upon the morning gale;
Red o'er the hill the roſes bloom
The lilies in the vale.

Renew'd, the earth a robe of light,
A robe of beauty wears;
And in new heavens a brighter ſun
Leads on the promis'd years.

The kingdom of Meſſiah come,
Appointed times diſcloſe;
And fairer in Emanuel's land
The new creation glows.

Let Iſrael to the Prince of Peace
The loud hoſannah ſing!
With hallelujahs and with hymns,
O Zion, hail thy King!

## HYMN VIII.

When Jeſus, by the virgin brought,
So runs the law of Heaven,
Was offer'd holy to the Lord,
And at thy altar given;

Simeon the juſt and the devout,
Who frequent in the fane
Had for the Saviour wailed long,
But waited ſtill in vain;

Came Heaven-directed at the hour
When Mary held her ſon;
He ſtretched forth his aged arms,
While tears of gladneſs run:

With holy joy upon his face
The good old father ſmil'd,
While fondly in his wither'd arms
He claſp'd the promis'd child.

And then he lifted up to Heaven
An earneſt aſking eye;
My joy is full, my hour is come,
Lord let thy ſervant die.

At laſt my arms embrace my Lord,
Now let their vigour ceaſe;
At laſt my eyes my Saviour ſee,
Now let them cloſe in peace!

The ſtar and glory of the land
Hath now begun to ſhine;
The morning that ſhall gild the globe
Breaks on theſe eyes of mine!

## HYMN IX.

Where high the heavenly temple ſtands
The houſe of God not made with hands,
A great high prieſt our nature wears,
The patron of mankind appears.

He who for men in mercy ſtood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Purſues in Heaven his plan of grace,
The Guardian God of human race.

Though now aſcended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye,
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our fellow-ſuff'rer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And ſtill remembers in the ſkies
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He ſympathiſes in our grief,
And to the ſuff'rer ſends relief.

With boldneſs, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our ſorrows known,
And aſk the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# THOMAS WARTON.

Containing

| | |
|---|---|
| TRIUMPH OF ISIS, | ODES, |
| NEWMARKET, | ELEGIES, |
| PLEASURES OF MELANCHOLY, | SONNETS, |
| PROGRESS OF DISCONTENT, | INSCRIPTIONS, |

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

*THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.*

---

Lo! where on Iſis' bank, fair England's muſe
Laments the leader of her laureat train;
Whoſe art, with chivalry's romantic hues,
Combines the chaſteneſs of the claſſic ſtrain:
She mourns that ſage, whoſe patient toil purſues
Her faultering ſteps through time's extenſive plain;
And from primeval ſhades her progreſs ſhows,
Down to the brightneſs of Eliza's reign:
With the rich meed of ſome melodious tear,
Fain would ſhe now that cruel ſtroke deplore,
Which ſtopt her darling in his fair career
Of antiquarian ſearch, and critic lore:
For ſtill, while taſte or ſhe can honour claim,
Each age ſhall venerate her WARTON's name!

MR. THOMSON'S SONNET ON THE DEATH OF WARTON.

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*Anno* 1795.

# THE LIFE OF WARTON.

THOMAS WARTON, the "Hiſtorian of Engliſh Poetry," was born in the year 1728. He belonged to a poetical family. His father, Thomas Warton, B. D. was fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and afterwards Poetry Profeſſor in that Univerſity, from 1718 to 1728, and Vicar of Baſingſtoke in Hants, and of Cobham in Surrey. He married Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Joſeph Richardſon, Rector of Dunsfold, in Surrey, by whom he had two ſons, Joſeph, the preſent reſpectable Maſter of Wincheſter School, the poet, and one daughter, Jane. He does not appear to have publiſhed any thing in his lifetime; but after his death, which happened at Baſingſtoke, in 1745, a volume of poems was printed by ſubſcription in 1748. Amhurſt's "Terræ Filius" contains ſome anecdotes of him. His mother died at Wincheſter, in 1762. His brother, Dr. Joſeph Warton, is advantageouſly known to the world, by his "Ode to Fancy," and other ingenious poems in "Dodſley's Collection," "Eſſay on the Genius and Writings of Pope," "Tranſlation of the Paſtorals and Eclogues of Virgil," and an edition of the "Works of Pope," with notes.

By his quotation from Gray's Ode, in his *Deſcription of the City College and Cathedral of Wincheſter*, and his Latin poem on *Catharine Hill*, we learn that he received his education at the ſeminary over which his brother now preſides.

In due time he became a member of Trinity College, Oxford; took the degree of Maſter of Arts in 1750, of Bachelor of Divinity in 1767; but did not ſucceed to the Maſterſhip of his college, as might have been expected, when it became vacant in 1776, though he continued to reſide in it till his death.

In a life paſſed within the limits of a college, where the tranſitions from the ſtudy to the common-room, and from thence back to the ſtudy, mark the paſſing day with ſcarce any variation, nothing of incident is to be expected, nothing will be found important enough to be recorded. Yet a life thus ſpent is not to be contemned. The writings of Warton ſhew, that one at leaſt has been productive of much entertainment, much uſefulneſs to the world.

He very early exerted his poetical talents, as may be ſeen by the dates of his ſeveral publications; which may be conſidered as the principal landmarks in his life.

In 1745, he publiſhed *Five Paſtoral Eclogues*; the ſcenes of which are ſuppoſed to lie among the ſhepherds oppreſſed by the war in Germany, 4to. Theſe Eclogues have not been collected in his works, and have eluded the diligence of the preſent writer.

In 1747, he publiſhed *The Pleaſures of Melancholy*, written in 1745, 4to, reprinted in "Dodſley's Collection," which was followed by *The Progreſs of Diſcontent, a Poem*, written at Oxford in 1746, firſt printed in "The Student;" and *Newmarket, a Satire*, fol. 1750, reprinted in "Pearch's Collection," and again in "Dodſley's Collection."

At a time when few are capable of diſtinguiſhing themſelves in any extraordinary degree, he rendered a ſervice to his Alma Mater, which could not but be acceptable.

It is well known that Tory, if not Jacobite principles, were ſuſpected to prevail much in the Univerſity of Oxford, about the time of the Rebellion in 1745; and ſoon after its ſuppreſſion, the folly and drunken extravagance of ſeveral young men belonging to one of the colleges, gave offence to the friends of the Houſe of Hanover, in a manner which occaſioned a proſecution in the Court of King's Bench, and a ſtigma on the Vice-Chancellor and ſome of the heads of houſes.

In 1748, while this matter was the ſubject of converſation, Mr. Maſon publiſhed his "Iſis, an elegy," in which, after celebrating the worthies ſhe formerly boaſted, ſhe laments her degenerate ſons, that,

——————— madly bold
To Freedom's foes infernal orgies hold.

In anſwer to Mr. Maſon's elegy, which was much applauded, and with great reaſon, at the time of its publication, Warton publiſhed his *Triumph of Iſis, an elegy*, 4to, 1749, which was equally deſerving of praiſe. His eulogium on Dr. King is particularly worthy of notice. It was reprinted in Pearch's Collection.

It is remarkable, that though neither Maſon nor Warton ever excelled theſe performances, each of them, as by conſent, when he firſt collected his poems into a volume, omitted his own party-production.

In 1751 he publiſhed *An Ode for Muſic, performed at the Theatre, Oxford,* July 2. 1751, *being the day appointed by the late Lord Crew, Biſhop of Durham, for the commemoration of the benefactors of the univerſity*, 4to. In this Ode, *Minerva*, after having aſſiſted Queen *Bonduca* in a battle, is feigned to requeſt drink of the river *Iſis*, and, in reward of the favour, to promiſe that her banks ſhall become the ſeat of learning, and the pride of Britain.

In 1753 he publiſhed *The Union*, or *Select Scots and Engliſh Poems*, 12mo.

Theſe were only the lighter productions of Warton's genius. In 1753, he publiſhed *Obſervations on the Faery Queene of Spenſer*, 8vo, which he corrected and enlarged in 2 vols, 12mo, 1762. He ſent a copy of the firſt edition to Dr. Johnſon, which he acknowledged in a letter to him, dated July 16. 1754, containing the following merited compliment: "I now pay you a very honeſt acknowledgment for the advancement of the literature of our native country. You have ſhown to all who ſhall hereafter attempt the ſtudy of our ancient authors, the way to ſucceſs, by directing them to the peruſal of the books which theſe authors had read. Of this method Hughes, and men much greater than Hughes, ſeem never to have thought. The reaſon why the authors, which are yet read, of the ſixteenth century, are ſo little underſtood, is, that they are read alone, and no help is borrowed from thoſe who lived with them, or before them."

Some time before, he ſeems to have taken orders, and to have become Fellow of his College; for, in his notes on Dr Johnſon's letter, preſerved by Mr. Boſwell, he mentions his deſign of publiſhing a volume of "Obſervations on the beſt of Spenſer's Works," being hindered by his taking pupils. "I am glad of your hindrance in your Spenſerian deſign," Dr. Johnſon writes him, Nov. 28. 1754, "yet I would not have it delayed."

At this time his friend Collins was at Oxford, on a viſit to him; but labouring under the moſt deplorable languor of body, and dejection of mind. "Poor dear Collins!" ſays Dr. Johnſon, "would a letter give him any pleaſure? I have a mind to write." Soon after he writes him: "I had lately a letter from your brother, with ſome account of poor Collins, for whom I am much concerned. I have a notion, that by very great temperance, or more properly abſtinence, he may yet recover."

In February 1755, he procured for Dr. Johnſon the degree of Maſter of Arts, by diploma, from the Univerſity of Oxford; which was conſidered as an honour of conſiderable importance, in order to grace the title-page of his Dictionary, which came out ſoon after.

In 1756, he publiſhed a pamphlet, intituled, The *Obſerver Obſerved*, 8vo, on the publication of Upton's "Spenſer." This year he was elected by the univerſity, Poetry Profeſſor, on the death of Mr. Hawkins; which office he held the uſual term of ten years.

In 1758, when Dr Johnſon began the "Idler," he gave his aſſiſtance, and contributed Nos. 33. 93. and 96. The ſame year he publiſhed *Inſcriptionum Metricarum Delectus, Accedunt Notulæ*, 4to, 1758, and wrote *A Panegyric on Ale*, printed in Dodſley's "Collection."

About this time he publiſhed *A Deſcription of the City College and Cathedral of Wincheſter, exhibiting a complete and comprehenſive detail of their antiquities and preſent ſtate*, 8vo, without date or name.

In 1760, he contributed the *Life of Sir Thomas Pope* to the 5th volume of the "Biographia Britannica"

The year following, he publiſhed *The Life and Literary Remains of Ralph Bathurſt, M. D. Dean of Wells and Preſident of Trinity College, Oxford*, 8vo. In the *Life of Dr. Bathurſt*, he has ſupplied ſome defects, and rectified ſome miſtakes in the account given of him in the "Biographia Britannica."

In 1761, he contributed to the "Oxford Collection of Verſes," a poem *on the Death of George II. addreſſed to Mr. Secretary Pitt*, and verſes *on the Marriage of the King*, and *on the Birth of the Prince of Wales*, 1762

About 1762 he publiſhed *A Companion to the Guide, and a Guide to the Companion, being a Supplement to all the Accounts of Oxford hitherto publiſhed*, 12mo, without a date; a burleſque on Oxford Guides, and Companions.

His next publication was the *Oxford Sauſage, or Select Poetical Pieces, written by the moſt celebrated Wits of the Univerſity of Oxford*, 12mo, 1764. In this collection, the *Newſman's Verſes*, and ſeveral other pieces of pleaſantry, were contributed by Warton.

In 1768, he was preſented to the Vicarage of Shalfield, in Wiltſhire.

In 1770, he publiſhed from the Clarendon Preſs, *Theocriti Syracuſii Cum Scholiis Græcis, Hiſtoribus Emendationibus et Animadverſionibus in Scholia Editoris et Joannis Toupii Gloſſis ſelectis ineditis, Indicibus ampliſſimis. Premittuntur Editoris Diſſertatio de Bucolicis Græcorum, Vita Theocritæ Ionia Barneſio Scripta, cum nonnullis aliis auctoriis. Accedunt Editoris et variorum Notæ perpetuæ Epiſtola Joannis Toupii de Syracuſiis ejuſdem addenda in Theocritum necnon Collectiones quindecim Codicum ; Oxon.* 2 vols, 4to. " This," ſays Dr. Harwood, " is a very ſplendid edition ; and, after a very careful peruſal, I can pronounce it as correct as it is ſplendid. Every lover of Greek literature is under great obligations to the very learned and ingenious Mr. Warton, for this magnificent edition of *Theocritus*, and for ſeveral other immortal productions." Some additional notes and obſervations, by way of Appendix to Warton's edition of *Theocritus*, were publiſhed by Mr. Toup in 1772, *Curæ Poſteriores, Sive Appendicula Notarum atque Emendationum in Theocritum Oxonii nuperrimi publicatum*, 4to.

In 1771, he publiſhed an improved account of *The Life of Sir Thomas Pope, Founder of Trinity College, Oxford, chiefly compiled from Original Evidences ; with an Appendix of Papers never before publiſhed*, 8vo. The attention and reſearch which he has laviſhed in compoſing the memoirs of the munificent and meritorious founder of Trinity College, evince his gratitude and ability; but it cannot but be conſidered as an unhappineſs that he was called upon by his ſituation and connections to attend to a ſubject on which even the vigorous genius of Milton could ſtamp no conſiderable value.

The ſame year he was preſented by the Earl of Litchfield to the Rectory of Kiddington, in Oxfordſhire, and elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries.

In 1774, he gave to the world the firſt volume of his *Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, from the cloſe of the eleventh, to the commencement of the eighteenth century ; to which are prefixed two Diſſertations, on the Origin of Romantic Fiction in Europe, and on the Introduction of Learning into England*, 4to. The *ſecond* volume appeared in 1778, and the *third*, which is brought down to the commencement of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in 1781. To the *third* volume is prefixed a *third* diſſertation *on the Geſta Romanorum*. The *fourth* and *laſt* volume was announced, as " ſpeedily to be publiſhed," in the end of his edition of *Milton's* ſmaller poems 1785, and it is ſaid, a conſiderable portion of it was actually printed off at the time of his death. It is expected to be completed, and given to the world, with every poſſible advantage, by his brother, whoſe abilities, both in poetry and other literary provinces, have juſtly obtained the full ſanction of public applauſe. A few miſtakes and inaccuracies in theſe volumes were pointed out, with illiberal exaggeration, by Mr. Ritſon, a writer of acknowledged, but miſapplied talents, in a pamphlet, intituled " Obſervations on the three firſt volumes of the Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, in a Familiar Epiſtle to the Author," 4to, 1782. A vindication of Warton appeared in various communications in the " Gentleman's Magazine" for 1782 and 1783.

In 1777, he collected his *Poems* into an 8vo volume, containing *Miſcellaneous Pieces, Odes*, and *Sonnets*. In this collection he omitted his *Paſtoral Eclogues*, the *Triumph of Iſis, Newmarket, a Satire, The Progreſs of Diſcontent*, and other pieces of humour. The publication may be conſidered as, in ſome meaſure, original, there being only ſeven pieces that had before appeared, and near three times that number which were then firſt printed. Alluding to this publication, Mrs. Piozzi, in her entertaining " Anecdotes of Dr. Johnſon," reports the following converſation : " Such a one's verſes are come out, ſaid I : " Yes (replied Johnſon) and this froſt has ſtruck them in again. Here are ſome verſes I have written to ridicule them ; but remember that I love the fellow dearly, now, for all that I laugh at him.

Whereſo'er I turn my view,
All is ſtrange, yet nothing new :
Endleſs labour all along,
Endleſs labour to be wrong ;
Phraſe that time has ſlung away ;
Uncouth words in diſarray,
Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,
Ode, and elegy, and ſonnet."

In 1781, he printed for private uſe, a few copies of *A Hiſtory of Kiddington Pariſh*. 4to, intended as a ſpecimen of a hiſtory of Oxfordſhire. A ſecond edition was publiſhed, " corrected and enlarged," for ſale, in 1783. This admirable ſpecimen of parochial hiſtory and of his general idea of ſuch hiſtory, ſerves but to make us regret that he had not opportunity to execute more of ſuch a plan.

But why regret this exertion of his talents, when his *Hiſtory of Gothic Architecture*, which he more than promiſed in the *Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry*, is now, it is to be feared, loſt to the world?

In 1782, he engaged, as might be expected, on the ſide of Chatterton, in the Rowleian controverſy, and publiſhed *An Inquiry into the Authenticity of the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley; in which the arguments of the Dean of Exeter and Mr. Bryant are examined*, 8vo, which bears conviction with every unprejudiced mind. This year he was preſented to the donative of Hill Farrance, in Somerſetſhire.

The ſame year he publiſhed his *Verſes on Sir Joſhua Reynolds's painted Window at New College, Oxford*, 4to.

In 1785, he was elected Camden Profeſſor of Ancient Hiſtory, on the reſignation of Dr. Scott; and the ſame year he was made Poet Laureat, on the death of Whitehead.

His next publication was *Poems on Several Occaſions, Engliſh, Latin, and Italian, with Tranſlations by John Milton*, viz. *Lycidas L'Allegro Il Penſeroſo, Arcades, Comus, Odes, Sonnets, Miſcellanies, Engliſh Pſalms, Elegiarum Liber, Epigrammatum Liber, Sylvarum Liber, with Notes Critical and Explanatory, and other Illuſtrations*, 8vo, 1785. A ſecond edition, with corrections and improvements, appeared after his death, in 1790. The chief purpoſe of the *Notes* is to explain Milton's alluſions, to illuſtrate or to vindicate his beauties, to point out his imitations, both of others and of himſelf, to elucidate his obſolete diction, and by the adduction and juxtapoſition of parallels univerſally gleaned both from his poetry and his proſe, to aſcertain his favourite words, and to ſhew the peculiarities of his phraſeology. His commentary is enriched with ſome occaſional illuſtrations by his brother *Dr. Warton*. In the *ſecond* edition, the *Notes* appear to have undergone an entire reviſal. Some notes, which were in the firſt edition, he has omitted in the ſecond; intending, as is evident by the references, to introduce them, and probably with conſiderable additions, in his edition of *Milton's* larger poems, which he was preparing for the preſs. Many of his own notes, not to be found in the firſt edition, are inſerted in the ſecond, together with ſome which are marked with the initials of the names of *Warburton* and *Hurd*. A multitude of corrections are alſo made, in which he probably availed himſelf of the hints of friendly criticiſm.

This was the laſt publication he gave to the world, except his official *Odes*, and many excellent notes in the *variorum* edition of Shakſpeare 1786, which are diſtinguiſhed by his name.

His health began to decline a little time before his death, but not in ſuch a manner as to give much alarm to his friends. He had been ſome time ill with the gout; but was thought in a fair way of recovery. On Thurſday, May 20. 1790. he appeared remarkably cheerful, and ſupped, and paſſed the evening in the common-room. Between ten and eleven o'clock he ſunk in his chair. His friends thought him only doſing; but on approaching, found him ſtruck with the palſy, and quite dead on one ſide. He was immediately conveyed to his room, and continued inſenſible till his death, on Friday, about two o'clock, in the ſixty-ſecond year of his age. On the 27th of May, in the afternoon, his remains were interred in the Chapel of Trinity College, with the higheſt academical honours.

A new edition of his *Poems*, including the pieces omitted in the edition 1777, and the *New-Year* and *Birth-Day Odes*, for 1786, 1787 and 1788, was printed in 1791. They are now reprinted from the edition 1791, with his *Birth-Day Odes* for 1789 and 1790, *Sonnet in imitation of Spenſer*, and his Latin poems *ad Somnum* and *Qui ſit Mæcenas*, omitted in former editions, received for the firſt time into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry.

His character was truly amiable and reſpectable. To his friends he was endeared by his ſimple, open, and friendly manners; to the Univerſity of Oxford by his long reſidence and many ſervices; and to the public by the valuable additions which have been made by his talents to Engliſh poetry, antiquities, and criticiſm. His mind was more fraught with wit and mirth than his outward appearance promiſed. His perſon was unwieldy and ponderous, and his countenance ſomewhat inert; but the faſcination of his converſe was wonderful. He was the delight of the jovial Attic board, anniverſaries, muſic meetings, &c. and poſſeſſed beyond moſt men the art of communicating variety to the dull ſameneſs of an Oxford life. With eminent abilities, and ſcholaſtic accompliſhments, he united theſe conciliatory talents, that amiable ſociability of manners, which could, to the claim of reſpect for the author, add that of eſteem for the man. He was a liberal ſcholar, an agreeable companion, a warm philanthropiſt, a diſintereſted Chriſtian, and an amiable man.

"His social qualities," says a writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1790, "had long endeared him to the members of his own society, among whom he constantly resided. The brilliancy of his wit, the solidity of his judgment, and the affability of his temper, give to all who had the happiness of his acquaintance, the most pungent regret for his irreparable loss. His literary productions have rendered him peculiarly eminent as an annotator, a biographer, an antiquary, and a poet; and he may be deservedly considered as the ornament, not only of the university, but of the literary world at large. Such, indeed, was the vigour of his mind, the classical purity of his taste, the extent and variety of his learning, that his memory will be for ever revered as a profound scholar, and a man of true genius. Learning must deplore him as one of her best and most valuable ornaments."

As an author, he has chiefly distinguished himself as a *biographer*, a *historian*, a *critic*, and a *poet*.

In his *Lives of Dr. Bathurst* and *Sir Thomas Pope*, we find that art, propriety, and ease, which characterize the productions of those whose talents have been carefully cultivated by reflection and study. But they will not, perhaps, by the generality of readers, be deemed either instructive or entertaining. Of the memorials of *Dr. Bathurst*, which have been transmitted to posterity, few are at this time interesting or affecting enough to engage the attention of the public; but he may be credited for his industry, and the difficulties he surmounted in attaining the necessary information to complete his work. The insufficiency of the materials which time has preserved concerning *Sir Thomas Pope*, has engaged him to enter occasionally into historical digressions. Among other national transactions, he gives an interesting relation of the persecutions of the Princess Elizabeth. But on losing sight of *Sir Thomas Pope*, he detracts from the merit of his performance, considered as a composition. The principal figure in the picture being eclipsed by the decorations that surround it, the eye is fixed on the latter, and neglects the former. Indeed, the life of a person whose capacity was slender and limited, who never sustained or merited any important office, and whose sphere of action was narrow, is not properly an object of curiosity. The mind does not willingly bestow its attention on insignificant circumstances; its sensibilities can only be awakened by what is shining and illustrious. The literary toil which should be employed in narrations concerning those who have displayed valour in the field, or wisdom in the cabinet, should never be wasted in inquiries concerning men who have acted in inferior or subordinate stations. The portion of the laborious drudge, who is put in motion at the command of a master, and who neither plans nor thinks, is silence and obscurity.

As an *historian*, his reputation is founded on his *History of English Poetry*; the very name of which warms the heart of every man of taste and elegance. An history of English poetry has long been a *desideratum* in the learned world. A plan of this kind had been agitated by Pope, in which our poets were classed under their supposed respective schools. It was afterwards adopted by Gray. The substance of Gray's plan, which was that of Pope, considerably enlarged, extended, and improved, is given in his "Life." Both these plans Warton has rejected, and has chosen to conduct his work in a chronological series; for this obvious reason, that it exhibits, without transposition, the gradual improvements of our poetry, at the same time that it uniformly represents the progression of our language. Yet he has not always adhered so scrupulously to the regularity of annals, but that he has often deviated into occasional digressions. His reasons for commencing his annals with the Norman accession, rather than the Saxon government, seem conclusive; the former being the era when our national character began to dawn. His work is introduced by a *Preface*, which is at once elegant and instructive, and two dissertations, *on the Origin of Romantic Fiction*, and, *on the introduction of learning into England*; in which are discovered such exquisite and genuine elegance, such profound and extensive erudition, such acute and rational deductions, that we are at a loss to determine what is their prevailing beauty; yet the analogy between European and Arabian legends, and the probable accounts how the same spirit and genius of fiction might be transferred from Asia to these northern climes, are not, as it should seem, a probable solution, even with the assistance of the Crusades, for the nature and variety of European romances. Much, we conceive, must still be left for the native exertions and the original product of invention. The innumerable hords that migrated from the North-East, and overflowed the West, were not without their romantic fictions; of a different species, indeed, from the Arabic fabling; but the latter came quickly to incorporate with them; and the romance of the Arab seemed only as a splendid caparison to the chivalry of the Goth. To his opinion with respect to the peculiar influence of women under the

Gothic eſtabliſhments, we readily ſubſcribe; but the ſmall degree of attention and reſpect with which the Greeks and Romans treated the fair ſex, and that inconſiderable ſhare which they were permitted to take in converſation, and the general commerce of life, ſeem carried to an extreme which the claſſical writers (to whom he appeals) will ſcarcely warrant. Had the female inſignificance and ſecluſion, aſcribed to claſſic times, been predicated of the women of modern Greece, the remark had been juſt But fixed on the eras of Sophocles and Alcibiades, of Propertius and Tibullus Brutus and Cato, it loſes all manner of propriety. In regard to the *ſecond* diſſertation, and that *on the Geſta Romanorum*, prefixed to the *third* volume, we have nothing to do but to approve and admire The period of antiquity at which he commences his work, is by no means a field for popular recreation. Some of the flowers, indeed, which may be collected in a ſcene ſo vaſt and uncultivated, are neither without fragrance nor beauty; but theſe are not to be enjoyed by a taſte formed upon modern compoſition. The obſolete terms, and uncouth numbers, through which the few rays of genius which appear in that remote era muſt appear, almoſt eclipſe their luſtre, and leave it entirely indiſcernible, except to ſuch eyes as are accuſtomed to derive pleaſure from a long and diſtant retroſpect Theſe obſervations will apply to the various extracts given of metrical romances, and other legendary performances, from the commencement of the hiſtory till the days of Chaucer. We do not deny but that Langland has merit; his deſcriptions are picturesque, his characters juſt and natural, and his ſatire poignant; but the harſh verſification, and antiquated ſtyle in which he writes, muſt render theſe beauties imperceptible to the greateſt number of readers; and we muſt ſtill denominate the age of Chaucer not only the era of refinement in Engliſh verſification, but even the dawn of poetical genius. How glorious the meridian at which it arrived, under the auſpices of Spenſer, Shakſpeare, and Milton, we need not attempt to deſcribe.

The predominant features of this agreeable and inſtructive work, are elegant compoſition, acute and genuine criticiſm, and literary reſearch. But it is not Warton's principal merit, that he inveſtigates his ſubject with the patience of an antiquary, and the acuteneſs of a critic; from his accurate delineation of character, it is evident that he has inſpected the manners of mankind as they occaſionally paſs before him, with the penetrating eye of a philoſopher. This praiſe he has merited by his preliminary *Diſſertations*, by his elaborate account of Chaucer and his poetry, and by his reflections tending to eſtabliſh a full eſtimate of the genius of the poetry of Queen Elizabeth's reign; which compoſe the concluding ſection of his *third* volume The *Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry* has rare and ſtriking merits, and may be juſtly conſidered as a valuable acceſſion to Engliſh literature. But it is not without its defects. He has ſhown, it would ſeem, more ſolicitude in collecting his materials, than perſpicuity and accuracy in arranging them. Hence it has been found ſo dry and oppreſſive, as to ſubdue the eagerneſs of the generality of readers; and hence nearly one-fourth of the *ſecond* volume is filled with errata and amendments to the *firſt*; a circumſtance the more remarkable, as he was not tied down to precipitate publication by a ſubſcription; as his buſineſs was literature; as he had been long accuſtomed to the uſe of the preſs; and as he was equally poſſeſſed of learning and leiſure.

As a *Critic*, his *Obſervations on Spenſer*, an edition of *Theocritus*, and *notes* on Milton, entitle him to rank with Mr. Tyrwhitt, Mr. Spence, Dr. Johnſon, Dr. Hurd, and Dr. Warton, the moſt elegant and claſſical critics of our nation.

His *Obſervations on the Faery Queene*, have deſervedly obtained the approbation of the learned world. He has been indefatigable in illuſtrating the obſcurities, and bringing out the beauties of the great father of allegorical poetry; but his work has not obtained any very extenſive popularity, and has failed to recal the attention of the public to the writings of this neglected Engliſh claſſic.

On the merits of his *Inquiry into the authenticity of the Poems attributed to Rowley*, it is unneceſſary to enlarge, as they have been already conſidered and acknowledged in the "Life of Chatterton."

His elegant and accurate edition of *Theocritus*, the great father of paſtoral poetry, does honour to the literature of our country. In his *Diſſertation on Bucolic* poetry, if too much is advanced upon conjecture, it muſt be allowed that there is conſiderable learning and ingenuity. Though the *Scholia* on *Theocritus* are not ſo numerous as thoſe on ſome other Greek authors, they are not leſs valuable. They boaſt ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed names among the ſchool-critics and reſtorers. The principal obſervations of theſe ſcholiaſts Warton has, with great labour, collected and digeſted, and has at the ſame time enriched the common treaſury with contributions of his own. The

reputation of his coadjutor Mr. Toup, as a Greek ſcholar, is too well eſtabliſhed to receive any addition from the higheſt praiſe which the preſent writer can beſtow.

For a commentator on *Milton* he was peculiarly qualified, being not only converſant with the elegant remains of Grecian and Roman learning, but intimately acquainted with thoſe treaſures of Gothic and Old Engliſh literature, with which Milton, in his younger days, appears to have been ſingularly delighted, and to which frequent alluſions are made even in the "Paradiſe Loſt." In ſpite of objections which may occaſionally be made, his *Notes* and *Illuſtrations* muſt be allowed to contain a rich body of anecdote and criticiſm. They are manifeſtly the reſult of diligent reading and patient reſearch; ſerving to unfold the treaſures whence Milton drew moſt of his beautiful imagery; to explain his Gothic and claſſical alluſions; to point out the ſource of many of his conceptions; and, at the ſame time, to demonſtrate and diſplay the ſtrength and ſublimity of his genius. Theſe *notes* which may be called *hiſtorical*, and thoſe at the end of the larger poems, containing a kind of general critique on them, abound with valuable information, and are drawn up with much judgment and taſte. Though in ſome inſtances his labour appears ſuperfluous, we cannot but admire the extent of his reading, and the pains he has taken to collate paſſages, in order to ſhow whence Milton *ſtole every balmy ſweet*. It by no means indubitably follows, that Milton was indebted to preceding writers to the extent which his collations intimate. Critics, when employed in detecting imitations, are very apt to purſue the matter too far. Later poets are generally repreſented by them as imitating their predeceſſors, in inſtances where it is more reaſonable to conclude them alike copied from nature. We coincide in opinion with Walſh, when he ſays, in one of his letters to Pope, "In all common ſubjects of poetry, the thoughts are ſo obvious (at leaſt if they are natural), that whoever writes laſt, muſt write things like what have been ſaid before." His obſervations on Milton's religious principles, are ſuch as the text by no means juſtifies, and ſeem rather ſuggeſted by prejudices than diſpaſſionate reaſon. But he does ample juſtice to his genius, and even directly affirms, "that what was enthuſiaſm in moſt of the puritanical writers, was poetry in Milton."

As a *poet*, his genius was directed by claſſic taſte and judgment; and his fancy, however ſeductive, led him not to an affectation of over-laboured ornament. Simplicity and perſpicuity, ſupported by elegance, are the diſtinguiſhing marks of his poetry. His compoſitions are highly finiſhed and original, as far as perpetual claſſic imitations and alluſions will allow; his verſification is nervous and correct, his reading extenſive, and his knowledge of real nature acquired from an actual ſurvey of her works. It ſeems as if the moſt conſiderable of his poems had been caſt in the mould of ſome gifted predeceſſor; but, according to thoſe critics, who aſcribe the invention of every ſpecies of poetry to the Greeks, even Horace himſelf had his archetypes. It will eaſily be perceived by readers of taſte, that he is of the ſchool of Spenſer and Milton, rather than that of Pope. He has manifeſtly and confeſſedly imitated other poets, Gray, J. Philips, and, in his *New-market*, Pope; but in his deſcriptive poetry, Milton was not only his model, in reſpect of language and verſification, but of ideas. It muſt, however, be allowed, that he has extended Milton's kind of imagery to more objects, and painted on a larger canvaſs. His imitations of Milton, like the pictures of Raphael painted by Giulio Romano, are perfectly copied; but ſtill they are copies.

The *Pleaſures of Melancholy*, one of his earlieſt productions, is a beautiful Miltonic poem, abounding with bold metaphors and highly-coloured pictures. The indulgence of melancholy, by attending the cathedral ſervice during winter evenings, and the luxury of tragic tears at the theatre, are feelingly and poetically deſcribed. The *Triumph of Iſis*, in fertility of invention, and felicity of expreſſion, may challenge a compariſon with Mr Maſon's admirable "Elegy," which occaſioned it. The *Inſcription in a Hermitage at Arſley Hall*, is beautifully ſimple and characteriſtic. The *Monody written at Stratford upon Avon*, is well appropriated and picturesque. The graphical painting of the river, and the fine enthuſiaſm that follows, are of the happieſt execution. The poem *on the Death of George II.* is one of the beſt of his performances. It is elegant and harmonious, in the higheſt degree. The verſes *on the Marriage of the King* have equal merit. The whole is finely imagined, and animated with a noble love of his country, its glory and its conſtitution. His *New-market*, *a ſatire*, has loſt none of its ſtings by time, as the vices at which they are darted are ſtill in full force. The lines are admirably turned, and their ſeverity is by no means overcharged. The *Paſtoral in the Manner of Spenſer*, is an ingenious imitation, and the *Ode on the Approach of Summer* is

replete with true poetry; but the imagery is Miltonic, and perpetually reminds us of the source whence it was drawn. The use of old words in a poem not called an imitation of some old bard, seems a studied imperfection; such are the words *aye*, *eld*, *murky*, *watchet*. The frequent mixture of regular *trochaics* of seven syllables, and *iambics* of eight, seems a defect. If authority will justify this metrical irregularity, he has Milton in his "Allegro" and "Penseroso" on his side, and Gray in his "Descent of Odin," "Triumphs of Owen," and "Death of Hoel;" but convenience or inadvertence seem to have occasioned these deviations from regularity, rather than choice or system. The *Hamlet* is a delightful picture of rural life, or rather of the life of the husbandman. *Fælix si sua bona norit.* But to enjoy what the poet describes, he must possess the poet's enthusiasm. The *Ode sent to a Friend on his leaving a favourite Village in Hampshire*, is another very agreeable specimen of his talent for descriptive poetry. *The Suicide* is characterized by bold personification, picturesque description, and pathetic sentiment. The *Ode written at Vale-Royal Abbey*, is much in the style and manner of Gray's "Church-Yard Elegy," and appears to be modelled upon it; yet it wants the simplicity of the latter; but that possibly the magnificence of the subject would not easily allow. He seems also to have had Gray in view in his *Crusade* and *the Grave of King Arthur*; for they have much in the wild strains of his Cambrian lyre. They are not inferior to Gray's "Triumphs of Owen" and "Death of Hoel;" at the same time, they have more perspicuity. In the *Ode for Music*, are spirit, force, and fancy, which will give pleasure to an Englishman, as long as the present language remains intelligible.

Among the pieces of pleasantry and humour, *The Progress of Discontent* is one of the most agreeable. *The Castle Barber's Soliloquy*, and the *Oxford Newsman's Verses*, are Hudibrastic compositions; of which much of the merit consists in the rhymes. The *Prologue on the old Winchester Play-House, over the Butcher's Shambles*, is full of wit and humour. The *Phæton and the One-Horse Chair*, is a manifest imitation of Smart's fable of "The Bag-Wig and Tobacco-Pipe." The *Grizzle*, and the *Epistle to Thomas Hearn*, are locally humourous. The *Panegyric on Oxford Ale*, is so close an imitation of J. Philip's "Splendid Shilling," that many of the ideas and epithets are the same. Much humour and pleasantry, however, are displayed in this burlesque poem.

In the construction of *Sonnets* in the Italian measures, he seems more ingenious and happy than most of those who have attempted that difficult species of composition; but we perceive a stiffness and constraint even in those of Warton, which show them to be aliens, and heterogeneous to our language. The *Sonnets, written at Winslade*, and to *the River Loddon*, are eminently beautiful.

It has been observed, that he is particularly happy in descriptive poetry; and he has, in his *New-Year* and *Birth-Day Odes*, rendered it necessary to extend this praise to his felicity in Gothic painting, for which he probably qualified himself, by his study of Chaucer, Spenser, and other old authors, who have described the feats of "knights and barons bold;" who

> In sage and solemn tunes have sung
> Of turneys, and of trophies hung.

The *Odes* for 1787 and 1788, while he had no splendid foreign or domestic events to celebrate, nor any calamities to deplore, abound with Gothic pictures and embellishments, which give that kind of mellowness to these poems, that time confers on medals and productions of the pencil. *Birth-day Odes* have so long been treated with obloquy and contempt, that however well they may be written, they are not only read with unwillingness, but with determined severity; and yet we find in those of Warton a Pindaric boldness and fire, which scholars of taste and candour must perceive, however they may withhold their praise. Others, who are not qualified to relish the sublime beauties, and animated graces of the higher poetry, will find ample scope for ridicule in the Gothic pomp and garniture of his verse;

> His Norman minstrelsy, and ivied towers,
> Knight-errant tales, and Spenser's fancy bowers.

Among the modern Latin poets, there are few who do not yield to Warton. His *Latin Poems* are valuable, as much for their fancy and genius, as for their style and expression. They discover true classical feeling, and abound with ideas and expressions which have been conceived in the same language in which they are written. The poem *on the rebuilding the Chapel of Trinity College*, 1748, is not only the most considerable in length, but seems to contain a greater proportion of beautiful lines than any of his other pieces; all of which have, however, their several merits, and are such as would not disgrace a Roman in the days of Augustus.

# THE WORKS OF WARTON.

## POEMS.

### THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS.

OCCASIONED BY ISIS, AN ELEGY.
WRITTEN IN 1749.

" Quid mihi neſcio quam, proprio cum Ty-
" bride, Romam
" Semper in ore geris? Referunt ſi vera parentes,
" Hanc urbem inſano nullus qui marte petivit,
" Lætatus violaſſe redit. Nec numina ſedem
" Deſtituunt——" CLAUDIAN.

On cloſing flowers when genial gales diffuſe
The fragrant tribute of refreſhing dews;
When chants the milk-maid at her balmy pail,
And weary reapers whiſtle o'er the vale;
Charm'd by the murmurs of the quivering ſhade,
O'er Iſis' willow-fringed banks I ſtray'd:
And calmly muſing through the twilight way,
In penſive mood I fram'd the Doric lay.
When lo! from opening clouds a golden gleam
Pour'd ſudden ſplendours o'er the ſhadowy ſtream;
And from the wave aroſe it's guardian queen,
Known by her ſweeping ſtole of gloſſy green;
While in the coral crown that bound her brow,
Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.
As the ſmooth ſurface of the dimply flood
The ſilver-ſlipper'd virgin lightly trod;
From her looſe hair the dropping dew ſhe preſs'd,
And thus mine ear in accents mild addreſs'd:
No more, my ſon, the rural reed employ,
Nor trill the tinkling ſtrain of empty joy;
No more thy love-reſounding ſonnets ſuit
To notes of paſtoral pipe, or oaten flute.
For hark! high-thron'd on yon majeſtic walls,
To the dear muſe afflicted freedom calls:
When freedom calls, and Oxford bids thee ſing,
Why ſtays thy hand to ſtrike the ſounding ſtring?
While thus, in Freedom's and in Phebus' ſpite,
The venal ſons of ſlaviſh Cam unite;
To ſhake yon towers when malice rears her creſt,
Shall all my ſons in ſilence idly reſt?
Still ſing, O Cam, your fav'rite freedom's cauſe;
Still boaſt of freedom, while you break her laws:
To power your ſongs of gratulation pay,
To Courts addreſs ſoft flattery's ſervile lay.
What though your gentle Maſon's plaintive verſe
Has hung with ſweeteſt wreaths Muſeus' herſe;
What though your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,
Soft as my ſtream, in tuneful numbers flow;
Yet ſtrove his muſe, by fame or envy led,
To tear the laurels from a ſiſter's head?—
Miſguided youth! with rude unclaſſic rage
To blot the beauties of thy whiter page!
A rage that ſullies e'en thy guiltleſs lays,
And blaſts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.
Let ——— boaſt the patrons of her name,
Each ſplendid fool of fortune and of fame:
Still of preferment let her ſhine the queen,
Prolific parent of each bowing dean:
Be her's each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,
Each courtly chaplain, ſanctified and ſleek:
Still let the drones of her exhauſtleſs hive
On rich pluralities ſupinely thrive:
Still let her ſenates titled ſlaves revere,
Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer;
No longer charm'd by virtue's lofty ſong,
Once hear'd ſage Milton's manly tones among,
Where Cam, meandering through the matted reeds,
With loitering wave his groves of laurel feeds.
'Tis our's, my ſon, to deal the ſacred bay,
Where honour calls, and juſtice points the way
To wear the well-earn'd wreath that merit brings,
And ſnatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.
Scorning and ſcorn'd by courts, yon muſe's bower
Still nor enjoys, nor ſeeks, the ſmile of power.
Though wakeful vengeance watch my cryſtal ſpring,
Though perſecution wave her iron wing,
And, o'er yon ſpiry temples as ſhe flies,
" Theſe deſtin'd ſeats be mine," exulting cries;
Fortune's fair ſmiles on Iſis ſtill attend:
And, as the dews of gracious Heaven deſcend
Unaſk'd, unſeen, in ſtill but copious ſhow'rs,
Her ſtores on me ſpontaneous bounty pours.
See, ſcience walks with recent chaplets crown'd;
With fancy's ſtrain my fairy ſhades reſound;
My muſe divine ſtill keeps her cuſtom'd ſtate,
The mien erect, and high majeſtic gait:
Green as of old each oliv'd portal ſmiles,
And ſtill the graces build my Grecian piles:
My Gothic ſpires in ancient glory riſe,
And dare with wonted pride to ruſh into the ſkies.
E'en late, when Radcliffe's delegated train
Auſpicious ſhone in Iſis' happy plain:

When yon proud * dome, fair learning's ampleſt
ſhrine,
Beneath its Attic roofs receiv'd the nine;
Was rapture mute, or ceas'd the glad acclame,
To Radcliffe due, and Iſis' honour'd name?
What free-born crowds adorn'd the feſtive day,
Nor bluſh'd to wear my tributary bay!
How each brave breaſt with honeſt ardors heav'd,
When Sheldon's fane the patriot band receiv'd;
While, as we loudly hail'd the choſen few,
Rome's awful ſenate ruſh'd upon the view!
O may the day in lateſt annals ſhine,
That made a Beaufort and an Harley mine:
That bade them leave the loftier ſcene awhile,
The pomp of guiltleſs ſtate, the patriot toil,
For bleeding Albion's aid the ſage deſign,
To hold ſhort dalliance with the tuneful nine.
Then muſic left her ſilver ſphere on high,
And bore each ſtrain of triumph from the ſky;
Swell'd the loud ſong, and to my chiefs around
Pour'd the full peans of melliſluous ſound.
My Naiads blithe the dying accents caught,
And liſtening danc'd beneath their pearly grot:
In gentler eddies play'd my conſcious wave,
And all my reeds their ſofteſt whiſpers gave;
Each ivy with brighter green adorn'd my bowers,
And breath'd a freſher fragrance on my flowers.
But lo! at once the pealing concerts ceaſe,
And crowded theatres are huſh'd in peace.
See, on yon ſage how all attentive ſtand,
To catch his darting eye, and waving hand.
Hark! he begins, with all a Tully's art,
To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart:
Skill'd to pronounce what nobleſt thoughts inſpire,
He blends the ſpeaker's with the patriot's fire;
Bold to conceive, nor timorous to conceal,
What Britons dare to think, he dares to tell.
'Tis his alike the ear and eye to charm,
To win with action, and with ſenſe to warm;
Untaught in flowery periods to diſpenſe
The lulling ſounds of ſweet impertinence:
In frowns or ſmiles he gains an equal prize,
Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to riſe;
Bids happier days to Albion be reſtor'd,
Bids ancient juſtice rear her radiant ſword;
From me, as from my country, claims applauſe,
And makes an Oxford's, a Britannia's cauſe.
While arms like theſe my ſtedfaſt ſages wield,
While mine is truth's impenetrable ſhield;
Say, ſhall the puny champion fondly dare
To wage with force like this ſcholaſtic war?
Still vainly ſcribble on with pert pretence,
With all the rage of pedant impotence?
Say, ſhall I foſter this domeſtic peſt,
This parricide, that wounds a mother's breaſt?
Thus in ſome gallant ſhip, that long has bore
Britain's victorious croſs from ſhore to ſhore,
By chance, beneath her cloſe ſequeſter'd cells,
Some low-born worm, a lurking miſchief dwells;
Eats his blind way, and ſaps with ſecret guile
The deep foundations of the floating pile:
In vain the foreſt lent its ſtatelieſt pride,
Rear'd her tall maſt, and fram'd her knotty ſide;
The martial thunder's rage in vain ſhe ſtood,
With every conflict of the ſtormy flood;
More ſure the reptile's little arts devour,
Than wars or waves, or Eurus' wint'ry power.
Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes ſublime,
Ye towers that wear the moſſy veſt of time!
Ye maſſy piles of old munificence,
At once the pride of learning and defence;
Ye cloiſters pale, that lengthening to the ſight,
To contemplation, ſtep by ſtep, invite;
Ye high-arch'd walks, where oft the whiſpers clear
Of harps unſeen have ſwept the poet's ear;
Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praiſe;
Lo! your lov'd Iſis, from the bordering vale,
With all a mother's fondneſs bids you hail!—
Hail, Oxford, hail! of all that's good an great,
Of all that's fair, the guardian and the ſeat;
Nurſe of each brave purſuit, each generous aim,
By truth exalted to the throne of fame!
Like Greece in ſcience and in liberty,
As Athens learn'd, as Lacedemon free!
Ev'n now, confeſs'd to my adoring eyes,
In awful ranks thy gifted ſons ariſe.
Tuning to nightly tale his Britiſh reeds,
Thy genuine bards immortal Chaucer leads:
His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing quoir,
And beams on all around celeſtial fire.
With graceful ſtep ſee Addiſon advance,
The ſweeteſt child of Attic elegance:
See Chillingworth the depths of doubt explore,
And Selden ope the rolls of ancient lore:
To all but his belov'd embrace deny'd,
See Locke lead reaſon, his majeſtic bride:
See Hammond pierce religion's golden mine,
And ſpread the treaſur'd ſtores of truth divine.
All who to Albion gave the arts of peace,
And beſt the labours plann'd of letter'd eaſe:
Who taught with truth, or with perſuaſion mov'd;
Who ſooth'd with numbers, or with ſenſe improv'd;
Who rang'd the powers of reaſon, or refin'd,
All that adorn'd or humaniz'd the mind;
Each prieſt of health, that mix'd the balmy bowl,
To rear frail man, and ſtay the fleeting ſoul;
All crowd around, and echoing to the ſky,
Hail, Oxford hail! with filial tranſport cry.
And ſee yon ſapient train! with liberal aim,
'Twas theirs new plans of liberty to frame;
And on the Gothic gloom of ſlaviſh ſway
To ſhed the dawn of intellectual day.
With mild debate each muſing feature glows,
And well-weigh'd counſels mark their meaning brows.
"Lo! theſe the leaders of thy patriot line,"
A Raleigh, Hamden, and a Somers ſhine.
Theſe from thy ſource the bold contagion caught,
Their future ſons the great example taught:
While in each youth th' hereditary flame
Still blazes, unextinguiſh'd, and the ſame!
Nor all the taſks of thoughtful peace engage,
'Tis thine to form the hero as the ſage.
I ſee the fable-ſuited prince advance
With lilies crown'd, the ſpoils of bleeding France,
Edward. The muſes, in yon cloiſter'd ſhade,
Bound on his maiden thigh the martial blade:
Bade him the ſteel for Britiſh freedom draw,
And Oxford taught the deeds that Creſſy ſaw.

* *The Radcliffe Library.*

And see, great father of the sacred band,
The * patriot king before me seems to stand.
He by the bloom of this gay vale beguil'd
That cheer'd with lively green the shaggy wild,
Hither of yore, forlorn, forgotten maid,
The muse in prattling infancy convey'd;
From Vandal rage the helpless virgin bore,
And fix'd her cradle on my friendly shore:
Soon grew the maid beneath his fostering hand,
Soon stream'd her blessings o'er the enlighten'd land.
Though simple was the dome, where first to dwell
She deign'd, and rude her early Saxon cell,
Lo! now she holds her state in sculptur'd bowers,
And proudly lifts to Heav'n her hundred towers.
'Twas Alfred first, with letters and with laws,
Adorn'd, as he advanc'd, his country's cause:
He bade relent the Briton's stubborn soul,
And sooth'd to soft society's control
A rough untutor'd age. With raptur'd eye
Elate he views his laurel'd progeny:
Serene he smiles to find, that not in vain
He form'd the rudiments of learning's reign:
Himself he marks in each ingenuous breast,
With all the founder in the race express:
Conscious he sees fair freedom still survive
In yon bright domes, ill-fated fugitive!
(Glorious, as when the goddess pour'd the beam
Unsullied on his ancient diadem);
Well-pleas'd, that at his own Pierian springs
She rests her weary feet, and plumes her wings;
That here at last she takes her destin'd stand,
Here deigns to linger, ere she leave the land.

## ELEGY

### ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES.

O for the warblings of the Doric ote, [tide!
That wept the youth deep-whelm'd in ocean's
Or Mulla's muse, who chang'd her magic note
To chant how dear the laurel'd Sidney died!
Then should my woes in worthy strain be sung,
And with due cypress-crown thy herse, O Frederic, hung.

But though my novice-hands are all too weak
To grasp the sounding pipe, my voice unskill'd
The tuneful phrase of poesy to speak,
Uncouth the cadence of my carols wild:
A nations' tears shall teach my song to trace
The prince that deck'd his crown with every milder grace.

How well he knew to turn from flattery's shrine,
To drop the sweeping pall of sceptered pride;
Led by calm thought to paths of eglantine,
And rural walks on Isis' tufted side:
To rove at large amid the landskips still, [hill.
Where contemplation sat on Cliveden's beech-clad

How, lock'd in pure affection's golden band,
Through sacred wedlock's unambitious ways,
With even step he walk'd, and constant hand,
His temples binding with domestic bays:
Rare pattern of the chaste connubial knot,
Firm in a palace kept, as in the clay-built cot!

How with discerning choice, to nature true,
He cropp'd the simple flowers, or violet,
Or crocus-bud, that with ambrosial hue
The banks of silver Helicon beset:
Nor seldom wak'd the muse's living lyre
To sounds that call'd around Aonia's listening choir.

How to the few with sparks ethereal stor'd,
He never barr'd his castle's genial gate, [board,
But bade sweet Thomson share the friendly
Soothing with verse divine the toil of state:
Hence fir'd, the bard forsook the flowery plain,
And deck'd the regal mask, and try'd the tragic strain.

## INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE

### AT ANSLEY-HALL, IN WARWICKSHIRE.

Beneath this stony roof reclin'd,
I sooth to peace my pensive mind:
And while, to shade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave;
And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine:
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits lone and still,
The blackbird pipes in artless trill;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest;
From busy scenes, and brighter skies,
To lurk with innocence, she flies;
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At morn I take my custom'd round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound;
And every opening primrose count,
That trimly paints my blooming mount:
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass-emboss'd book,
Pourtray'd with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed:
Then, as my taper waxes dim,
Chant, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn;
And, at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff, and amice gray;
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage?

## MONODY,

### WRITTEN NEAR STRATFORD UPON AVON.

Avon, thy rural views, thy pastures wild,
Thy willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,
Thy boughs entangling with th' enchantled sedge;

* *Alfred.*

Thy brink with watery foliage quaintly fring'd,
Thy furface with reflected verdure ting'd;
Sooth me with many a penfive pleafure mild.
But while I mufe, that here the bard divine
Whofe facred duft yon high arch'd aifles enclofe,
Where the tall windows rife in ftately rows
Above th' embowering fhade,
Here firft, at fancy's fairy-circled fhrine,
Of daifies pied his infant offering made;
Here playful yet, in ftripling years unripe,
Fram'd of thy reeds a fhrill and artlefs pipe:
Sudden thy beauties, Avon, all are fled,
As at the waving of fome magic wand;
An holy trance my charmed fpirit wings,
And aweful fhapes of warriors and of kings
People the bufy mead,
Like fpectres fwarming to the wizard's hall;
And flowly pace, and point with trembling hand
The wounds ill-cover'd by the purple pall.
Before me pity feems to ftand
A weeping mourner, fmote with anguifh fore,
To fee misfortune rend in frantic mood
His robe, with regal woes embroider'd o'er.
Pale terror leads the vifionary band,
And fternly fhakes his fceptre, dropping blood.

ON THE

## DEATH OF KING GEORGE THE SECOND.

TO MR. SECRETARY PITT *.

So ftream the forrows that embalm the brave,
The tears that fcience fheds on glory's grave!
So pure the vows which claffic duty pays
To blefs another Brunfwick's rifing rays!
O Pitt, if chofen ftrains have power to fteal
Thy watchful breaft awhile from Britain's weal;
If votive verfe from facred Ifis fent,
Might hope to charm thy manly mind, intent
On patriot plans, which ancient freedom drew,
A while with fond attention deign to view
This ample wreath, which all th' affembled nine
With fkill united have confpir'd to twine.
Yes, guide and guardian of thy country's caufe!
Thy confcious heart fhall hail with juft applaufe
The duteous mufe, whofe hafte officious brings
Her blamelefs offering to the fhrine of kings:
Thy tongue, well-tutor'd in hiftoric lore,
Can fpeak her office and her ufe of yore:
For fuch the tribute of ingenuous praife
Her harp difpens'd in Grecia's golden days;
Such were the palms in ifles of old renown,
She cull'd, to deck the guiltlefs monarch's crown;
When virtuous Pindar told, with Tufcan gore
How fcepter'd Hiero ftain'd Sicilia's fhore,
Or to mild Theron's raptur'd eye disclos'd
Bright vales, where fpirits of the brave repos'd:
Yet ftill beneath the throne, unbrib'd, fhe fate,
The decent handmaid, not the flave of ftate;
Pleas'd in the radiance of the regal name
To blend the luftre of her country's fame:
For, taught like our's, fhe dar'd, with prudent pride,
Obedience from dependence to divide:
Though princes claim'd her tributary lays,
With truth fevere fhe temper'd partial praife;
Confcious fhe kept her native dignity,
Bold as her flights, and as her numbers free.
And fure if e'er the mufe indulg'd her ftrains,
With juft regard, to grace heroic reigns,
Where could her glance a theme of triumph own
So dear to fame as George's trophied throne?
At whofe firm bafe thy ftedfaft foul afpires,
To wake a mighty nation's ancient fires:
Afpires to baffle faction's fpecious claim,
Rouze England's rage, and give her thunder aim:
Once more the main her conquering banners fweep,
Again her commerce darkens all the deep.
Thy fix'd refolve renews each firm decree
That made, that kept of yore, thy country free.
Call'd by thy voice, nor deaf to war's alarms,
Its willing youth the rural empire arms:
Again the lords of Albion's cultur'd plains
March the firm leaders of their faithful fwains;
As erft ftout archers, from the farm or fold,
Flam'd in the van of many a baron bold.
Nor fhine the pomp of indolent debate,
The war of words, the fophiftries of ftate;
Nor frigid caution checks thy free defign,
Nor ftops thy ftream of eloquence divine:
For thine the privilege, on few beftow'd,
To feel, to think, to fpeak, for public good.
In vain corruption calls her venal tribes:
One common caufe one common end prefcribes:
Nor fear nor fraud, or fpares or fcreens, the foe,
But fpirit prompts, and valour ftrikes, the blow.
O Pitt, while honour points thy liberal plan,
And o'er the minifter exalts the man,
Ifis congenial greets thy faithful fway,
Nor fcorns to bid a ftatefmen grace her lay.
For 'tis not her's, by falfe connections drawn,
At fplendid ftavery's fordid fhrine to fawn;
Each native effort of the feeling breaft,
To friends, to foes, in equal fear, fuppreft:
'Tis not for her to purchafe or purfue
The phantom favours of the cringing crew:
More ufeful toils her ftudious hours engage,
And fairer leffons fill her fpotlefs page:
Beneath ambition, but above difgrace,
With nobler arts fhe forms the rifing race:
With happier tafks, and lefs refin'd pretence,
In elder times, fhe woo'd munificence
To rear her arched roofs in regal guife,
And lift her temples nearer to the fkies;
Princes and prelates ftretch'd the focial hand,
To form, diffufe, and fix, her high command:
From kings fhe claim'd, yet fcorn'd to feek, the prize, [wife.
From kings, like George, benignant, juft, and
Lo, this her genuine lore.—Nor thou refufe
This humble prefent of no partial mufe [ful youth
From that calm bower *, which nurs'd thy thought-
In the pure precepts of Athenian truth:
Where firft the form of Britifh liberty
Beam'd in full radiance on thy mufing eye;
That form, whofe mien fublime, with equal awe,
In the fame fhade unblemifh'd Somers faw:

* *Afterwards Lord Chatham. This and the two following poems clofe the collections of Oxford Verfes on their refpective occafions; and were written while the author was poetry profeffor.*

* *Trinity College, Oxford; in which alfo Lord Somers, and James Harrington, author of the Oceana, were educated.*

Where once (for well she lov'd the friendly grove
Which every classic grace had learn'd to rove)
Her whisper's wak'd sage Harrington to feign
The blessings of her visionary reign;
That reign, which now no more an empty theme,
Adorns philosophy's ideal dream,
But crowns at last, beneath a George's smile,
In full reality this favour'd isle.

## ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE KING, TO HER MAJESTY. 1761.

When first the kingdom to thy virtues due
Rose from the billowy deep in distant view;
When Albion's isle, old ocean's peerless pride,
Tower'd in imperial state above the tide;
What bright ideas of the new domain
Form'd the fair prospect of thy promis'd reign!
And well with conscious joys thy breast might beat
That Albion was ordain'd thy regal seat:
Lo! this the land, where freedom's sacred rage
Has glow'd untam'd through many a martial age.
Here patriot Alfred, stain'd with Danish blood,
Rear'd on one base the king's the people's good:
Here Henry's archers fram'd the stubborn bow
That laid Alanzon's haughty helmet low;
Here wak'd the flame, that still superior braves
The proudest threats of Gaul's ambitious slaves:
Here chivalry, stern school of valour old,
Her noblest feats of knightly fame enroll'd;
Heroic champions caught the clarion's call,
And throng'd the feast in Edward's banner'd hall:
While chiefs, like George, approv'd in worth alone,
Unlock'd chaste beauty's adamantine zone.
Lo! the fam'd isle, which hails thy chosen sway,
What fertile fields her temperate suns display!
Where property secures the conscious swain,
And guards, while plenty gives, the golden grain:
Hence with ripe stores her villages abound,
Her airy downs with scatter'd sheep resound;
Fresh are her pastures with unceasing rills,
And future navies crown her darksome hills.
To bear her formidable glory far,
Behold her opulence of hoarded war!
See, from her ports a thousand banners stream;
On every coast her vengeful lightnings gleam!
Meantime, remote from ruin's armed hand,
In peaceful majesty her cities stand;
Whose splendid domes, and busy streets, declare,
Their firmest fort, a king's parental care.
And O! blest queen, if e'er the magic powers
Of warbled truth have won thy musing hours;
Here poesy, from aweful days of yore,
Has pour'd her genuine gifts of raptur'd lore.
Mid oaken bowers, with holy verdure wreath'd,
In druid-songs her solemn spirit breath'd:
While cunning bards at ancient banquets sung
Of paynim foes defied, and trophies hung.
Here Spenser tun'd his mystic minstrelsy,
And dress'd in fairy robes a queen like thee.
Here, boldly mark'd with every living hue,
Nature's unbounded portrait Shakspeare drew:
But chief, the dreadful groupe of human woes
The daring artist's tragic pencil chose;
Explor'd the pangs that rend the royal breast,
Those wounds that lurk beneath the tissued vest!
Lo! this the land, whence Milton's muse of fire
High soar'd to steal from heaven a seraph's lyre;
And told the golden ties of wedded love
In sacred Eden's amaranthine grove.
Thine too, majestic bride, the favour'd clime,
Where science sits enshrin'd in roofs sublime.
O mark, how green her wood of ancient bays
O'er isis' marge in many a chaplet strays!
Thither, if haply some distinguish'd flower
Of these mix'd blooms from that ambrosial bower,
Might catch thy glance, and rich in nature's hue,
Entwine thy diadem with honour due;
If seemly gifts the train of Phebus pay,
To deck imperial Hymen's festive day;
Thither thyself shall haste, and mildly deign
To tread with nymph-like step the conscious plain;
Pleas'd in the muse's nook, with decent pride,
To throw the sceptre'd pall of state aside:
Nor from the shade shall George be long away,
That claims Charlotta's love, and courts her stay.
These are Britannia's praises. Deign to trace
With rapt reflection freedom's favourite race!
But though the generous isle, in arts and arms,
Thus stand supreme, in nature's choicest charms;
Though George and conquest guard her sea-girt throne,
One happier blessing still she calls her own;
And, proud to cull the fairest wreath of fame,
Crowns her chief honours with a Charlotte's name.

## ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

### WRITTEN AFTER THE INSTALLATION AT WINDSOR, IN THE SAME YEAR, 1762.

Imperial dome of Edward wise and brave!
Where warlike honour's brightest banners wave;
At whose proud tilts, unmatch'd for hardy deeds,
Heroic kings have frown'd on barbed steeds:
Though now no more thy crested chiefs advance
In arm'd array, nor grasp the glittering lance;
Though knighthood boasts the martial pomp no more
That grac'd its gorgeous festivals of yore;
Say, conscious dome, if e'er thy marshall'd knights
So nobly deck'd their old majestic rites,
As when, high thron'd amid thy trophied shrine,
George shone the leader of the garter'd line?
Yet future triumphs, Windsor, still remain;
Still may thy bowers receive as brave a train;
For lo! to Britain and her favour'd pair,
Heaven's high command has sent a sacred heir!
Him the bold pattern of his patriot sire
Shall fill with early fame's immortal fire:
In life's fresh spring, ere buds the promis'd prime,
His thoughts shall mount to virtue's meed sublime:
The patriot fire shall catch, with sure prefage,
Each liberal omen of his opening age;
Then to thy courts shall lead, with conscious joy,
In strippling beauty's bloom, the princely boy;
There firmly wreathe the braid of heavenly dye,
True valour's badge, around his tender thigh.
Meantime, thy royal piles that rise elate
With many an antique tower, in massy state,
In the young champion's musing mind shall raise
Vast images of Albion's elder days.

While, as around his eager glance explores
Thy chambers, rough with war's conſtructed ſtores,
Rude helms, and bruiſed ſhields, barbaric ſpoils
Of ancient chivalry's undaunted toils;
Amid the duſky trappings, hung on high
Young Edward's ſable mail ſhall ſtrike his eye:
Shall fire the youth, to crown his riper years
With rival Creſſy's, and a new Poitiers;
On the ſame wall, the ſame triumphal baſe,
His own victorious monuments to place.
Nor can a fairer kindred title move
His emulative age to glory's love
Than Edward, laureate prince. In letter'd truth,
Oxford, ſage mother, ſchool'd his ſtudious youth:
Her ſimple inſtitutes, and rigid lore,
The royal nurſling unreluctant bore;
Nor ſhunn'd, at penſive eve, with loneſome pace
The cloiſter's moonlight-chequer'd floor to trace;
Nor ſcorn'd to mark the ſun, at mattins due,
Stream through the ſtoried window's holy hue.
And O, young prince, be thine his moral praiſe;
Nor ſeek in fields of blood his warriour bays.
War has its charms terrific. Far and wide
When ſtands th' embattled hoſt in banner'd pride;
O'er the vext plain when the ſhrill clangours run,
And the long phalanx flaſhes in the ſun;
When now no dangers of the deathful day
Mar the bright ſcene, nor break the firm array;
Full oft, too raſhly glows with fond delight
The youthful breaſt, and aſks the future fight;
Nor knows that horror's form, a ſpectre wan,
Stalks, yet unſeen, along the gleamy van.
May no ſuch rage be thine: No dazzling ray
Of ſpecious fame thy ſtedfaſt feet betray.
Be thine domeſtic glory's radiant calm,
Be thine the ſceptre wreath'd with many a palm:
Be thine the throne with peaceful emblems hung,
The ſilver lyre to milder conqueſt ſtrung!
Inſtead of glorious feats achiev'd in arms,
Bid riſing arts diſplay their mimic charms!
Juſt to thy country's fame, in tranquil days,
Record the paſt, and rouſe to future praiſe:
Before the public eye, in breathing braſs,
Bid thy fam'd father's mighty triumphs paſs:
Swell the broad arch with haughty Cuba's fall,
And clothe with Minden's plain th' hiſtoric hall.
Then mourn not, Edward's dome, thine ancient boaſt,
Thy tournaments, and liſted combats loſt!
From Arthur's board, no more, proud caſtle, mourn
Adventurous valour's Gothic trophies torn!
Thoſe elfin charms, that held in magic night
Its elder fame, and dimm'd its genuine light,
At length diſſolve in truth's meridian ray,
And the bright order burſts to perfect day:
The myſtic round, begirt with bolder peers,
On virtues baſe it's reſcued glory rears:
Sees civil proweſs mightier acts achieve,
Sees meek humanity diſtreſs relieve;
Adopts the worth that bids the conflict ceaſe,
And claims its honours from the chiefs of peace.

## VERSES

### ON SIR JOSHUA REYNOLD'S PAINTED WINDOW AT NEW-COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Ah, ſtay thy treacherous hand, forbear to trace
Thoſe faultleſs forms of elegance and grace!
Ah, ceaſe to ſpread the bright tranſparent maſs,
With Titian's pencil, o'er the ſpeaking glaſs!
Nor ſteal, by ſtrokes of art with truth combin'd,
The fond illuſions of my wayward mind!
For long, enamour'd of a barbarous age,
A faithleſs truant to the claſſic page;
Long have I lov'd to catch the ſimple chime
Of minſtrel-harps, and ſpell the fabling rime;
To view the feſtive rites, the knightly play,
That deck'd heroic Albion's elder day;
To mark the mould'ring halls of barons bold,
And the rough caſtle, caſt in giant mould;
With Gothic manners Gothic arts explore,
And muſe on the magnificence of yore.
But chief, enraptur'd have I lov'd to roam,
A lingering votary, the vaulted dome,
Where the tall ſhafts, that mount in maſſy pride,
Their mingling branches ſhoot from ſide to ſide;
Where elfin ſculptors, with fantaſtic clew,
O'er the long roof their wild embroidery drew;
Where ſuperſtition, with capricious hand
In many a maze the wreathed window plann'd,
With hues romantic ting'd the gorgeous pane,
To fill with holy light the wondrous fane;
To aid the builder's model, richly rude,
By no Vitruvian ſymmetry ſubdu'd;
To ſuit the genius of the myſtic pile:
Whilſt ſes around the far-retiring iſle,
And fretted ſhrines, with hoary trophies hung,
Her dark illumination wide ſhe flung,
With new ſolemnity, the nooks profound,
The caves of death, and the dim arches frown'd.
From bliſs long felt unwillingly we part:
Ah ſpare the weakneſs of a lover's heart!
Chaſe not the phantoms of my fairy dream,
Phantoms that ſhrink at reaſon's painful gleam!
That ſofter touch, inſidious artiſt ſtay,
Nor to new joys my ſtruggling breaſt betray!
Such was a penſive bard's miſtaken ſtrain.—
But, oh, of raviſh'd pleaſures why complain?
No more the matchleſs ſkill I call unkind
That ſtrives to diſenchant my cheated mind.
For when again I view thy chaſte deſign,
The juſt proportion, and the genuine line;
Thoſe native portraitures of Attic art,
That from the lucid ſurface ſeem to ſtart
Thoſe tints, that ſteal no glories from the day;
Nor aſk the ſun to lend his ſtreaming ray:
The doubtful radiance of contending dyes,
That faintly mingle, yet diſtinctly riſe;
Twixt light and ſhade the tranſitory ſtrife;
The feature blooming with immortal life:
The ſtole in caſual foldings taught to flow,
Not with ambitious ornaments to glow;
The tread majeſtic, and the beaming eye
That lifted ſpeaks its commerce with the ſky;
Heaven's golden emanation, gleaming mild
O'er the mean cradle of the virgin's child:
Sudden, the ſombrous imagery is fled,
Which late my viſionary rapture fed:
Thy powerful hand has broke the Gothic chain,
And brought my boſom back to truth again:
To truth, by no peculiar taſte confin'd,
Whoſe univerſal pattern ſtrikes mankind;
To truth, whoſe bold and unreſiſted aim
Checks frail caprice, and faſhion's fickle claim;
To truth, whoſe charms deception's magic quell,
And bind coy fancy in a ſtronger ſpell.

Ye brawny prophets, that in robes ſo rich,
At diſtance due, poſſeſs the criſped nich;
Ye rows of patriarchs, that ſublimely rear'd
Diffuſe a proud primeval length of beard:
Ye ſaints, who clad in crimſon's bright array,
More pride than humble poverty diſplay:
Ye virgins meek, that wear the palmy crown
Of patient faith, and yet ſo fiercely frown:
Ye angels, that from clouds of gold recline,
But boaſt no ſemblance to a race divine:
Ye tragic tales of legendary lore,
That draw devotion's ready tear no more;
Ye martyrdoms of unenlighten'd days,
Ye miracles, that now no wonder raiſe:
Shapes, that with one broad glare the gazer ſtrike,
Kings, biſhops, nuns, apoſtles, all alike!
Ye colours, that th' unwary ſight amaze,
And only dazzle in the noontide blaze!

No more the ſacred window's round diſgrace,
But yield to Grecian groupes the ſhining ſpace.
Lo, from the canvas beauty ſhifts her throne,
Lo, picture's powers a new formation own!
Behold, ſhe prints upon the cryſtal plain,
With her own energy, th' expreſſive ſtain!
The mighty maſter ſpreads his mimic toil
More wide, nor only blends the breathing oil;
But calls the lineaments of life complete
From genial alchymy's creative heat;
Obedient forms to the bright fuſion gives,
While in the warm enamel nature lives.
Reynolds, 'tis thine, from the broad window's height,
To add new luſtre to religious light:
Not of its pomp to ſtrip this ancient ſhrine,
But bid that pomp with purer radiance ſhine;
With arts unknown before, to reconcile
The willing graces to the Gothic pile.

# ODES.

## ODE I.

### TO SLEEP.

On this my penſive pillow, gentle ſleep!
Deſcend, in all thy downy plumage dreſt:
Wipe with thy wing theſe eyes that wake to weep,
And place thy crown of poppies on my breaſt.

O ſteep my ſenſes in oblivion's balm,
And ſooth my throbbing pulſe with lenient hand;
This tempeſt of my boiling blood becalm!—
Deſpair grows mild at thy ſupreme command.

Yet ah! in vain, familiar with the gloom,
And ſadly toiling through the tedious night,
I ſeek ſweet ſlumber, while that virgin bloom,
For ever hovering, haunts my wretched ſight.

Nor would the dawning day my ſorrows charm:
Black midnight, and the blaze of noon, alike
To me appear, while with uplifted arm
Death ſtands prepar'd, but ſtill delays, to ſtrike.

## ODE II.

### THE HAMLET.

*Written in Whichwood Foreſt.*

The hinds how bleſt, who ne'er beguil'd
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn-wild;
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For ſplendid care, and guilty gain!
When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
Strikes their low thatch with ſlanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the ſcythe in fragrant dew:
The ſheaf to bind, the beech to fell
That nodding ſhades a craggy dell.
Midſt gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's ſweeteſt notes they hear:
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue:
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
They ſpy the ſquirrel's airy bounds:
And ſtartle from her aſhen ſpray,
Acroſs the glen, the ſcreaming jay:
Each native charm their ſteps explore
Of ſolitude's ſequeſter'd ſtore.
For them the moon with cloudleſs ray
Mounts, to illume their homeward way:
Their weary ſpirits to relieve,
The meadows incenſe breathe at eve.
No riot mars the ſimple fare
That o'er a glimmering hearth they ſhare:
But when the curfeu's meaſur'd roar
Duly, the darkening vallies o'er,
Has echoed from the diſtant town,
They wiſh no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to cloſe
Their drooping eyes in quick repoſe.
Their little ſons, who ſpread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or through the primros'd coppice ſtray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
Or quaintly braid the cowſlip-twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or haſten from the ſultry hill
To loiter at the ſhady rill;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy creſt
To robe the raven's ancient neſt.
Their humble porch with honied flowers
The curling woodbine's ſhade embowers:
From the ſmall garden's thymy mound
Their bees in buſy ſwarms reſound:
Nor fell diſeaſe, before his time,
Haſtes to conſume life's golden prime:
But when their temples long have wore
The ſilver crown of treſſes hoar;
As ſtudious ſtill calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they ſleep.

## ODE III.

WRITTEN AT VALE-ROYAL ABBEY, IN CHESHIRE *.

As evening ſlowly ſpreads his mantle hoar,
No ruder ſounds the bounded valley fill,
Than the faint din, from yonder ſedgy ſhore,
Of ruſhing waters, and the murmuring mill.

How ſunk the ſcene, where cloiſter'd leiſure mus'd!
Where war-worn Edward paid his aweful vow;
And, laviſh of magnificence, diffus'd [brow!
His crowded ſpires o'er the broad mountain's

The golden fans, that o'er the turrets ſtrown,
Quick-glancing to the ſun, wild muſic made,
Are reſt, and every battlement o'ergrown
With knotted thorns, and the tall ſapling's ſhade.

The prickly thiſtle ſheds it's plumy creſt,
And matted nettles ſhade the crumbling maſs,
Where ſhone the pavement's ſurface ſmooth, impreſt
With rich reflection of the ſtoried glaſs.

Here hardy chieftans ſlept in proud repoſe,
Sublimely ſhrin'd in gorgeous imagery;
And through the leſſening aiſles, in radiant rows,
Their conſecrated banners hung on high.

There oxen browze, and there the ſable yew
Through the dun void diſplays its baleful glooms;
And ſheds in lingering drops ungenial dew,
O'er the forgotten graves, and ſcatter'd tombs.

By the ſlow clock, in ſtately-meaſur'd chime,
That from the maſſy tower tremendous toll'd,
No more the ploughman counts the tedious time,
Nor diſtant ſhepherd pens his twilight fold.

High o'er the trackleſs heath at midnight ſeen,
No more the windows, rang'd in long array,
(Where the tall ſhaft and fretted nook between
Thick ivy twines) the taper'd rites betray.

Ev'n now, amid the wavering ivy-wreaths,
(While kindred thoughts the penſive ſounds inſpire)
When the weak breeze in many a whiſper breathes,
I ſeem to liſten to the chanting quire.——

As o'er theſe ſhatter'd towers intent we muſe,
Though rear'd by charity's capricious zeal,
Yet can our breaſts ſoft pity's ſigh refuſe,
Or conſcious candour's modeſt plea conceal?

For though the ſorcereſs, ſuperſtition blind,
Amid the pomp of dreadful ſacrifice,
O'er the dim roofs, to cheat the tranced mind,
Oft bade her viſionary gleams ariſe:

Though the vain hours unſocial ſloth beguil'd,
While the ſtill cloiſter's gate oblivion lock'd;
And through the chambers pale, to ſlumbers mild
Wan indolence her drowſy cradle rock'd:

Yet hence, enthron'd in venerable ſtate,
Proud hoſpitality diſpens'd her ſtore:

Ah, ſee, beneath yon tower's unvaulted gate,
Forlorn ſhe ſits upon the brambled floor!

Her ponderous vaſe, with Gothic portraiture
Emboſs'd, no more with balmy moiſture flows;
Mid the mix'd ſhards o'erwhelm'd in duſt obſcure,
No more, as erſt, the golden goblet glows.

Sore beat by ſtorms in glory's arduous way,
Here might ambition muſe, a pilgrim ſage:
Here raptur'd ſee, religion's evening ray
Gild the calm walks of his repoſing age.

Here ancient art her dedal fancies play'd
In the quaint mazes of the criſped roof;
In mellow glooms the ſpeaking pane array'd,
And rang'd the cluſter'd column, maſſy-proof.

Here learning, guarded from a barbarous age,
Hover'd awhile, nor dar'd attempt the day;
But patient trac'd upon the pictur'd page
The holy legend, or heroic lay.

Hither the ſolitary minſtrel came
An honour'd gueſt, while the grim evening ſky
Hung lowering, and around the ſocial flame
Tun'd his bold harp to tales of chivalry.

Thus ſings the muſe, all penſive and alone;
Nor ſcorns, within the deep ſane's inmoſt cell,
To pluck the gray moſs from the mantled ſtone,
Some holy founder's mouldering name to ſpell.

Thus ſings the muſe:—yet partial as ſhe ſings,
With fond regret ſurveys theſe ruin'd piles:
And with fair images of ancient things
The captive bard's obſequious mind beguiles.

But much we pardon to th' ingenuous muſe;
Her fairy ſhapes are trick'd by fancy's pen:
Severer reaſon forms far other views,
And ſcans the ſcene with philoſophic ken.

From theſe deſerted domes, new glories riſe;
More uſeful inſtitutes, adorning man,
Manners enlarg'd, and new civilities,
On freſh foundations build the ſocial plan.

Science, on ampler plume, a bolder flight
Eſſays, eſcap'd from ſuperſtition's ſhrine:
While freed religion, like primeval light
Burſting from chaos, ſpreads her warmth divine.

## ODE IV.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

With dalliance rude young zephyr woos
Coy May. Full oft with kind excuſe
The boiſterous boy the fair denies,
Or, with a ſcornful ſmile complies.

Mindful of diſaſter paſt,
And ſhrinking at the northern blaſt,
The fleety ſtorm returning ſtill,
The morning hoar, and evening chill;
Reluctant comes the timid Spring.
Scarce a bee, with airy ring,
Murmurs the bloſſom'd boughs around,
That clothe the garden's ſouthern bound:
Scarce a ſickly ſtraggling flower
Decks the rough caſtle's riſted tower:

* *Founded by King Edward the Firſt, about the year* 1300, *in conſequence of a vow which he made when in danger of being ſhipwrecked, during his return from a cruſade.*

Scarce the hardy primrofe peeps
From the dark dell's entangled fteeps:
O'er the field of waving broom,
Slowly fhoots the golden bloom:
And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale
Tinctures the tranfitory gale.
While from the fhrubbery's naked maze,
Where the vegetable blaze
Of Flora's brighteft 'broidery fhone,
Every chequer'd charm is flown;
Save that the lilac hangs to view
Its burfting gems in clufters blue.

Scant along the ridgy land
The beans their new-born ranks expand:
The freſh-turn'd foil with tender blades
Thinly the fprouting barley fhades;
Fringing the foreft's devious edge,
Half rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge;
Or to the diftant eye difplays
Weakly green its budding fprays.

The fwallow, for a moment feen,
Skims in haſte the village green:
From the gray moor, on feeble wing,
The fcreaming plovers idly fpring:
The butterfly, gay-painted foon,
Explores awhile the tepid noon;
And fondly truſts its tender dyes
To fickle funs, and flattering fkies.

Fraught with a tranfient, frozen fhower,
If a cloud fhould haply lower,
Sailing o'er the landfcape dark,
Mute on a fudden is the lark;
But when gleams the fun again
O'er the pearl-befprinkled plain,
And from behind his watery vail
Looks through the thin-defcending hail;
She mounts, and leffening to the fight,
Salutes the blithe return of light,
And high her tuneful track purfues
Mid the dim rainbow's fcatter'd hues.

Where in venerable rows
Widely waving oaks enclofe
The moat of yonder antique hall,
Swarm the rooks with clamorous call;
And to the toils of nature true,
Wreath their capacious nefts anew.

Muſing through the lawny park,
The lonely poet loves to mark,
How various greens in faint degrees
Tinge the tall groupes of various trees;
While, careleſs of the changing year,
The pine cerulean, never fear,
Towers diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
And proudly vaunts her winter veſt.

Within ſome whiſpering oſier iſle,
Where Glym's low banks neglected ſmile;
And each trim meadow ſtill retains
The wint'ry torrent's oozy ſtains:
Beneath a willow, long forſook,
The fiſher ſeeks his cuſtom'd nook;
And burſting through the crackling ſedge
That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,
He ſtartles from the bordering wood
The baſhful wild-duck's early brood.

O'er the broad downs, a novel race,
Friſk the lambs with faultering pace,
And with eager bleatings fill
The foſs that ſkirts the beacon'd hill.

His free-born vigour yet unbroke
To lordly man's uſurping yoke,
The bounding colt forgets to play,
Baſking beneath the noontide ray,
And ſtretch'd among the daiſies pide
Of a green dingle's ſloping ſide:
While far beneath, where nature ſpreads
Her boundleſs length of level meads,
In looſe luxuriance taught to ſtray
A thouſand tumbling rills inlay
With ſilver veins the vale, or paſs
Redundant through the ſparkling graſs.

Yet, in theſe preſages rude,
Midſt her penſive ſolitude,
Fancy, with prophetic glance,
Sees the teeming months advance;
The field, the foreſt, green and gay,
The dappled ſlope, the tedded hay;
Sees the reddening orchard blow,
The harveſt wave, the vintage flow:
Sees June unfold his gleſſy robe
Of thouſand hues o'er all the globe:
Sees Ceres graſp her crown of corn,
And plenty load her ample horn.

## ODE V.

SENT TO MR. UPTON, ON HIS EDITION OF THE FAERIE QUEEN.

As oft reclin'd on Cherwell's ſhelving ſhore,
I trac'd romantic Spenſer's moral page;
And ſooth'd my ſorrows with the dulcet lore
Which fancy fabled in her elfin age:

Much would I grieve, that envious time ſo ſoon
O'er the lov'd ſtrain had caſt his dim diſguiſe;
As lowering clouds, in April's brighteſt noon,
Mar the pure ſplendours of the purple ſkies.

Sage Upton came, from every myſtic tale
To chaſe the gloom that hung o'er Fairy ground:
His wizard hand unlocks each guarded vale,
And opes each flowery foreſt's magic bound.

Thus, never knight with mortal arms eſſay'd
The caſtle of proud Buſyrane to quell;
Till Britomart her beamy ſhield diſplay'd,
And broke with golden ſpear the mighty ſpell:

The dauntleſs maid with hardy ſtep explor'd
Each room, array'd in gliſtering imagery;
And through th' inchanted chamber, richly ſtor'd,
Saw Cupid's ſtately maſk come ſweeping by*.—

At this, where'er, in diſtant region ſheen,
She roves, embower'd with many a ſpangled bough,
Mild Una, lifting her majeſtic mien,
Braids with a brighter wreath her radiant brow.

At this, in hopeleſs ſorrow dropping long,
Her painted wings imagination plumes;
Pleas'd that her laureate votary's reſcued ſong
Its native charm, and genuine grace, reſumes.

* *See Fairy Queen*, iii. 2. 5.

## ODE VI.

### THE SUICIDE.

BENEATH the beech, whose branches bare
Smit with the lightning's livid glare,
O'erhang the craggy road,
And whistle hollow as they wave;
Within a solitary grave,
A slayer of himself* holds his accurs'd abode.

Lour'd the grim morn, in murky dyes
Damp mists involv'd the scowling skies,
And dimm'd the struggling day;
As by the brook that lingering laves
Yon rush-grown moor with sable waves,
Full of the dark resolve he took his sullen way.

I mark'd his desultory pace,
His gestures strange, and varying face,
With many a mutter'd sound;
And ah! too late aghast I view'd
The reeking blade, the hand embru'd:
He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the ground.

Full many a melancholy night
He watch'd the slow return of light;
And sought the powers of sleep,
To spread a momentary calm
O'er his sad couch, and in the balm
Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to steep.

Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
He wore his endless noons alone,
Amid th' autumnal wood:
Oft was he wont, in hasty fit,
Abrupt the social board to quit,
And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood.

Beck'ning the wretch to torments new,
Despair, for ever in his view,
A spectre pale, appear'd;
While, as the shades of eve arose
And brought the day's unwelcome close,
More horrible and huge her gaint-shape she rear'd.

"Is this, mistaken scorn will cry,
"Is this the youth, whose genius high
"Could build the genuine rhyme?
"Whose bosom mild the favouring muse
"Had stor'd with all her ample views,
"Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes sublime."

Ah! from the muse that bosom mild
By treacherous magic was beguil'd,
To strike the deathful blow:
She fill'd his soft ingenuous mind
With many a feeling too refin'd,
And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful sense of woe.

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,
And the sharp stings of hopeless love;
To griefs congenial prone,
More wounds than nature gave he knew,
While misery's form his fancy drew
In dark ideal hues, and horrors not its own.

Then wish not o'er his earthy tomb
The baleful night-shade's lurid bloom
To drop its deadly dew:
Nor oh! forbid the twisted thorn,
That rudely binds his turf forlorn,
With spring's green-swelling buds to vegetate anew.

What though no marble-piled bust
Adorn his desolated dust,
With speaking sculpture wrought?
Pity shall woo the weeping nine,
To build a visionary shrine,
Hung with unfading flowers, from fairy regions brought.

What though refus'd each chanted rite?
Here viewless mourners shall delight
To touch the shadowy shell:
And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom
Of Laura, lost in early bloom,
In many a pensive pause shall seem to ring his knell.

To sooth a lone, unhallow'd shade,
This votive dirge sad duty paid,
Within an ivied nook:
Sudden the half-sunk orb of day
More radiant shot its parting ray,
And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attention took.

"Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praise;
"Nor thus for guilt in specious lays
"The wreath of glory twine:
"In vain with hues of gorgeous glow
"Gay fancy gives her vest to flow,
"Unless truth's matron-hand the floating folds confine.

"Just Heaven, man's fortitude to prove,
"Permits through life at large to rove
"The tribes of hell-born woe:
"Yet the same power that wisely sends
"Life's fiercest ills, indulgent lends
"Religion's golden shield to break th' embattled foe.

"Her aid divine had lull'd to rest
"Yon foul self-murderer's throbbing breast,
"And stay'd the rising storm:
"Had bade the sun of hope appear
"To gild his darken'd hemisphere,
"And give the wonted bloom to nature's blasted form.

"Vain man! 'tis Heaven's prerogative
"To take, what first it deign'd to give,
"Thy tributary breath:
"In awful expection plac'd,
"Await thy doom, nor impious haste
"To pluck from God's right hand his instruments of death."

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* "*The Slayer of himself*," *is used by Dryden for a* Suicide.

## ODE VII.

### SENT TO A FRIEND, ON HIS LEAVING A FAVOURITE VILLAGE IN HAMPSHIRE.

All mourn, thou lov'd retreat! no more
Shall classic steps thy scenes explore,

When morn's pale rays but faintly peep
O'er yonder oak-crown'd airy ſteep,
Who now ſhall climb its brows to view
The length of landſcape, ever new,
Where Summer flings, in careleſs pride,
Her varied veſture far and wide!
Who mark, beneath, each village-charm,
Or grange, or elm-encircled farm:
The flinty dove-cote's crowded roof,
Watch'd by the kite that ſails aloof:
The tufted pines, whoſe umbrage tall
Darkens the long-deſerted hall:
The veteran beech, that on the plain
Collects at eve the playful train;
The cot that ſmokes with early fire,
The low-roof'd fane's emboſom'd ſpire!

Who now ſhall indolently ſtray
Through the deep foreſt's tangled way;
Pleas'd at his cuſtom'd taſk to find
The well known hoary-treſſed hind,
That toils with feeble hands to glean
Of wither'd boughs his pittance mean!
Who mid thy nooks of hazle ſit,
Loſt in ſome melancholy fit;
And liſtening to the raven's croak,
The diſtant flail, the falling oak!
Who, through the ſunſhine and the ſhower,
Deſcry the rainbow-painted tower?
Who, wandering at return of May,
Catch the firſt cuckoo's vernal lay?
Who, muſing waſte the ſummer hour,
Where high o'er-arching trees embow'r
The graſſy lane, ſo rarely pac'd,
With azure flowrets idly grac'd!
Unnotic'd now, at twilight's dawn
Returning reapers croſs the lawn;
Nor fond attention loves to note
The weather's bell from folds remote:
While, own'd by no poetic eye,
Thy penſive evenings ſhade the ſky!

For lo! the bard who rapture found
In every rural ſight or ſound;
Whoſe genius warm, and judgment chaſte,
No charm of genuine nature paſt;
Who felt the muſe's pureſt fires,
Far from thy favour'd haunt retires:
Who peopled all thy vocal bowers
With ſhadowy ſhapes, and airy powers.

Behold, a dread repoſe reſumes,
As erſt, thy ſad ſequeſter'd glooms!
From the deep dell, where ſhaggy roots
Fringe the rough brink with wreathed ſhoots,
Th' unwilling genius flies forlorn,
His primroſe chaplet rudely torn.
With hollow ſhriek the nymphs forſake
The pathleſs copſe, and hedge-row brake:
Where the delv'd mountains's headlong ſide
Its chalky entrails opens wide,
On the green ſummit, ambuſh'd high,
No longer echo loves to lie.
No pearl-crown'd maids, with wily look,
Riſe beckoning from the reedy brook.
Around the glowworm's glimmering bank,
No fairies run in fiery rank;
Nor bruſh, half-ſeen, in airy tread,
The violet's unprinted head.
But fancy, from the thickets brown,
The glades that wear a conſcious frown,
The foreſt-oaks, that pale and lone,
Nod to the blaſt with hoarſer tone,
Rough glens, and ſullen waterfalls,
Her bright ideal offſpring calls.

So by ſome ſage inchanter's ſpell,
(As old Arabian ſablers tell)
Amid the ſolitary wild,
Luxuriant gardens gaily ſmil'd:
From ſapphire rocks the fountains ſtream'd,
With golden fruit the branches beam'd;
Fair forms, in every wonderous wood,
Or lightly tripp'd, or ſolemn ſtood;
And oft, retreating from the view,
Betray'd, at diſtance, beauties new:
While gleaming o'er the criſped bowers
Rich ſpires aroſe, and ſparkling towers.
If bound on ſervice new to go,
The maſter of the magic ſhow,
His tranſitory charm withdrew,
Away th' illuſive landſcape flew:
Dun clouds obſcur'd the groves of gold,
Blue lightning ſmote the blooming mold;
In viſionary glory rear'd,
The gorgeous caſtle diſappear'd:
And a bare heath's unfruitful plain
Uſurp'd the wizard's proud domain.

## ODE VIII.

### THE COMPLAINT OF CHERWELL*.

All penſive from her oſier-woven bow'r
Cherwell aroſe. Around her darkening edge
Pale eve began the ſteaming miſt to pour,
And breezes fann'd by fits the ruſtling ſedge;
She roſe, and thus ſhe cried in deep deſpair,
And tore the ruſhy wreath that bound her ſtreaming hair.

Ah! why, ſhe cried, ſhould Iſis ſhare alone,
The trihutary gifts of tuneful fame!
Shall every ſong her happier influence own,
And ſtamp with partial praiſe her favourite name?
While I, alike to thoſe proud domes allied,
Nor hear the muſe's call, nor boaſt a claſſic tide.

No choſen ſon of all yon fabling band
Bids my looſe locks their gloſſy length diffuſe;
Nor ſees my coral-cinctur'd ſtole expand
Its folds, beſprent with Spring's unnumber'd hues:
No poet builds my grotto's dripping cell,
Nor ſtuds my cryſtal throne with many a ſpeckled ſhell.

In Iſis' vaſe if fancy's eye diſcern
Majeſtic towers emboſs'd in ſculpture high;
Lo! milder glories mark my modeſt urn,
The ſimple ſcenes of paſtoral imagery:
What though ſhe pace ſublime, a ſtately queen?
Mine is the gentle grace, the meek retiring mien.

---

* *One of the rivers at Oxford.*

Proud nymph, ſince late the muſe thy triumphs ſung,
No more with mine thy ſcornful Naiads play,
(While Cynthia's lamp o'er the broad vale is hung),
Where meet our ſtreams, indulging ſhort delay:
No more, thy crown to braid, thou deign'ſt to take
My creſs-born flowers that float in many a ſhady lake.

Vain bards! can Iſis win the raptur'd ſoul,
Where art each wilder watery charm invades?
Whoſe waves, in meaſur'd volumes taught to roll,
Or ſtagnant ſleep, or ruſh in white caſcades:
Whoſe banks with echoing induſtry reſound,
Fenc'd by the foam-beat pier, and torrent-braving mound.

Lo! here no commerce ſpreads the fervent toil,
To pour pollution o'er my virgin tide;
The freſhneſs of my paſtures to defile,
Or bruiſe the matted groves that fringe my ſide:
But ſolitude, on this ſequeſter'd bank,
Mid the moiſt lilies ſits, attir'd in mantle dank.

No ruder ſounds my grazing herds affright,
Nor mar the milk-maid's ſolitary ſong:
The jealous halcyon wheels her humble flight,
And hides her emerald wing my reeds among;
All unalarm'd, ſave when the genial May
Bids wake my peopled ſhores, and rears the ripen'd hay.

Then ſcorn no more this unfrequented ſcene;
So to new notes ſhall my coy echo ſtring
Her lonely harp. Hither the brow ſerene,
And the ſlow pace of contemplation bring:
Nor call in vain inſpiring ecſtaſy
To bid her viſions meet the frenzy-rolling eye.

Whate'er the theme: if unrequited love
Seek, all unſeen, his baſhful griefs to breathe;
Or fame to bolder flights the boſom move,
Waving aloft the glorious epic wreath;
Here hail the muſes: from the buſy throng
Remote, where fancy dwells, and nature prompts the ſong.

## ODE IX.

### THE CRUSADE.

*Advertiſement.*

KING RICHARD the firſt, celebrated for his achievements in the cruſades, was no leſs diſtinguiſhed for his patronage of the provencial minſtrels, and his own compoſitions in their ſpecies of poetry. Returning from one of his expeditions in the holy land, in diſguiſe, he was impriſoned in a caſtle of Leopold duke of Auſtria. His favourite minſtrel, Blondel de Neſle, having traverſed all Germany, in ſearch of his maſter at length came to a caſtle in which he found there was only one priſoner, and whoſe name was unknown. Suſpecting that he had made the deſired diſcovery, he ſeated himſelf under a window of the priſoner's apartment; and began a ſong or ode, which the king and himſelf had formerly compoſed together. When the priſoner, who was King Richard, heard the ſong, he knew that Blondel muſt be the ſinger: and when Blondel pauſed about the middle, the king began the remainder, and completed it. The following ode is ſuppoſed to be this joint compoſition of the minſtrel and King Richard.

BOUND for holy Paleſtine,
Nimbly we bruſh'd the level brine,
All in azure ſteel array'd;
O'er the wave our weapons play'd,
And made the dancing billows glow;
High upon the trophied prow,
Many a warrior-minſtrel ſwung
His ſounding harp, and boldly ſung:
" Syrian virgins, wail and weep,
" Engliſh Richard ploughs the deep!
" Tremble, watchmen, as ye ſpy,
" From diſtant towers, with anxious eye,
" The radiant range of ſhield and lance
" Down Damaſcus' hills advance:
" From Sion's turrets, as afar
" Ye ken the march of Europe's war!
" Saladin, thou paynim king,
" From Albion's iſle revenge we bring!
" On Acon's * ſpiry citadel,
" Though to the gale thy banners ſwell,
" Pictur'd with the ſilver moon;
" England ſhall end thy glory ſoon!
" In vain, to break our firm array,
" Thy brazen drums hoarſe diſcord bray:
" Thoſe ſounds our riſing fury fan:
" Engliſh Richard in the van.
" On to victory we go,
" A vaunting infidel the foe."
Blondel led the tuneful band,
And ſwept the wire with glowing hand.
Cyprus, from her rocky mound,
And Crete, with piny verdure crown'd,
Far along the ſmiling main
Echoed the prophetic ſtrain.
Soon we kiſs'd the ſacred earth
That gave a murder'd Saviour birth:
Then with ardour freſh endu'd,
Thus the ſolemn ſong renew'd.
" Lo, the toilſome voyage paſt,
" Heaven's favour'd hills appear at laſt!
" Object of our holy vow,
" We tread the Tyrian vallies now.
" From Carmel's almond-ſhaded ſteep
" We feel the cheering fragrance creep:
" O'er Engaddi's ſhrubs of balm
" Waves the date-empurpled palm,
" See, Lebanon's aſpiring head
" Wide his immortal umbrage ſpread!
" Hail Calvary, thou mountain hoar,
" Wet with our Redeemer's gore!
" Ye trampled tombs, ye fanes forlorn,
" Ye ſtones, by tears of pilgrims worn;
" Your raviſh'd honours to reſtore,
" Fearleſs we climb this hoſtile ſhore!
" And thou, the ſepulchre of God!
" By mocking pagans rudely trod,
" Bereft of every awful rite,
" And quench'd thy lamps that beam'd ſo bright;
" For thee, from Britain's diſtant coaſt,
" Lo, Richard leads his faithful hoſt!
" Aloft in his heroic hand,
" Blazing, like the beacon's brand,

* *A capital Chriſtian city and fortreſs of Syria.*

" O'er the far-affrighted fields,
" Reſiſtleſs Kaliburn he wields *.
" Proud Saracen, pollute no more
" The ſhrines by martyrs built of yore!
" From each wild mountain's trackleſs crown
" In vain, thy gloomy caſtles frown:
" Thy battering engines, huge and high,
" In vain our ſteel-clad ſteeds defy;
" And, rolling in terrific ſtate,
" On giant-wheels harſh thunders grate.
" When eve has huſh'd the buzzing camp,
" Amid the moon-light vapours damp,
" Thy necromantic forms, in vain,
" Haunt us on the tented plain:
" We bid thoſe ſpectre-ſhapes avaunt,
" Aſhtaroth, and Termagaunt!
" With many a demon, pale of hue,
" Doom'd to drink the bitter dew
" That drops from Macon's footy tree,
" Mid the dread grove of ebony.
" Nor magic charms, nor fiends of hell,
" The Chriſtian's holy courage quell.
" Salem, in ancient majeſty
" Ariſe, and lift thee to the ſky!
" Soon on thy battlements divine
" Shall wave the badge of Conſtantine.
" Ye barons, to the ſun unfold
" Our croſs with crimſon wove and gold!"

## ODE X.

### THE GRAVE OF KING ARTHUR.

*Advertiſement.*

KING HENRY the Second having undertaken an expedition into Ireland, to ſuppreſs a rebellion raiſed by Roderick King of Connaught, commonly called O Connor Dun, or *the Brown Monarch of Ireland*, was entertained, in his paſſage through Wales, with the ſongs of the Welſh bards. The ſubject of their poetry was King Arthur, whoſe hiſtory had been ſo diſguiſed by fabulous inventions, that the place of his burial was in general ſcarcely known or remembered. But in one of theſe Welſh poems ſung before Henry, it was recited, that King Arthur, after the battle of Camlan, in Cornwall, was interred at Glaſtonbury abbey, before the high altar, yet without any external mark or memorial. Afterwards Henry viſited the abbey, and commanded the ſpot deſcribed by the bard to be opened: When digging near 20 feet deep, they found the body, depoſited under a large ſtone, inſcribed with Arthur's name. This is the ground-work of the following ode: But for the better accommodation of the ſtory to our preſent purpoſe, it is told with ſome ſlight variations from the Chronicle of Glaſtonbury. The caſtle of Cilgarran, where this diſcovery is ſuppoſed to have been made, now a romantic ruin, ſtands on a rock deſcending to the river Teivi, in Pembrokeſhire; and was built by Roger Montgomery, who led the van of the Normans at Haſtings.

* *Kaliburn is the ſword of King Arthur. Which, as the monkiſh hiſtorians ſay, came into the poſſeſſion of Richard the Firſt; and was given by that monarch, in the cruſades, to Tancred King of Sicily, as a royal preſent of ineſtimable price, about the year* 1190. *See the following Ode.*

STATELY the feaſt, and high the cheer:
Girt with many an armed peer,
And canopied with golden pall,
Amid Cilgarran's caſtle hall,
Sublime in formidable ſtate,
And warlike ſplendour, Henry ſate;
Prepar'd to ſtain the briny flood
Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood.
Illumining the vaulted roof,
A thouſand torches flam'd aloof:
From maſſy cups, with golden gleam,
Sparkled the red metheglin's ſtream:
To grace the gorgeous feſtival,
Along the lofty-window'd hall,
The ſtoried tapeſtry was hung:
With minſtrelly the rafters rung
Of harps, that with reflected light
From the proud gallery glitter'd bright:
While gifted bards, a rival throng,
(From diſtant Mona, nurſe of ſong,
From Teivi, fring'd with umbrage brown,
From Elvy's vale, and Cader's crown,
From many a ſhaggy precipice
That ſhades Ierne's hoarſe abyſs,
And many a ſunleſs ſolitude
Of Radnor's inmoſt mountains rude,)
To crown the banquet's ſolemn cloſe,
Themes of Britiſh glory choſe;
And to the ſtrings of various chime
Attemper'd thus the fabling rhyme:
" O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempeſt roar'd,
" High the ſcreaming ſea-mew ſoar'd;
" On Tintaggel's * topmoſt tower
" Darkſome fell the ſleety ſhower;
" Round the rough caſtle ſhrilly ſung
" The whirling blaſt, and wildly flung
" On each tall rampart's thundering ſide
" The ſurges of the tumbling tide:
" When Arthur rang'd his red-croſs ranks
" On conſcious Camlan's crimſon'd banks:
" By Mordred's faithleſs guile decreed
" Beneath a Saxon ſpear to bleed!
" Yet in vain a paynim foe
" Arm'd with fate the mighty blow;
" For when he fell, an elfin queen,
" All in ſecret, and unſeen,
" O'er the fainting hero threw
" Her mantle of ambroſial blue;
" And bade her ſpirits hear him far,
" In Merlin's agate-axled car,
" To her green iſle's enamel'd ſteep,
" Far in the navel of the deep.
" O'er his wounds ſhe ſprinkled dew
" From flowers that in Arabia grew:
" On a rich enchanted bed,
" She pillow'd his majeſtic head;
" O'er his brow, with whiſpers bland,
" Thrice ſhe wav'd an opiate wand;
" And to ſoft muſic's airy ſound,
" Her magic curtains clos'd around.
" There, renew'd the vital ſpring,
" Again he reigns a mighty king;

* *Tintaggel, or Tintadgel caſtle, where King Arthur is ſaid to have been born, and to have chiefly reſided. Some of its huge fragments ſtill remain, on a rocky peninſular cape, of a prodigious declivity towards the ſea, and almoſt inacceſſible from the land ſide, on the ſouthern coaſts of Cornwall.*

" And many a fair and fragrant clime,
" Blooming in immortal prime,
" By gales of Eden ever fann'd,
" Owns the monarch's high command:
" Thence to Britain shall return,
" (If right prophetic rolls I learn)
" Borne on victory's spreading plume,
" His ancient sceptre to resume;
" Once more, in old heroic pride,
" His barbed courser to bestride;
" His knightly table to restore,
" And the brave tournaments of yore."
They ceas'd: when on the tuneful stage
Advanc'd a bard, of aspect sage;
His silver tresses, thin besprent,
To age a graceful reverence lent;
His beard, all white as spangles frore
That clothe Plinlimmon's forests hoar,
Down to his harp descending flow'd;
With time's faint rose his features glow'd;
His eyes diffus'd a soften'd fire,
And thus he wak'd the warbling wire:
" Listen, Henry, to my reed!
" Not from fairy realms I lead
" Bright-rob'd tradition, to relate
" In forged colours Arthur's fate;
" Though much of old romantic lore
" On the high theme I keep in store:
" But boastful fiction should be dumb,
" Where truth the strain might best become.
" If thine ear may still be won
" With songs of Uther's glorious son;
" Henry, I a tale unfold,
" Never yet in rhyme enroll'd,
" Nor sung nor harp'd in hall or bower;
" Which in my youth's full early flower,
" A minstrel, sprung of Cornish line,
" Who spoke of kings from old Locrine,
" Taught me to chant, one vernal dawn,
" Deep in a cliff-encircled lawn,
" What time the glistening vapours fled
" From cloud-envelop'd Clyder's * head;
" And on its sides the torrents gray
" Shone to the morning's orient ray.
" When Arthur bow'd his haughty crest,
" No princess, veil'd in azure vest,
" Snatch'd him, by Merlin's potent spell,
" In groves of golden bliss to dwell;
" Where, crown'd with wreaths of mistletoe,
" Slaughter'd kings in glory go:
" But when he fell, with winged speed,
" His champions, on a milk-white steed,
" From the battle's hurricane,
" Bore him to Joseph's towered fane,
" In the fair vale of Avalon †:
" There, with chanted orison,
" And the long blaze of tapers clear,
" The stoled fathers met the bier;
" Through the dim aisles, in order dread
" Of martial woe, the chief they led,
" And deep entomb'd in holy ground,
" Before the altar's solemn bound.
" Around no dusky banners wave,
" No mouldering trophies mark the grave:
" Away the ruthless Dane has torn
" Each trace that time's slow touch had worn;
" And long, o'er the neglected stone,
" Oblivion's veil its shade has thrown:
" The faded tomb, with honour due,
" 'Tis thine, O Henry, to renew!
" Thither, when conquest has restor'd
" Yon recreant isle, and sheath'd the sword,
" When peace with palm has crown'd thy brows,
" Haste thee, to pay thy pilgrim vows.
" There, observant of my lore,
" The pavement's hallow'd depth explore;
" And thrice a fathom underneath
" Dive into the vaults of death.
" There shall thine eye, with wild amaze,
" On his gigantic stature gaze;
" There shalt thou find the monarch laid,
" All in warrior-weeds array'd;
" Wearing in death his helmet-crown,
" And weapons huge of old renown.
" Martial prince, 'tis thine to save
" From dark oblivion Arthur's grave!
" So may thy ships securely stem
" The western frith: thy diadem
" Shine victorious in the van,
" Nor heed the slings of Ulster's clan:
" Thy Norman pike-men win their way
" Up the dun rocks of Harald's bay *:
" And from the steeps of rough Kildare
" Thy prancing hoofs the falcon scare:
" So may thy bow's unerring yew
" Its shafts in Roderick's heart imbrew †."
Amid the pealing symphony
The spiced goblets mantled high;
With passions new the song impress'd
The listening king's impatient breast:
Flash the keen lightnings from his eyes;
He scorns a while his bold emprise;
Ev'n now he seems, with eager pace,
The consecrated floor to trace;
And ope, from its tremendous gloom,
The treasure of the wonderous tomb:
Ev'n now, he burns in thought to rear,
From its dark bed, the ponderous spear,
Rough with the gore of Pictish kings:
Ev'n now fond hope his fancy wings,
To poise the monarch's massy blade,
Of magic-temper'd metal made;
And drag to-day the dinted shield
That felt the storm of Camlan's field.
O'er the sepulchre profound
Ev'n now, with arching sculpture crown'd,
He plans the chantry's choral shrine,
The daily dirge, and rites divine.

---

* *Or Glyder, a mountain in Caernarvonshire.*

† *Glastonbury abbey, said to be founded by Joseph of Arimathea, in a spot anciently called the island or valley of Avalonia.*

* *The bay of Dublin. Harald, or Har-Sager, the* Fair-haired *King of Norway, is said, in the life of Gryffudh ap Conan, Prince of North Wales, to have conquered Ireland, and to have founded Dublin.*

† *Henry is supposed to have succeeded in this enterprise, chiefly by the use of the long-bow, with which the Irish were entirely unacquainted.*

# SONNETS.

## SONNET I.

WRITTEN AT WINSLADE, IN HAMPSHIRE.

WINSLADE, thy beech-capt hills, with waving grain
Mantled, thy chequer'd views of wood and lawn,
Whilom could charm, or when the gradual dawn
Gan the gray mist with orient purple stain,
Or evening glimmer'd o'er the folded train:
Her fairest landscapes whence my muse has drawn,
Too free with servile courtly phrase to fawn,
Too weak to try the buskin's stately strain:
Yet now no more thy slopes of beech and corn,
Nor views invite, since he far distant strays,
With whom I trac'd their sweets at eve and morn,
From Albion far, to cull Hesperian bays;
In this alone they please, howe'er forlorn,
That still they can recal those happier days.

## SONNET II.

ON BATHING.

WHEN late the trees were stript by winter pale,
Young health, a dryad-maid in vesture green,
Or like the forest's silver-quiver'd queen,
On airy uplands met the piercing gale;
And, ere its earliest echo shook the vale,
Watching the hunter's joyous horn was seen.
But since, gay-thron'd in fiery chariot sheen,
Summer has smote each daisy-dappled dale;
She to the cave retires, high-arch'd beneath
The fount that laves proud Isis' towery brim:
And now, all glad the temperate air to breathe,
While cooling drops distil from arches dim,
Binding her dewy locks with sedgy wreath,
She sits amid the choir of naiads trim.

## SONNET III.

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF DUGDALE'S MONASTICON.

DEEM not, devoid of elegance, the sage,
By fancy's genuine feelings unbeguil'd,
Of painful pedantry the poring child;
Who turns, of these proud domes, th' historic page,
Now sunk by time, and Henry's fiercer rage.
Think'st thou the warbling muses never smil'd
On his lone hours? Ingenuous views engage
His thoughts, on themes, unclassic falsely styl'd,
Intent. While cloister'd piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictur'd stores.
Nor rough, nor barren, are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strown with flowers.

## SONNET IV.

WRITTEN AT STONEHENGE.

THOU noblest monument of Albion's isle!
Whether by Merlin's aid from Scythia's shore,
To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,
Huge frame of giant-hands, the mighty pile,
T' entomb his Britains slain by Hengist's guile *;
Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,
Taught mid thy massy maze their mystic lore:
Or Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage spoil,
To victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,
Rear'd the rude heap: or, in thy hallow'd round,
Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line;
Or here those kings in solemn state were crown'd:
Studious to trace thy wond'rous origine,
We muse on many an ancient tale renown'd.

## SONNET V.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING WILTON-HOUSE.

FROM Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic art
Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bow'rs,
Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
And breathing forms from the rude marble start,
How to life's humbler scene can I depart?
My breast all glowing from those gorgeous tow'rs,
In my low cell how cheat the sullen hours!
Vain the complaint: for fancy can impart
(To fate superior, and to fortune's doom)
Whate'er adorns the stately-storied hall:
She, mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,
Can dress the graces in their Attic pall:
Bid the green landskip's vernal beauty bloom:
And in bright trophies clothe the twilight wall.

## SONNET VI.

TO MR. GRAY.

NOT that her blooms are mark'd with beauty's hue,
My rustic muse her votive chaplet brings;
Unseen, unheard, O Gray, to thee she sings!
While slowly-pacing through the churchyard dew,
At curfew-time, beneath the dark-green yew,
Thy pensive genius strikes the moral strings;
Or borne sublime on inspiration's wings,
Hears Cambria's bards devote the dreadful clue
Of Edward's race, with murders foul defil'd:
Can aught my pipe to reach thine ear essay?
No, bard divine! For many a care beguil'd
By the sweet magic of thy soothing lay,
For many a raptur'd thought, and vision wild,
To thee this strain of gratitude I pay.

* *One of bardish traditions about Stonehenge.*

## SONNET VII.

While Summer-ſuns o'er the gay proſpect play'd,
Through Surry's verdant ſcenes, where Epſom ſpreads
Mid intermingling elms her flowery meads,
And Haſcombe's hill, in towering groves array'd,
Rear'd its romantic ſteep, with mind ſerene
I journey'd blithe. Full penſive I return'd;
For now my breaſt with hopeleſs paſſion burn'd,
Wet with hoar miſts appear'd the gaudy ſcene
Which late in careleſs indolence I paſt;
And Autumn all around thoſe hues had caſt
Where paſt delight my recent grief might trace.
Sad change, that nature a congenial gloom
Should wear, when moſt my cheerleſs mood to chaſe,
I wiſh'd her green attire and wonted bloom!

## SONNET VIII.

### ON KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE AT WINCHESTER.

Where Venta's Norman caſtle ſtill appears
Its rafter'd hall, that o'er the graſſy foſs,
And ſcatter'd flinty fragments clad in moſs,
On yonder ſteep in naked ſtate appears;
High-hung remains, the pride of warlike years,
Old Arthur's board: on the capacious round
Some Britiſh pen has ſketch'd the names renown'd
In marks obſcure, of his immortal peers.
Though join'd by magic ſkill, with many a rhyme,
The Druid frame, unhonour'd falls a prey
To the ſlow vengeance of the wizard time,
And fade the Britiſh characters away;
Yet Spenſer's page, that chaunts in verſe ſublime
Thoſe chiefs ſhall live, unconſcious of decay.

## SONNET IX.

### TO THE RIVER LODON.

Ah! what a weary race my feet have run,
Since firſt I trod thy banks with alders crown'd,
And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
Beneath thy azure ſky and golden ſun:
Where firſt my muſe to liſp her notes begun!
While penſive memory traces back the round,
Which fills the varied interval between;
Much pleaſure, more of ſorrow, marks the ſcene.
Sweet native ſtream! thoſe ſkies and ſuns ſo pure
No more return, to cheer my evening road!
Yet ſtill one joy remains, that not obſcure,
Nor uſeleſs, all my vacant days have flow'd,
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature;
Nor with the muſe's laurel unbeſtow'd.

# MISCELLANIES.

## INSCRIBED ON A BEAUTIFUL GROTTO NEAR THE WATER.

The graces ſought in yonder ſtream,
To cool the fervid day,
When love's malicious godhead came,
And ſtole their robes away.

Proud of the theft, the little god
Their robes bade Delia wear:
While they aſham'd to ſtir abroad,
Remain all naked here.

## THE PLEASURES OF MELANCHOLY.

Mother of muſings, contemplation ſage,
Whoſe grotto ſtands upon the topmoſt rock
Of Teneriff; 'mid the tempeſtuous night,
On which, in calmeſt meditation held,
Thou hear'ſt with howling winds the beating rain,
And drifting hail deſcend; or if the ſkies
Unclouded ſhine, and through the blue ſerene
Pale Cynthia rolls her ſilver-axled car,
Whence gazing ſtedfaſt on the ſpangled vault
Rapt'ur'd thou litt'ſt, while murmurs indiſtinct
Of diſtant billows ſooth thy penſive ear
With hoarſe and hollow ſounds; ſecure, ſelf-bleſ
There oft thou liſten'ſt to the wild uproar
Of fleets encount'ring, that in whiſpers low
Aſcends the rocky ſummit, where thou dwell'ſt
Remote from man, converſing with the ſpheres
O lead me, queen ſublime, to ſolemn glooms
Congenial with my ſoul; to cheerleſs ſhades,
To ruin's ſeats, to twilight cells and bow'rs,
Where thoughtful melancholy loves to muſe,
Her fav'rite midnight haunts. The laughi
ſcenes
Of purple Spring, where all the wanton train
Of ſmiles and graces ſeem to lead the dance
In ſportive round, while from their hands th
ſhow'r
Ambroſial blooms and flow'rs, no longer charm
Tempe, no more I court thy balmy breeze,
Adieu green vales! ye broider'd meads, adieu!
Beneath yon ruin'd abbey's moſs-grown piles,
Oft let me ſit at twilight hour of eve, [mo
Where through ſome weſtern window the p
Pours her long-leveil'd rule of ſtreaming light;
While ſullen ſacred ſilence reigns around,
Save the lone ſcreech-owl's note, who builds
bow'r
Amid the mould'ring caverns dark and damp,

)r the calm breeze, that ruſtles in the leaves
)f flaunting ivy, that with mantle green
nveſts ſome waſted tow'r. Or let me tread
s neighb'ring walk of pines, where mus'd of old
he cloiſter'd brothers: through the gloomy void
hat far extends beneath their ample arch
s on I pace, religious horror wraps
ly ſoul in dread repoſe. But when the world
s clad in midnight's raven-colour'd robe,
Mid hollow charnel let me watch the flame
)f taper dim, ſhedding a livid glare
)'er the wan heaps; while airy voices talk
long the glimm'ring walls; or ghoſtly ſhape
t diſtance ſeen, invites with beck'ning hand
ly loneſome ſteps, through the far-winding vaults.
Vor undelightful is the ſolemn noon
)f night, when haply wakeful from my couch
ſtart: lo, all is motionleſs around!
.oars not the ruſhing wind; the ſons of men
nd every beaſt in mute oblivion lie;
ll nature's huſh'd in ſilence and in ſleep.
) then how fearful is it to reflect,
hat through the ſtill globe's awful ſolitude,
Vo being wakes but me! till ſtealing ſleep
ly drooping temples bathes in opiate dews.
Vor then let dreams, of wanton folly born,
ly ſenſes lead through ſlow'ry paths of joy;
ut let the ſacred genius of the night
uch myſtic viſions ſend, as Spenſer ſaw,
Vhen through bewild'ring fancy's magic maze,
'o the fell houſe of Buſyrane, he led
'h' unſhaken Britomart; or Milton knew,
Vhen in abſtracted thought he firſt conceiv'd
ll heav'n in tumult, and the ſeraphim
ome tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold.
Let others love ſoft Summer's ev'ning ſmiles,
s liſt'ning to the diſtant water-fall,
hey mark the bluſhes of the ſtreaky weſt;
chooſe the pale December's foggy glooms.
hen with the ſullen ſhades of ev'ning cloſe,
Vhere through the room a blindly-glimm'ring gleam
hy dying embers ſcatter, far remote
rom mirth's mad ſhouts, that through the illumin'd roof
eſound with feſtive echo, let me ſit,
leſt with the lowly cricket's drowſy dirge.
hen let my thought contemplative explore
his fleeting ſtate of things, the vain delights,
he fruitleſs toils, that ſtill our ſearch elude,
s through the wilderneſs of life we rove.
his ſober hour of ſilence will unmaſk
alſe folly's ſmile, that like the dazzling ſpells
)f wily Comus cheat th' unweeting eye
With blear illuſion, and perſuade to drink
hat charmed cup, which reaſon's mintage fair
Unmoulds, and ſtamps the monſter on the man.
Eager we taſte, but in the luſcious draught
Forget the poiſonous dregs that lurk beneath.
Few know that elegance of ſoul refin'd,
Whoſe ſoft ſenſation feels a quicker joy
From melancholy's ſcenes, than the dull pride
)f taſteleſs ſplendour and magnificence
Can e'er afford. Thus Eloiſe, whoſe mind
Had languiſh'd to the pangs of melting love,
More genuine tranſport found, as on ſome tomb
Reelin'd, ſhe watch'd the tapers of the dead;
Or through the pillar'd aiſles, amid pale ſhrines
Of imag'd ſaints, and intermingled graves,
Mus'd a veil'd votareſs; than Flavia feels,
As through the mazes of the feſtive ball
Proud of her conquering charms and beauty's blaze,
She floats amid the ſilken ſons of dreſs,
And ſhines the faireſt of th' aſſembled fair.
When azure noontide cheers the dædal globe,
And the bleſt regent of the golden day
Rejoices in his bright meridian bow'r,
How oft my wiſhes aſk the night's return,
That beſt befriends the melancholy mind!
Hail, ſacred night! thou too ſhalt ſhare my ſong:
Siſter of ebon-ſcepter'd Hecate, hail!
Whether in congregated clouds thou wrapp'ſt
Thy viewleſs chariot, or with ſilver crown
Thy beaming head encircleſt, ever hail!
What though beneath thy gloom the ſorcereſs train,
Far in obſcured haunt of Lapland moors,
With rhymes uncouth the bloody cauldron bleſs;
Though murder, wan beneath thy ſhrouding ſhade,
Summons her ſlow-cy'd vot'ries to deviſe
Of ſecret ſlaughter, while by one blue lamp
In hideous conf'rence ſits the liſt'ning band,
And ſtart at each low wind, or wakeful ſound;
What though thy ſtay the pilgrim curſeth oft,
As all benighted in Arabian waſtes
He hears the wilderneſs around him howl
With roaming monſters, while on his hoar head
The black-deſcending tempeſt ceaſeleſs beats;
Yet more delightful to my penſive mind
Is thy return, than blooming morn's approach,
Ev'n then, in youthful pride of opening May,
When from the portals of the ſaffron eaſt
She ſheds freſh roſes, and ambroſial dews,
Yet not ungrateful is the morn's approach
When dropping wet ſhe comes, and clad in clouds,
While through the damp air ſcowls the louring ſouth,
Blackening the landſcape's face, that grove and hill
In formleſs vapours undiſtinguiſh'd ſwim:
Th' afflicted ſongſters of the ſadden'd groves
Hail not the ſullen gloom; the waving elms
That hoar through time, and rang'd in thick array,
Encloſe with ſtately row ſome rural hall,
Are mute, nor echo with the clamours hoarſe
Of rooks rejoicing on their airy boughs;
While to the ſhed the dripping poultry crowd,
A mournful train: ſecure the village-hind
Hangs o'er the crackling blaze, nor tempts the ſtorm,
Fix'd in th' unfiniſh'd furrow reſts the plough:
Rings not the high wood with enliven'd ſhouts
Of early hunter: all is ſilence drear;
And deepeſt ſadneſs wraps the face of things.
Through Pope's ſoft ſong though all the graces breathe,
And happieſt art adorn his Attic page;
Yet does my mind with ſweeter tranſport glow,
As at the root of moſſy trunk reclin'd,
In magic Spenſer's wildly-warbled ſong
I ſee deſerted Una wander wide
Through waſteful ſolitudes, and lurid heaths,

Weary, forlorn; than when the * fated fair,
Upon the boſom bright of ſilver Thames,
Launches in all the luſtre of brocade,
Amid the ſplendours of the laughing ſun.
The gay deſcription palls upon the ſenſe,
And coldly ſtrikes the mind with feeble bliſs.
Ye youths of Albion's beauty-blooming iſle,
Whoſe brows have worn the wreath of luckleſs love,
Is there a pleaſure like the penſive mood,
Whoſe magic wont to ſooth your ſoften'd ſouls?
O tell how rapturous the joy, to melt
To melody's aſſuaſive voice; to bend
Th' uncertain ſtep along the midnight mead,
And pour your ſorrows to the pitying moon,
By many a ſlow trill from the bird of woe
Oft interrupted; in embow'ring woods
By darkſome brook to muſe, and there forget
The ſolemn dullneſs of the tedious world,
While fancy graſps the viſionary fair:
And now no more the abſtracted ear attends
The water's murm'ring lapſe, th' entranced eye
Pierces no longer through the extended rows
Of thick-rang'd trees; till haply from the depth
The woodman's ſtroke, or diſtant tinkling team,
Or heifers ruſtling through the brake alarms
Th' illuded ſenſe, and mars the golden dream.
Theſe are delights that abſence drear has made
Familiar to my ſoul, e'er ſince the form
Of young Sapphira, beauteous as the Spring,
When from her vi'let-woven couch awak'd
By frolic zephyr's hand, her tender cheek
Graceful ſhe lifts, and bluſhing from her bow'r
Iſſues to clothe in gladſome-gliſt'ring green
The genial globe, firſt met my dazzled ſight:
Theſe are delights unknown to minds profane,
And which alone the peuſive ſoul can taſte.
The taper'd choir, at the late hour of pray'r,
Oft let me tread, while to th' according voice
The many ſounding organ peals on high,
The clear ſlow-dittied chaunt, or varied hymn,
Till all my ſoul is bath'd in ecſtacies,
And lap'd in Paradiſe. Or let me ſit
Far in ſequeſter'd aiſles of the deep dome,
There loneſome liſten to the ſacred ſounds,
Which, as they lengthen through the Gothic vaults,
In hollow murmurs reach my raviſh'd ear.
Nor when the lamps expiring yield to night,
And ſolitude returns, would I forſake
The ſolemn manſion, but attentive mark
The due clock ſwinging ſlow with ſweepy ſway,
Meaſuring time's flight with momentary ſound.
Nor let me fail to cultivate my mind
With the ſoft thrillings of the tragic muſe,
Divine Melpomene, ſweet pity's nurſe,
Queen of the ſtately ſtep, and flowing pall.
Now let Monimia mourn with ſtreaming eyes
Her joys inceſtuous, and polluted love:
Now let ſoft Juliet in the gaping tomb
Print the laſt kiſs on her true Romeo's lips,
His lips yet reeking from the deadly draught.
Or Jaffier kneel for one forgiving look.
Nor ſeldom let the Moor on Deſdemone
Pour the miſguided threats of jealous rage.

* *Belinda. See Rape of the Lock.*

By ſoft degrees the manly torrent ſteals
From my ſwoln eyes; and at a brother's woe
My big heart melts in ſympathizing tears.
What are the ſplendours of the gaudy court,
Its tinſel trappings, and its pageant pomps?
To me far happier ſeems the baniſh'd lord
Amid Siberia's unrejoicing wilds
Who pines all loneſome, in the chambers hoar
Of ſome high caſtle ſhut, whoſe windows dim
In diſtant ken diſcover trackleſs plains,
Where Winter ever whirls his icy car;
While ſtill repeated objects of his view,
The gloomy battlements and ivied ſpires
That crown the ſolitary dome, ariſe;
While from the topmoſt turret the ſlow clock,
Far heard along th' inhoſpitable waſtes,
With ſad returning chime awakes new grief;
Ev'n he far happier ſeems than is the proud,
The potent ſatrap, whom he left behind
'Mid Moſcow's golden palaces, to drown
In eaſe and luxury the laughing hours.
Illuſtrious objects ſtrike the gazer's mind
With feeble bliſs, and but allure the ſight,
Nor rouſe with impulſe quick th' unfeeling heart.
Thus ſeen by ſhepherd from Hymettus' brow,
What dædal landſcapes ſmile! here palmy groves,
Reſounding once with Plato's voice, ariſe,
Amid whoſe umbrage green her ſilver head
Th' unfading olive lifts; here vine-clad hills
Lay forth their purple ſtore, and ſunny vales
In proſpect vaſt their level laps expand,
Amid whoſe beauties gliſtering Athens tow'rs.
Though through the bliſsful ſcenes Iliſſus roll
His ſage-inſpiring flood, whoſe winding marge
The thick-wove laurel ſhades; though roſeate morn
Pour all her ſplendours on th' empurpled ſcene;
Yet feels the hoary hermit truer joys,
As from the cliff that o'er his cavern hangs
He views the piles of fall'n Perſepolis
In deep arrangement hide the darkſome plain.
Unbounded waſte! the mould'ring obeliſk
Here, like a blaſted oak, aſcends the clouds;
Here Parian domes their vaulted halls diſcloſe
Horrid with thorn, where lurks th' unpitying thief,
Whence flits the twilight-loving bat at eve,
And the deaf adder wreaths her ſpotted train.
The dwellings once of elegance and art.
Here temples riſe, amid whoſe hallowed bounds
Spires the black pine, while through the naked ſtreet,
Once haunt of tradeful merchants, ſprings the graſs;
Here columns heap'd on proſtrate columns, torn
From their firm baſe, increaſe the mould'ring maſs.
Far as the ſight can pierce, appear the ſpoils
Of ſunk magnificence! a blended ſcene
Of moles, fanes, arches, domes, and palaces,
Where, with his brother horror, ruin ſits.
O come then, Melancholy, queen of thought!
O come with ſaintly look, and ſtedfaſt ſtep, [yew,
From forth thy cave embower'd with mournful
Where ever to the curfew's ſolemn ſound
Liſt'ning thou ſit'ſt, and with thy cypreſs bind
Thy votary's hair, and ſeal him for thy ſon.
But never let Euphrôſyne beguile
With toys of wanton mirth my fixed mind,

Nor in my path her primrofe garland caft.
Though 'mid her train the dimpled Hebe bare
Her rofy boſom to th' enamour'd view ;
Though Venus, mother of the ſmiles and loves,
And Bacchus, ivy-crown'd, in citron bow'r
With her on nectar-ſtreaming fruitage feaſt ;
What though 'tis hers to calm the low'ring ſkies,
And at her preſence mild th' embattl'd clouds
Diſperſe in air, and o'er the face of heav'n
New day diffuſive gleam at her approach ;
Yet are theſe joys that melancholy gives,
Than all her witleſs revels happier far ;
Theſe deep-felt joys, by contemplation taught.
Then ever beauteous contemplation, hail !
From thee began, auſpicious maid, my ſong,
With thee ſhall end ; for thou art fairer far
Than are the nymphs of Cirrha's moſſy grot :
To loftier rapture thou canſt wake the thought,
Than all the fabling poet's boaſted pow'rs.
Hail, queen divine ! whom, as tradition tells,
Once, in his ev'ning walk a Druid found,
Far in a hollow glade of Mona's woods ;
And piteous bore with hoſpitable hand
To the cloſe ſhelter of his oaken bow'r.
There ſoon the ſage admiring mark'd the dawn
Of ſolemn muſing in your penſive thought ;
For when a ſmiling babe, you lov'd to lie
Oft deeply liſt'ning to the rapid roar
Of wood-hung Meinai, ſtream of Druids old.

## A PANEGYRIC ON OXFORD ALE.

——— " Mea nec Falernæ
" Temperant vites, neque Formiani
" Pocula colles." HOR.

BALM of my cares, ſweet ſolace of my toils,
Hail juice benignant ! O'er the coſtly cups
Of roſt-ſtirring wine, unwholeſome draught,
Let pride's looſe ſons prolong the waſteful night ;
My ſober ev'ning let the tankard bleſs,
With toaſt embrown'd, and fragrant nutmeg fraught,
While the rich draught with oft-repeated whiffs
Tobacco mild improves. Divine repaſt !
Where no crude ſurfeit, or intemperate joys
Of lawleſs Bacchus' reign ; but o'er my ſoul
A calm Lethean creeps ; in drowſy trance
Each thought ſubſides, and ſweet oblivion wraps
My peaceful brain, as if the leaden rod
Of magic Morpheus o'er mine eyes had ſhed
Its opiate influence. What though ſore ills
Oppreſs, dire want of chill-diſpelling coals
Or cheerful candle (ſave the make-weight's gleam
Haply remaining), heart-rejoicing ale
Cheers the ſad ſcene, and every want ſupplies.
Meantime, not mindleſs of the daily talk
Of tutor ſage, upon the learned leaves
Of deep Smiglecius much I meditate ;
While ale inſpires, and lends its kindred aid,
The thought-perplexing labour to purſue,
Sweet Helicon of logic ! But if friends
Congenial call me from the toilſome page,
To pot-houſe I repair, the ſacred haunt,
Where, ale, thy votaries in full reſort,
Hold rites nocturnal. In capacious chair
Of monumental oak and antique mould,
That long has ſtood the rage of conquering years
Inviolate (nor in more ample chair
Smokes roſy juſtice, when th' important cauſe,
Whether of hen-rooſt, or of mirthful rape,
In all the majeſty of paunch he tries),
Studious of eaſe, and provident, I place
My gladſome limbs ; while in repeated round
Returns repleniſh'd the ſucceſſive cup,
And the briſk fire conſpires to genial joy :
While haply to relieve the ling'ring hours
In innocent delight, amuſive putt
On ſmooth joint ſtool in emblematic play
The vain viciſſitudes of fortune ſhows.
Nor reckoning, name tremendous, me diſturbs,
Nor call'd for, chills my breaſt with ſudden fear ;
While on the wonted door, expreſſive mark,
The frequent penny ſtands deſcrib'd to view,
In ſnowy characters and graceful row.——
Hail, Ticking ! fureſt guardian of diſtreſs !
Beneath thy ſhelter, pennyleſs I quaff
The cheerful cup, nor bear with hopeleſs heart
New cyſters cry'd :—though much the poet's friend,
Ne'er yet attempted in poetic ſtrain,
Accept this tribute of poetic praiſe !
Nor proctor thrice with vocal heel alarms
Our joys ſecure, nor deigns the lowly roof
Of pot-houſe ſnug to viſit, wiſer he
The ſplendid tavern haunts, or coffee-houſe
Of James or Juggins, where the grateful breath
Of loth'd tobacco ne'er diffus'd its balm ;
But the lewd ſpendthrift, falſely deem'd polite,
While ſteams around the fragrant Indian bowl,
Oft damns the vulgar ſons of humbler ale :
In vain—the proctor's voice arreſts their joys ;
Juſt fate of wanton pride and looſe exceſs !
Nor leſs by day delightful is thy draught,
All-pow'rful ale ! whoſe ſorrow-ſoothing ſweets
Oft I repeat in vacant afternoon,
When tatter'd ſtockings aſk my mending hand
Not unexperienced ; while the tedious toil
Slides unregarded. Let the tender ſwain
Each morn regale on nerve-relaxing tea,
Companion meet of languor-loving nymph :
Be mine each morn with eager appetite
And hunger undiſſembled, to repair
To friendly buttery ; there on ſmoking cruſt
And foaming ale to banquet unreſtrain'd,
Material breakfaſt ! Thus in ancient days
Our anceſtors robuſt, with liberal cups
Uſher'd the morn, unlike the ſqueamiſh ſons
Of modern times : nor ever had the might
Of Britons brave decay'd, had thus they fed,
With Britiſh ale improving Britiſh worth.
With ale irriguous, undiſmay'd I hear
The frequent dun aſcend my lofty dome
Importunate : whether the plaintive voice
Of landreſs ſhrill awake my ſtartled ear ;
Or barber ſpruce with ſupple look intrude ;
Or tailor with obſequious bow advance ;
Or groom invade me with defying front
And ſtern demeanour, whoſe emaciate ſteeds
(Whene'er or Phœbus ſhone with kindlier beams,
Or luckier chance the borrow'd boots ſupply'd)
Had panted oft beneath my goring ſteel.
In vain they plead or threat : All pow'rful ale
Excuſes new ſupplies, and each deſcends
With joyleſs pace, and debt-deſpairing looks :

E'en Spacey with indignant brow retires,
Fierceſt of duns! and conquer'd quits the field.
Why did the gods ſuch various bleſſings pour
On hapleſs mortals, from their grateful hands
So ſoon the ſhort-liv'd bounty to recal?—
Thus, while improvident of future ill,
I quaff the luſcious tankard uncontroll'd,
And thoughtleſs riot in unlicens'd bliſs;
Sudden (dire fate of all things excellent!)
Th' unpitying Burſar's croſs-affixing hand
Blaſts all my joys, and ſtops my glad career.
Nor now the friendly pot-houſe longer yields
A ſure retreat, when night o'erſhades the ſkies;
Nor Sheppard, barbarous matron, longer gives
The wonted truſt, and Winter ticks no more.
Thus Adam, exil'd from the beauteous ſcenes
Of Eden griev'd, no more in fragrant bow'r
On fruits divine to feaſt, freſh ſhade and vale
No more to viſit, or vine-mantled grot;
But, all forlorn, the dreary wilderneſs,
And unrejoicing ſolitudes to trace:
Thus too the matchleſs bard, whoſe lay reſounds
The Splendid Shilling's praiſe, in nightly gloom
Of loneſome garret, pin'd for cheerful ale;
Whoſe ſteps in verſe Miltonic I purſue,
Mean follower: like him with honeſt love
Of ale divine inſpir'd, and love of ſong. [care
But long may bounteous Heav'n with watchful
Avert his hapleſs lot! Enough for me
That burning with congenial flame I dar'd
His guiding ſteps at diſtance to purſue,
And ſing his favourite theme in kindred ſtrains.

## NEW-MARKET.

A SATIRE.

Πενλυπονος ἑστιαι
Οι ἰμολες αιανη
Ταδε γαι. *Sophocl. Elect.* 508.

His country's hope, when now the blooming heir
Has loſt the parent's or the guardian's care;
Fond to poſſeſs, yet eager to deſtroy,
Of each vain youth, ſay, what's the darling joy?
Of each raſh frolic what the ſource and end,
His ſole and firſt ambition what!—to ſpend.
Some 'ſquires to Gallia's cooks devoted dupes,
Whole manors melt in ſauce, or drown in ſoups:
Another doats on fiddlers, till he ſees
His hills no longer crown'd with tow'ring trees;
Convinc'd too late that modern ſtrains can move,
Like thoſe of ancient Greece, th' obedient grove:
In headleſs ſtatues rich, and uſeleſs urns,
Marinoreo from the claſſic tour returns.—
But would ye learn, ye leiſure-loving 'ſquires,
How beſt ye may diſgrace your prudent ſires;
How ſooneſt ſoar to faſhionable ſhame,
Be damn'd at once to ruin—and to fame;
By hands of grooms ambitious to be crown'd,
O greatly dare to tread Olympic ground!
What dreams of conqueſt flush'd Hilario's breaſt,
When the good knight at laſt retir'd to reſt!
Behold the youth with new-felt rapture mark
Each pleaſing proſpect of the ſpacious park:
That park, where beauties undiſguis'd engage,
Thoſe beauties leſs the work of art than age;
In ſimple ſtate where gemine nature wears
Her venerable dreſs of ancient years;
Where all the charms of chance with order meet
The rude, the gay, the graceful, and the great.
Here aged oaks uprear their branches hoar,
And form dark groves, which druids might adore;
With meeting boughs, and deepening to the view,
Here ſhoots the broad umbrageous avenue:
Here various trees compoſe a chequer'd ſcene,
Glowing in gay diverſities of green;
There the full ſtream through intermingling glades
Shines a broad lake, or falls in deep caſcades.
Nor wants there hazle copſe, or beechen lawn,
To cheer with ſun or ſhade the bounding fawn.
And ſee the good old ſeat, whoſe Gothic tow'rs
Awful emerge from yonder tufted bow'rs;
Whoſe rafter'd hall the crowding tenants fed,
And dealt to age and want their daily bread;
Where creſted knights with peerleſs damſels join'd,
At high and ſolemn feſtivals have din'd;
Preſenting oft fair virtue's ſhining taſk,
In myſtic pageantrics, and moral maſk.
But vain all ancient praiſe, or boaſt of birth,
Vain all the palms of old heroic worth!
At once a bankrupt, and a proſp'rous heir,
Hilario bets,—park, houſe, diſſolve in air!
With antique armour hung, his trophied rooms
Deſcend to gameſters, proſtitutes, and grooms.
He ſees his ſteel-clad ſires, and mothers mild,
Who bravely ſhook the lance, or ſweetly ſmil'd,
All the fair ſeries of the whiſker'd race,
Whoſe pict'ur'd forms the ſtately gallery grace;
Debas'd, abus'd, the price of ill-got gold,
To deck ſome tavern vile, at auctions ſold.
The pariſh wonders at the unopening door,
The chimneys blaze, the tables groan no more,
Thick weeds around th' untrodden courts ariſe,
And all the ſocial ſcene in ſilence lies.
Himſelf, the loſs politely to repair,
Turns atheiſt, fiddler, highwayman, or play'r.
At length, the ſcorn, the ſhame of man and God,
Is doom'd to rub the ſteeds that once he rode.
Ye rival youths, your golden hopes how vain,
Your dreams of thouſands on the liſted plain!
Not more fantaſtic Sancho's airy courſe,
When madly mounted on the magic horſe *,
He pierc'd heav'n's opening ſpheres with dazzled eyes,
And ſeem'd to ſoar in viſionary ſkies.
Nor leſs, I ween, precarious is the meed,
Of young adventurers on the muſe's ſteed;
For poets have, like you, their deſtin'd round,
And ours is but a race on claſſic ground.
Long time, the child of patrimonial eaſe,
Hippolitus had carv'd ſurloins in peace:
Had quaff'd ſecure, unvex'd by toil or wife,
The mild October of a private life:
Long liv'd with calm domeſtic conqueſts crown'd,
And kill'd his game on ſafe paternal ground:
And, deaf to honour's or ambition's call,
With rural ſpoils adorn'd his hoary hall.
As bland he puff'd the pipe o'er weekly news,
His boſom kindles with ſublimer views. [more!
Lo there, thy triumphs, Taaffe, thy palms, Port-
Tempt him to ſtake his lands and treaſur'd ſtore.
Like a new bruiſer on Broughtonic ſand,
Amid the liſts our hero takes his ſtand;
Suck'd by the ſharper, to the peer a prey,
He rolls his eyes that "witneſs huge diſmay;"

* *Clavileno.* *See Don Quixote, B.* ii. *Chap.* 41.

When lo! the chance of one inglorious heat,
Strips him of genial cheer, and ſnug retreat.
How awkward now he bears diſgrace and dirt,
Nor knows the poor's laſt refuge, to be pert!—
The ſhiftleſs beggar bears of ills the worſt,
At once with dullneſs and with hunger curſt.
And feels the taſteleſs breaſt equeſtrian fires?
And dwells ſuch mighty rage in graver 'ſquires?

In all attempts, but for their country, bold,
Britain, thy conſcript counſellors behold;
(For ſome, perhaps, by fortune favour'd yet,
May gain a borough, from a lucky bet),
Smit with the love of the laconic boot,
The cap, and wig ſuccinct, the ſilken ſuit,
Mere modern pha tons uſurp the rein,
And ſcour in rival race the tempting plain.
See, ſide by ſide, his jockey and Sir John
Diſcuſs th' important point—of ſix to one.
For oh! the boaſted privilege how dear,
How great the pride, to gain a jockey's ear!—
See, like a routed hoſt, with headlong pace,
Thy members pour amid the mingling race!
All aſk, what crowds the tumult could produce—
Is Bedlam, or the Commons all broke looſe?
Their way nor reaſon guides, nor caution checks,
Proud on a high-bred thing to riſk their necks.—
Thy ſages hear, amid th' admiring crowd
Adjudge the ſtakes, moſt eloquently loud:
With critic ſkill, o'er dubious bets preſide,
The low diſpute, or kindle, or decide:
All empty wiſdom, and judicious prate,
Of diſtanc'd horſes gravely fix the fate:
And with paternal care unwearied watch
O'er the nice conduct of a daring match.

Meantime, no more the mimic patriots riſe,
To guard Britannia's honour, warm and wiſe:
No more in ſenates dare aſſert her laws,
Nor pour the bold debate in freedom's cauſe:
Neglect the counſels of a ſinking land,
And know no roſtrum, but New-Market's ſtand.

Is this the band of civil chiefs deſign'd
On England's weal to fix the pondering mind?
Who, while their country's rights are ſet to ſale,
Quit Europe's balance for the jockey's ſcale.
O ſay, when leaſt their ſapient ſchemes are croſt,
Or when a nation, or a match is loſt?
Who dams and ſires with more exactneſs trace,
Than of their country's kings the ſacred race:
Think London journeys are the worſt of ills;
Subſcribe to articles, inſtead of bills:
Strangers to all our annaliſts relate,
Theirs are the memoirs of the equeſtrian ſtate:
Who loſt to Albion's paſt and preſent views,
Heber *, thy chronicles alone peruſe.

Go on, brave youths, till in ſome future age,
Whips ſhall become the ſenatorial badge;
Till England ſee her thronging ſenators
Meet all at Weſtminſter, in boots and ſpurs;
See the whole Houſe, with mutual frenzy mad,
Her patriots all in leathern breeches clad:
Of bets, not taxes, learnedly debate,
And guide with equal reins a ſteed or ſtate.

How would a virtuous† Houhnhym neigh diſdain,
To ſee his brethren brook the imperious rein;
Bear ſlavery's wanton whip, or galling goad,
Smoke through the glebe, or trace the deſtin'd road;
And robb'd of * manhood by the murderous knife,
Suſtain each ſordid toil of ſervile life.

Yet oh! what rage would touch his generous mind,
To ſee his ſons of more than human kind;
A kind, with each exalted virtue bleſt,
Each gentler feeling of the liberal breaſt,
Afford diverſion to that monſter baſe,
That meaneſt ſpawn of man's half-monkey race;
In whom pride, avarice, ignorance, conſpire,
That hated animal, a Yahoo 'ſquire.

How are the Therons of theſe modern days,
Chang'd from thoſe chiefs who toil'd for Grecian bays;
Who fir'd with genuine glory's ſacred luſt,
Whirl'd the ſwift axle through the Pythian duſt.
Theirs was the Piſan olive's blooming ſpray,
Theirs was the Theban bard's recording lay.
What though the grooms of Greece ne'er took the odds?
They won no bets—but then they ſoar'd to gods;
And more an Hiero's palm, a Pindar's ode,
Than all th' united plates of George beſtow'd.

Greece! how I kindle at thy magic name,
Feel all thy warmth, and catch the kindred flame.
Thy ſcenes ſublime, and awful viſions riſe,
In ancient pride before my muſing eyes.
Here Sparta's ſons in mute attention hang,
While juſt Lycurgus pours the mild harangue;
There Xerxes' hoſts, all pale with deadly fear,
Shrink at her fated † hero's flaſhing ſpear.
Here hung with many a lyre of ſilver ſtring,
The laureate alleys of Iliſſus ſpring:
And lo, where wrapt in beauty's heavenly dream
Hoar Plato walks his oliv'd academe.—

Yet ah! no more the land of arts and arms
Delights with wiſdom, or with virtue warms.
Lo! the ſtern Turk, with more than Vandal rage,
Has blaſted all the wreaths of ancient age:
No more her groves by fancy's feet are trod,
Each Attic grace has left the lov'd abode.
Fall'n is fair Greece! by luxury's pleaſing bane
Seduc'd, ſhe drags a barbarous foreign chain.

Britannia, watch! O trim thy withering bays,
Remember thou haſt rivall'd Grecia's praiſe,
Great nurſe of works divine! Yet oh! beware
Leſt thou the fate of Greece, my country, ſhare.
Recal thy wonted worth with conſcious pride,
Thou too haſt ſeen a Solon in a Hyde;
Haſt bade thine Edwards and thine Henrys rear
With Spartan fortitude the Britiſh ſpear;
Alike has ſeen thy ſons deſerve the meed
Or of the moral or the martial deed.

* *Author of an Hiſtorical Liſt of the Running Horſes, &c.*

† *Vide Gulliver's Travels. Voyage to the Houhnhyms.*

## THE CASTLE BARBER'S SOLILOQUY.

WRITTEN IN THE LATE WAR.

I WHO with ſuch ſucceſs—alas! till
The war came on—have ſhav'd the caſtle;
Who by the noſe, with hand unſhaken,
The boldeſt heroes oft have taken;
In humble ſtrain, am doom'd to mourn
My fortune chang'd, and ſtate forlorn!

* *A copy in the Harleian Library, reads Horſe-hoof.*

† *Leonidas.*

My ſoap ſcarce ventures into froth,
My razors ruſt in idle ſloth!
Wiſdom *! to you my verſe appeals;
You ſhare the griefs your barber feels:
Scarce comes a ſtudent once a whole age,
To ſtock your defolated college.
Our trade how ill an army ſuits!
This comes of picking up recruits.
Loſt is the robber's occupation,
No robbing thrives—but of the nation:
For hardy necks no rope is twiſted,
And e'en the hangman's ſelf is liſted.—
Thy publiſhers, O mighty Jackſon!
With ſcarce a ſcanty coat their backs on,
Warning to youth no longer teach,
Nor live upon a dying ſpeech.
In caſſock clad, for want of breeches,
No more the caſtle-chaplain preaches.
Oh! were our troops but ſafely landed,
And every regiment diſbanded!
They'd make, I truſt, a new campaign
On Henley's hill, or Campsfield's plain:
Deſtin'd at home, in peaceful ſtate,
By me freſh ſhav'd, to meet their fate!
Regard, ye Juſtices of Peace!
The Caſtle-Barber's piteous caſe:
And kindly make ſome ſnug addition,
To better his diſtreſt condition.
Not that I mean, by ſuch expreſſions,
To ſhave your worſhips at the ſeſſions;
Or would, with vain preſumption big,
Aſpire to comb the judge's wig:—
Far leſs ambitious thoughts are mine,
Far humbler hopes my views confine.—
Then think not that I aſk amiſs;
My ſmall requeſt is only this,
That I, by leave of Leigh or Pardo,
May, with the caſtle—ſhave Bocardo.
Thus, as at Jeſus oft I've heard,
Rough ſervitors in Wales preſerr'd,
The Joneſes, Morgans, and Ap-Rices,
Keep fiddles with their benefices.

## THE OXFORD NEWSMAN's VERSES.

### FOR THE YEAR 1760.

THINK of the palms, my maſters dear!
That crown this memorable year!
Come fill the glaſs, my hearts of gold,
To Britain's heroes briſk and bold;
While into rhyme I ſtrive to turn all
The fam'd events of many a journal.
France feeds her ſons on meagre ſoup,
'Twas hence they loſt their Guardaloup:
What though they dreſs ſo fine and ja'nty?
They could not keep Marigalante.
Their forts in Afric could not repel
The thunder of undaunted Keppel:
Brave commodore! how we adore ye
For giving us ſucceſs at Goree.
Ticonderoga, and Niagara,
Make each true Briton ſing O rare a!
I truſt the taking of Crown-Point
Has put French courage out of joint.

* *The Governor of Oxford Caſtle.*

Can we forget the timely check
Wolfe gave the ſcoundrels at * Quebec?—
That name has ſtopp'd my glad career,—
Your faithful newſman drops a tear!—
But other triumphs ſtill remain,
And rouſe to glee my rhymes again.
On Minden's plains, ye meek Mounſeers!
Remember Kingfley's grenadiers.
You vainly thought to ballarag us
With your fine ſquadron off Cape Lagos;
But when Boſcawen came, † La Clue
Sheer'd off, and look'd confounded blue.
Conflans ‡, all cowardice and puff,
Hop'd to demoliſh hardy Duff;
But ſoon unlook'd-for guns o'er-aw'd him,
Hawke darted forth, and nobly claw'd him.
And now their vaunted Formidable
Lies captive to a Britiſh cable.
Would you demand the glorious cauſe
Whence Britain every trophy draws?
You need not puzzle long your wit;—
Fame, from her trumpet, anſwers—Pitt.

### FOR THE YEAR 1767.

DISMAL the news which Jackſon's yearly bard
Each circling Chriſtmas brings,—"The times are hard!"
There was a time when Granby's grenadiers
Trimm'd the lac'd jackets of the French Mounſeers;
When every week produc'd ſome lucky hit,
And all our paragraphs were plann'd by Pitt.
We newſmen drank—as England's heroes fought,
While every victory procur'd—a pot.
Abroad we conquer'd France, and humbled Spain,
At home rich harveſts crown'd the laughing plain.
Then ran in numbers free the newſman's verſes,
Blithe were our hearts, and full our leathern purſes.
But now no more the ſtream of plenty flows,
No more new conqueſts warm the newſman's noſe.
Our ſhatter'd cottages admit the rain,
Our infants ſtretch their hands for bread in vain.
All hope is fled, our families are undone;
Proviſions all are carry'd up to London;
Our copious granaries diſtillers thin,
Who raiſe our bread—but do not cheapen gin.
Th' effects of exportation ſtill we rue;—
I wiſh th' exporters were exported too!
In every pot-houſe is unpaid our ſcore;
And generous Captain Jolly ticks no more!
Yet ſtill in ſtore ſome happineſs remains,
Some triumphs that may grace theſe annual ſtrains.
Misfortunes paſt no longer I repeat—
George has declar'd—that we again ſhall eat.
Sweet Willhelminy, ſpite of wind and tide,
Of Denmark's monarch ſhines the blooming bride:
She's gone! but there's another in her ſtead,
For of a princeſs Charlotte's brought to bed:—
Oh, cou'd I but have had one ſingle ſup,
One ſingle ſniff at Charlotte's caudle-cup!—

* *Before this place fell the brave Wolfe, yet with the ſatisfaction of firſt hearing that his troops were victorious.—The other places here enumerated were conqueſts of the preceding year.*

† *The French Admiral.*

‡ *Another French Admiral.*

I hear—God bleſs it—'tis a charming girl,
So here's her health in half a pint of purl.
But much I fear this rhyme-exhauſted ſong
Has kept you from your Chriſtmas cheer too long.
Our poor endeavours view with gracious eye,
And bake theſe lines beneath a Chriſtmas-pie!

FOR THE YEAR 1768.

STILL ſhall the newſman's annual rhymes
Complain of taxes and the times?
Each year our copies ſhall we make on
The price of butter, bread, and bacon?
Forbid it, all ye pow'rs of verſe!
A happier ſubject I rehearſe.
Farewel diſtreſs, and gloomy cares!
A merrier theme my muſe prepares.
For lo! to ſave us, on a ſudden,
In ſhape of porter, beef, and pudding,
Though late, electioneering comes!—
Strike up, ye trumpets, and ye drums!
At length we change our wonted note,
And feaſt, all winter, on a vote.
Sure canvaſſing was never hotter!
But whether Harcourt, Nares, or Cotter*,
At this grand criſis will ſucceed,
We freemen have not yet decreed.—
Methinks, with mirth your ſides are ſhaking,
To hear us talk of member-making!
Yet know, that we direct the ſtate;
On us depends the nation's fate.—
What though ſome doctor's caſt-off wig
O'erſhades my pate, not worth a fig;
My whole apparel in decay:
My beard unſhav'd—on new year's day;
In me behold (the land's protector),
A freeman, newſman, and elector!
Though cold, and all unſhod, my toes—
My breaſt for Britain's freedom glows:—
Though turn'd, by poverty my coat,
It ne'er was turn'd to give a vote.
Meantime, howe'er improv'd our fate is
By jovial cups, each evening, gratis;
Forget not, 'midſt your Chriſtmas cheer,
The cuſtoms of the coming year:—
In anſwer to this ſhort epiſtle,
Your tankard ſend, to wet our whiſtle!

FOR THE YEAR 1770.

As now petitions are in faſhion
With the firſt patriots of the nation;
In ſpirit high, in pocket low,
We patriots of the Butcher-Row,
Thus, like our betters, aſk redreſs
For high and mighty grievances,
Real, though penn'd in rhyme, as thoſe
Which oft our journal gives in proſe:—
" Ye rural ſquires, ſo plump and ſleek,
" Who ſtudy—Jackſon, once a week;
" While now your hoſpitable board
" With cold ſurloin is amply ſtor'd,
" And old October, nutmeg'd nice,
" Send us a tankard and a ſlice!
" Ye country parſons, ſtand our friends,
" While now the driving ſleet deſcends!
" Give us your antiquated canes,
" To help us through the miry lanes;
" Or with a ruſty grizzle wig
" This Chriſtmas deign our pates to rig.
" Ye noble gem'men of the gown,
" View not our verſes with a frown!
" But, in return for quick diſpatches,
" Invite us to your buttery-hatches!
" Ye too, whoſe houſes are ſo handy,
" For coffee, tea, rum, wine, and brandy;
" Pride of fair Oxford's gawdy ſtreets,
" You too our ſtrain ſubmiſſive greets!
" Hear Horſeman, Spindlow, King, and Harper*!—
" The weather ſure was never ſharper:—
" Matron of Matrons, Martha Baggs!
" Dram your poor newſman clad in rags!
" Dire miſchiefs folks above are brewing,
" The nation's—and the newſman's ruin:—
" 'Tis your's our ſorrows to remove;
" And if thus generous ye prove,
" For friends ſo good we're bound to pray
" Till—next returns a new-year's day!"

" Giv'n at our melancholy cavern,
" The cellar of the Sheep's-Head Tavern."

FOR THE YEAR 1771.

DELICIOUS news—a war with Spain!
New rapture fires our Chriſtmas ſtrain.
Behold, to ſtrike each Briton's eyes,
What bright victorious ſcenes ariſe!
What paragraphs of Engliſh glory
Will Maſter Jackſon ſet before ye!
The governor of Buenos Ayres
Shall dearly pay for his vagaries;
For whether North, or whether Chatham,
Shall rule the roaſt, we muſt have-at-'em:
Galloons—Havannah—Porto Bello,—
Ere long, will make the nation mellow:—
Our late trite themes we view with ſcorn,
Bellas the bold, and Parſon Horne:
Nor more, through many a tedious winter,
The triumphs of the patriot Squinter,
The ins and outs, with cant eternal,
Shall crowd each column of our Journal.—
After a dreary ſeaſon paſt,
Our turn to live is come at laſt:
Gen'rals, and admirals, and Jews,
Contractors, printers, men of news,
All thrive by war, and line their pockets,
And leave the works of peace to blockheads.
But ſtay, my muſe, this haſty fit—
The war is not declar'd as yet:
And we, though now ſo blithe we ſing,
May all be preſs'd to ſerve the king!
Therefore, meantime, our maſters dear,
Produce your hoſpitable cheer:—
While we, with much ſincere delight,
(Whether we publiſh news—or fight)
Like England's undegenerate ſons,
Will drink—confuſion to the Dons!

* *Candidates for the city of Oxford.*

* *Keepers of noted coffee-houſes in Oxford.*

## THE PHAETON, AND THE ONE-HORSE CHAIR.

At Blagrave's* once upon a time,
There ſtood a phaeton ſublime:
Unſullied by the duſty road,
Its wheels with recent crimſon glow'd;
Its ſides diſplay'd a dazzling hue,
Its harneſs tight, its lining new:
No ſcheme-enamour'd youth, I ween,
Survey'd the gaily-deck'd machine,
But fondly long'd to ſeize the reins,
And whirl o'er Campsfield's† tempting plains.
Meantime it chanc'd, that hard at hand
A one-horſe chair had took its ſtand:
When thus our vehicle begun
To ſneer the luckleſs chaiſe and one.
" How could my maſter place me here
Within thy vulgar atmoſphere?
From claſſic ground pray ſhift thy ſtation,
Thou ſcorn of Oxford education!—
Your homely make, believe me, man,
Is quite upon the Gothic plan;
And you, and all your clumſy kind,
For loweſt purpoſes deſign'd:
Fit only, with a one-ey'd mare,
To drag, for benefit of air,
The country parſon's pregnant wife,
Thou friend of dull domeſtic life!
Or, with his maid and aunt, to ſchool
To carry Dicky on a ſtool:
Or, happly to ſome chriſtening gay,
A brace of godmothers convey.—
Or, when bleſt Saturday prepares
For London tradeſmen reſt from cares,
'Tis thine to make them happy one day,
Companion of their genial Sunday!
'Tis thine, o'er turnpikes newly made,
When timely ſhow'rs the duſt have laid,
To bear ſome alderman ſerene
To fragrant Hampſtead's ſylvan ſcene.
Nor higher ſcarce thy merit riſes
Among the poliſh'd ſons of Iſis.
Hir'd for a ſolitary crown,
Canſt thou to ſchemes invite the gown?
Go, tempt ſome prig, pretending taſte,
With hat new cock'd, and newly lac'd,
O'er mutton-chops, and ſcanty wine,
At humble Dorcheſter to dine!
Meantime remember, lifeleſs drone!
I carry Bucks and Bloods alone.
And oh! whene'er the weather's friendly,
What inn at Abingdon or Henly,
But ſtill my vaſt importance feels,
And gladly greets my entering wheels!
And think, obedient to the thong,
How yon gay ſtreet we ſmoke along:
While all with envious wonder view
The corner turn'd ſo quick and true."
To check an upſtart's empty pride,
Thus ſage the one-horſe chair reply'd.
" Pray, when the conſequence is weigh'd,
What's all your ſpirit and parade?
From mirth to grief what ſad tranſitions,
To broken bones and impoſitions!
Or if no bones are broke, what's worſe,
Your ſchemes make work for Glaſs and Nourſe.—
On us pray ſpare your keen reproaches,
From one-horſe chairs men riſe to coaches;
If calm diſcretion's ſteadfaſt hand,
With cautious ſkill the reins command.
From me fair health's freſh fountain ſprings,
O'er me ſoft ſnugneſs ſpreads her wings:
And innocence reflects her ray
To gild my calm ſequeſter'd way:
E'en kings might quit their ſtate to ſhare
Contentment and a one-horſe chair.—
What though, o'er yonder echoing ſtreet
Your rapid wheels reſound ſo ſweet;
Shall Iſis ſons thus vainly prize
A rattle of a larger ſize?"
Blagrave, who during the diſpute,
Stood in a corner, ſnug and mute,
Surpris'd, no doubt, in loſty verſe,
To hear his carriages converſe,
With ſolemn face, o'er Oxford ale,
To me diſcloſ'd this wonderous tale:
I ſtrait diſpatch'd it to the muſe,
Who bruſh'd it up for Jackſon's news,
And, what has oft been penn'd in proſe,
Added this moral at the cloſe.
" Things may be uſeful though obſcure;
" The pace that's ſlow is often ſure:
" When empty pageantries we prize,
" We raiſe but duſt to blind our eyes.
" The golden mean can beſt beſtow
" Safety for unſubſtantial ſhow."

* *Well known at Oxford for letting out carriages*, 1763.
† *In the road to Blenheim.*

## MORNING. AN ODE.

THE AUTHOR CONFINED TO COLLEGE, 1745.

*Scribimus* incluſi. - - - - - PERS. Sat. I. v. 13.

Once more the vernal ſun's ambroſial beams
The fields, as with a purple robe adorn:
Charwell, thy ſedgy banks, and gliſt'ring ſtreams
All laugh and ſing at mild approach of morn;
Through the deep groves I hear the chaunting birds,
And through the clover'd vale the various-lowing herds.

Up mounts the mower from his lowly thatch,
Well pleas'd the progreſs of the ſpring to mark,
The fragrant breath of breezes pure to catch,
And ſtartle from her couch the early lark;
More genuine pleaſure ſooths his tranquil breaſt,
Than high-thron'd kings can boaſt, in eaſtern glory dreſt.

The penſive poet through the green-wood ſteals
Or treads the willow'd marge of murmuring brook;
Or climbs the ſteep aſcent of airy hills;
There ſits him down beneath a branching oak,
Whence various ſcenes, and proſpects wide below,
Still teach his muſing mind with fancies high to glow.

But I nor with the day awake to bliſs,
(Inelegant to me fair nature's face,
A blank the beauty of the morning is,
And grief and darkneſs all for light and grace);
Nor bright the ſun, nor green the meads appear,
Nor colour charms mine eye, nor melody mine ear.

Me, void of elegance and manners mild,
With leaden rod, ſtern diſcipline reſtrains;
Stiff pedantry, of learned pride the child,
My roving genius binds in Gothic chains;
Nor can the cloiſter'd muſe expand her wing,
Nor bid theſe twilight roofs with her gay carols ring.

## ODE TO A GRIZZLE WIG.

BY A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD JUST LEFT OFF HIS BOB.

All hail, ye curls, that rang'd in reverend row,
With ſnowy pomp my conſcious ſhoulders hide!
That fall beneath in venerable flow,
And crown my brows above with feathery pride!

High on your ſummit, wiſdom's mimick'd air
Sits thron'd, with pedantry her ſolemn ſire,
And in her net of awe-diffuſing hair,
Entangles fools, and bids the crowd admire.

O'er every lock, that floats in full diſplay,
Sage ignorance her gloom ſcholaſtic throws;
And ſtamps o'er all my viſage, once ſo gay,
Unmeaning gravity's ſerene repoſe.

Can thus large wigs our reverence engage?
Have barbers thus the pow'r to blind our eyes?
Is ſcience thus conferr'd on every ſage,
By Bayliſs, Blenkinſop, and lofty Wiſe *?

But thou, farewel, my bob! whoſe thin-wove thatch [wiles,
Was ſtor'd with quips and cranks, and wanton
That love to live within the one-curl'd ſcratch,
With fun, and all the family of ſmiles.

Safe in thy privilege, near Iſis' brook,
Whole afternoons at Wolvercote I quaff'd;
At eve my careleſs round in High-Street took,
And call'd at Jolly's for the caſual draught.

No more the wherry feels my ſtroke ſo true;
At ſkittles, in a grizzle, can I play?
Woodſtock, farewel! and Wallingford, adieu!
Where many a ſcheme reliev'd the lingering day.

Such were the joys that once Hilario crown'd,
Ere grave preferment came my peace to rob:
Such are the leſs ambitious pleaſures found
Beneath the liceat of an humble bob.

## EPISTLE FROM THOMAS HEARN, ANTIQUARY,

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE COMPANION TO THE OXFORD GUIDE, &c.

Friend of the moſs-grown ſpire and crumbling arch,
Who wont'ſt at eve to pace the long-loſt bounds
Of lonefome Oſney! What malignant fiend
Thy cloiſter-loving mind from ancient lore
Hath baſe ſeduc'd? urg'd thy apoſtate pen
To trench deep wounds on antiquaries ſage,
And drag the venerable fathers forth,
Victims to laughter? Cruel as the mandate
Of mitred prieſts, who Baſket late enjoin'd
To throw aſide the reverend letters black,
And print faſt-prayers in modern type!—At this
Leland, and Willis, Dugdale, Tanner, Wood,
Illuſtrious names! with Camden, Aubrey, Lloyd,
Scald their old cheeks with tears! For once they hop'd
To ſeal thee for their own! and fondly deem'd
The muſes, at thy call, would crowding come
To deck antiquity with flowrets gay.
But now may curſes every ſearch attend
That ſeems inviting! May'ſt thou pore in vain
For dubious door-ways! May revengeful moths
Thy ledgers eat! May chronologic ſpouts
Retain no cypher legible! May crypts
Lurk undiſcern'd! Nor may'ſt thou ſpell the names
Of ſaints in ſtoried windows! Nor the dates
Of bells diſcover! Nor the genuine ſite
Of Abbots' pantries! And may Godſtowe veil,
Deep from thy eyes profane, her Gothic charms!

* *Eminent peruke-makers in Oxford.*

## INSCRIPTION OVER A CALM AND CLEAR SPRING IN BLENHEIM-GARDENS.

Here quench your thirſt, and mark in me
An emblem of true charity;
Who, while my bounty I beſtow,
Am neither heard nor ſeen to flow.

## JOB, CHAP. XXXIX.

Declare, if heav'nly wiſdom bleſs thy tongue,
When teems the mountain-goat with promis'd young;
The ſtated ſeaſons tell, the month explain,
When feels the bounding hind a mother's pain;
While, in th' oppreſſive agonies of birth,
Silent they bow the ſorrowing head to earth?
Why crop their luſty ſeed the verdant food?
Why leave their dams to ſearch the gloomy wood?
Say, whence the wild-aſs wantons o'er the plain,
Sports uncontroul'd, unconſcious of the rein?
'Tis his o'er ſcenes of ſolitude to roam,
The waſte his houſe, the wilderneſs his home;
He ſcorns the crowded city's pomp and noiſe,
Nor heeds the driver's rod, nor hears his voice;
At will on ev'ry various verdure fed,
His paſture o'er the ſhaggy cliffs is ſpread.
Will the fierce unicorn obey thy call,
Enſlav'd to man, and patient of the ſtall?
Say, will he ſtubborn ſtoop thy yoke to bear,
And through the furrow drag the tardy ſhare?
Say, canſt thou think, O wretch of vain belief,
His lab'ring limbs will draw thy weighty ſheaf?
Or canſt thou tame the temper of his blood
With faithful feet to trace the deſtin'd road?
Who paints the peacock's train with radiant eyes,
And all the bright diverſity of dyes?
Whoſe hand the ſtately oſtrich has ſupply'd
With glorious plumage, and her ſnowy pride?
Thoughtleſs ſhe leaves amid the duſty way,
Her eggs, to ripen in the genial ray;
Nor heeds, that ſome fell beaſt, who thirſts for blood,
Or the rude foot may cruſh the future brood.
In her no love the tender offſpring ſhare,
No ſoft remembrance, no maternal care:

For God has steel'd her unrelenting breast;
Nor feeling sense, nor instinct mild impress,
Bade her the rapid-rushing steed despise,
Outstrip the rider's rage, and tow'r amidst the skies.
Didst thou the horse with strength and beauty deck?
Hast thou in thunder cloth'd his nervous neck?
Will he, like groveling grasshoppers afraid,
Start at each sound, at ev'ry breeze dismay'd?
A cloud of fire his lifted nostrils raise,
And breathe a glorious terror as they blaze.
He paws indignant, and the valley spurns,
Rejoicing in his might, and for the battle burns.
When quivers rattle, and the frequent spear
Flies flashing, leaps his heart with languid fear?
Swallowing with fierce and greedy rage the ground, [sound?"
" Is this," he cries, " the trumpet's warlike
Eager he scents the battle from afar,
And all the mingling thunder of the war.
Flies the fierce hawk by thy supreme command,
To seek soft climates, and a southern land?
Who bade th' aspiring eagle mount the sky,
And build her firm aërial nest on high?
On the bare cliff, or mountain's shaggy steep,
Her fortress of defence she dares to keep;
Thence darts her radiant eye's pervading ray,
Inquisitive to ken the distant prey.
Seeks with her thirsty brood th' enfanguin'd plain,
There bathes her beak in blood, companion of the slain.

## THE PROGRESS OF DISCONTENT.

WRITTEN AT OXFORD IN THE YEAR 1746.

When now mature in classic knowledge,
The joyful youth is sent to college,
His father comes, a vicar plain,
At Oxford bred—in Anna's reign,
And thus, in form of humble suitor,
Bowing accosts a reverend tutor.
" Sir, I'm a Glo'stershire divine,
" And this my eldest son of nine;
" My wife's ambition and my own
" Was that this child should wear a gown;
" I'll warrant that his good behaviour
" Will justify your future favour;
" And for his parts, to tell the truth,
" My son's a very forward youth;
" Has Horace all by heart—you'd wonder—
" And mouths out Homer's Greek like thunder.
" If you'd examine—and admit him,
" A scholarship would nicely fit him:
" That he succeeds 'tis ten to one;
" Your vote and interest, Sir!"—'Tis done.
Our pupil's hopes, though twice defeated,
Are with a scholarship completed:
A scholarship but half maintains,
And college rules are heavy chains:
In garret dark he smokes and puns,
A prey to discipline and duns;
And now intent on new designs,
Sighs for a fellowship—and fines.
When nine full tedious winters past,
That utmost wish is crown'd at last:
But the rich prize no sooner got,
Again he quarrels with his lot:

" These fellowships are pretty things,
" We live indeed like petty kings:
" But who can bear to waste his whole age
" Amid the dullness of a college,
" Debarr'd the common joys of life,
" And that prime bliss—a loving wife!
" O! what's a table richly spread
" Without a woman at its head!
" Would some snug benefice but fall,
" Ye feasts, ye dinners! farewel all!
" To offices I'd bid adieu,
" Of Dean, Vice Pres.—of Bursar too;
" Come joys, that rural quiet yields,
" Come, tithes, and house, and fruitful fields!"
Too fond of freedom and of ease
A patron's vanity to please,
Long time he watches, and by stealth,
Each frail incumbent's doubtful health;
At length—and in his fortieth year,
A living drops—two hundred clear!
With breast elate beyond expression,
He hurries down to take possession,
With rapture views the sweet retreat—
" What a convenient house! how neat!
" For fuel here's sufficient wood:
" Pray God the cellars may be good!
" The garden—that must be new plann'd—
" Shall these old-fashion'd yew-trees stand?
" O'er yonder vacant plot shall rise
" The flow'ry shrub of thousand dyes:—
" Yon wall, that feels the southern ray,
" Shall blush with ruddy fruitage gay:
" While thick beneath its aspect warm
" O'er well-rang'd hives the bees shall swarm.
" From which, ere long, of golden gleam
" Metheglin's luscious juice shall stream.
" This awkward hut, o'ergrown with ivy,
" We'll alter to a modern privy:
" Up yon green slope, of hazel's trim,
" An avenue so cool and dim,
" Shall to an arbour, at the end,
" In spite of gout, entice a friend.
" My predecessor lov'd devotion—
" But of a garden had no notion."
Continuing this fantastic farce on,
He now commences country parson.
To make his character entire,
He weds—a cousin of the 'squire;
Not over weighty in the purse,
But many doctors have done worse:
And though she boasts no charms divine,
Yet she can carve and make birch wine.
Thus fixt, content he taps his barrel,
Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel;
Finds his church-wardens have discerning
Both in good liquor and good learning;
With tithes his barns replete he sees,
And chuckles o'er his surplice fees;
Studies to find out latent dues,
And regulates the state of pews;
Rides a sleek mare with purple housing,
To share the monthly clubs carousing;
Of Oxford pranks facetious tells,
And—but on Sundays—hears no bells;
Sends presents of his choicest fruit,
And prunes himself each sapless shoot;
Plants colliflow'rs, and boasts to rear
The earliest melons of the year;

Thinks alteration charming work is,
Keeps Bantam cocks, and feeds his turkies;
Builds in his copſe a fav'rite bench,
And ſtores the pond with carp and tench.—
But ah! too ſoon his thoughtleſs breaſt
By cares domeſtic is oppreſt;
And a third butcher's bill, and brewing,
Threaten inevitable ruin:
For children freſh expences yet,
And Dicky now for ſchool is fit.
" Why did I ſell my college life
" (He cries) for benefice and wife?
" Return, ye days! when endleſs pleaſure
" I found in reading, or in leiſure!
" When calm around the common room
" I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume!
" Rode for a ſtomach, and inſpected,
" At annual bottlings, corks ſelected:
" And din'd untax'd, untroubled, under
" The portrait of our pious founder!
" When impoſitions were ſupply'd
" To light my pipe—or ſooth my pride—
" No cares were then for forward peas
" A yearly-longing wife to pleaſe;
" My thoughts no chriſt'ning dinners croſt,
" No children cry'd for butter'd toaſt;
" And ev'ry night I went to bed,
" Without a modus in my head!"
Oh! trifling head, and fickle heart!
Chagrin'd at whatſoe'er thou art;
A dupe to follies yet untry'd,
And ſick of pleaſures, ſcarce enjoy'd!
Each prize poſſeſs'd, thy tranſport ceaſes,
And in purſuit alone it pleaſes.

## PROLOGUE

### ON THE OLD WINCHESTER PLAYHOUSE, OVER THE BUTCHER'S SHAMBLES.

Whoe'er our ſtage examines, muſt excuſe
The wond'rous ſhifts of the dramatic muſe;
Then kindly liſten, while the prologue rambles
From wit to beef, from Shakſpeare to the ſhambles!
Divided only by one flight of ſtairs,
The monarch ſwaggers, and the butcher ſwears!
Quick the tranſition when the curtain drops,
From meek Monimia's moans to mutton-chops!
While for Lothario's loſs Lavinia cries,
Old women ſcold, and dealers d—n your eyes!
Here Juliet liſtens to the gentle lark,
There in harſh chorus hungry bull-dogs bark.
Cleavers and ſcymitars give blow for blow,
And heroes bleed above, and ſheep below!
While tragic thunders ſhake the pit and box,
Rebellows to the roar the ſtaggering ox.
Cow-horns and trumpets mix their martial tones,
Kidnies and kings, mouthing and marrow-bones.
Suet and ſighs, blank verſe and blood abound,
And form a tragi-comedy around.
With weeping lovers, dying calves complain,
Confuſion reigns—chaos is come again!
Hither your ſteelyards, butchers, bring, to weigh
The pound of fleſh, Anthonio's bond muſt pay!
Hither your knives, ye Chriſtians, clad in blue,
Bring to be whetted by the ruthleſs Jew!
Hard is our lot, who, ſeldom doom'd to eat,
Caſt a ſheep's-eye on this forbidden meat—
Gaze on ſurloins, which ah! we cannot carve,
And in the midſt of legs of mutton—ſtarve!
But would you to our houſe in crowds repair,
Ye gen'rous captains, and ye blooming fair,
The fate of Tantalus we ſhould not fear,
Nor pine for a repaſt that is ſo near.
Monarchs no more would ſupperleſs remain,
Nor pregnant queens for cutlets long in vain.

## A PASTORAL

### IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

*From Theocritus. Idyll. XX.*

As late I ſtrove Lucilla's lip to kiſs,
She with diſcurteſee reprov'd my will;
Doſt thou, ſhe ſaid, affect ſo pleaſant bleſs,
A ſimple ſhepherd, and a loſell vile?
Not fancy's hand ſhould join my courtly lip
To thine, as I myſelf were faſt aſleep.

As thus ſhe ſpake, full proud and boaſting laſſe,
And as a peacocke pearke, in dalliance
She bragly turned her ungentle face,
And all diſdaining ey'd my ſhape aſkaunce:
But I did bluſh, with grief and ſhame yblent,
Like morning-roſe with hoary dewe beſprent.

Tell me, my fellows all, am I not fair?
Has fell enchantreſs blaſted all my charms?
Whilom mine head was fleck with treſſed hayre,
My laughing eyne did ſhoot out love's alarms:
E'en Kate did deemen me the faireſt ſwain,
When erſt I won this girdle on the plain.

My lip with vermil was embelliſhed,
My bagpipes notes loud and delicious were,
The milk-white lilly, and the roſe ſo red,
Did on my face depeinten lively cheere,
My voice as ſoote as mounting larke did ſhrill,
My look was blythe as Marg'ret's at the mill.

But ſhe forſooth, more fair than Madge or Kate,
A dainty maid, did deign not ſhepherd's love;
Nor wiſt what Thenot told us ſwains of late;
That Venus fought a ſhepherd in a grove;
Nor that a heav'nly god who Phœbus hight,
To tend his flock with ſhepherds did delight.—

Ah! 'tis that Venus with accurſt deſpight,
That all my dolour, and my ſhame has made!
Nor does remembrance of her own delight,
For me one drop of pity ſweet perſuade?
Aye hence the glowing rapture may ſhe miſs,
Like me be ſcorn'd, nor ever taſte a kiſs.

## ODE

### ON THE APPROACH OF SUMMER.

" Te dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila cœli,
" Adventumque tuum; tibi ſuaveis dædala tellus
" Submittit flores; tibi vident æquora ponti;
" Placatumque nitet diffuſo lumine cœlum."
LUCRETIUS.

Hence, iron-ſcepter'd Winter, haſte
To bleak Siberian waſte!

Haſte to thy polar ſolitude;
Mid cataracts of ice, [rude,
Whoſe torrents dumb are ſtretch'd in fragments
From many an airy precipice,
Where, ever beat by fleety ſhow'rs,
Thy gloomy Gothic caſtle tow'rs;
Amid whoſe howling aiſles and halls,
Where no gay ſunbeam paints the walls,
On ebon throne thou lov'ſt to ſhroud
Thy brows in many a murky cloud.
E'en now, before the vernal heat,
Sullen I ſee thy train retreat:
Thy ruthleſs hoſt ſtern Eurus guides,
That on a ravenous tiger rides,
Dim-figur'd on whoſe robe are ſhown
Shipwrecks, and villages o'erthrown:
Grim Auſter, drooping all with dew,
In mantle clad of watchet hue:
And cold, like Zemblan ſavage ſeen,
Still threatening with his arrows keen;
And next, in furry coat emboſt
With iſicles, his brother Froſt.
Winter farewel! thy foreſts hoar,
Thy frozen floods delight no more;
Farewel the fields, ſo bare and wild!
But come thou roſe-cheek'd cherub mild,
Sweeteſt Summer! haſte thee here,
Once more to crown the gladden'd year.
Thee April blithe, as long of yore,
Bermudas' lawns he frolic'd o'er,
With muſky nectar-trickling wing,
(In the new world's firſt dawning ſpring),
To gather balm of choiceſt dews,
And patterns fair of various hues,
With which to paint in changeful dye,
The youthful earth's embroidery;
To cull the eſſence of rich ſmells
In which to dip his new-born bells;
Thee, as he ſkim'd with pinions fleet,
He found an infant, ſmiling ſweet;
Where a tall citron's ſhade embrown'd
The ſoft lap of the fragrant ground.
There on an amaranthine bed
Thee with rare nectarine fruits he fed;
Till ſoon beneath his forming care,
You bloom'd a goddeſs debonair;
And then he gave the bleſſed iſle
Aye to be ſway'd beneath thy ſmile:
There plac'd thy green and graſſy ſhrine,
With myrtle bower'd and jeſſamine:
And to thy care the taſk aſſign'd
With quickening hand, and nurture kind,
His roſeat infant-births to rear,
Till Autumn's mellowing reign appear.
Haſte thee, nymph! and hand in hand,
With thee lead a buxom band;
Bring fantaſtic-footed Joy,
With Sport, that yellow-treſſed boy.
Leiſure, that through the balmy ſky,
Chaſes a crimſon butterfly.
Bring Health that loves in early dawn
To meet the milk-maid on the lawn;
Bring Pleaſure, rural nymph, and Peace,
Meek, cottage-loving ſhepherdeſs!
And that ſweet ſtripling, Zephyr, bring,
Light, and for ever on the wing.
Bring the dear muſe, that loves to lean
On river-margins, moſſy green.

But who is ſhe, that bears thy train,
Pacing light the velvet plain?
The pale pink binds her auburn hair,
Her treſſes flow with paſtoral air;
'Tis May, the grace——confeſt ſhe ſtands
By branch of hawthorn in her hands:
Lo! near her trip the lightſome dews,
Their wings all-ting'd in Iris-hues;
With whom the pow'rs of Flora play,
And paint with panſies all the way.
Oft when thy ſeaſon, ſweeteſt queen,
Has dreſt the groves in liv'ry green;
When in each fair and fertile field
Beauty begins her bow'r to build;
While evening, veil'd in ſhadows brown,
Puts her matron-mantle on,
And miſts in ſpreading ſtreams convey
More freſh the fumes of new-ſhorn hay;
Then, goddeſs, guide my pilgrim feet
Contemplation hoar to meet,
As ſlow he winds in muſeful mood,
Near the ruſh'd marge of Cherwell's flood;
Or o'er old Avon's magic edge,
Whence Shakſpeare cull'd the ſpiky ſedge,
All playful yet, in years unripe,
To frame a ſhrill and ſimple pipe.
There through the duſk but dimly ſeen,
Sweet ev'ning objects intervene:
His wattled cotes the ſhepherd plants,
Beneath her elm the milk-maid chants.
The woodman, ſpeeding home, a while
Reſts him at a ſhady ſtile.
Nor wants there fragrance to diſpenſe
Refreſhment o'er my ſoothed ſenſe;
Nor tangled woodbines balmy bloom,
Nor graſs beſprent to breathe perfume:
Nor lurking wild-thyme's ſpicy ſweet
To bathe in dew my roving feet:
Nor wants there note of Philomel,
Nor ſound of diſtant-tinkling bell:
Nor lowings faint of herds remote,
Nor maſtiff's bark from boſom'd cot;
Ruſtle the breezes lightly borne
Or deep embattel'd ears of corn:
Round ancient elm, with humming noiſe,
Full loud the chaffer-ſwarms rejoice.
Meantime, a thouſand dyes inveſt
The ruby chambers of the Weſt!
That all aflant the village tow'r
A mild reflected radiance pour,
While, with the level-ſtreaming rays
Far ſeen its arched windows blaze:
And the tall grove's green top is dight
In ruſſet tints, and gleams of light:
So that the gay ſcene by degrees
Bathes my blithe heart in eceſtaſies;
And fancy to my raviſh'd ſight
Portrays her kindred viſions bright.
At length the parting light ſubdues
My ſoften'd ſoul to calmer views,
And fainter ſhapes of penſive joy,
As twilight dawns, my mind employ,
Till from the path I fondly ſtray
In muſings lapt, nor heed the way;
Wandering through the landſcape ſtill,
Till melancholy has her fill;
And on each moſs-wove border damp,
The glow worm hangs his fairy lamp.

But when the sun, at noon-tide hour,
Sits throned in his highest tow'r;
Me, heart-rejoicing goddess, lead
To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead:
To mix in rural mood among
The nymphs and swains, a busy throng;
Or, as the tepid odours breathe,
The russet piles to lean beneath:
There as my listless limbs are thrown
On couch more soft than palace down;
I listen to the busy sound
Of mirth and toil that hums around;
And see the team shrill-tinkling pass,
Alternate o'er the furrow'd grass.

But ever, after summer-show'r,
When the bright sun's returning pow'r,
With laughing beam has chas'd the storm,
And cheer'd reviving nature's form;
By sweet-brier hedges, bath'd in dew,
Let me my wholesome path pursue;
There issuing forth the frequent snail,
Wears the dank way with slimy trail,
While as I walk, from pearled bush,
The sunny-sparkling drop I brush,
And all the landscape fair I view
Clad in robe of fresher hue;
And so loud the black-bird sings,
That far and near the valley rings.
From shelter deep of shaggy rock
The shepherd drives his joyful flock;
From bowering beech the mower blithe
With new-born vigour grasps the scythe;
While o'er the smooth unbounded meads
His last faint gleam the rainbow spreads.

But ever against restless heat,
Bear me to the rock-arch'd seat,
O'er whose dim mouth an ivy'd oak
Hangs nodding from the low-brow'd rock;
Haunted by that chaste nymph alone,
Whose waters cleave the smoothed stone;
Which, as they gush upon the ground,
Still scatter misty dews around:
A rustic, wild, grotesque alcove,
Its side with mantling woodbines wove;
Cool is the cave where Cilo dwells,
Whence Helicon's fresh fountain wells;
Or noon-tide grot where sylvan sleeps
In hoar Lycæum's piny steeps.

Me, goddess, in such cavern lay,
While all without is scorch'd in day;
Sore sighs the weary swain, beneath
His with'ring hawthorn on the heath;
The drooping hedger wishes eve,
In vain, of labour short reprieve!
Meantime on Afric's glowing sands
Smote with keen heat, the trav'ller stands:
Low sinks his heart, while round his eye
Measures the scenes that boundless lie,
Ne'er yet by foot of mortal worn,
Where thirst, wan pilgrim, walks forlorn.
How does he wish some cooling wave
To slake his lips, or limbs to lave!
And thinks, in every whisper low,
He hears a bursting fountain flow.

Or bear me to yon antique wood,
Dim temple of sage solitude!
There within a nook most dark,
Where none my musing mood may mark;

Let me in many a whisper'd rite
The genius old of Greece invite,
With that fair wreath my brows to bind,
Which for his chosen imps he twin'd,
Well nurtur'd in Pierian lore,
On clear Ilissus laureate shore——
Till high on waving nest reclin'd,
The raven wakes my tranced mind!

Or to the forest-fringed vale,
Where widow'd turtles love to wail,
Where cowslips clad in mantle meek,
Nod their tall heads to breezes weak:
In the midst, with sedges gray
Crown'd, a scant riv'let winds its way,
And trembling through the weedy wreaths,
Around an oozy freshness breathes.
O'er the solitary green,
Nor cot, nor loitering hind is seen:
Nor aught alarms the mute repose,
Save that by fits an heifer lows:
A scene might tempt some peaceful sage
To rear him a lone hermitage:
Fit place his pensive eld might choose
On virtue's holy lore to muse.

Yet still the sultry noon t' appease
Some more romantic scene might please;
Or fairy bank, or magic lawn,
By Spenser's lavish pencil drawn.
Or bow'r in Vallambrosa's shade,
By legendary pens pourtray'd.
Haste let me shrowd from painful light,
On that hoar hill's aerial height,
In solemn state, where waving wide,
Thick-pines with dark'ning umbrage hide
The rugged vaults, and riven tow'rs
Of that proud castle's painted bow'rs,
Whence Hardyknute, a baron bold,
In Scotland's martial days of old,
Descended from the stately feast,
Begirt with many a warrior guest,
To quell the pride of Norway's king,
With quiv'ring lance and twanging string.
As through the caverns dim I wind,
Might I that holy legend find,
By fairies spelt in mystic rhymes,
To teach inquiring later times,
What open force, or secret guile,
Dash'd into dust the solemn pile.

But when mild morn in saffron stole
First issues from her eastern goal,
Let not my due feet fail to climb
Some breezy summit's brow sublime,
Whence nature's universal face,
Illumin'd smiles with new-born grace;
The misty streams that wind below,
With silver-sparkling lustre glow;
The groves and castled cliffs appear
Invested all in radiance clear;
O! every village charm beneath!
The smoke that mounts in azure wreath!
O beauteous rural interchange!
The simple spire, and elmy grange!
Content, indulging blissful hours,
Whistles o'er the fragrant flow'rs,
And cattle rouz'd to pasture new,
Shake jocund from their sides the dew.

'Tis thou alone, O Summer mild,
Canſt bid me carol wood-notes wild:
Whene'er I view thy genial ſcenes,
Thy waving woods, embroider'd greens,
What fires within my boſom wake,
How glows my mind the reed to take!
What charms like thine the muſe can call,
With whom 'tis youth and laughter all;
With whom each field's a paradiſe,
And all the globe a bow'r of bliſs!
With thee converſing all the day,
I meditate my lightſome lay.
Theſe pedant cloiſters let me leave,
To breathe my votive ſong at eve.
In valleys where mild whiſpers uſe,
Of ſhade and ſtream, to court the muſe,
While wand'ring o'er the brook's dim verge,
I hear the ſtock-dove's dying dirge.
But when life's buſier ſcene is o'er,
And age ſhall give the treſſes hoar,
I'd fly ſoft luxury's marble dome,
And make an humble thatch my home,
Which ſloping hills around encloſe,
Where many a beech and brown oak grows;
Beneath whoſe dark and branching bow'rs
Its tides a far-fam'd river pours:
By nature's beauties taught to pleaſe,
Sweet Tuſculane of rural eaſe!
Still grot of peace! in lowly ſhed
Who loves to reſt her gentle head.
For not the ſcenes of Attic art
Can comfort care, or ſooth the heart:
Nor burning cheek, nor wakeful eye,
For gold, and Tyrian purple fly.
Thither, kind Heav'n, in pity lent,
Send me a little, and content;
The faithful friend, and cheerful night,
The ſocial ſcene of dear delight:
The conſcience pure, the temper gay,
The muſing eve, and idle day.
Give me beneath cool ſhades to ſit,
Rapt with the charms of claſſic wit;
To catch the bold heroic flame,
That built immortal Græcia's fame.
Nor let me fail, meantime, to raiſe
The ſolemn ſong to Britain's praiſe:
To ſpurn the ſhepherd's ſimple reeds
And paint heroic ancient deeds:
To chaunt fam'd Arthur's magic tale,
And Edward, ſtern in ſable mail;
Or wand'ring Brutus' lawleſs doom,
Or brave Bonduca, ſcourge of Rome.
O ever to ſweet poeſy,
Let me live true votary!
She ſhall lead me by the hand,
Queen of ſweet ſmiles, and ſolace bland!
She from her precious ſtores ſhall ſhed
Ambroſial flow'rets o'er my head:
She, from my tender youthful cheek
Can wipe, with lenient finger meek,
The ſecret and unpitied tear,
Which ſtill I drop in darkneſs drear.
She ſhall be my blooming bride,
With her, as years ſucceſſive glide,
I'll hold divineſt dalliance,
For ever held in holy trance.

## ODE FOR MUSIC,

*As performed at the Theatre in Oxford, on the 2d of July 1751. Being the Anniverſary appointed by the late Lord Crew, Biſhop of Durham, for the Commemoration of Benefactors to the Univerſity.*

" Quique ſacerdotes caſti, dum vita manebat;
" Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti;
" Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes;
" Quique ſui memores alios fecere merendo;
" Omnibus his"—— VIRG.

RECITATIVE ACCOMP.

WHERE ſhall the muſe, that on the ſacred ſhell,
Of men in arts and arms renown'd,
The ſolemn ſtrain delights to ſwell;
Oh! where ſhall Clio chooſe a race,
Whom fame with every laurel, every grace,
Like thoſe of Albion's envied iſle, has crown'd?

CHORUS.

Daughter and miſtreſs of the ſea,
All-honour'd Albion hail!
Where'er thy commerce ſpreads the ſwelling ſail,
Ne'er ſhall ſhe find a land like thee,
So brave, ſo learned, and ſo free;
All-honour'd Albion, hail!

RECITATIVE.

But in this princely land of all that's good and great,
Would Clio ſeek the moſt diſtinguiſh'd ſeat,
Moſt bleſt, where all is ſo ſublimely bleſt,
That with ſuperior grace o'erlooks the reſt,
Like a rich gem in circling gold enſhrin'd;

AIR I.

Where Iſis' waters wind
Along the ſweeteſt ſhore,
That ever felt fair culture's hands,
Or Spring's embroider'd mantle wore,
Lo! where majeſtic Oxford ſtands;

CHORUS.

Virtue's awful throne!
Wiſdom's immortal ſource!

RECITATIVE.

Thee well her beſt belov'd may boaſting Albion own,
Whence each fair purpoſe of ingenious praiſe,
All that in thought or deed divine is deem'd,
In one unbounded tide, one unremitted courſe,
From age to age has ſtill ſucceſſive ſtream'd;
Where learning and where liberty have nurſt,
For thoſe that in their ranks have ſhone the firſt,
Their moſt luxuriant growth of ever-blooming bays.

RECITATIVE ACCOMP.

In ancient days, when ſhe, the queen endu'd
With more than female fortitude,
Bonduca led her painted ranks to fight;
Oft times, in adamantine arms array'd,
Pallas deſcended from the realms of light,
Imperial Britoneſs! thy kindred aid.
As once, all-glowing from the well-fought day,
The goddeſs fought a cooling ſtream,
By chance, inviting with their glaſſy gleam,
Fair Iſis waters flow'd not far away.

Eager ſhe view'd the wave,
On the cool bank ſhe bar'd her breaſt,
To the ſoft gale her locks ambroſial gave;
And thus the wat'ry nymph addreſt:

AIR II.

" Hear, gentle nymph, whoe'er thou art,
" Thy ſweet refreſhing ſtores impart:
" A goddeſs from thy moſſy brink
" Aſks of thy cryſtal ſtream to drink:
" Lo! Pallas aſks the friendly gift;
" Thy coral-crowned treſſes lift,
" Riſe from the wave, propitious pow'r.
" O liſten from thy pearly bow'r."

RECITATIVE.

Her accents Iſis calm attention caught,
As loneſome in her ſecret cell,
In ever-varying hues, as mimic fancy taught,
She rang'd the many-tinctur'd ſhell:
Then from her work aroſe the Naïs mild;

AIR III.

She roſe, and ſweetly ſmil'd
With many a lovely look,
That whiſper'd ſoft conſent:

RECITATIVE.

She ſmil'd, and gave the goddeſs in her flood
To dip her caſk, though dy'd in recent blood;
While Pallas, as the boon ſhe took,
Thus pour'd the grateful ſentiment:

AIR IV.

" For this thy flood the faireſt name
" Of all Britannia's ſtreams ſhall glide,
" Beſt fav'rite of the ſons of fame,
" Of ev'ry tuneful breaſt the pride;
" For on thy borders, bounteous queen,
" Where now the cowſlip paints the green
" With unregarded grace,
" Her wanton herds where nature feeds,
" As loneſome on the breezy reeds
" She bends her ſilent pace;
" Lo! there, to wiſdom's goddeſs dear,
" A far-fam'd city ſhall her turrets rear,

RECITATIVE.

" There all her force ſhall Pallas prove;
" Of claſſic leaf with every crown,
" Each olive, meed of old renown,
" Each ancient wreath, which Athens wove,
" I'll bid her blooming bow'rs abound;
" And Oxford's ſacred ſeats ſhall tow'r
" To thee, mild Naïs of the flood,
" The trophy of my gratitude!
" The temple of my pow'r!"

RECITATIVE.

Nor was the pious promiſe vain;
Soon illuſtrious Alfred came,
And pitch'd fair wiſdom's tent on Iſis' plenteous plain.
Alfred, on thee ſhall all the muſes wait,

AIR V. AND CHORUS.

Alfred, majeſtic name,
Of all our praiſe the ſpring!
Thee all thy ſons ſhall ſing,
Deck'd with the martial and the civic wreath:
In notes moſt awful ſhall the trumpet breath
To thee, great Romulus of learning's richeſt ſtate.

RECITATIVE.

Nor Alfred's bounteous hand alone,
Oxford, thy riſing temples own:
Soon many a ſage munificent,
The prince, the prelate, laurel-crowned crowd,
Their ample bounty lent
To build the beauteous monument,
That Pallas vow'd.

RECITATIVE ACCOMP.

And now ſhe lifts her head ſublime,
Majeſtic in the moſs of time;
Nor wants there Grecia's better part,
'Mid the proud piles of ancient art,
Whoſe fretted ſpires, with ruder hand,
Wainflet and Wickham bravely plann'd;
Nor decent Doric to diſpenſe
New charms 'mid old magnificence;
And here and there ſoft Corinth weaves
Her dædal coronet of leaves;

DUET. [the ſky,

While, as with rival pride their tow'rs invade
Radcliffe and Bodley ſeem to vie,
Which ſhall deſerve the foremoſt place,
Or Gothic ſtrength, or Attic grace.

RECITATIVE.

O Iſis! ever will I chaunt thy praiſe:
Not that thy ſons have ſtruck the golden lyre
With hands moſt ſkilful; have their brows entwin'd
With every faireſt flower of Helicon,
The ſweeteſt ſwans of all th' harmonious choir;
And bade the muſing mind
Of every ſcience pierce the pathleſs ways,
And from the reſt the wreath of wiſdom won;

AIR VI.

But that thy ſons have dar'd to feel
For freedom's cauſe a ſacred zeal;
With Britiſh breaſt, and patriot pride,
Have ſtill corruption's cup defy'd;
In dangerous days untaught to fear,
Have held the name of honour dear.

RECITATIVE.

But chief on this illuſtrious day,
The muſe her loudeſt Pæans loves to pay.
Erewhile ſhe ſtrove with accents weak
In vain to build the lofty rhyme;
At length, by better days of bounty cheer'd,
She dares unfold her wing.

AIR VII.

Hail hour of tranſport moſt ſublime!
In which, the man rever'd,
Immortal Crew commands to ſing,
And gives the pipe to breathe, the ſtring to ſpeak.

CHORUS.

Bleſt prelate, hail!
Moſt pious patron, moſt triumphant theme!
From whoſe auſpicious hand
On Iſis' tow'rs new beauties beam,
New praiſe her nurſing fathers gain;
Immortal Crew!
Bleſt prelate, hail!

RECITATIVE.

E'en now fir'd fancy ſees thee lead
To fame's high-ſeated fane
The ſhouting band!
O'er every hallowed head

Fame's choiceſt wreaths ſhe fees thee ſpread:
Alfred! ſuperior ſmiles the ſolemn ſcene to view;

AIR VIII.

And bids the goddeſs lift
Her loudeſt trumpet to proclaim,
O Crew, thy conſecrated gift,
And echo with his own in ſocial ſtrains thy name.
[*Chorus repeated.*

## ODE

FOR THE NEW-YEAR, 1786*.

" DEAR to Jove, a genial iſle,
" Crowns the broad Atlantic wave;
" The ſeaſons there in mild aſſemblage ſmile,
" And vernal bloſſoms clothe the fruitful prime:
" There, in many a fragrant cave,
" Dwell the ſpirits of the brave,
" And braid with amaranth their brows ſublime."
So feign'd the Grecian bards of yore;
And veil'd in fable's fancy-woven veſt
A viſionary ſhore,
That faintly gleam'd on their prophetic eye
Through the dark volume of futurity:
Nor knew that in the bright attire they dreſt
Albion, the green-hair'd heroine of the weſt:
Ere yet ſhe claim'd old ocean's high command,
And ſnatch'd the trident from the tyrant's hand.

Vainly flow'd the myſtic rhyme?
Mark the deeds from age to age,
That fill her trophy-pictur'd page:
And ſee, with all its ſtrength, untam'd by time,
Still glows her valour's veteran rage,
O'er Calpe's cliffs, and ſteepy tow'rs,
When ſtream'd the red ſulphureous ſhowers,
And death's own hand the dread artillery threw;
While fan along the midnight main
Its glaring arch the flaming volley drew:
How triumph'd Elliot's patient train,
Baffling their vain confederate foes!
And met the unwonted fight's terrific form;
And hurling back the burning war, aroſe
Superior to the fiery ſtorm!

Is there an ocean, that forgets to roll
Beneath the torpid pole;
Nor to the brooding tempeſt heaves?
Her hardy keel the ſtubborn billow cleaves,
The rugged Neptune of the wintr'y brine
In vain his adamantine breaſt-plate wears;
To ſearch coy nature's guarded mine,
She burſts the barriers of th' indignant ice;
O'er ſunleſs bays the beam of ſcience bears:
And rouzing far around the polar ſleep,
Where Drake's bold enſigns fear'd to ſweep,
She ſees new nations flock to ſome fell ſacrifice.
She ſpeeds, at George's ſage command,
Society from deep to deep,
And zone to zone ſhe binds;
From ſhore to ſhore, o'er every land,
The golden chain of commerce winds.

Meantime her patriot-cares explore
Her own rich woof's exhauſtleſs ſtore;
Her native fleece new fervour feels,
And wakens all its whirling wheels,
And mocks the rainbow's radiant dye;
More wide the labours of the loom ſhe ſpreads,
In firmer bands domeſtic commerce weds,
And calls her ſiſter-iſle to ſhare the tie:
Nor heeds the violence that broke
From filial realms her old parental yoke!

Her cities, throng'd with many an Attic dome,
Aſk not the banner'd baſtion, maſſy proof;
Firm as the caſtle's feudal roof,
Stands the Briton's ſocial home.—
Hear, Gaul, of England's liberty the lot!
Right, order, law, protect her ſimpleſt plain;
Nor ſcorn to guard the ſhepherd's nightly fold,
And watch around the foreſt cot.
With conſcious certainty, the ſwain
Gives to the ground his truſted grain,
With eager hope the reddening harveſt eyes;
And claims the reap autumnal gold,
The meed of toil, of induſtry the prize.
For ours the king, who boaſts a parent's praiſe,
Whoſe hand the people's ſceptre ſways;
Ours is the ſenate, not a ſpecious name,
Whoſe active plans pervade the civil frame,
Where bold debate its nobleſt war diſplays,
And, in the kindling ſtrife, unlocks the tide
Of manlieſt eloquence, and rolls the torrent wide.

Hence then, each vain complaint, away,
Each captious doubt, and cautious fear!
Nor blaſt the new-born year,
That anxious waits the Spring's flow-ſhooting ray:
Nor deem that Albion's honours ceaſe to bloom.
With candid glance th' impartial muſe
Invok'd on this auſpicious morn,
The preſent ſcans, the diſtant ſcene purſues,
And breaks opinion's ſpeculative gloom:
Interpreter of ages yet unborn,
Full right ſhe ſpells the characters of fate,
That Albion ſtill ſhall keep her wonted ſtate!
Still, in eternal ſtory, ſhine,
Of victory the ſea-beat ſhrine;
The ſource of every ſplendid art,
Of old, of future worlds, the univerſal mart.

## ODE

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1786.

WHEN freedom nurs'd her native fire
In ancient Greece, and rul'd the lyre;
Her bards, diſdainful, from the tyrant's brow
The tinſel gifts of flattery tore;
But paid to guiltleſs power their willing vow:
And to the throne of virtuous kings,
Tempering the tone of their vindictive ſtrings,
From truth's unproſtituted ſhore,
The fragrant wreath of gratulation bore.

'Twas thus Alceus ſmote the manly chord,
And Pindar on the Perſian lord
His notes of indignation hurl'd,
And ſpurn'd the minſtrel ſlaves of eaſtern ſway,
From trembling Thebes extorting conſcious ſhame;
But o'er the diadem, by freedom's flame
Illum'd, the banner of renown unfurl'd:
Thus to his Hiero decreed,

* *The author being Poet Laureat.*

Mongſt the bold chieftains of the Pythian game,
The brighteſt verdure of Caſtalia's bay;
And gave an ampler meed
Of Piſan palms, than in the field of fame
Were wont to crown the car's victorious ſpeed:
And hail'd his ſcepter'd champion's patriot zeal,
Who mix'd the monarch's with the people's weal;
From civil plans who claim'd applauſe,
And train'd obedient realms to Spartan laws.

And he, ſweet maſter of the Doric oat,
Theocritus forſook awhile
The graces of his paſtoral iſle,
The lowing vale, the bleating cote,
The cluſters on the ſunny ſteep,
And Pan's own umbrage, dark and deep,
The caverns hung with ivy-twine,
The cliffs that wav'd with oak and pine,
And Etna's hoar romantic pile:
And caught the bold Homeric note,
In ſtately ſounds exalting high
The reign of bounteous Ptolemy:
Like the plenty teeming tide
Of his own Nile's redundant flood,
O'er the cheer'd nations far and wide,
Diffuſing opulence and public good:
While in the richly-warbled lays
Was blended Berenice's name,
Pattern fair of female fame,
Softening with domeſtic life
Imperial ſplendour's dazzling rays,
The queen, the mother, and the wife!

To deck with honour due this feſtal day,
O for a ſtrain from theſe ſublimer bards!
Who free to grant, yet fearleſs to refuſe
Their awful ſuffrage, with impartial aim
Invok'd the jealous panegyric muſe;
Nor, but to genuine worth's ſeverer claim,
Their proud diſtinction deign'd to pay,
Stern arbiters of glory's bright awards!
For peerleſs bards like theſe alone,
The bards of Greece might beſt adorn,
With ſeemly ſong, the monarch's natal morn;
Who, thron'd in the magnificence of peace,
Rivals their richeſt regal theme;
Who rules a people like their own,
In arms, in poliſh'd arts ſupreme;
Who bids his Britain vie with Greece.

## ODE

### FOR THE NEW-YEAR, 1787.

In rough magnificence array'd,
When ancient chivalry diſplay'd
The pomp of her heroic games;
And creſted chiefs and tiſſued dames,
Aſſembled at the clarion's call,
In ſome proud caſtle's high-arch'd hall
To grace romantic glory's genial rites:
Aſſociate of the gorgeous feſtival,
The minſtrel ſtruck his kindred ſtring,
And told of many a ſteel-clad king,
Who to the tourney train'd his hardy knights;
Or bore the radiant redcroſs ſhield
Mid the bold peers of Salem's field;
Who travers'd pagan climes to quell
The wizard foe's terrific ſpell;
In rude affrays untaught to fear
The Saracen's gigantic ſpear.
The liſtening champions felt the fabling rhyme
With fairy trappings fraught, and ſhook their plumes ſublime.

Such were the themes of regal praiſe
Dear to the bard of elder days:
The ſongs, to ſavage virtue dear,
That won of yore the public ear!
Ere polity, ſedate and ſage,
Had quench'd the fires of feudal rage.
Had ſtemm'd the torrent of eternal ſtrife,
And charm'd to reſt an unrelenting age.—
No more, informidable ſtate,
The caſtle ſhuts its thundering gate;
New colours ſuit the ſcenes of ſoften'd life;
No more, beſtriding barbed ſteeds,
Adventurous valour idly bleeds:
And now the bard in alter'd tones,
A theme of worthier triumph owns:
By ſocial imagery beguil'd,
He moulds his harp to manners mild;
Nor longer weaves the wreath of war alone,
Nor hails the hoſtile forms that grac'd the Gothic throne.

And now he tunes his plauſive lay
To kings, who plant the civic bay;
Who chooſe the patriot ſovereign's part,
Diffuſing commerce, peace, and art;
Who ſpread the virtuous pattern wide,
And triumph in a nation's pride:
Who ſeek coy ſcience in her cloiſter'd nook,
Where Thames, yet rural, rolls an artleſs tide;
Who love to view the vale divine *,
Where revel nature and the nine,
And cluſtering towers the tufted grove o'erlook;
To kings who rule a filial land,
Who claim a people's vows and pray'rs,
Should treaſon arm the weakeſt hand!
To theſe, his heart-felt praiſe he bears,
And with new raptute haſtes to greet
This feſtal morn, that longs to meet,
With luckieſt auſpices, the laughing ſpring;
And opes her glad career, with bleſſings on her wing!

## ODE

### ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1787.

The nobleſt bards of Albion's choir
Have ſtruck of old this feſtal lyre.
Ere ſcience, ſtruggling oft in vain,
Had dar'd to break her Gothic chain,
Victorious Edward gave the vernal bough
Of Britain's bay to bloom on Chaucer's brow:
Fir'd with the gift, he chang'd to ſounds ſublime
His Norman minſtrelſy's diſcordant chime;
In tones majeſtic hence he told
The banquet of Cambuſcan bold;
And oft he ſung (howe'er the rhyme
Has moulder'd to the touch of time)

* *Nuneham, near Oxford.*

His martial maſter's knightly board,
And Arthur's ancient rites reſtor'd:
The prince in fable ſteel that ſternly frown'd,
And Gallia's captive king, and Creſſy's wreath renown'd.

Won from the ſhepherd's ſimple meed,
The whiſpers wild of Mulla's reed,
Sage Spenſer wak'd his lofty lay
To grace Eliza's golden ſway:
O'er the proud theme new luſtre to diffuſe,
He choſe the gorgeous allegoric muſe,
And call'd to life old Uther's elfin tale,
And rov'd through many a necromantic vale,
Pourtraying chiefs that knew to tame
The goblin's ire, the dragon's flame,
To pierce the dark enchanted hall,
Where virtue ſate in lonely thrall.
From fabling Fancy's inmoſt ſtore
A rich romantic robe he bore;
A veil with viſionary trappings hung,
And o'er his virgin-queen the fairy texture flung.

At length the matchleſs Dryden came,
To light the muſes' clearer flame;
To lofty numbers grace to lend,
And ſtrength with melody to blend;
To triumph in the bold career of ſong,
And roll th' unwearied energy along,
Does the mean incenſe of promiſcuous praiſe,
Does ſervile fear diſgrace his regal bays?
I ſpurn his panegyric ſtrings,
His partial homage, tun'd to kings!
Be mine, to catch his manlier chord,
That paints th' impaſſion'd Perſian lord,
By glory fir'd, to pity ſu'd,
Rous'd to revenge, by love ſubdu'd;
And ſtill, with tranſport new, the ſtrains to trace
That chaunt the Theban pair, and Tancred's deadly vaſe.

Had theſe bleſt bards been call'd to pay
The vows of this auſpicious day,
Each had confeſs'd a fairer throne,
A mightier ſovereign than his own!
Chaucer had bade his hero-monarch yield
The martial fame of Creſſy's well-fought field
To peaceful proweſs, and the conqueſts calm,
That braid the ſceptre with the patriot's palm;
His chaplets of fantaſtic bloom,
His colourings, warm from fiction's loom,
Spenſer had caſt in ſcorn away,
And deck'd with truth alone the lay:
All real here the bard had ſeen
The glories of his pictur'd queen!
The tuneful Dryden had not flatter'd here,
His lyre had blameleſs been, his tribute all ſincere!

## ODE

### FOR THE NEW-YEAR, 1788.

Rude was the pile, and maſſy proof,
That firſt uprear'd its haughty roof
On Windſor's brow ſublime, in warlike ſtate:
The Norman tyrant's jealous hand
The giant fabric proudly plann'd:
With recent victory elate,
"On this majeſtic ſteep," he cried,
"A regal fortreſs, threatening wide,
"Shall ſpread my terrors to the diſtant hills;
"Its formidable ſhade ſhall throw
"Far o'er the broad expanſe below,
"Where winds yon mighty flood, and amply fills
"With flowery verdure, or with golden grain,
"The faireſt fields that deck my new domain!
"And London's towers, that reach the watch-man's eye,
"Shall ſee, with conſcious awe, my bulwark climb the ſky."

Unchang'd, through many a hardy race,
Stood the rough dome on ſullen grace;
Still on its angry front defiance frown'd;
Though monarch's kept their ſtate within,
Still murmur'd with the martial din
The gloomy gateways arch profound;
And armed forms, in airy rows,
Bent o'er the battlements their bows,
And blood-ſtain'd banners crown'd its hoſtile head;
And oft its hoary ramparts wore
The rugged ſcars of conflict ſore;
What time, pavilion'd on the neighbouring mead,
Th' indignant barons rang'd in bright array
Their feudal bands, to curb deſpotic ſway;
And leagu'd a Briton's birth-right to reſtore,
From John's reluctant graſp the roll of freedom bore.

When lo, the king that wreath'd his ſhield,
With lilies pluck'd on Creſſy's field,
Heav'd from its baſe the mouldering Norman frame!—
New glory cloth'd th' exulting ſteep,
The portals tower'd with ampler ſweep;
And valour's ſoften'd genius came,
Here held his pomp, and trail'd the pall
Of triumph through the trophied hall;
And war was clad a while in gorgeous weeds;
Amid the martial pageantries,
While beauty's glance adjudg'd the prize,
And beam'd ſweet influence on heroic deeds.
Nor long, ere Henry's holy zeal, to breathe
A milder charm upon the ſcenes beneath,
Rear'd in the watery glade his claſſic ſhrine,
And call'd his ſtripling-choir to woo the willing nine.

To this imperial ſeat to lend
Its pride ſupreme, and nobly blend
Britiſh magnificence with Attic art;
Proud caſtle, to thy banner'd bowers,
Lo! picture bids her glowing powers
Their bold hiſtoric groups impart:
She bids th' illuminated pane,
Along thy lofty-vaulted fane,
Shed the dim blaze of radiance richly clear.
Still may ſuch arts of peace engage
Their patron's care! But ſhould the rage
Of war to battle rouſe the new-born year,

Britain ariſe, and wake the ſlumbering fire,
Vindictive dart thy quick rekindling ire!
Or, arm'd to ſtrike, in mercy ſpare the foe;
And lift thy thundering hand, and then withhold the blow!

## ODE

ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1788.

WHAT native genius taught the Britons bold
To guard their ſea-girt cliffs of old?
'Twas liberty: ſhe taught diſdain
Of death, of Rome's imperial chain.
She bade the Druid harp to battle ſound,
In tones prophetic, through the gloom profound
Of foreſts hoar, with holy foliage hung;
From grove to grove the pealing prelude rung;
Belinus call'd his painted tribes around,
And, rough with many a veteran ſcar,
Swept the pale legions with the ſcythed car,
While baffled Cæſar fled, to gain,
An eaſier triumph on Pharſalia's plain;
And left the ſtubborn iſle to ſtand elate
Amidſt a conquer'd world, in lone majeſtic ſtate!

A kindred ſpirit ſoon to Britain's ſhore
The ſons of Saxon Elva bore;
Fraught with th' inconquerable ſoul,
Who died to drain the warrior-bowl,
In that bright hall, where Odin's Gothic throne
With the broad blaze of brandiſh'd falchions ſhone;
Where the long roofs rebounded to the din
Of ſpectre chiefs, who feaſted far within:
Yet, not intent on deathful deeds alone,
They felt the fires of ſocial zeal,
The peaceful wiſdom of the public weal;
Though nurs'd in arms and hardy ſtrife,
They knew to frame the plans of temper'd life;
The king's, the people's, balanc'd claims to ſound
On one eternal baſe, indiſſolubly bound.

Sudden, to ſhake the Saxons mild domain,
Ruſh'd in rude ſwarms the robber Dane,
From frozen waſtes and caverns wild,
To genial England's ſcenes beguil'd;
And in his clamorous van exulting came
The demons foul of famine and of flame:
Witneſs the ſheep-clad ſummits, roughly crown'd
With many a frowning foſs and airy mound,
Which yet his defultory march proclaim!—
Nor ceas'd the tide of gore to flow,
Till Alfred's laws allur'd th' inteſtine foe;
And Harold calm'd his headlong rage
To brave achievement and to counſel ſage;
For oft in ſavage breaſts the buried ſeeds
Of broodingvirtue live, and freedom's fareſt deeds!

But ſee, triumphant o'er the ſouthern waves,
The Norman ſweeps!—Though firſt he gave
New grace to Britain's naked plain,
With arts and manners in his train;
And many a fane he rear'd, that ſtill ſublime
In maſſy pomp has mock'd the ſtealth of time;
And caſtle fair, that, ſtript of half its towers,
From ſome broad ſteep in ſhatter'd glory lours:
Yet brought he ſlavery from a ſofter clime;
Each eve, the curfew's notes ſevere
(That now but ſooths the muſing poet's ear)
At the new tyrant's ſtern command,
Warn'd to unwelcome reſt a wakeful land;
While proud oppreſſion o'er the raviſh'd field
High rais'd his armed hand, and ſhook the feudal ſhield.

Stoop'd then that freedom to deſpotic ſway,
For which in many a fierce affray,
The Britons bold, the Saxons bled,
His Daniſh javelins Leſwin led
O'er Haſtings' plain, to ſtay the Norman yoke?
She felt but to reſiſt the ſudden ſtroke:
The tyrant-baron graſp'd the patriot-ſteel,
And taught the tyrant-king its force to feel;
And quick revenge the regal bondage broke.
And ſtill unchang'd and uncontroul'd,
Its reſcued rights ſhall the dread empire hold:
For lo, revering Britain's cauſe,
A king new luſtre lends to native laws!
The ſacred ſovereign of this feſtal day
On Albion's old renown reflects a kindred ray!

## ODE

ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1789.

As when the demon of the Summer-ſtorm
Walks forth the noontide landſcape to deform;
Dark grows the vale, and dark the diſtant grove,
And thick the bolts of angry Jove
Athwart the wat'ry welkin glide,
And ſtreams th' aerial torrent far and wide:
If by ſhort fits the ſtruggling ray
Should dart a momentary day,
Th' illumin'd mountain glows a while,
By faint degrees the radiant glance
Purples th' horizon's pale expanſe,
And gilds the gloom with haſty ſmile:
Ah, fickle ſmile, too ſwiftly paſt!
Again reſounds the ſweeping blaſt;
With hoarſer din the demon howls,
Again the blackening concave ſcowls!
Sudden, the ſhades of the meridian night
Yield to the triumph of rekindling light:
The reddening ſun regains his golden ſway,
And nature ſtands reveal'd in all her bright array.

Such was the changeful conflict that poſſeſs'd,
With trembling tumult every Britiſh breaſt,
When Albion, towering in the van ſublime
Of glory's march, from clime to clime
Envied, belov'd, rever'd, renow'd,
Her brows with every bliſsful chaplet bound;
When, in her mid career of ſtate,
She felt her monarch's awful fate!—
Till mercy from th' Almighty throne
Look'd down on man, and waving wide
Her wreath, that in the rainbow dy'd,
With hues of ſoften'd luſtre ſhone,
And bending from her ſapphire cloud,
O'er regal grief benignant bow'd;
To tranſport turn'd a people's fears,
And ſtay'd a people's tide of tears:
Bade this bleſt dawn with beams auſpicious ſpring
With hope ſerene, with healing in its wing;
And gave a ſovereign o'er a grateful land ſtand
Again with vigorous graſp to ſtretch the ſcepter'd

O favour'd king, what rapture more refin'd,
What mightier joy can fill the human mind,
Than that the monarch's conscious bosom feels,
At whose dread throne a nation kneels,
And hails its father, friend, and lord,
To life's career, to patroit sway restor'd;
And bids the loud responsive voice
Of union all around rejoice?
For thus to thee when Britons bow,
Warm and spontaneous from the heart,
As late their tears, their transports start,
And nature dictates duty's vow;
To thee, recall'd to sacred health,
Did the proud city's lavish wealth,
Did crowded streets alone display
The long-drawn blaze, the festal ray?
Meek poverty her scanty cottage grac'd,
And flung her gleam across the lonely waste!
Th' exulting isle in one wide triumph strove,
One social sacrifice of reverential love.

Such pure unprompted praise do kingdoms pay,
Such willing zeal, to thrones of lawless sway?
Ah! how unlike the vain the venal lore
To Latian rulers dealt of yore,
O'er guilty pomp, and hated power,
When stream'd the sparkling panegyric shower:
And slaves to sovereigns unendear'd
Their pageant trophies coldly rear'd!
For are the charities that blend
Monarch to man, to tyrants known?
The tender ties that to the throne
A mild domestic glory lend;
Of wedded love the league sincere,
The virtuous consort's faithful tear?
Nor this the verse that flattery brings,
Nor here I strike a syren strings; [muse,
Here, kindling with her country's warmth, the
Her country's proud triumphant theme pursues:
Ev'n needless here the tribute of her lay!—
Albion the garland gives on this distinguish'd day.

## ODE

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4. 1790.

WITHIN what fountain's craggy cell
Delights the goddess health to dwell?
Where from the rigid roof distils
Her richest stream in steely rills?
What mineral gems entwine her humid locks?
Lo, sparkling high from potent springs,
To Britain's sons her cup she brings!
Romantic matlock! are thy tufted rocks,
Thy fring'd declivities, the dim retreat
Where the coy nymph has fix'd her favourite seat,
And hears, reclin'd along the thundering shore,
Indignant Darwent's desultory tide
His rugged channel rudely chide?
Darwent, whose shaggy wreath is stain'd with Danish gore!
Or does she dress her Naïad cave
With coral spoils from Neptune's wave,
And hold short revels with the train
Of nymphs that tread the neighb'ring main?
And from the cliffs of Avon's cavern'd side,
Temper the balmy beverage pure,
That fraught with "drops of precious cure,"
Brings back to trembling hope the drooping bride;
That in the virgin's cheek renews the rose,
And wraps the eye of pain in quick repose!
While oft she climbs the mountain's shelving steeps,
And calls her votaries wan, to catch the gale
That breathes o'er Ashton's elmy vale,
And from the Cambrian hills the billowy Severn sweeps.

Or broods the nymph with watchful wing
O'er ancient Badon's mystic spring?
And speeds from its sulphureous source
The steamy torrent's secret course;
And fans th' eternal sparks of hidden fire,
In deep unfathom'd beds below
By Bladud's magic taught to glow,
Bladud, high theme of fancy's Gothic lyre!
Or owes the healing power her chosen fount
In the rich veins of Malvern's ample mount
From whose tall ridge the noontide wanderer views
Pomona's purple realm, in April's pride,
Its blaze of bloom expanding wide,
And waving groves array'd in Flora's fairest hues.

Haunts she the scene where nature lowers
O'er Buxton's heath in lingering showers?
Or loves she more, with sandal fleet,
In matin dance the nymphs to meet
That on the flowery marge of Chelder play?
Who, boastful of the stately train
That deign'd to grace this simple plain,
Late, with new pride, along his reedy way,
Bore to Sabrina wreaths of brighter hue,
And mark'd his pastoral urn with emblems new—
Howe'er these streams ambrosial may detain
Thy steps, O genial health, yet not alone
Thy gifts the Naïad-sisters own;
Thine too the briny flood, and ocean's hoar domain.

And lo! amid the watery roar,
In Thetis' car she skims the shore;
Where Portland's brows embattled high
With rocks, in rugged majesty
Frown o'er the billows, and the storm restrain
She beckons Britain's sceptr'd pair
Her treasures of the deep to share!—
Hail then, on this glad morn the mighty main!
Which lends the boon divine of lengthen'd days
To those who wear the noblest regal bays:
That mighty main, which on its conscious tide,
Their boundless commerce pours on every clime,
Their dauntless banner bears sublime;
Which wafts their pomp of war and spreads their thunder wide!

# POEMATA.

## MONS CATHARINÆ,

PROPE WINTONIAM.

Aerii Catharina jugi quâ vertice summo,
Danorum veteres fossas, immania castra,
Et circumductî servat vestigia valli;
Wiccamicæ mos est pubi, celebrare palæstras
Multiplices, passimque levi contendere lusu,
Festa dies quoties rediit, concessaque rite
Otia, purpureoque rubentes lumine soles,
Invitant, tetricæ curas lenire Minervæ,
Librorumque moras, et iniqua remittere pensa.
Ergo, Cecropiæ quales ætate cohortes,
Siquando ceras, nondumque tenacia linquunt
Mella vagæ, luduntque favis examina missa,
Mox studio majore novos obitura labores;
Egreditur pullatum agmen; camposque patentes
Occupat, ingentisque tenet spatia arida clivi.
Nec mora; quisque suos mores, animumque fateri,
Ingeniumque sequi, propriæque accingier arti.
Pars aciem instituunt, et justo utrinque phalanges
Ordine, et adversæ positis stant sortibus alæ.
His datur, orbiculum metis prohibere propinquis,
Præcipitique levem per gramina mittere lapsu:
Aut aliis, quorum pedibus fiducia major,
Excubias agitare vagas, cursuque citato
Sectari, et jam jam salienti insistere prædæ;
Usque adeo stimulat rapidus globus ire sequaces
Ancipiti de colle, pilæque volubilis error.
Impetus seu valido elatum, et sublime volantem
Suspiciunt, pronosque inhiant ex aere lapsus,
Sortiti fortunam oculis; manibusque paratis
Expectant propiorem, intercipiuntque caducum.
At pater Ichinus viridantes, vallibus imis,
Quâ reficit salices, subductæ in margine ripæ,
Pars vegetos nudant artus, et flumina saltu
Summia petunt: jamque alternis placidum ictibus æquor
In numerum, pedibusque secant, et remige plantâ;
Jamque ipso penitus merguntur gurgite, prono
Corpore, spumantemque lacum sub vertice torquent.
Protinus emersis, nova gratia crinibus udis
Nascitur, atque oculis subitò micat acribus ignis
Lætior, impubesque genæ formosius ardent.
Interea licitos colles, atque otia jussa,
Illi indignantes, ripæ ulterioris amore,
Longinquos campos, et non sua rura capessunt.
Sive illos (quæ corda solet mortalia passim)
In vetitum mens prona nefas, et iniqua cupido
Sollicitet; novitasve trahat dulcedine mirâ
Insuetos tentare per avia pascua calles:
Seu malint secum obscuros captare recessus,
Secreto faciles habituri in margine Musas:
Quicquid erit, cursu pavitanti, oculisque retortis,
Fit furtiva via, et suspectis passibus itur.
Nec parvi stetit ordinibus cessisse, locumque
Deseruisse datum, et signis abiisse relictis.
Quin lusu incerto cernas gestire Minores;
Usque adeo instabiles animos nova gaudia lactant!
Se saltu exercent vario, et luctantur in herbâ,
Innocuasve edunt pugnas, aut gramine molli
Otia agunt fusi, civilique sub omnibus hærent.
Aut Aliquis tereti ductos in marmore gyros
Suspiciens, miratur inextricabile textum;
Sive illic Lemurum populus sub nocte choreas
Plauserit exiguas, virideque attriverit herbas;
Sive olim pastor fidos descripserit igues,
Verbaque difficili composta reliquerit orbe,
Consutasque notas, impressaque cespite vota.
At Juvenis, cui sunt meliores pectore sensus,
Cui cordi rerum species, et dædalus ordo,
Et tumulum capit, et sublimi vertice solus,
Quæ latè patuere, oculos fert singula circum.
Colle ex opposito, flaventi campus aristâ
Aureus, adverseque refulgent jugera sole:
At procul obscuri fluctus, et rura remotis
Indiciis, et disjunctæ juga cærula Vectæ:
Sub pedibus, perfusa ubigine pascua dulci,
Et tenues rivi, et sparsis frondentia Tempe
Arboribus, saxoque rudi venerabile templum
Apparet, mediâ riguæ convallis in umbrâ.
Turritum, a dextrâ, patulis caput extulit ulmis
Wiccamici domus alma chori, notissima Musis:
Nec procul ampla ædes, et eodem læta patrono,
Ingens delubrum, centum sublime feneslris,
Erigitur, magnâque micant fastigia mole.
Hinc atque hinc extat vetus Urbs, olim inclyta bello,
Et muri disjecti, et propugnacula lapsa;
Infectique Lares, lævique palatia ducta
Auspiciis. Nequeunt capleri corda tuendo,
Et tacitam permulcet imago plurima mentem.
O felix Puerorum ætas, luceseque beatæ!
Vobis dia quies animis, et tristia vobis
Nondum sollicitæ subierunt tædia vitæ!
En! vobis roseo ore salus, curæque fugaces,
Et lacrymæ, siquando, breves; dulcesque cachinni,
Et faciles, ultrò nati de pectore, risus!
O fortunati nimium! Si talia constent
Gaudia jam pueris, Ichinum propter amænum,
Ah! sedes ambire novas quæ tanta cupido est,
Dotalemque domum, et promissas Isidis undas?
Ipsos illa licèt fœcundo flumine lucos
Pieridum fortunatos, et opima vireta,
Irriget, Iliso par, aut Permessidos amni,
Et centum ostentet sinuoso in margine turres.

## SACELLUM COLL. SS. TRIN. OXON. INSTAURATUM,

Suppetias præsertim conferente
Rad. Bathurst, ejusdem Coll. Præs. et Ecclesiæ Wellensis Decano.

Quo cultu renovata dei penetralia, tristi
Dudum obducta situ, senioque horrentia longo,

Squallorem exuerint veterem, turpesque tenebras;
Utque novam faciem, mutataque mænia ritè
Sumpserit instaurata ædes, specieque refurgens
Cæperit insuetâ priscum splendescere fanum,
Auspice Bathurste, canimus: Tu, Diva, secundum
Da genium, et quales ipsi Romana canenti
Carmina, Nasonis facilem superantia venam,
Bathurste annueras, Latios concede lepores.

Quippe ubi jam Graiis moles innixa columnis
Erigitur nitidæ normam confessa Corinthi,
Vitruviumque refert justissima fabrica verum;
Quaque, Hospes, vario mirabere culmina fuco
Vivida, et ornatos multo molimine muros,
Olim cernere erat breviori limite clausum
Obscurumque adytum; dubiam cui rara fenestra
Admisit lucem, rudibus suffusa figuris;
Quale pater pietati olim sacrârat avitæ
Popius, et rite antiquâ decoraverat arte:
At veteres quondam quicunque insigniit aras
Tandem extinctus honos: rerum fortuna subinde
Tot tulerat revoluta vices, et, certior hostis,
Paulatim quassata fatiscere fecerat ætas
Tecta ruens; quæ nunc et Wrenni dædala dextra,
Et pietas Bathursti æquat pulcherrima cœlo.

Verùm age, nec faciles, Hospes, piget omnia circum
Ferre oculos. Adsis; qualisque ereptus ab undis
Æneas, Lybicæ postquam successerat urbi,
Constitit artificumque manus, operumque laborem
Miratus, pictoque in pariete nota per orbem
Bella, sub ingenti collustrans singula templo;
Non minùs et donis opulentum, et numine plenum
Suspice majori templum, nitidoque receptus
Vestibulo, quanti pateant spectacula torni
Contemplator, et oppositum cælamine Septum
Raro interfusum, quali perluceat arte!
Queis inflexa modis, quo sit perfusa nitore
Sculptilis, et nimiùm conspectu lubrica cedrus!
At Cancellorum non enarrabile textum,
Autumni spoliis, et multâ messe gravatum,
Occupat in medio, et binas demittit in alas
Porticus, et plexâ præfixis fronde columnis
Utrinque incubuit, penetralique ostia fecit.
Nec sua pro foribus desunt, spirantia signa,
Fida satellitia, atque aditum servantia tantum:
Nonne vides fixos in cœlum tollere vultus,
Ingentesque Dei monitus haurire, fideli
Et calamo Christum victuris tradere chartis?
Halat opus, Lebanique refert fragantis oderem.

Perge modò, utque acies amplectier omnia possit,
Te mediis immitte choris, delubraque carpe
Interiora inhians; quæque obvia surgere cernis
Pauliser flexo venerans altaria vultu,
Siste gradum, atque oculos refer ad fastigia summa.
Illic divinos vultus, ardentiaque ora,
Nobilis expressit calamus, cœlumque reclusit.
In medio, domitâ jam morte et victor Iesus
Ætherium molitur iter, nebulisque coruscis
Insistens, repetit patrem, intermissaque sceptra.
Agnosco radiis flagrantia tempora densis,
Vulneraque illa (nefas!) quæ ligno maxima fixus
Victima sustulerat fatali: immobilus æther
Desuper, et puræ vis depluit aurea lucis.
At vario, per inane, dei comitatus, amictu
Cælestes formæ, fulgentque insignibus alis.
Officio credas omnes trepidare fideli:
Pars sequitur longè, veneraturque ora volantis,
Pars aptare humeros Divo, et substernere nubes
Purpureas, caroque oneri succedere gaudent
Certatim, pareterquè juvant augentque triumphum.

Nec totum in tabulâ est culmen: quà cærula clausit
Extrema, atque oras picturæ muniit aurum,
Protinus hinc sese species nitidissima rerum
Utrinque explicuit, cæmento ducta sequaci.
Tali opifex facilem massam disponere tracta
Calluit, argillæ secernens uvida fila
Mobilis, ut nullas non sint induta figuras
In quascunque levis digitus diducere vellet.
Nec confusus honos operi; secretaque rite
Areolam sculptura suam sibi vindicat omnis.
Prima ipsam niveo, circumque supraquè, tabellam
Prætexit, sinuans alterna volumina, plexu,
Frondeaque intortos producit fimbria gyros.
Hinc atque hinc patulæ pubescunt vimina palmæ
Vivaces effusa comas, intextaque pomis
Turgidulis, varioque referta umbracula fœtu,
Cui pleno invidcat subnitens Copia cornu:
Hac procuduntur flores, pulcherrima ferta,
Qualia vere novo peperit cultissimus hortus;
Queis vix viva magis, meliusvè effingere novit,
Dextera acu pollens, calathisque assueta Minervæ,
Omnes illa licêt, quot parturit Enna, colores
Temperet, expediens variis discrimina filis,
Atque auro rigeat dives subtemen et ostro.
At ne aciem deflecte, tuendi captus amore.
Aspicis, ut diam nubes resecare columbam,
Suppositis fecitque opifex ollabier aris?
Hanc circum et Christi fatum referentia, fœvæ
Instrumenta artis, magnique insignia Lethi,
Addidit; informes contortâ cuspide clavos,
Sanguineas capitis spinas, crepitantia flagra,
Ipsam etiam, quæ membra Dei morientis, et ora
Heu! collapsa Crucem mundique piacula gessit.

At quà marmoreis gradibus se mystica mensa
Subrigit, et dives divini altare cruoris,
En, qualis murum a tergo præcinxit amictus,
Cedrinæque trabes, adversique æmula Septi
Materies, pariterque potentis conscia torni.
Verum ipsos evade gradus, nec longiùs abstes,
Quin propiore oculo, cupidique indagine visûs,
Angliaci explores divinum opus Alcimedontis:
Ne tenues formæ fugiant, et gratia ligni
Exilis pereantque levis vestigia ferri
Mollia, subtilisque lepos intercidat omnis.
Quis fabri dabit insidias, arcanaque fila,
Rimari! Retinent quæ vincula textile buxum,
Et quales cohibent suspensa toreumata nodi!
Hinc atque hinc crescit foliorum pensilis umbra,
Et partita trahit pronas utrobique corallos,
Maturisque riget baccis, et germina pandit:
Quales e tereti dependent undique trunco
Undantes hederæ, et densis coma fœta corymbis.
Inter opus pennatarum paria alma cherubum
Ambrosios lucent crines, impubiaque ora.
In summo veneranda calix, inciſaque messis
In spicam induitur, turgentesque uva racemos
Rasilis explicuit, sacræ libamina cœnæ.
Tale decus nunquam impressit candenti elephanto,
Non Pario lapidi, non flavo Dædalus auro,
Quale faber buxo, gracilique in stipite lusit.

En verò, tumulum ingentem quà proxima clausit
Testudo, priscæ effigies, et busta propinquis
Non indigna aris! Salve, sanctissime Popi!
Nunc ultro ad cineres ipsius et ossa parentis
Adsumus: O salve! neque enim, pater optime, credo

Elysias inter sedes, divosque repôstus,
Et cum dilecto ducens dia otia Moro *,
Negligis ulteriora pii monumenta laboris,
Alterius monumenta manûs, et non tua dona.
Alme Parens, salveto! Tuum est vestigia vulgi
Quod fugiam: Tu das inopis crudelia vitæ
Tædia solari, afflictis spes unica rebus,
Et finis Aonidum viridantes ire per hortos.
Te, pater, et fidâ tua facta reponere mente,
Et memor assiduas tibi rite resolvere grates,
Ora puer dubiâ signans intonsa juventa,
Consueram, primis et te venerabar ab annis.
Nec vano augurio sanctis cunabula Musis
Hæc posuisti olim, nec spes frustrata fefellit
Magna animo meditantem, et præmia larga ferentem:
Unde tot Aoniâ stant ordine tempora Lauro
Velati, donoque æternæ frondis Alumni.
Alleni rerum referans abstrusa senectus,
Et torquere sagax rationis lucida tela
Omnia Chilvorthus †, patriosque recludere ritus
Seldenus solers, et magnificus Sheldonus,
Et juga Denhamius monstrans ignota camænis:
Tuque etiam, Bathurste, potens et mente manuque
Palladis exercere artes, unaque tueri.
Ergo tibi quoties, Popi, solennia vota
Rite rependamus, proprioque novemus honores,
Tuque etiam socias, Bathurste, merebere laudes,
Divisum decus, et lauro cingêre secundâ.—
Nec te sola Tuum, licèt optima cura, facellum
Occupat: en! prope plura facis, nec dispare sumptu,
Atria moliris ritu concinna recenti,
Summissas propter sedes; majoraque mandas
Ipsius incrementa domus, reficisque penates.
Sic ubi, non operosa adeo primordia fassus,
Romulus exiguam muro concluserat urbem,
Per tenues primò plateas arx rara micare,
Ipsaque straminea constabat regia culmo;
At postquam Augustus rerum successit habenis,
Continuò Parii lapidis candentia luce
Tecta refulsere; et Capitoli immobile saxum
Vertice marmoreo stetit, et laquearibus aureis.

*Col. Trin. Oxon.* 1748.

## EX EURIPIDIS ANDROMACHE, V. 102.

Cum Paris, O Helene, te celsa in Pergama duxit,
Et miser illicitos jussit adire toros,
Heu! non conjugii læti florentia dona,
Quin secum Alectô, Tisiphonemque, tulit.
Illius ob Furias, fidens Mars mille carinis
Te circùm rutilis, Troja, dedit facibus!
Illius ob Furias, cecidisti, care marite,
Hector! Achillêis rapte, marite, rotis!
Ipsa autem e thalamis agor ad cava littora ponti,
Servitii gravidâ nube adoperta caput.
Ah! mihi quæ stillant lacrymæ! Trojamque, torumque,
Et fœdo fusum in pulvere linquo virum!
Quid juvat ulteriùs cæli convexa tueri?
Scilicet Hermionis sordida serva feror:
Et Thetidis complexa pedes, liquefio, perennis
Qualis præcipiti quæ pluit unda jugo.

* *D. Thoma More, amico suo singulari.*
† *Chillingworth.*

## MELEAGRI EPITAPHIUM IN UXOREM,

EX ANTHOLOGIA *.

Mitto tibi lacrymas O Heliodora, sub Orcum,
In tenebris longè mitto tibi lacrymas.
Ah tristes lacrymas, libata in flebile hustum
Et desiderii dona, et amoris habe!
Te crebro, crebroque, meamque a lumine cassam
Desleo; quæ Diti gratia nulla Deo est.—
O ubi jucundus mihi floseulus? abstulit Orcus.—
Fædavit vegetum pulvere germen humus.
Quare, terra tuum est amplectier ossa repostæ
Mollitèr, et fido salva fovere sinu.

## ANTIPATRI, EX ANTHOLOGIA.

His natam Antigenes orabat vocibus olim
Ævi cum traherit fila suprema senex:
" O Virgo formosa, O dulcis nata, minister
Vitæ inopis semper sit tibi cura colus.
Mox cum te sociarit Hymen, tua maxima dos sit,
Te castæ mores matris habere probos."

## CARYPHILLIDÆ, EX ANTHOLOGIA.

Meam præteriens, Viator, urnam,
Non est quod lacrymâ riges sepultum;
Nam nil et mihi mortuo dolendum est,
Conjux una mihi, fuitque fida,
Quâ cum consenui; dedique natos
Tres in fœdera fausta nuptiarum;
Ex queis, sæpe mihi in sinu tepenti,
Sopivi pueros puellulasque:
Qui tandem Inferiis mihi relatis,
Misêre ambrosios patrem sopores
Dormitum, Elysii virente ripâ.

## CALLIMACHI IN CRETHIDA.

Docta est dulcè loqui, puellulasque
Inter ludere docta pervenustè;
Te Crethi, Samiæ tuæ resposcunt;
Cujus garrulitate mollicellâ,
Suerant lanifici levare curas.
At tu surda jaces; trahisque somnos
Cunctis denique, Crethi, dormiendos!

## ANTIPATRI,

EX. MSS. BODLEIANIS ANTHOL. CEPHAL.

Ergo te nitidæ decus palæstræ,
Te lætum validæ labore luctæ,
Et perfusa oleo videre membra,
Nunc, Protarche, pater tegit sepulchro,
Congestisque recondit ossa saxis?
Necdum filiolæ modo peremptæ
Cessit cura recens, novique luctus
Acer funeris, O fidelis uxor,
Te præreptâ etiam parique fato.
At postquam ferus Orcus hausit, et spes

* *Ultimum, pro sale et acumine, quibus lautitiis adeo delectari videmus recentes portas, simplex tandem lepos, quo solo jucundissimoque veteres utebantur condimento, restitui possit et adhiberi!*

Et solatia vos gravis senectæ,
Hunc vobis lapidem memor reponit.

## VOTUM PANI FACTUM.

ANTHOL. L. 7.

Suspensam e Platano Telesfon tibi, Capripes O Pan,
Pellem villosæ dat pia dona, feræ.
Curvatamque caput, nodoso e stipite clavam,
Quæ modò depulsi fœda cruore lupi est.
Concretoque aptum lacti mulctrale, et odoros
Queis tenuit clausos, ferrea vincla, canes.

## IN TUMULUM ARCHILOCHI.

Hic est Archilochus situs. Veneno
Primus novit amara viperino
Qui contingere carmina; et cruore
Permessi liquidas notavit undas.
Testis, qui tribus orbus est puellis,
Suspensis laqueo truci, Lycambes.
Tu cauto pede præteri viator,
Crabones aliter ciebis, ejus
Qui busto sibi condidêre nidum.

## ANTIPATRI,

EX ANTHOLOGIA.

Cur me pastores soliorum abducitis umbrâ,
Me quam delectant roscida ruram vagam?
Me quæ nympharum sum Musa? atque æthere sudo,
Hinc recino umbrosis saltubus, inde jugis.
Eu! turdum et merulam, si prædæ tanta cupido est,
Quæ late sulcos deripuere Satos.
Quæ vastant fruges captare et fallere fas est,
Roscida non avidæ sufficit herba mihi.

## ANTIPATRI THESSALONICENSIS EPIGR.

Te verso properantem hostili ex agmine tergo,
Trajecit ferro vindice mater atrox;
Te tua quæ peperit mater: gladiumque recenti
Spumantem pueri sanguine crebra rotans,
Dentibus et graviter stridens, quatisque Lacæna,
Igne retrò torquens lumina glauca fero,
" Linque, ait, Eurotam; et si mors est dura, sub
" Orcum
" Effuge; non meus es; non Lacedæmonius."

## EX ANTHOLOGIA.

LIB. 4. CAP. 33.

Te tristi mihi nuper, Heraclite,
Fato succubuisse nunciatum est;
Quo rumore, misellus, impotentes
Fui in lacrimulas statim coactus:
Recordabar enim, loquelâ ut olim
Dulci consueramus ambo longos
Soles fallere, fabulisque crebris.
Verum, Tu, vetus hospes, O ubinam—
Ah dudum—in cineres redacte dudum!
Nunc jaces, vetus hospes, et urbe Carûm?
Tuæ Lusciniæ tamen superstunt;
Illis, omnia qui sibi arrogavit,
Haud Pluto injiciet manus rapaces.

## NYMPH. FONT.

Nymphæ, fonticolæ nymphæ, quæ gurgitis hujus
Æternùm roseo tunditis ima pede:
Lysimachum servate! sub alta maxima pinu
Numinibus posuit qui simulacra tuis.

## SUB IMAGINE PANIS RUDI LAPIDE.

Hic stans vertice montium supremo
Pan, glaucei nemoris nitere fructus
Cerno desuper, uberemque sylvam.
Quod si purpureæ, viator, uvæ
Te desiderium capit, roganti
Non totum invideo tibi racemum.
Quin si fraude malâ quid hinc reportes,
Hoc pœnas luito caput bacillo.

## HOMERI HYMNUS AD PANA.

En! tibi, Pan, summi colles, et maxima parent
Culmina, præcipitesque nivali vertice rupes.
Tu pater, incedens virgulta per avia, mentem
Oblectas lapsu fluviorum lenè cadentûm.
Sive errare velis per vasta cacumina, magni
Unde procul patuêre greges, atque otia dia
Pastorum; capreasve agites indagine densâ,
Seu redeas squallens variarum cæde ferarum.
At simul ex alto subluxit vesper Olympo,
Tale melos suavi diffundis arundine, quale
Non, Philomela, facis, quoties frondentibus umbr
Abdita, vere novo, intêgras miserabile carmen.
Continuo properant faciles in carmina nymphæ,
Instaurantque choros; saltantibus adsonat Echo.
In medio Deus ipse inflexos orbibus orbes
Insequitur, quatiens maculosæ tegmine lyncis:
Sub pedibusque croci crescunt, dulcesque hyacin
thi,
Floribus et variis viridis distinguitur herba.
Interea cecinêre Deûm primordia prisca:
At primùm dixêre, ut, Divûm nuntius Hermes
Venerit Arcadiæ fines, pecorisque feraces
Formosi campos, et prata recentia rivis.
Quà nunc illi aræ, quà stant Cyllenia templa.
Illic, divino licêt ingens esset honore,
Pavit oves, nam jussit amor; votisque potitus
Egregiam Dryopen in vincla jugalia duxit.
Nascitur hinc proles visu miranda, bicornis
Capripes; ipsa novo nutrix exterrita fœtu
Restitit, hirsutique infantem corporis horrens.
At pater exultans villosâ pelle revinctum
Montani leporis puerum, fulgentibus astris
Intulit, et solium Jovis ad sublime locavit.
Excipiunt plausu Superi; subrisit Iacchus
Purpureo vultu, et puerum Pan nomine dixit.

## EX POEMATA DE VOLUPTATIBUS FA CULTATIS IMAGINATRICIS *.

——O progenies pulcherrima cœli!
Quo tibi succorum tractu, calamique labore,
Divinos ducam vultus, cœlestiaque ora?
Unde legam qui, Diva, tuis certare colores

* *The Pleasures of Imagination*, b. i.

rpurei possint, diserimina dædala fuci?
go age, Musa, vago cursu per maxima mundi
patia; et quicquid formosi florida tellus,
iicquid habent maria, et cœli spirabile lumen,
ilibes; quicquid nitidum natura recondit
ves opum variarum, in amabile, Musa, fideli
nfer opus studio. Seu liberioribus alis
n', comite Autumno, per fortunata volare
sperid\u00fbm nemora, et dias Atlantidos oras,
nn quacunque Pater fœcundo pollice lucum
elicem contingit, opacis gratia ramis
t nova, et auricomo fulsêrunt vimina fœtu:
nâcunque inceſſit per ditia rura, renident
idique maturo subiti livore racemi;
oricosque recens infecit purpura colles,
nales occiduo nubes quæ sole coruscant.
ve errare velis, rigua convalle, per umbras
iphnes dilectas, Penéus gurgite leni
uà fluit, ostentatque reflexam e flumine Tempe
irpuream vitreo;—Tempe! quà, numina sylvis
ota olim, Fauni Nymphæque, per aurea prisci
ecula Saturni, secreto in margine ripæ
ondiferæ, socio ducebant Pane choreas
ultiplices. At saltantum vestigia propter,
orasque, Zephyrosque almos, udo imbre, videres
ertatim ambrosios rores, et odoriferum thus,
epluere, Elysioque rubent quicunque colores *.

## EX POEMATE DE RATIONE SALUTIS CONSERVANDÆ†.

AGO agite, O nymphæ, integros ostendite fontes;
gelidasque domos, rigui penetralia regni,
äiades aperite! per avia tesqua vagari,
obis nota, aveo: videor resonantia saxis
lumina præruptis, scatebrasque audire recluſas.
inctâ perculsus mentem formidine, rupes
rospicio, quà vorticibus spumantibus amnes
ıfignes micuêre, antiquo carmine clari.
nte omnes, ingens, scopulis plangentibus, exit
ilus; at iratis properat violentior undis
inc Padus; inde jugis Euphrates Oceano par
olvitur umbriferis, orientemque irrigat omnem.
t secum, fævoque procul resupinus in antro,
quallentem Tanais diffudit barbarus urnam.
uantis sub tenebris, quam vastis obruta silvis
ndique, conduntur fluviorum exordia prima
ſobilium! Ergo animum permista horrore voluptas
ercipit, et sacro correpunt ossa pavore:
t magis atque magis, dirâ formidine circùm
rondiferi horrescunt luci, ramisque patescit
ltius, et majori atrum nemus accubat umbrâ.
icite, num Lemurûm regio stat finibus istis
bdita? quænam hæc ignoti pomœria mundi?
ui populi? Quæve arva viris exercita? siquæ
alia trans deserta supersint arva colenda.
ubi camporum tam nigris faucibus antrum
orrigitur! Tanto specus ille immanis hiatu
ertur in informem Phlegethonta, an amœna vireta
ortunatorum nemorum? per opaca locorum
ucite vos, dubiosque pedes firmetis eunti:
unera vestra cano, nam jussit talia Pæon,
alia, diva Salus; et versu pandere conor,

Quid lymphâ liquido fierive potest elemento:
Quo nihil utilius mundi fert dædala moles.
Mirus quippe latex it mobilis undique; gemmis
Lumine dat radiare vago; dat quercubus altis
Sævas indignari hyemes, et temnere ventos;
Dat scintillanti tenuissima spicula vino:
Et vehit et generat speciei alimenta cüique,
Et vitam, seu quæ spirabilis ætheris aurâ
Vescitur, irriguisve virescit florida campis *.

## PINDARI PYTHIC. I.

HIERONI ÆTNÆO SYRACUSIO CURRU VICTO.

TESTUDO filis apta nitentibus,
Quam ritè servat Pieridum chorus,
Tu cantilenam, tu sequaces
Egregiâ regis arte gressus!
Perculsa plectro leniter aureo
Pronum corusci fulminis impetum
Tu sistis, Æternæque flammæ
Præcipites moderaris ictus.
Alis relapsis, fusa Jovis super
Sceptro, volucris regia sternitur
Sopore prædulci, carentque
Rostra minis, occulique flammis.
Quin Mars reponens aspera spicula,
Post pulverem certaminis ardui,
Oblectetat, O Thœbea proles,
Corda tuo truculenta cantu.
At quos benigno numine Jupiter
Non vidit, illos, carminis audiant
Siquando divini levamen,
Horror agit pavidusque luctus:
Qualis Typhæus, sub barathro jacens
Imo, supremis improba centiceps,
Quod bella Divis intulisset
Æmoniq genitus sub antro.
Quem nunc ligatum Cuma cubat super,
Pectusque setis comprimit horridum
Columna cœli, quæ perenni
Stat glacie, nivis Ætna nutrix:
Et nunc procellas evomit igneas,
Fumosque, misto turbine, belluâ
Vulcani et horrendum rubescunt
Nocte procul jaculata saxa:
Immane dictu prodigium! Mare
Siquis propinquum transeat, ut Typhos
Ætnæ sub antris illegetur,
Difficilique fremat cubili!
Hoc me solutum crimine fac, Pater,
Cui paret Ætnæ frondeus ambitus,
Frons fertilis telluris, ingens
Urbs titulos tulit unde magnos;
Quà nuntiatum est quale Hiero ederet
Certamen, acres victor agens equos,
Quantusque succussis, rotarum
Arbitur, institerit quadrigis†.

## IN HORTO SCRIPT.

Vos O quæ sociis plicata ramis
Ulmi brachia panditis gemellæ,
Horti deliciæ, decusque parvi!
Dum vicina apium cohors per herbas

* *Lib.* i. *ver.* 280, *et seq.*
† *The Art of preserving Health*, *b.* 2.

* *Lib.* ii. *Ver.* 352, *et seq.*
† *Ad Antistr.* ii.

Fragrantes medio ſtrepit ſub æſtu,
Fraternis tueamini magiſtrum
Vos ſub frondibus, Attici leporis
Auctores Latiive lectitantem;
Luſtrantemve oculo licentiori
Colles oppoſitos, aprica rura,
Late undantibus obſitos ariſtis,
Tectoſque aeriis ſuperne ſagis.

## EPITAPHIUM.

Conjux chara vale! tibi Maritus
Hoc pono memori manu ſepulchrum:
At quales lacrymas tibi rependam,
Dum triſti recolo, Suſanna, corde,
Quàm conſtans, animo neque impotente,
Tardi ſuſtuleras acuta lethi,
Me ſpectans placidis ſupremùm ocellis!
Quòd ſi pro meritis vel ipſe flerem,
Quo fletu tua te relicta proles,
Proles parvula, rite proſequetur,
Cuſtodem, ſociam, ducem, parentem?
At quorſum lacrymæ? Valeto raræ
Exemplum pietatis, O Suſanna!

## APUD HORTUM JUCUNDISSIMUM WINTONIÆ.

Si qua eſt gratia rivuli perennis,
Ripas qui properat loquax per udas;
Si quis graminco nitor vireto,
Raſiſve in ſpatiis quid eſt amœni;
Aut ſiquod, fruticum tenellulorum,
Raris faſciculis et hinc et inde
Frondentum, tenues breveſque ſylvæ,
Poſſint pandere dædali coloris;
Quin, ſi floribus, angulos per omnes,
Quod dulcedinis eſt ſine arte ſparſis;
Cum crebris ſaluberrimis et herbis;
Hunc, hoſpes, lepidum putabis hortum.
At nec deliciæ, licet ſuäves,
Tales te poterint diù tenere,
Quin mirabere, quæ micant utrinque
Tecta ingentia, maximumque templum,
Antiquumque larem decus camœnis.
Hac dum proſpicias, jugi ſacrati
Sub clivo ancipiti, domus ſuperbæ
Olim, fragmina vaſta, dirutaſque
Arces; ah memor, hoſpes, eſto, ut ipſæ,
Quas nunc egregio vides decoras
Cultu, et magnificas, utrinque moles,
Mox traxiſſe queant parem ruinam,
Et muſco jaceant ſituque plenæ;
Quamvis utraque Wiccamus beatus
Diti fecerit auxeritque ſumtû,
Te, Phœbi domus alma; teque templum,
Centum ſurgere juſſerit columnis.

## AD SOMNUM*.

Somne veni, et quanquam certiſſima mortis imago es,
Conſortem cupio te tamen eſſe tori!
Huc ades, haud abiture cito: nam ſic ſine vita
Vivere, quam ſuave eſt, ſic ſine morte mori!

## QUI FIT MÆCENAS†, &c.

Cum Juvenis noſtras ſubiit novus advenaſedes,
Continuo Popi‡ præmia magna petit:
Deinde potens voti quiddam ſublimeus ambit,
Et ſocii lepidum munus inire cupit:
At ſocius, mavult tranſire ad rura ſacerdos
Arridetque uxor jam propriique lares:
Ad ſus tranſmiſſo, vitam inſtaurare priorem,
Atque iterum Popi tacta ſubire, juvat.
O pectus mire varium et mutabile! cui ſors
Quæque petita placet, nulla potita placet

* *Theſe truly beautiful lines, written in the original ſpirit of the Greek Epigram, were intended to have been placed under a ſtatue of* Somnus, *in the garden of the late learned James Harris, Eſq. of Saliſbury.*

† "*The Progreſs of Diſcontent,*" *owed its origin to theſe verſes, ſubjoined to a theme by Warton, when an under graduate; with which the Preſident of his college was ſo much pleaſed, that he deſired him to paraphraſe them in Engliſh.*

‡ *Sir Thomas Pope, the founder of Trinity College.*

## SONNET IN IMITATION OF SPENSER*.

Methought I ſaw the grave where tuneful Gray,
Mantled in black oblivion, calmly ſlept;
O'er the damp turf in deepeſt horror lay
The muſe, and her immortal minion wept.

In vain, from †Harewood's tangled alleys wild
Devonia's virgins breath'd the choral ſong;
In vain, from † Mona's precipices wild,
Hoar Mador's harp its thrilling echo rung—

When, ſudden ſtealing o'er the welkin wide,
New magic ſtrains were heard from Iſis' verge;
The mourning maid forgot her funeral dirge,
And ſmiling ſweet, as erſt, with conſcious pride,
Preſs'd from her auburn hair the nightly dew,
And trimm'd her wreath of hyacinth anew.

* *This* Sonnet *was publiſhed in* "*The London Chronicle*" *and reprinted in* "*The Gentleman's Magazine*" *for* 1777. *The firſt line is evidently borrowed from Sir Walter Raleigh's* "*Viſion of the Faerie Queene.*"

"Methought I ſaw the grave where Laura lay," &c.

† *The ſcenes of Mr. Maſon's* "*Elfrida*" *and* "*Caractacus.*"

THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# NATHANIEL COTTON, M. D.

Containing

VISIONS, FABLES, || TALES, EPITAPHS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

*THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.*

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Ye ductile youths, whose rising sun
Hath many circles still to run;
Who wisely wish the pilot's chart,
To steer through life th' unsteady heart;
And all the thoughtful voyage past,
To gain a happy port at last:
Attend a Seer's instructive song,
For moral truths to dreams belong.

VISION V.

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EDINBURGH:
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*Anno* 1795.

# THE LIFE OF COTTON.

Of the family, birth-place, and education of NATHANIEL COTTON, there are no written memorials. A collection of his *Various Pieces in Profe and Verfe*, was printed in 1791; but, by an unpardonable neglect in the editor, without any information concerning his life, family connections, or even the times and places of his birth and death. For the fake of poſterity, as well as the preſent times, it is to be wiſhed that thoſe who are acquainted with any particulars concerning him, would communicate them to ſome repoſitory, where they might be reſerved for the uſe of future biographers.

A few detached dates and notices, collected chiefly from his writings, form the ſlender memorials of his life.

He was bred to the profeſſion of phyſic, in which he took the degree of Doctor; but whether he was indebted to either of the Engliſh Univerſities for any part of the literature he poſſeſſed, or his academical degree, is uncertain.

He ſettled as a phyſician at St. Albans, in Hertfordſhire, where he acquired great reputation in his profeſſion, and continued to reſide till his death. In the latter part of his life, he kept a houſe for the reception of lunatics.

He very early exerted his poetical talents, as may be ſeen by the dates of ſeveral of his performances; the *Epitaphs* on *Miſs Gee* and *Mr. Strong*, 1736, *Epitaph on Colonel Gardiner*, 1745, *Epitaph on John Duke of Bridgewater*, 1747-8, and the verſes *to the Rev. James Hervey, on his Meditations, by a Phyſician*, 1748.

In 1749, he had the affliction to loſe his wife; as appears from his letter to Dr. Doddridge, dated St. Albans, April 29. 1749, publiſhed by the Rev. Mr. Stedman among the "Letters to and from Philip Doddridge, D. D." 8vo, 1790.

"I am very much obliged to you for your late tender inſtances of condeſcenſion and friendſhip. The comfort and advice which you moſt kindly adminiſter, are extremely acceptable; and I heartily pray to God to give them their due weight. For my own part, I am, and have long been abundantly perſuaded, that no ſyſtem, but that of Chriſtianity, is able to ſuſtain the ſoul amidſt all the difficulties and diſtreſſes of life. The conſolations of philoſophy only are ſpecious trifles at beſt; all cold and impotent applications to the bleeding heart! But the religion of Jeſus, like its gracious and benevolent author, is an inexhauſtible ſource of comfort in this world, and gives us the hopes of everlaſting enjoyment in the next.

"I preſume humbly to hope that the Supreme Being will ſupport me under my affliction; and I moſt earneſtly entreat that he will ſanctify my ſorrows to every gracious and good purpoſe.

"What the mind feels upon ſuch a painful divorce, none can adequately know, but they who have had the bitter experience of this ſad ſolemnity. However, delicate and worthy minds will readily paint out to themſelves ſomething unutterably ſoft and moving upon the ſeparation of two hearts, whoſe only diviſion was their lodgment in two breaſts.

"I am extremely indebted to your lady for her kind ſympathy with me in my ſorrows; and the only return that I can make, either to herſelf or her conſort, is my hearty prayer, that the diſſolution of their happy union may be at a very diſtant period."

In 1751, he publiſhed his *Viſions in Verſe, for the Entertainment and Inſtruction of Younger Minds*, 8vo, without his name; nor is it prefixed to any of the ſubſequent editions, in conformity with the modeſt ambition he profeſſes in the following lines of his *Epiſtle to the Reader*.

All my ambition is, I own,
To profit and to pleaſe unknown.

This publication was favourably received by the polite and religious world, and probably obtained him the friendſhip of Young, who reſided at Welwyn, in the neighbourhood of St. Albans.

He attended Young in his laſt illneſs, April 1765. Among the *Extracts from his Letters*, is the following account of the laſt moments of that excellent poet, without ſuperſcription or date.

"In my laſt, I acquainted you that I was called to Welwyn. When I arrived there, I found Dr. Yate waiting for me. It ſeems he had been ſent for three or four days before my aſſiſtance was deſired. Dr. Young's diſorder was attended with ſome obſcurity. But on Tueſday, matters wore a very diſcouraging aſpect; and on Wedneſday, Yate and myſelf gave up the caſe as loſt. From that period to the preſent, Dr. Young hath been dying. Whether the ſcene be cloſed this evening, I cannot take upon me to ſay; but this day at noon, the phyſicians took their leave. Dr. Young, although in his eighty-ſixth year, has diſputed every inch of ground with death, from the ſtrength of his conſtitution, never impaired in early life by riot and debauchery. As I ſat by his bed ſide, how earneſtly did I wiſh the vital knot untied! I humbly pray God, that myſelf and all who are connected with me, either by blood or friendſhip, may be favoured with an *eaſy* tranſition out of this world into a better.—Your friendſhip will excuſe the melancholy reflections, for the ſake of the object which ſuggeſted them. I was very fond of Dr. Young's company, and greatly venerated his mental abilities.

"It is paſt all doubt with me, that Dr. Young's "Night Thoughts" have advanced the intereſts of religion. For, whatever imperfections there may be in that performance, there are indiſputably ſome of the moſt ſerious, moſt important, and moſt elevated ſentiments (expreſſed in moſt nervous, ſtriking, and animated language), which have ever dropped from the pen of man. It is ſaid (and perhaps with truth), that there were oddities in Dr. Young's conduct. But theſe will moulder away from our remembrance faſter than his aſhes; while the more excellent part of his character, like the colourings of a fine picture, will brighten by time, and improve every year in their valuation. Infidels and ſenſualiſts regard the deceaſed as an enthuſiaſt or melancholic. But that period is approaching, when wiſdom will be juſtified of her children, and when intrinſic worth ſhall ſhine forth as the ſtars in the firmament.

"I have ſometimes thought, when I have heard men of literature ſpeak with indifference of Dr. Young's abilities, that their ſtrictures have proceeded from a ſecret principle of envy. But when this generation is paſſed away, I dare ſay the Doctor's works will be univerſally held in great eſteem.

Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi."

The following *Extracts* exhibit an advantageous ſpecimen of his temper and diſpoſition, and an intereſting picture of the infirmities of age.

"My bed is often ſtrewed with thorns: but I muſt journey through life upon the ſame terms that many wiſer and better men than myſelf have done; and muſt reflect with ſome degree of comfort, that I am making haſty advances to that ſanctuary, "where the wicked ceaſe from troubling, and the weary ſhall be at reſt." Oh! my heart ſtrings, break not yet, out of pity to the worthier part of my family, who cannot loſe me without ſuffering the greateſt inconveniencies.

"I have paſſed almoſt three winters beyond the uſual boundary appropriated to human life; and having thus tranſcended the longevity of a ſeptuagenarian, I now labour under the inconveniencies and evils of advanced years. I am emaciated to a very great degree, and my trembling limbs are ſo weak, as to feel inſufficient to ſupport my weight. The languors likewiſe which I ſuffer are ſo frequent and ſevere, as to threaten an entire ſtop to the circulation, and are ſometimes accompanied with that moſt diſtreſsful of all ſenſations, an anxiety *circa præcordia*. I ſleep ſo little during the night,

that, in general, I can rise up at the voice of the bird, be that period ever so early. Nor are my mental powers less deficient than my bodily strength; for my memory is notoriously impaired; and a subject which requires a little thought, becomes a burden hardly supportable. Are not all the particulars which I have communicated, proofs of their being the *concluding* page of Shakspeare's "strange eventful history?" Yes, surely, my dear friend, when an inspired author announces the same truth. Nor are you and I to wonder, that in our passage through this world, the weather and the ways grow the worse, the longer we travel, and the nearer we approach to our journey's end. The sacred writer just now mentioned affirms, that when those comfortless days arrive, which are attended with satiety, disgust, and inquietude, we must expect the clouds to be often returning after the rain. Amid these melancholy scenes, it hath lately pleased Divine Providence to bereave me of one of the best of daughters, who never gave me a moment's uneasiness, but at her death, and in that illness which led to it. I mean my daughter Kitty. *Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus tam chari capitis?* But no more of this awful occurrence."

He died at St. Albans, in an advanced age, August 2. 1788.

Of his *Visions in Verse*, the seventh edition revised and enlarged, was printed in 1767. The subsequent editions are too numerous to be specified. In 1791, his *Various Pieces in Prose and Verse, many of which were never before published*, were printed in 2 vols, 8vo. The first volume contains his *Visions in Verse*, *Fables*, and other poetical pieces. The second, his prose pieces, *Mirza to Selim; Mirza to Hebertolla; Musculus's Letters;* five *Sermons; Health, an Allegory; on Husbandry; on Zeal; Detraction, a Vision; on Marriage; History of an Innkeeper in Normandy; on the XIIIth Psalm; on the XLIId Psalm; Extracts from Letters.* They are "inscribed, by permission, to the Dowager Countess Spencer," by *Nathaniel Cotton*, probably his son, in the following "dedication."

"The author being well known to her Ladyship for many years, this public testimony of approbation of his life and works, given by her whose high station and rank preclude her not from a laudable and pre-eminent zeal in the cause of religion and goodness, is particularly acknowledged by," &c.

The "dedication" is succeeded by the following short "preface," by the editor.

"As the *Visions in Verse*, and other pieces of the late Dr. Cotton which have made their appearance, have given general satisfaction, the editor flatters himself that the present volumes, some pieces in which have not yet been published, will be agreeable to the public.

"It may not be improper to observe, in regard to the *Sermons* here offered, that as Mr. Boyle, Mr. Locke, Sir Isaac Newton, and Mr. Addison, were firm believers in Christianity, that being *laymen*, and having no temporal *interests* relative to religion, their influence in the support of it has been extensive and effectual: So every fresh instance of firm faith in a mind far removed from all suspicion, will be acceptable to the lovers of Christianity."

His *Visions in Verse*, and other uncollected and unpublished poems, reprinted from the edition 1791, are now, for the first time, received into a collection of classical English poetry.

His moral and intellectual character appears to have been, in the highest degree, amiable and respectable. His piety is truly venerable and edifying. His writings are distinguished by the strongest marks of piety, learning, taste, and benevolence. They are the productions of an enlightened mind, fraught with the purest principles of morality and religion. They are characterized by an elegant simplicity, derived from a diligent study of the best classical models.

His *Sermons*, as the compositions of a layman, merit particular attention. They are plain, rational, and instructive. His *Letters* of *Mirza*, and *Musculus*, *Health an Allegory*, *Detraction a Vision*, *History of an Innkeeper*, discover good sense, observation, and taste, and are very well written.

As a poet, his compositions are distinguished by a refined elegance of sentiment, and a correspondent simplicity of expression. He writes with ease and correctness, frequently with elevation and spirit. His thoughts are always just, and religiously pure, and his lines are commonly smooth and easy; but the rhymes are not always sufficiently correspondent: the words *dawn* and *morn*, among others, disappoint the ear. As piety predominated in his mind, it is diffused over his compositions: Under his direction, poetry may be truly said to be subservient to religious and moral instruction.

Every reader will regard with veneration the writer, who condeſcended to lay aſide the ſcholar and the philoſopher, to compoſe moral apologues, and little poems of devotion, " for the entertainment and inſtruction of younger minds."

His *Viſions*, the moſt popular of his productions, are not inferior to the beſt compoſitions of that kind in the Engliſh language. They are written in the meaſure of Gay's " Fables," and, like them, each apologue is introduced with ſolemn reflections which naturally lead to the ſtory; but in forcibleneſs of moral and poetical ſpirit, they are unqueſtionably ſuperior to theſe popular compoſitions. With the utility of ſentiment, they combine the beauties of perſonification and allegory, and the elegancies of the higher poetry. The *third*, *ſeventh*, *eighth*, and *ninth* viſions, have exceeding merit.

His *Fables* approach nearer to the manner of Gay; but they have leſs poignancy of ſatire. They have great merit of the moral kind, and are properly adapted, as well as the *Viſions*, " for the entertainment and inſtruction of younger minds." The ſalutary conſequences that reſult from intereſting fables and ſtories, are univerſally acknowledged. It has been aſſerted by Horace, that

Omne tulit punctum qui miſcuit utile dulci;

and the lapſe of ages has only ſerved to convince mankind of the truth of the aſſertion. Infancy is ſoon wearied with the taſk of encountering difficulties; and it is poſſible to ſow the ſeeds of laſting diſguſt even at that tender period. Inſtruction, therefore, ſhould be conveyed to " younger minds," through the medium of fables or tales, which annex improvement to pleaſure, and convey morality, as it were, within the fragrant folds of the roſe. No compoſitions are better adapted to inculcate the practice of ſome virtue, or to diſplay maxims of practical wiſdom, to direct us in the purſuits of life. We love to be inſtructed while we are amuſed; and exerciſe our critical ſagacity in applying the characters of the fable to our acquaintance or ourſelves, in proportion to our propenſity for ſatire, or our deſire of moral information. Rouſſeau, from an opinion that the former inclination predominates, in his famous critique on the " Fox and Crow," of La Fontaine, objects with his uſual love of parodox, and his uſual ſpirit, to this claſs of compoſitions; but it cannot be ſuppoſed that he expected his arguments would prevail upon mothers to withhold from their children the only writings that can induce them to read.

Of his miſcellaneous poems, The *Fire Side* is the moſt agreeable. The ſubject is univerſally intereſting, the ſentiments are pleaſing and pathetic, and the verſification elegant and harmonious. The *Verſes to Hervey*, which are generally known, as they are prefixed to his " Meditations," contain an elegant and merited compliment to that pious and amiable writer. The verſes *to a Child of five years old* are exquiſitely beautiful. The *Ode on the New Year* is pious, animated, and poetical. The *Sunday Hymn* has exceeding merit, and ranks with the devotional compoſitions of Addiſon and Watts. The *Night Piece* is diſtinguiſhed by dignity, variety, and originality of ſentiment in a ſuperior degree. His *Epitaphs* are remarkably elegant, characteriſtic, and pathetic. His lighter pieces are not deficient in eaſe and ſprightlineſs, and may be read with pleaſure; but they require no diſtinct examination, or particular criticiſm.

# THE WORKS OF COTTON.

## VISIONS IN VERSE,

FOR THE

## ENTERTAINMENT AND INSTRUCTION OF YOUNGER MINDS.

Virginibus puerisque canto. HOR.

### AN EPISTLE TO THE READER.

AUTHORS, you know, of greateſt fame,
Through modeſty ſuppreſs their name;
And would you wiſh me to reveal
What theſe ſuperior wits conceal?
Forego the ſearch, my curious friend,
And huſband time to better end.
All my ambition is, I own,
To profit and to pleaſe unknown;
Like ſtreams ſupply'd from ſprings below,
Which ſcatter bleſſings as they flow.
Were you diſeas'd, or preſs'd with pain,
Strait you'd apply to * Warwick-Lane;
The thoughtful doctor feels your pulſe,
(No matter whether Mead or Hulſe)
Writes—Arabic to you and me,—
Then ſigns his hand, and takes his fee.
Now, ſhould the ſage omit his name,
Would not the cure remain the fame?
Not but phyſicians ſign their bill,
Or when they cure, or when they kill.
'Tis often known the mental race
Their fond ambitious fires diſgrace.
Dar'd I avow a parent's claim,
Critics might ſneer, and friends might blame.
This dang'rous ſecret let me hide,
I'll tell you every thing beſide.
Not that it boots the world a tittle,
Whether the author's big or little;
Or whether fair, or black, or brown;
No writer's hue concerns the town.
I paſs the ſilent rural hour,
No ſlave to wealth, no tool to pow'r,
My manſion's warm and very neat;
You'd ſay, a pretty ſnug retreat.
My rooms no coſtly paintings grace,
The humbler print ſupplies their place.
Behind the houſe my garden lies,
And opens to the ſouthern ſkies:

The diſtant hills gay proſpects yield,
And plenty ſmiles in ev'ry field.
The faithful maſtiff is my guard,
The feather'd tribes adorn my yard;
Alive my joy, my treat when dead,
And their ſoft plumes improve my bed.
My cow rewards me all ſhe can,
(Brutes leave ingratitude to man);
She, daily thankful to her lord,
Crowns with nectareous ſweets my board.
Am I diſeas'd?—the cure is known,
Her ſweeter juices mend my own.
I love my houſe, and ſeldom roam,
Few viſits pleaſe me more than home.
I pity that unhappy elf
Who loves all company but ſelf,
By idle paſſions borne away
To op'ra, maſquerade, or play;
Fond of thoſe hives where folly reigns,
And Britain's peers receive her chains;
Where the pert virgin flights a name,
And ſcorns to redden into ſhame.
But know, my fair (to whom belong
The poet and his artleſs ſong)
When female cheeks refuſe to glow,
Farewel to virtue here below.
Our ſex is loſt to every rule,
Our ſole diſtinction, knave or fool.
'Tis to your innocence we run;
Save us, ye fair, or we're undone;
Maintain your modeſty and ſtation,
So women ſhall preſerve the nation.
Mothers, 'tis ſaid, in days of old
Eſteem'd their girls more choice than gold;
Too well a daughter's worth they knew,
To make her cheap by public view:
(Few, who their diamonds' value weigh,
Expoſe thoſe diamonds ev'ry day)
Then, if Sir Plume drew near, and ſmil'd,
The parent trembled for her child:
The firſt advance alarm'd her breaſt;
And fancy pictur'd all the reſt.

* *College of Phyſicians.*

But now no mother fears a foe,
No daughter ſhudders at a beau.
Pleaſure is all the reigning theme,
Our noonday thought, our midnight dream.
In folly's chace our youths engage,
And ſhameleſs crowds of tott'ring age.
The die, the dance, th' intemp'rate bowl
With various charms engroſs the ſoul.
Are gold, fame, health, the terms of vice?
The frantic tribes ſhall pay the price.
But though to ruin poſt they run,
They'll think it hard to be undone.
Do not arraign my want of taſte,
Or ſight to ken where joys are plac'd.
They widely err, who think me blind,
And I diſclaim a ſtoic's mind.
Like yours are my ſenſations quite;
I only ſtrive to feel aright.
My joys, like ſtreams, glide gently by,
Though ſmall their channel, never dry;
Keep a ſtill, even, fruitful wave,
And bleſs the neighb'ring meads they lave.
My fortune (for I'll mention all,
And more than you dare tell) is ſmall;
Yet ev'ry friend partakes my ſtore,
And want goes ſmiling from my door.
Will forty ſhillings warm the breaſt
Of worth or induſtry diſtreſs'd?
This ſum I cheerfully impart;
'Tis fourſcore pleaſures to my heart.
And you may make, by means like theſe,
Five talents ten, whene'er you pleaſe.
'Tis true, my little purſe grows light;
But then I ſleep ſo ſweet at night!
This grand ſpecific will prevail,
When all the doctor's opiates fail.
You aſk, what party I purſue?
Perhaps you mean, "Whoſe fool are you?"
The names of party I deteſt,
Badges of ſlavery at beſt!
I've too much grace to play the knave,
And to much pride to turn a ſlave.
I love my country from my ſoul,
And grieve when knaves or fools controul.
I'm pleas'd when vice and folly ſmart,
Or at the gibbet or the cart:
Yet always pity, where I can,
Abhor the guilt, but mourn the man.
Now the religion of your poet—
Does not this little preface ſhow it?
My viſions if you ſcan with care,
'Tis ten to one you'll find it there.
And if my actions ſuit my ſong,
You can't in conſcience think me wrong.

## SLANDER.

### VISION I.

INSCRIBED TO MISS ****.

My lovely girl, I write for you;
And pray believe my viſions true;
They'll form your mind to every grace;
They'll add new beauties to your face:
And when old age impairs your prime,
You'll triumph o'er the ſpoils of time.
Childhood and youth engage my pen,
'Tis labour loſt to talk to men.
Youth may, perhaps, reform, when wrong,
Age will not liſten to my ſong.
He who at fifty is a fool,
Is far too ſtubborn grown for ſchool.
What is that vice which ſtill prevails,
When almoſt every paſſion fails;
Which with our very dawn begun,
Nor ends, but with our ſetting ſun;
Which like a noxious weed, can ſpoil
The faireſt flow'rs, and choke the ſoil?
'Tis Slander,—and, with ſhame I own,
The vice of human kind alone.
Be Slander then my leading dream,
Though you're a ſtranger to the theme;
Thy ſofter breaſt, and honeſt heart,
Scorn the defamatory art;
Thy ſoul aſſe ts her native ſkies,
Nor aſks detraction's wings to riſe;
In foreign ſpoils let others ſhine,
Intrinſic excellence is thine.
The bird, in peacock's plumes who ſhone,
Could plead no merit of her own:
They ſilly theft betray'd her pride,
And ſpoke her poverty beſide.
Th' inſidious ſland'ring thief is worſe
Than the poor rogue who ſteals your purſe.
Say, he purloins your glitt'ring ſtore;
Who takes your gold, takes 'traſh'—no more;
Perhaps he pilfers—to be fed—
Ah! guiltleſs wretch, who ſteals for bread!
But the dark villain, who ſhall aim
To blaſt, my fair, thy ſpotleſs name,
He'd ſteal a precious gem away,
Steal what both Indies can't repay!
Here the ſtrong pleas of want are vain,
Or the more impious pleas of gain.
No ſinking family to ſave!
No gold to glut th' inſatiate knave!
Improve the hint of Shakſpeare's tongue,
'Twas thus immortal *Shakſpeare ſung.
And truſt the bard's unerring rule,
For nature was that poet's ſchool.
As I was nodding in my chair,
I ſaw a rueful wild appear:
No verdure met my aching ſight,
But hemlock, and cold aconite;
Two very pois'nous plants, 'tis true,
But not ſo bad as vice to you.
The dreary proſpect ſpread around!
Deep ſnow had whiten'd all the ground!
A black and barren mountain nigh,
Expos'd to ev'ry friendleſs ſky!
Here foul-mouth'd Slander lay reclin'd,
Her ſnaky treſſes hiſs'd behind:
" † A bloated toad-ſtool rais'd her head,
" The plumes of ravens were her bed:"
She fed upon the viper's brood,
And ſlak'd her impious thirſt with blood.
The riſing ſun and weſtern ray
Were witneſs to her diſtant ſway.
The tyrant claim'd a mightier hoſt
Than the proud Perſian e'er could boaſt.
No conqueſt grac'd Darius' ſon‡;
By his own numbers half undone!

---

* *Othello.* † *Garth's Diſpenſary.*

‡ *Xerxes, king of Perſia, and ſon of Darius. He invaded Greece with an army conſiſting of more than*

Succeſs attended Slander's pow'r,
She reap'd freſh laurels ev'ry hour.
Her troops a deeper ſcarlet wore
Than ever armies knew before.
No plea diverts the fury's rage,
The fury ſpares nor ſex nor age.
Ev'n merit, with deſtructive charms,
Provokes the vengeance of her arms.
Whene'er the tyrant ſounds to war,
Her canker'd trump is heard afar.
Pride, with a heart unknown to yield,
Commands in chief, and guides the field.
He ſtalks with vaſt gigantic ſtride,
And ſcatters fear and ruin wide.
So th' impetuous torrents ſweep
At once whole nations to the deep.
Revenge, that baſe * Heſperian, known
A chief ſupport of Slander's throne,
Amidſt the bloody crowd is ſeen,
And treach'ry brooding in his mien;
The monſter often chang'd his gait,
But march'd reſolv'd and fix'd as fate.
Thus fell the kite, whom hunger ſtings,
Now ſlowly moves his outſtretch'd wings;
Now ſwift as lightning bears away,
And darts upon his trembling prey.
Envy commands a ſecret band,
With ſword and poiſon in her hand.
Around her haggard eye-balls roll;
A thouſand fiends poſſeſs her ſoul.
The artful, unſuſpected ſpright
With fatal aim attacks by night.
Her troops advance with ſilent tread,
And ſtab the hero in his bed;
Or ſhoot the wing'd malignant lie,
And female honours pine and die.
So prowling wolves, when darkneſs reigns,
Intent on murder ſcour the plains;
Approach the folds, where lambs repoſe,
Whoſe guileleſs breaſts ſuſpect no foes;
The ſavage gluts his fierce deſires,
And bleating innocence expires.
Slander ſmil'd horribly, to view
How wide her daily conqueſts grew:
Around the crowded levees wait,
Like oriental ſlaves of ſtate:
Of either ſex whole armies preſs'd,
But chiefly of the fair and beſt.
Is it a breach of friendſhip's law
To ſay what female friends I ſaw?
Slander aſſumes the idol's part,
And claims the tribute of the heart.
The beſt, in ſome unguarded hour,
Have bow'd the knee, and own'd her pow'r.
Then let the poet not reveal.
What candour wiſhes to conceal.
If I beheld ſome faulty fair,
Much worſe delinquents crowded there:
Prelates in ſacred lawn I ſaw,
Grave phyſic, and loquacious law;
Courtiers, like ſummer flies, abound;
And hungry poets ſwarm around.
But now my partial ſtory ends,
And makes my females full amends.
If Albion's iſle ſuch dreams fulfils,
'Tis Albion's iſle which cures theſe ills;
Fertile of every worth and grace,
Which warm the heart, and flush the face.
Fancy diſclos'd a ſmiling train
Of Britiſh nymphs, that tripp'd the plain:
Good-nature firſt, a ſylvan queen,
Attir'd in robes of cheerful green:
A fair and ſmiling virgin ſhe!
With ev'ry charm that ſhines in thee.
Prudence aſſum'd the chief command,
And bore a mirrour in her hand;
Gray was the matron's head by age,
Her mind by long experience ſage;
Of every diſtant ill afraid,
And anxious for the ſimp'ring maid.
The Graces danc'd before the fair;
And white-rob'd Innocence was there.
The trees with golden fruits were crown'd,
And riſing flow'rs adorn'd the ground;
The ſun diſplay'd each brighter ray;
And ſhone in all the pride of day.
When Slander ſicken'd at the ſight,
And ſkulk'd away to ſhun the light.

## PLEASURE.

VISION. II.

Hear, ye fair mothers of our iſle,
Nor ſcorn your poet's homely ſtyle.
What though my thoughts be quaint or new,
I'll warrant that my doctrine's true:
Or if my ſentiments be old,
Remember, truth is ſterling gold.
You judge it of important weight,
To keep your riſing offſpring ſtrait:
For this ſuch anxious moments feel,
And aſk the friendly aids of ſteel:
For this import the diſtant cane,
Or ſlay the monarch of the main.
And ſhall the ſoul be warp'd aſide
By paſſion, prejudice, and pride?
Deformity of heart I call
The worſt deformity of all.
Your cares to body are confin'd,
Few fear obliquity of mind.
Why not adorn the better part?
This is a nobler theme for art.
For what is form, or what is face,
But the ſoul's index, or its caſe?
Now take a ſimile at hand,
Compare the mental ſoil to land,
Shall fields be till'd with annual care,
And minds lie fallow ev'ry year?
O ſince the crop depends on you,
Give them the culture which is due:
Hoe every weed, and dreſs the ſoil,
So harveſt ſhall repay your toil.
If human minds reſemble trees,
(As every moraliſt agrees)
Prune all the ſtragglers of your vine,
Then ſhall the purple cluſters ſhine.
The gard'ner knows, that fruitful life
Demands his ſalutary knife:
For ev'ry wild luxuriant ſhoot,
Or robs the bloom, or ſtarves the fruit.

*million of men (ſome ſay more than two millions), who, together with their cattle, periſhed in great meaſure through the inability of the countries to ſupply ſuch a vaſt hoſt with proviſion.*

* *Heſperia includes Italy as well as Spain, and the inhabitants of both are remarkable for their revengeful diſpoſition.*

A *ſatiriſt in Roman times,
When Rome, like Britain, groan'd with crimes,
Aſſerts it for a ſacred truth,
That pleaſures are the bane of youth:
That ſorrows ſuch purſuits attend,
Or ſuch purſuits in ſorrows end:
That all the wild advent'rer gains
Are perils, penitence, and pains.
Approve, ye fair, the Roman page,
And bid your ſons revere the ſage;
In ſtudy ſpend their midnight oil,
And ſtring their nerves by manly toil.
Thus ſhall they grow like Temple wiſe,
Thus future Lockes and Newtons riſe;
Or hardy chiefs to wield the lance,
And ſave us from the chains of France.
Yes, bid your ſons betimes forego
Thoſe treach'rous paths were pleaſures grow;
Where the young mind is folly's ſlave,
Where every virtue finds a grave.
Let each bright character be nam'd,
For wiſdom or for valour fam'd:
Are the dear youths to ſcience prone?
Tell, how th' immortal Bacon ſhone!
Who, leaving meaner joys to kings,
Soar'd high on contemplation's wings;
Rang'd the fair fields of nature o'er,
Where never mortal trod before:
Bacon! whoſe vaſt capacious plan
Beſpoke him angel, more than man!
Does love of martial fame inſpire?
Cheriſh, ye fair, the gen'rous fire;
Teach them to ſpurn inglorious reſt,
And rouſe the hero in their breaſt;
Paint Creſſy's vanquiſh'd field anew,
Their ſouls ſhall kindle at the view;
Reſolv'd to conquer or to fall,
When liberty and Britain call.
Thus ſhall they rule the crimſon plain,
Or hurl their thunders through the main;
Gain with their blood, nor grudge the coſt,
What their degen'rate ſires have loſt:
The laurel thus ſhall grace their brow,
As Churchill's once, or Warren's now.
One Summer's evening as I ſtray'd
Along the ſilent moon-light glade,
With theſe reflections in my breaſt,
Beneath an oak I ſunk to reſt;
A gentle ſlumber intervenes,
And fancy dreſs'd inſtructive ſcenes.
Methought a ſpacious road I ſpy'd,
And ſtately trees adorn'd its ſide;
Frequented by a giddy crowd
Of thoughtleſs mortals, vain and loud;
Who tripp'd with jocund heel along,
And bade me join their ſmiling throng.
I ſtrait obey'd—perſuaſion hung
Like honey on the ſpeaker's tongue.
A cloudleſs ſun improv'd the day,
And pinks and roſes ſtrew'd our way.
Now as our journey we purſue,
A beauteous fabric roſe to view,
A ſtately dome, and ſweetly grac'd
With ev'ry ornament of taſte.
This ſtructure was a female's claim,
And Pleaſure was the monarch's name.

The hall we enter'd uncontroul'd,
And ſaw the queen enthron'd on gold;
Arabian ſweets perfum'd the ground,
And laughing Cupids flutter'd round;
A flowing veſt adorn'd the fair,
And flow'ry chaplets wreath'd her hair:
Fraud taught the queen a thouſand wiles,
A thouſand ſoft inſidious ſmiles;
Love taught her liſping tongue to ſpeak,
And form'd the dimple in her cheek;
The lily and the damaſk roſe,
The tincture of her face compoſe;
Nor did the god of wit diſdain
To mingle with the ſhining train.
Her vot'ries flock from various parts,
And chiefly youth reſign'd their hearts;
The old in ſparing numbers preſs'd,
But awkward devotees at beſt.
Now let us range at large, we cry'd,
Through all the garden's boaſted pride.
Here jaſmines ſpread the ſilver flow'r,
To deck the wall, or weave the bow'r;
The woodbines mix in am'rous play,
And breathe their fragrant lives away.
Here riſing myrtles form a ſhade,
There roſes bluſh, and ſcent the glade,
The orange, with a vernal face,
Wears ev'ry rich autumnal grace;
While the young bloſſoms here unfold,
There ſhines the fruit like pendent gold.
Citrons their balmy ſweets exhale,
And triumph in the diſtant gale.
Now fountains, murm'ring to the ſong,
Roll their tranſlucent ſtreams along.
Through all the aromatic groves,
The faithful turtles coo their loves.
The lark aſcending pours his notes,
And linnets ſwell their rapt'rous throats.
Pleaſure, imperial fair! how gay
Thy empire, and how wide thy ſway!
Enchanting queen! how ſoft thy reign!
How man, fond man! implores thy chain!
Yet thine each meretricious art,
That weakens, and corrupts the heart.
The childiſh toys and wanton page
Which ſink and proſtitute the ſtage!
The maſquerade, that juſt offence
To virtue, and reproach to ſenſe!
The midnight dance, the mantling bowl,
And all that diſſipate the ſoul;
All that to ruin man combine,
Yes, ſpecious harlot, all are thine!
Whence ſprung th' accurſed luſt of play,
Which beggars thouſands in a day?
Speak, ſorc'reſs, ſpeak (for thou canſt tell)
Who call'd the treach'rous card from hell?
Now man profanes his reas'ning pow'rs,
Profanes ſweet friendſhip's ſacred hours;
Abandon'd to inglorious ends,
And faithleſs to himſelf and friends;
A dupe to ev'ry artful knave,
To ev'ry abject wiſh a ſlave;
But who againſt himſelf combines,
Abets his enemy's deſigns.
When Rapine meditates a blow,
He ſhares the guilt who aids the foe.
Is man a thief who ſteals my pelf?
How great his theft, who robs himſelf!

* *Perſius.*

Is man, who gulls his friend, a cheat?
How heinous then is self-deceit!
Is murder justly deem'd a crime?
How black his guilt, who murders time!
Should custom plead, as custom will,
Grand precedents to palliate ill,
Shall modes and forms avail with me,
When reason disavows the plea?
Who games, is felon of his wealth,
His time, his liberty, his health.
Virtue forsakes his sordid mind,
And Honour scorns to stay behind.
From man when these bright cherubs part,
Ah! what's the poor deserted heart?
A savage wild that shocks the sight,
Or chaos, and impervious night!
Each gen'rous principle destroy'd,
And demons crowd the frightful void!
Shall Siam's elephant supply
The baneful desolating die?
Against the honest sylvan's will,
You taught his iv'ry tusk to kill.
Heav'n, fond its favours to dispense,
Gave him that weapon for defence.
That weapon, for his guard design'd,
You render'd fatal to mankind.
He plann'd no death for thoughtless youth,
You gave the venom to his tooth.
Blush, tyrant, blush, for oh! 'tis true
That no fell serpent bites like you.
The guests were order'd to depart,
Reluctance sat on ev'ry heart:
A porter show'd a different door,
Not the fair portal known before!
The gates, methought, were open'd wide,
The crowds descended in a tide.
But oh! ye heav'ns, what vast surprise
Struck the advent'rers' frighted eyes!
A barren heath before us lay,
And gath'ring clouds obscur'd the day;
The darkness rose in smoky spires;
The lightnings flash'd their livid fires:
Loud peals of thunder rent the air,
While vengeance chill'd our hearts with fear.
Five ruthless tyrants sway'd the plain,
And triumph'd o'er the mangled slain.
Here sat Distaste, with sickly mien,
And more than half-devour'd with spleen:
There stood Remorse, with thought oppress,
And vipers feeding on his breast:
Then Want, dejected, pale, and thin,
With bones just starting through his skin;
A ghastly fiend!—and close behind
Disease, his aching head reclin'd!
His everlasting thirst confess'd
The fires, which rag'd within his breast:
Death clos'd the train! the hideous form
Smil'd unrelenting in the storm:
When strait a doleful shriek was heard;
I woke—The vision disappear'd.
Let not unexperienc'd boy
Deny the pleasures will destroy;
Or say that dreams are vain and wild,
Like fairy tales, to please a child.
Important hints the wise may reap
From sallies of the soul in sleep.
And, since there's meaning in my dream,
The moral merits your esteem.

## HEALTH.

VISION III.

ATTEND my visions, thoughtless youths,
Ere long you'll think them weighty truths;
Prudent it were to think so now;
Ere age has silver'd o'er your brow:
For he, who at his early years
Has sown in vice, shall reap in tears.
If folly has possess'd his prime,
Disease shall gather strength in time;
Poison shall rage in ev'ry vein,—
Nor penitence dilute the stain:
And when each hour shall urge his fate,
Thought, like the doctor, comes too late.
The subject of my song is Health,
A good superior far to wealth.
Can the young mind distrust its worth?
Consult the monarchs of the earth:
Imperial czars, and sultans own
No gem so bright that decks their throne:
Each for this pearl his crown would quit,
And turn a rustic or a cit.
Mark, though the blessing's lost with ease,
'Tis not recover'd when you please.
Say not that gruels shall avail,
For salutary gruels fail.
Say not, Apollo's sons succeed,
Apollo's son is Egypt's * reed.
How fruitless the physician's skill,
How vain the penetential pill,
The marble monuments proclaim,
The humbler turf confirms the fame!
Prevention is the better cure,
So says the proverb, and 'tis sure.
Would you extend your narrow span,
And make the most of life you can;
Would you, when med'cines cannot save,
Descend with ease into the grave;
Calmly retire, like evening light,
And cheerful bid the world good-night?
Let temp'rance constantly preside,
Our best physician, friend, and guide!
Would you to wisdom make pretence,
Proud to be thought a man of sense?
Let temp'rance (always friend to fame)
With steady hand direct your aim;
Or, like an archer in the dark,
Your random shaft will miss the mark:
For they who slight her golden rules,
In wisdom's volume stand for fools.
But morals, unadorn'd by art,
Are seldom known to reach the heart.
I'll therefore strive to raise my theme
With all the scenery of dream.
Soft were my slumbers, sweet my rest,
Such as the infant's on the breast;
When fancy, ever on the wing,
And fruitful as the genial spring,
Presented, in a blaze of light,
A new creation to my sight.
A rural landscape I descry'd,
Drest in the robes of Summer pride;
The herds adorn'd the sloping hills,
That glitter'd with their tinkling rills;
Below the fleecy mothers stray'd,
And round their sportive lambkins play'd.

* *In allusion to* 2 *Kings* xviii. 21.

Nigh to a murmuring brook I ſaw
An humble cottage thatch'd with ſtraw;
Behind, a garden that ſupply'd
All things for uſe, and none for pride:
Beauty prevail'd through ev'ry part,
But more of nature than of art.
Hail thou ſweet, calm, unenvied ſeat!
I ſaid, and bleſs'd the fair retreat:
Here would I paſs my remnant days,
Unknown to cenſure or to praiſe;
Forget the world, and be forgot,
As Pope deſcribes his veſtal's lot.
While thus I mus'd, a beauteous maid
Stept from a thicket's neighb'ring ſhade;
Not Hampton's gallery can boaſt,
Nor Hudſon paint ſo fair a toaſt:
She claim'd the cottage for her own,
To Health a cottage is a throne.
The annals ſay (to prove her worth)
The graces ſolemniz'd her birth.
Garlands of various flow'rs they wrought,
The orchard's bluſhing pride they brought:
Hence in her face the lily ſpeaks,
And hence the roſe which paints her cheeks;
The cherry gave her lips to glow,
Her eyes were debtors to the ſloe;
And, to complete the lovely fair,
'Tis ſaid, the chefnut ſtain'd her hair.
The virgin was averſe to courts,
But often ſeen in rural ſports:
When in her roſy veſt the morn
Walks o'er the dew-beſpangled lawn,
The nymph is firſt to form the race,
Or wind the horn, and lead the chace.
Sudden I heard a ſhouting train,
Glad acclamations fill'd the plain:
Unbounded joy improv'd the ſcene,
For Health was loud proclaim'd a queen.
Two ſmiling cherubs grac'd her throne,
(To modern courts I fear unknown:)
One was the nympth that loves the light,
Fair Innocence, array'd in white;
With ſiſter Peace in cloſe embrace,
And heav'n all opening in her face.
The reign was long, the empire great,
And Virtue miniſter of ſtate.
In other kingdoms, ev'ry hour,
You hear of vice preferr'd to pow'r:
Vice was a perfect ſtranger here:
No knaves engroſs'd the royal ear:
No fools obtain'd this monarch's grace;
Virtue diſpos'd of ev'ry place.
What fickly appetites are ours,
Still varying with the varying hours!
And though from good to bad we range,
"No matter," ſays the fool, "'tis change."
Her ſubjects now expreſs'd apace
Diſſatisfaction in their face:
Some view the ſtate with envy's eye,
Some were diſpleas'd, they knew not why:
When Faction, ever bold and vain,
With rigour tax'd their monarch's reign.
Thus, ſhould an angel from above,
Fraught with benevolence and love,
Deſcend to earth, and here impart
Important truths to mend the heart;
Would not th' inſtructive gueſt diſpenſe
With paſſion, appetite, and ſenſe,
We ſhould his heav'nly lore deſpiſe,
And ſend him to his former ſkies.
A dang'rous hoſtile power aroſe
To Health, whoſe houſehold were her foes:
A harlot's looſe attire ſhe wore,
And Luxury the name ſhe bore.
This princeſs of unbounded ſway,
Whom Aſia's ſofter ſons obey,
Made war againſt the queen of Health,
Aſſiſted by the troops of Wealth.
The queen was firſt to take the field,
Arm'd with her helmet and her ſhield;
Temper'd with ſuch ſuperior art,
That both were proof to ev'ry dart.
Two warlike chiefs approach'd the green,
And wondrous fav'rites with the queen:
Both were of Amazonian race,
Both high in merit, and in place.
Here Reſolution march'd, whoſe ſoul
No fear could ſhake, no pow'r controul;
The heroine wore a Roman veſt,
A lion's heart inform'd her breaſt.
There Prudence ſhone, whoſe boſom wrought
With all the various plans of thought;
'Twas her's to bid the troops engage,
And teach the battle where to rage.
And now the Siren's armies preſs,
Their van was headed by Exceſs:
The mighty wings that form'd the ſide,
Commanded by that giant Pride:
While Sickneſs, and her ſiſters Pain
And Poverty the centre gain:
Repentance, with a brow ſevere,
And Death, were ſtation'd in the rear.
Health rang'd her troops with matchleſs art,
And acted the defenſive part:
Her army poſted on a hill,
Plainly beſpoke ſuperior ſkill:
Hence were diſcover'd through the plain,
The motions of the hoſtile train:
While Prudence, to prevent ſurpriſe,
Oft ſally'd with her truſty ſpies;
Explor'd each ambuſcade below,
And reconnoitred well the foe.
Afar when Luxury deſcry'd
Inferior force by art ſupply'd,
The Siren ſpake—Let Fraud prevail,
Since all my numerous hoſts muſt fail;
Henceforth hoſtilities ſhall ceaſe,
I'll ſend to Health, and offer peace.
Strait ſhe diſpatch'd, with pow'rs complete,
Pleaſure, her miniſter, to treat.
This wicked ſtrumpet topp'd her part,
And ſow'd ſedition in the heart!
Through ev'ry troop the poiſon ran,
All were infected to a man.
The wary generals were won
By Pleaſure's wiles, and both undone.
Jove held the troops in high diſgrace,
And bade diſeaſes blaſt their race;
Look'd on the queen with melting eyes,
And ſnatch'd his darling to the ſkies:
Who ſtill regards thoſe wiſer few,
That dare her dictates to purſue.
For where her ſtricter law prevails,
Though Paſſion prompts, or Vice aſſails;
Long ſhall the cloudleſs ſkies behold,
And their calm ſun-ſet beam with gold.

## CONTENT.

VISION IV.

MAN is deceiv'd by outward ſhow—
'Tis a plain homeſpun truth, I know,
The fraud prevails at ev'ry age,
So ſays the ſchool-boy and the ſage;
Yet ſtill we hug the dear deceit,
And ſtill exclaim againſt the cheat.
But whence this inconſiſtent part?
Say, moraliſts, who know the heart:
If you'll this labyrinth purſue,
I'll go before, and find the clue.

I dreamt ('twas on a birth-day night)
A ſumptuous palace roſe to ſight;
The builder had, through ev'ry part,
Obſerv'd the chaſteſt rules of art;
Raphael and Titian had diſplay'd
All the full force of light and ſhade:
Around the livery'd ſervants wait;
An aged porter kept the gate.

As I was traverſing the hall,
Where Bruſſels' looms adorn'd the wall,
(Whoſe tap'ſtry ſhows, without my aid,
A nun is no ſuch uſeleſs maid),
A graceful perſon came in view,
(His form, it ſeems, is known to few);
His dreſs was unadorn'd with lace,
But charms! a thouſand in his face.

This, ſir, your property? I cry'd—
Maſter and manſion coincide:
Where all, indeed, is truly great,
And proves that bliſs may dwell with ſtate.
Pray, ſir, indulge a ſtranger's claim,
And grant the favour of your name.

"Content," the lovely form reply'd;
But think not here that I reſide:
Here lives a courtier, baſe and ſly;
An open, honeſt ruſtic, I.
Our taſte and manners diſagree,
His levee boaſts no charms for me:
For titles and the ſmiles of kings,
To me are cheep unheeded things.
('Tis virtue can alone impart
The patent of a ducal heart:
Unleſs this herald ſpeaks him great,
What ſhall avail the glare of ſtate)?
Thoſe ſecret charms are my delight,
Which ſhine remote from public ſight:
Paſſions ſubdu'd, deſires at reſt—
And hence his chaplain ſhares my breaſt.

There was a time (his grace can tell)
I knew the duke exceeding well;
Knew ev'ry ſecret of his heart;
In truth, we never were apart:
But when the court became his end,
He turn'd his back upon his friend.

One day I call'd upon his grace,
Juſt as the duke had got a place:
I thought (but thought amiſs, 'tis clear),
I ſhou'd be welcome to the peer,
Yes, welcome to a man in pow'r;
And ſo I was—for half an hour.
But he grew weary of his gueſt,
And ſoon diſcarded me his breaſt;
Upbraided me with want of merit,
But moſt for poverty of ſpirit.

You reliſh not the great man's lot?
Come haſten to my humbler cot.
Think me not partial to the great,
I'm a ſworn foe to pride and ſtate;
No monarchs ſhare my kind embrace,
There's ſcarce a monarch knows my face:
Content ſhuns courts, and oft'ner dwells
With modeſt worth in rural cells;
There's no complaint, though brown the bread,
Or the rude turf ſuſtain the head;
Though hard the couch, and coarſe the meat,
Still the brown loaf and ſleep are ſweet.

Far from the city I reſide,
And a thatch'd cottage all my pride.
True to my heart, I ſeldom roam,
Becauſe I find my joys at home.
For foreign viſits then begin,
When the man feels a void within.

But though from towns and crowds I fly,
No humoriſt nor cynic, I.
Amidſt ſequeſter'd ſhades I prize
The friendſhips of the good and wiſe.
Bid Virtue and her ſons attend,
Virtue will tell thee I'm her friend:
Tell thee I'm faithful, conſtant, kind,
And meek and lowly, and reſign'd;
Will ſay, there's no diſtinction known
Betwixt her houſehold and my own.

*Author.*

If theſe the friendſhips you purſue,
Your friends, I fear, are very few.
So little company, you ſay,
Yet fond of home from day to day?
How do you ſhun detraction's rod?
I doubt your neighbours think you odd!

*Content.*

I commune with myſelf at night,
And aſk my heart if all be right:
If, "right," replies my faithful breaſt,
I ſmile, and cloſe my eyes to reſt.

*Author.*

You ſeem regardleſs of the town:
Pray, ſir, how ſtand you with the gown?

*Content.*

The clergy ſay they love me well,
Whether they do, they beſt can tell:
They paint me modeſt, friendly, wiſe,
And always praiſe me to the ſkies;
But if conviction's at the heart,
Why not a correſpondent part?
For ſhall the learned tongue prevail,
If actions preach a different tale?
Who'll ſeek my door or grace my walls,
When neither dean nor prelate calls?

With thoſe my friendſhips moſt obtain,
Who prize their duty more than gain;
Soft flow the hours whene'er we meet,
And conſcious virtue is our treat:
Our harmleſs breaſt no envy know,
And hence we fear no ſecret foe;
Our walks ambition ne'er attends,
And hence we aſk no powerful friends;
We wiſh the beſt to church and ſtate,
But leave the ſteerage to the great;
Careleſs, who riſes, or who falls,
And never dream of vacant ſtalls;
Much leſs, by pride or int'reſt drawn,
Sigh for the mitre, and the lawn.

Obſerve the ſecrets of my art,
I'll fundamental truth's impart:
If you'll my kind advice purſue,
I'll quit my hut, and dwell with you.
The paſſions are a num'rous crowd,
Imperious, poſitive, and loud:
Curb theſe licentious ſons of ſtrife;
Hence chiefly riſe the ſtorms of life:
If they grow mutinous, and rave,
They are thy maſters, thou their ſlave.
Regard the world with cautious eye,
Nor raiſe your expectation high.
See that the balanc'd ſcales be ſuch,
You neither fear nor hope too much.
For diſappointment's not the thing,
'Tis pride and paſſion point the ſting.
Life is a ſea where ſtorms muſt riſe,
'Tis folly talks of cloudleſs ſkies:
He who contracts his ſwelling ſail,
Eludes the fury of the gale.
Be ſtill, nor anxious thoughts employ,
Diſtruſt embitters preſent joy:
On God for all events depend;
You cannot want when God's your friend.
Weigh well your part, and do your beſt;
Leave to your Maker all the reſt.
The hand which form'd thee in the womb,
Guides from the cradle to the tomb.
Can the fond mother ſlight her boy;
Can ſhe forget her prattling joy?
Say then, ſhall fov'reign love deſert
The humble, and the honeſt heart?
Heav'n may not grant thee all thy mind;
Yet ſay not thou that Heav'n's unkind.
God is alike, both good and wiſe,
In what he grants, and what denies:
Perhaps, what goodneſs gives to-day,
To-morrow goodneſs takes away.
You ſay, that troubles intervene,
That ſorrows darken half the ſcene.
True—and this conſequence you ſee,
The world was ne'er deſign'd for thee:
You're like a paſſenger below,
That ſtays perhaps a night or ſo;
But ſtill his native country lies
Beyond the bound'ries of the ſkies.
Of Heav'n aſk virtue, wiſdom, health,
But never let thy pray'r be wealth.
If food be thine (though little gold),
And raiment to repel the cold;
Such as may nature's want ſuffice,
Not what from pride and folly riſe;
If ſoft the motions of thy ſoul,
And a calm conſcience crowns the whole;
Add but a friend to all this ſtore,
You can't in reaſon wiſh for more:
And if kind Heav'n thus comfort brings,
'Tis more than Heav'n beſtows on kings.
He ſpake—the airy ſpectre flies,
And ſtrait the ſweet illuſion dies.
The viſion, at the early dawn,
Conſign'd me to the thoughtful morn;
To all the cares of waking clay,
And inconſiſtent dreams of day.

## HAPPINESS.

VISION V.

Ye ductile youths, whoſe riſing ſun
Hath many circles ſtill to run;
Who wiſely wiſh the pilot's chart,
To ſteer through life th' unſteady heart;
And all the thoughtful voyage paſt,
To gain a happy port at laſt:
Attend a Seer's inſtructive ſong,
For moral truths to dreams belong.
I ſaw this wondrous viſion ſoon,
Long ere my ſun had reach'd its noon;
Juſt when the riſing beard began
To grace my chin, and call me man.
One night, when balmy ſlumbers ſhed
Their peaceful poppies o'er my head,
My fancy led me to explore
A thouſand ſcenes unknown before.
I ſaw a plain extended wide,
And crowds pour'd in from ev'ry ſide:
All ſeem'd to ſtart a diff'rent game,
Yet all declar'd their views the ſame:
The chace was Happineſs, I found,
But all, alas! enchanted ground.
Indeed I judg'd it wondrous ſtrange,
To ſee the giddy numbers range
Through roads, which promis'd nought, at beſt,
But ſorrow to the human breaſt.
Methought, if bliſs was all their view,
Why did they diff'rent paths purſue?
The waking world has long agreed,
That Bagſhot's not the road to Tweed:
And he who Berwick ſeeks through Staines,
Shall have his labour for his pains.
As Parnel * ſays, my boſom wrought
With travail of uncertain thought:
And, as an angel help'd the dean,
My angel choſe to intervene;
The dreſs of each was much the ſame,
And Virtue was my ſeraph's name.
When thus the angel ſilence broke,
(Her voice was muſic as ſhe ſpoke).
Attend, O man, nor leave my ſide,
And ſafety ſhall thy footſteps guide;
Such truths I'll teach, ſuch ſecrets ſhow,
As none but favour'd mortals know.
She ſaid—and ſtrait we march'd along
To join Ambition's active throng:
Crowds urg'd on crowds with eager pace,
And happy he who led the race.
Axes and daggers lay unſeen
In ambuſcade along the green;
While vapours ſhed deluſive light,
And bubbles mock'd the diſtant ſight.
We ſaw a ſhining mountain riſe,
Whoſe tow'ring ſummit reach'd the ſkies:
The ſlopes were ſteep, and form'd of glaſs,
Painful and hazardous to paſs:
Courtiers and ſtateſmen led the way,
The faithleſs paths their ſteps betray;
This moment ſeen aloft to ſoar,
The next to fall, and riſe no more.
'Twas here Ambition kept her court,
A phantom of gigantic port;
The fav'rite that ſuſtain'd her throne,
Was Falſehood, by her vizard known;
Next ſtood Miſtruſt, with frequent ſigh,
Diſorder'd look, and ſquinting eye;
While meagre Envy claim'd a place,
And Jealouſy, with jaundic'd face.

* *The Hermit.*

But where is Happineſs? I cry'd.
My guardian turn'd, and thus reply'd:
Mortal, by folly ſtill beguil'd,
Thou haſt not yet outſtripp'd the child;
Thou, who haſt twenty winters ſeen,
(I hardly think thee paſt fifteen)
To aſk if Happineſs can dwell
With every dirty imp of hell!
Go to the ſchool-boy, he ſhall preach,
What twenty winters cannot teach;
He'll tell thee, from his weekly theme,
That thy purſuit is all a dream:
That Bliſs ambitious views diſowns,
And ſelf-dependent, laughs at thrones;
Prefers the ſhades and lowly ſeats,
Whither fair Innocence retreats:
So the coy lily of the vale,
Shuns eminence, and loves the dale.
I bluſh'd; and now we croſs'd the plain,
To find the money-getting train;
Thoſe ſilent, ſnug, commercial bands,
With buſy looks, and dirty hands.
Amidſt theſe thoughtful crowds the old
Plac'd all their Happineſs in gold.
And ſurely, if there's bliſs below,
Theſe hoary heads the ſecret know.
We journey'd with the plodding crew,
When ſoon a temple roſe to view:
A Gothic pile, with moſs o'ergrown;
Strong were the walls, and built with ſtone.
Without a thouſand maſtiffs wait;
A thouſand bolts ſecure the gate.
We ſought admiſſion long in vain:
For here all favours fell for gain:
The greedy porter yields to gold,
His fee receiv'd, the gates unfold.
Aſſembled nations here we found,
And view'd the cringing herds around,
Who daily ſacrific'd to Wealth,
Their honour, conſcience, peace, and health.
I ſaw no charms that could engage;
The god appear'd like ſordid age,
With hooked noſe, and famiſh'd jaws,
But ſerpents' eyes, and harpies' claws:
Behind ſtood Fear, that reſtleſs ſpright,
Which haunts the watches of the night;
And Viper-Care, that ſtings ſo deep,
Whoſe deadly venom murders ſleep.
We haſten now to Pleaſure's bow'rs;
Where the gay tribes ſat crown'd with flow'rs;
Here Beauty every charm diſplay'd,
And Love inflam'd the yielding maid:
Delicious wine our taſte employs,
His crimſon bowl exalts our joys:
I felt its gen'rous pow'r, and thought
The pearl was found, that long I ſought.
Determin'd here to fix my home,
I bleſs'd the change, nor wiſh'd to roam:
The Seraph diſapprov'd my ſtay,
Spread her fair plumes, and wing'd away.
Alas! whene'er we talk of bliſs,
How prone is man to judge amiſs!
See, a long train of ills conſpires
To ſcourge our uncontroul'd deſires.
Like Summer ſwarms Diſeaſes crowd,
Each bears a crutch, or each a ſhroud:
Fever! that thirſty fury, came,
With inextinguiſhable flame;
Conſumption, ſworn ally of Death!
Crept ſlowly on with panting breath;
Gout roar'd, and ſhow'd his throbbing feet;
And Dropſy took the drunkard's ſeat:
Stone brought his tort'ring racks; and near
Sat Palſy ſhaking in her chair!
A mangled youth, beneath a ſhade,
A melancholy ſcene diſplay'd:
His noſeleſs face, and loathſome ſtains,
Proclaim'd the poiſon in his veins;
He rais'd his eyes, he ſmote his breaſt,
He wept aloud, and thus addreſs'd:
Forbear the harlot's falſe embrace,
Though Lewdneſs wear an angel's face.
Be wiſe, by my experience taught,
I die, alas! for want of thought.
As he who travels Lybia's plains,
Where the fierce Lion lawleſs reigns,
Is ſeiz'd with fear and wild diſmay,
When the grim foe obſtructs his way:
My ſoul was pierc'd with equal fright,
My tott'ring limbs oppos'd my flight;
I call'd on Virtue, but in vain,
Her abſence quicken'd every pain:
At length the ſlighted angel heard,
The dear refulgent form appear'd.
Preſumptuous youth! ſhe ſaid, and frown'd;
(My heart-ſtrings flutter'd at the ſound)
Who turns to me reluctant ears,
Shall ſhed repeated floods of tears.
Theſe rivers ſhall for ever laſt,
There's no retracting what is paſt:
Nor think avenging ills to ſhun;
Play a falſe card, and you're undone.
Of Pleaſure's gilded baits beware,
Nor tempt the Syren's fatal ſnare:
Forego this curs'd, deteſted place,
Abhor the ſtrumpet and her race:
Had you thoſe ſofter paths purſu'd,
Perdition, ſtripling, had enſu'd:
Yes, fly——you ſtand upon its brink;
To-morrow is too late to think.
Indeed, unwelcome truths I tell,
But mark my ſacred leſſon well:
With me whoever lives at ſtrife,
Loſes his better friend for life;
With me who lives in friendſhip's ties,
Finds all that's fought for by the wiſe.
Folly exclaims, and well ſhe may,
Becauſe I take her maſk away;
If once I bring her to the ſun,
The painted harlot is undone.
But prize, my child, oh! prize my rules,
And leave deception to her fools.
Ambition deals in tinſel toys,
Her traffic gewgaws, fleeting joys!
An arrant juggler in diſguiſe,
Who holds falſe optics to your eyes.
But ah! how quick the ſhadows paſs;
Though the bright viſions through her glaſs
Charm at a diſtance; yet, when near,
The baſeleſs fabrics diſappear.
Nor Riches boaſt intrinſic worth,
Their charms at beſt, ſuperior earth:
Theſe oft the heav'n-born mind enſlave,
And make an honeſt man a knave.
"Wealth cures my wants," the Miſer cries;
Be not deceiv'd—the Miſer lies:

One want he has, with all his ſtore,
That worſt of wants! the want of more.
Take Pleaſure, Wealth, and Pomp away,
And where is Happineſs? you ſay.
'Tis here—and may be yours—for, know
I'm all that's Happineſs below.
To Vice I leave tumultuous joys,
Mine is the ſtill and ſofter voice;
That whiſpers peace, when ſtorms invade,
And muſic through the midnight ſhade.
Come then, be mine in ev'ry part,
Nor give me leſs, than all your heart;
When troubles diſcompoſe your breaſt,
I'll enter there a cheerful gueſt:
My converſe ſhall your cares beguile,
The little world within ſhall ſmile;
And then it ſcarce imports a jot,
Whether the great world frowns or not.
And when the cloſing ſcenes prevail,
When wealth, ſtate, pleaſure, all ſhall fail;
All that a fooliſh world admires,
Or paſſion craves, or pride inſpires;
At that important hour of need,
Virtue ſhall prove a friend indeed!
My hands ſhall ſmooth thy dying bed,
My arms ſuſtain thy drooping head:
And when the painful ſtruggle's o'er,
And that vain thing, the World, no more;
I'll bear my fav'rite ſon away
To rapture, and eternal day.

## FRIENDSHIP.

### VISION VI.

Friendship! thou ſoft, propitious pow'r!
Sweet regent of the ſocial hour!
Sublime thy joys, nor underſtood,
But by the virtuous and the good!
Cabal and Riot take thy name,
But 'tis a falſe affected claim.
In heav'n if Love and Friendſhip dwell,
Can they aſſociate e'er with hell!
Though art the ſame through change of times,
Through frozen zones, and burning climes:
From the equator to the pole,
The ſame kind angel through the whole.
And, ſince thy choice is always free,
I bleſs thee for thy ſmiles on me.
When ſorrows ſwell the tempeſt high,
Thou, a kind port, art always nigh;
For aching hearts a ſov'reign cure,
Not ſoft Nepenthe* half ſo ſure!
And when returning comforts riſe,
Thou the bright ſun that gilds our ſkies.
While theſe ideas warm'd my breaſt,
My weary eye-lids ſtole to reſt;
When fancy re-aſſum'd the theme,
And furniſh'd this inſtructive dream.
I ſail'd upon a ſtormy ſea,
(Thouſands embark'd alike with me)
My ſkiff was ſmall, and weak beſide,
Not built, methought, to ſtem the tide.

The winds along the ſurges ſweep,
The wrecks lie ſcatter'd through the deep;
Aloud the foaming billows roar,
Unfriendly rocks forbid the ſhore.
While all our various courſe purſue,
A ſpacious iſle ſalutes our view.
Two queens, with tempers diff'ring wide,
This new diſcover'd world divide.
A river parts their proper claim,
And Truth its celebrated name.
One ſide a beauteous tract of ground
Preſents, with living verdure crown'd.
The ſeaſons temp'rate, ſoft, and mild,
And a kind ſun that always ſmil'd.
Few ſtorms moleſt the natives here;
Cold is the only ill they fear.
This happy clime, and grateful ſoil,
With plenty crowns the lab'rer's toil.
Here Friendſhip's happy kingdom grew,
Her realms were ſmall, her ſubjects few.
A thouſand charms the palace grace,
A rock of adamant its baſe.
Though thunders roll, and lightnings fly,
This ſtructure braves the inclement ſky.
Ev'n Time, which other piles devours,
And mocks the pride of human pow'rs,
Partial to Friendſhip's pile alone,
Cements the joints, and binds the ſtone;
Ripens the beauties of the place;
And calls to life each latent grace.
Around the throne in order ſtand
Four Amazons, a truſty band;
Friends ever faithful to adviſe,
Or to defend when dangers riſe.
Here Fortitude in coat of mail!
There Juſtice lifts her golden ſcale!
Two hardy chiefs! who perſevere,
With ſtorm erect, and brow ſevere;
Who ſmile at perils, pains, and death,
And triumph with their lateſt breath.
Temp'rance, that comely matron's near,
Guardian of all the Virtues here;
Adorn'd with ev'ry blooming grace,
Without one wrinkle in her face.
But Prudence moſt attracts the ſight,
And ſhines pre-eminently bright.
To view her various thoughts that riſe,
She holds a mirror to her eyes;
The mirror, faithful to its charge,
Reflects the virgin's ſoul in large.
A virtue with a ſofter air,
Was handmaid to the regal fair.
This nymph, indulgent, conſtant, kind,
Derives from Heav'n her ſpotleſs mind:
When actions wear a dubious face,
Puts the beſt meaning on the caſe;
She ſpreads her arms, and bares her breaſt,
Takes in the naked and diſtreſs'd;
Prefers the hungry orphan's cries,
And from her queen obtains ſupplies.
The maid who acts this lovely part,
Graſp'd in her hand a bleeding heart.
Fair Charity! be thou my gueſt,
And be thy conſtant couch my breaſt.
But Virtues of inferior name,
Crowd round the throne with equal claim;
In loyalty by none ſurpaſs'd,
They hold allegiance to the laſt.

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* *Nepenthe is an herb, which being infuſed in wine, diſpels grief. It is unknown to the moderns; but ſome believe it a kind of opium, and others take it for a ſpecies of buglos.* Plin. 21. 21ſ. & 25. 2.

Not ancient records e'er can ſhow
That one deſerted to the foe.
The river's other ſide diſplay'd
Alternate plots of flow'rs and ſhade,
Where poppies ſhone with various hue,
Where yielding willows plenteous grew;
And Humble * plants, by trav'llers thought
With ſlow but certain poiſon fraught.
Beyond theſe ſcenes, the eye deſcry'd
A pow'rful realm extended wide,
Whoſe bound'ries from north-eaſt begun,
And ſtretch'd to meet the ſouth-weſt ſun.
Here Flatt'ry boaſts deſpotic ſway,
And baſks in all the warmth of day.
Long practis'd in Deception's ſchool,
The tyrant knew the arts to rule;
Elated with the imperial robe,
She plans the conqueſt of the globe;
And aided by her ſervile trains,
Leads kings, and ſons of kings, in chains.
Her darling miniſter is Pride,
(Who ne'er was known to change his ſide)
A friend to all her intereſts juſt,
And active to diſcharge his truſt;
Careſs'd alike by high and low,
The idol of the belle and beau:
In ev'ry ſhape he ſhows his ſkill,
And forms her ſubjects to his will;
Enters their houſes and their hearts,
And gains his point before he parts.
Sure never miniſter was known
So zealous for his ſov'reign's throne!
Three ſiſters, ſimilar in mien,
Were maids of honour to the queen:
Who farther favours ſhar'd beſide,
As daughters of her ſtateſman Pride.
The firſt, Conceit, with tow'ring creſt,
Who look'd with ſcorn upon the reſt;
Fond of herſelf, nor leſs, I deem,
Than ducheſs in her own eſteem.
Next Affectation, fair and young,
With half-form'd accents on her tongue,
Whoſe antic ſhapes, and various face,
Diſtorted every native grace.
Then Vanity, a wanton maid,
Flaunting in Bruſſels and brocade;
Fantaſtic, frolickſome, and wild,
With all the trinkets of a child
The people, loyal to the queen,
Wore their attachment in their mien:
With cheerful heart they homage paid,
And happieſt he who moſt obey'd.
While they who fought their own applauſe,
Promoted moſt their ſov'reign's cauſe.
The minds of all were fraught with guile,
Their manners diſſolute and vile;
And every tribe, like Pagans, run
To kneel before the riſing ſun.
But now ſome clam'rous ſounds ariſe,
And all the pleaſing viſion flies.
Once more I cloſ'd my eyes to ſleep,
And gain'd th' imaginary deep;
Fancy preſided at the helm,
And ſteer'd me back to Friendſhip's realm.

But oh! with horror I relate
The revolutions of her ſtate.
The Trojan chief cou'd hardly more
His Aſiatic tow'rs deplore.
For Flatt'ry view'd thoſe fairer plains,
With longing eyes, where Friendſhip reigns,
With envy heard her neighbour's fame,
And often ſigh'd to gain the fame.
At length, by pride and int'reſt fir'd,
To Friendſhip's kingdom ſhe aſpir'd.
And now commencing open foe,
She plans in thought ſome mighty blow;
Draws out her forces on the green,
And marches to invade the queen.
The river Truth the hoſts withſtood,
And roll'd her formidable flood.
Her current ſtrong, and deep and clear,
No fords were found, no ferries near:
But as the troops approach'd the waves,
Their fears ſuggeſt a thouſand graves;
They all retir'd with haſte extreme,
And ſhudder'd at the dang'rous ſtream.
Hypocriſy the gulf explores;
She forms a bridge, and joins the ſhores.
Thus often art or fraud prevails,
When military prowеſs fails.
The troops an eaſy paſſage find,
And Vict'ry follows cloſe behind.
Friendſhip with ardour charg'd her foes,
And now the fight promiſcuous grows;
But Flatt'ry threw a poiſon'd dart,
And pierc'd the Empreſs to the heart.
The Virtues all around were ſeen
To fall in heaps about the queen.
The tyrant ſtript the mangled fair,
She wore her ſpoils, aſſum'd her air;
And mounting next the ſuff'rer's throne,
Claim'd the queen's titles as her own.
Ah! injur'd maid, aloud I cry'd,
Ah! injur'd maid, the rocks reply'd:
But judge my griefs, and ſhare them too,
For the ſad tale pertains to you;
Judge, reader, how ſevere the wound,
When Friendſhip's foes were mine, I found;
When the ſad ſcene of pride and guile
Was Britain's poor degen'rate iſle.
The Amazons, who propp'd the ſtate,
Haply ſurviv'd the gen'ral fate.
Juſtice to Powis-Houſe is fled,
And Yorke ſuſtains her radiant head.
The virtue Fortitude appears
In open day at Ligonier's;
Illuſtrious heroine of the ſky,
Who leads to vanquiſh or to die!
'Twas ſhe our vet'rans breaſts inſpir'd,
When Belgia's faithleſs ſons retir'd:
For Tournay's treach'rous tow'rs can tell
Britannia's children greatly fell.
No partial virtue of the plain!
She rous'd the lions of the main:
Hence * Vernon's little fleet ſucceeds,
And hence the gen'rous † Cornwall bleeds!
Hence ‡ Greenville glorious!—for ſhe ſmil'd
On the young hero from a child.

* *The Humble plant bends down before the touch, (as the Senſitive plant ſhrinks from the touch), and is ſaid by ſome to be the ſlow poiſon of the Indians.*

* *At Porto Bello.*
† *Againſt the combined fleets of France and Spain.*
‡ *Died in a later engagement with the French fleet.*

Though in high life ſuch virtues dwell,
They'll ſuit plebeian breaſts as well.
Say, that the mighty and the great
Blaze like meridian ſuns of ſtate;
Effulgent excellence diſplay,
Like Hallifax, in floods of day;
Our leſſer orbs may pour their light,
Like the mild creſcent of the night.
Though pale our beams, and ſmall our ſphere,
Still we may ſhine ſerene and clear.
Give to the judge the ſcarlet gown,
To martial ſouls the civic crown:
What then? is merit their's alone?
Have we no worth to call our own?
Shall we not vindicate our part,
In the firm breaſt, and upright heart?
Reader, theſe virtues may be thine,
Though in ſuperior light they ſhine.
I can't diſcharge great Hardwick's truſt—
True—but my ſoul may ſtill be juſt.
And though I can't the ſtate defend,
I'll draw the ſword to ſerve my friend.
Two golden Virtues are behind,
Of equal import to the mind;
Prudence, to point out Wiſdom's way,
Or to reclaim us when we ſtray;
Temp'rance, to guard the youthful heart,
When Vice and Folly throw the dart;
Each Virtue, let the world agree,
Daily reſides with you and me.
And when our ſouls in friendſhip join,
We'll deem the ſocial bond divine;
Through ev'ry ſcene maintain our truſt,
Nor e'er be timid or unjuſt.
That breaſt where Honour builds his throne,
That breaſt which Virtue calls her own,
Nor int'reſt warps, nor fear appalls,
When danger frowns, or lucre calls.
No! the true friend collected ſtands,
Fearleſs his heart, and pure his hands.'
Let int'reſt plead, let ſtorms ariſe,
He dares be honeſt, though he dies.

## MARRIAGE.

### VISION VII.

*Inſcribed to Miſs ****.*

FAIREST, this viſion is thy due,
I form'd th' inſtructive plan for you.
Slight not the rules of thoughtful age,
Your welfare actuates every page;
But ponder well my ſacred theme,
And tremble, while you read my dream.
Thoſe awful words, "'Till death do part,"
May well alarm the youthful heart:
No after-thought when once a wife;
The die is caſt, and caſt for life;
Yet thouſands venture ev'ry day,
As ſome baſe paſſion leads the way.
Pert Silvia talks of wedlock-ſcenes,
Though hardly enter'd on her teens;
Smiles on her whining ſpark, and hears
The fugar'd ſpeech with raptur'd ears;
Impatient of a parent's rule,
She leaves her ſire, and weds a fool.
Want enters at the guardleſs door,
And love is fled, to come no more.

Some few there are of ſordid mould,
Who barter youth and bloom for gold;
Careleſs with what, or whom they mate,
Their ruling paſſion's all for ſtate.
But Hymen, gen'rous, juſt, and kind,
Abhors the mercenary mind:
Such rebels groan beneath his rod,
For Hymen's a vindictive god;
Be joyleſs ev'ry night, he ſaid,
And barren be their nuptial bed.
Attend, my fair, to Wiſdom's voice,
A better fate ſhall crown thy choice.
A married life, to ſpeak the beſt,
Is all a lottery confeſt:
Yet if my fair one will be wife,
I will inſure my girl a prize;
Though not a prize to match thy worth,
Perhaps thy equal's not on earth.
'Tis an important point to know,
There's no perfection here below.
Man's an odd compound, after all,
And ever has been ſince the fall.
Say, that he loves you from his ſoul,
Still man is proud, nor brooks controul.
And though a ſlave in Love's ſoft ſchool,
In wedlock claims his right to rule.
The beſt, in ſhort, has faults about him,
If few thoſe faults, you muſt not ſtout him.
With ſome, indeed, you can't diſpenſe,
As want of temper, and of ſenſe.
For when the ſun deſerts the ſkies,
And the dull evening winters riſe,
Then for a huſband's ſocial pow'r,
To form the calm, converſive hour;
The treaſures of thy breaſt explore,
From that rich mine to draw the oar;
Fondly each gen'rous thought refine,
And give thy native gold to ſhine;
Show thee, as really thou art,
Though fair, yet fairer ſtill at heart.
Say, when life's purple bloſſoms fade,
As ſoon they muſt, thou charming maid;
When in thy cheeks the roſes die,
And ſickneſs clouds that brilliant eye;
Say, when or age or pains invade,
And thoſe dear limbs ſhall call for aid;
If thou art fetter'd to a fool,
Shall not his tranſient paſſion cool?
And when thy health and beauty end,
Shall thy weak mate perſiſt a friend?
But to a man of ſenſe, my dear,
Ev'n then thou lovely ſhalt appear;
He'll ſhare the griefs that wound thy heart,
And weeping claim the larger part;
Though age impairs that beauteous face,
He'll prize the pearl beyond its caſe.
In wedlock when the ſexes meet,
Friendſhip is only then complete.
"Bleſt ſtate! where ſouls each other draw,
"Where love is liberty and law!"
The choiceſt bleſſing found below,
That man can wiſh, or Heaven beſtow!
Truſt me, theſe raptures are divine,
For lovely Chloe once was mine!
Nor fear the varniſh of my ſtyle,
Though poet, I'm eſtrang'd to guile.
Ah me! my faithful lips impart
The genuine language of my heart!

When bards extol their patrons high,
Perhaps 'tis gold extorts the lie;
Perhaps the poor reward of bread—
But who burns incenſe to the dead?
He, whom a fond affection draws,
Careleſs of cenſure or applauſe;
Whoſe ſoul is upright and ſincere,
With nought to wiſh, and nought to fear.
Now to my viſionary ſcheme
Attend, and profit by my dream.
Amidſt the ſlumbers of the night,
A ſtately temple 'roſe to ſight;
And ancient as the human race,
If nature's purpoſes you trace;
This fane, by all the wiſe rever'd,
To wedlock's pow'rful god was rear'd.
Hard by I ſaw a graceful ſage,
His locks were froſted o'er by age;
His garb was plain, his mind ſerene,
And wiſdom dignified his mien.
With curious ſearch his name I fought,
And found 'twas Hymen's fav'rite—Thought.
Apace the giddy crowds advance,
And a lewd ſatyr led the dance:
I griev'd to ſee whole thouſands run,
For oh! what thouſands were undone!
The ſage, when theſe mad troops he ſpy'd,
In pity flew to join their ſide:
The diſconcerted pairs began
To rail againſt him, to a man;
Vow'd they were ſtrangers to his name,
Nor knew from whence the dotard came.
But mark the ſequel—for this truth
Highly concerns impetuous youth:
Long ere the honey-moon could wane,
Perdition ſeiz'd on ev'ry twain;
At ev'ry houſe, and all day long,
Repentance ply'd her ſcorpion thong;
Diſguſt was there with frowning mien,
And every wayward child of Spleen.
Hymen approach'd his awful fane,
Attended by a num'rous train:
Love with each ſoft and nameleſs grace,
Was firſt in favour, and in place:
Then came the god with ſolemn gait,
Whoſe ev'ry word was big with fate;
His hand a flaming taper bore,
That ſacred ſymbol, fam'd of yore:
Virtue, adorn'd with ev'ry charm,
Suſtain'd the god's incumbent arm;
Beauty improv'd the glowing ſcene
With all the roſes of eighteen:
Youth led the gaily-ſmiling fair,
His purple pinions wav'd in air:
Wealth, a cloſe hunks, walk'd hobbling nigh,
With vulture-claw, and eagle-eye,
Who threeſcore years had ſeen or more,
('Tis ſaid his coat had ſeen a ſcore;)
Proud was the wretch, though clad in rags,
Preſuming much upon his bags.
A female next her arts diſplay'd,
Poets alone can paint the maid:
Truſt me, Hogarth, (though great thy fame)
'Twould poſe thy ſkill to draw the ſame;
And yet thy mimic pow'r is more
Than ever painter's was before:
Now ſhe was fair as cygnet's down,
Now as Mat Prior's Emma, brown;
And, changing as the changing flow'r,
Her dreſs ſhe vary'd ev'ry hour:
'Twas Fancy, child!—You know the fair,
Who pins your gown, and ſets your hair.
Lo! the god mounts his throne of ſtate,
And ſits the arbiter of fate:
His head with radiant glories dreſt,
Gently reclin'd on Virtue's breaſt:
Love took his ſtation on the right,
His quiver beam'd with golden light.
Beauty uſurp'd the ſecond place,
Ambitious of diſtinguiſh'd grace;
She claim'd this ceremonial joy,
Becauſe related to the boy:
(Said it was her's to point his dart,
And ſpeed its paſſage to the heart);
While on the god's inferior hand
Fancy and Wealth obtain'd their ſtand.
And now the hallow'd rites proceed,
And now a thouſand heart-ſtrings bleed.
I ſaw a blooming trembling bride,
A toothleſs lover join'd her ſide;
Averſe ſhe turn'd her weeping face,
And ſhudder'd at the cold embrace.
But various baits their force impart:
Thus titles lie at Celia's heart:
A paſſion much too foul to name,
Coſts ſupercilious prudes their fame:
Prudes wed to publicans and ſinners;
The hungry poet weds for dinners.
The god with frown indignant view'd
The rabble covetous or lewd;
By ev'ry vice his altars ſtain'd,
By ev'ry fool his rites profan'd:
When Love complain'd of Wealth aloud,
Affirming Wealth debauch'd the crowd;
Drew up in form his heavy charge,
Deſiring to be heard at large.
The god conſents, the throng divide,
The young eſpous'd the plaintiff's ſide:
The old declar'd for the defendant,
For Age is Money's ſworn attendant.
Love ſaid, that wedlock was deſign'd
By gracious Heav'n to match the mind;
To pair the tender and the juſt,
And his the delegated truſt:
That Wealth had play'd a knaviſh part,
And taught the tongue to wrong the heart;
But what avails the faithleſs voice?
The injur'd heart diſdains the choice.—
Wealth ſtrait reply'd, that Love was blind
And talk'd at random of the mind:
That killing eyes, and bleeding hearts,
And all th' artillery of darts,
Were long ago exploded fancies,
And laugh'd at even in romances.
Poets indeed ſtyle Love a treat,
Perhaps for want of better meat:
And Love might be delicious fare,
Cou'd we, like poets, live on air.
But grant that angels feaſt on Love,
(Thoſe purer eſſences above)
Yet Albion's ſons, he underſtood,
Preferr'd a more ſubſtantial food.
Thus while with gibes he dreſs'd his cauſe,
His gray admirers hemm'd applauſe.
With ſeeming conqueſt pert and proud,
Wealth ſhook his ſides, and chuckled loud;

When Fortune, to reſtrain his pride,
And fond to favour Love beſide,
Op'ning the miſer's tape-ty'd veſt,
Diſclos'd the Cares which ſtung his breaſt:
Wealth ſtood abaſh'd at his diſgrace,
And a deep crimſon fluſh'd his face.
Love ſweetly ſimper'd at the ſight,
His gay adherents laugh'd outright.
The god, though grave his temper, ſmil'd,
For Hymen dearly priz'd the child.
But he who triumphs o'er his brother,
In turn is laugh'd at by another.
Such cruel ſcores we often find
Repaid the criminal in kind.
For Poverty, that famiſh'd fiend!
Ambitious of a wealthy friend,
Advanc'd into the Miſer's place,
And ſtar'd the ſtripling in the face;
Whoſe lips grew pale, and cold as clay;
I thought the chit would ſwoon away.
The god was ſtudious to employ
His cares to aid the vanquiſh'd boy;
And therefore iſſu'd his decree,
That the two parties ſtrait agree.
When both obey'd the god's commands,
And Love and Riches join'd their hands.
What wond'rous change in each was wrought,
Believe me, fair, ſurpaſſes thought.
If Love had many charms before,
He now had charms, ten thouſand more.
If Wealth had ſerpents in his breaſt,
They now were dead, or lull'd to reſt.
Beauty, that vain affected thing,
Who join'd the hymeneal ring,
Approach'd with round unthinking face,
And thus the trifler ſtates her caſe.
She ſaid, that Love's complaints, 'twas known
Exactly tally'd with her own;
That wealth had learn'd the ſelon's arts,
And robb'd her of a thouſand hearts;
Deſiring judgment againſt Wealth,
For falſehood, perjury, and ſtealth:
All which ſhe could on oath depoſe,
And hop'd the court would ſlit his noſe.
But Hymen, when he heard her name,
Call'd her an interloping dame;
Look'd through the crowd with angry ſtate,
And blam'd the porter at the gate,
For giving entrance to the fair,
When ſhe was no eſſential there.
To ſink this haughty tyrant's pride,
He order'd Fancy to preſide.
Hence, when debates on beauty riſe,
And each bright fair diſputes the prize,
To Fancy's court we ſtrait apply,
And wait the ſentence of her eye;
In Beauty's realms ſhe holds the ſeals,
And her awards preclude appeals.

## LIFE.

### VISION VIII.

Let not the young my precepts ſhun;
Who ſlight good counſels, are undone.
Your poet ſung of Love's delights,
Of halcyon days and joyous nights;
To the gay fancy lovely themes;
And fain I'd hope they're more than dreams.

But, if you pleaſe, before we part,
I'd ſpeak a language to your heart.
We'll talk of Life, though much, I fear,
Th' ungrateful tale will wound your ear.
You raiſe your ſanguine thoughts too high,
And hardly know the reaſon why:
But ſay Life's tree bears golden fruit,
Some canker ſhall corrode the root;
Some unexpected ſtorm ſhall riſe;
Or ſcorching ſuns, or chilling ſkies;
And (if experienc'd truths avail)
All your autumnal hopes ſhall fail.
"But, Poet, whence ſuch wide extremes?
"Well may you ſtyle your labours Dreams.
"A ſon of ſorrow thou, I ween,
"Whoſe viſions are the brats of Spleen.
"Is blis a vague unmeaning name—
"Speak then the paſſions' uſe or aim;
"Why rage deſires without controul,
"And rouſe ſuch whirlwinds in the ſoul;
'Why Hope erects her tow'ring creſt,
"And laughs, and riots in the breaſt?
"Think not, my weaker brain turns ronnd,
"Think not, I tread on fairy ground.
"Think not, your pulſe alone beats true—
"Mine makes as healthful muſic too.
"Our joys, when life's ſoft ſpring we trace,
"Put forth their early buds apace.
"See the bloom loads the tender ſhoot,
"The bloom conceals the future fruit.
'Yes, manhood's warm meridian ſun
"Shall ripen what in ſpring begun.
"Thus infant roſes, ere they blow,
"In germinating cluſters grow;
"And only wait the ſummer's ray,
"To burſt and bloſſom to the day."
What ſaid the gay unthinking boy?—
Methought Hilario talk'd of joy!
Tell, if thou canſt, whence joys ariſe,
Or what thoſe mighty joys you prize.
You'll find (and truſt ſuperior years)
The vale of life a vale of tears.
Could Wiſdom teach, where joys abound,
Or riches purchaſe them, when found,
Would ſcepter'd Solomon complain,
That all was fleeting, falſe, and vain?
Yet ſcepter'd Solomon could ſay,
Returning clouds obſcur'd his day.
Thoſe maxims, which the preacher drew,
The royal ſage experienc'd true.
He knew the various ills that wait
Our infant and meridian ſtate;
That toys our earlieſt thoughts engage,
And diff'rent toys maturer age;
That grief at ev'ry ſtage appears,
But diff'rent griefs at diff'rent years;
That vanity is ſeen, in part,
Inſcrib'd on ev'ry human heart;
In the child's breaſt the ſpark began,
Grows with his growth, and glares in man.
But when in life we journey late,
If follies die, do griefs abate?
Ah! what is Life at fourſcore years?— [tears!
One dark, rough road of ſighs, groans, pains, and
Perhaps you'll think I act the ſame,
As a fly ſharper plays his game:
You triumph ev'ry deal that's paſt,
He's ſure to triumph at the laſt;

Who often wins ſome thouſands more
Than twice the ſum you won before.
But I'm a loſer with the reſt,
For Life is all a deal at beſt;
Where not the prize of wealth or fame,
Repays the trouble of the game;
(A truth no winner e'er deny'd,
An hour before that winner dy'd).
Not that with me theſe prizes ſhine,
For neither fame nor wealth are mine.
My cards!—a weak plebeian band,
With ſcarce an honour in my hand,
And, ſince my trumps are very few,
What have I more to boaſt than you!
Nor am I gainer by your fall!
That harlot Fortune bubbles all.
'Tis truth (receive it ill or well)
'Tis melancholy truth I tell.
Why ſhould the preacher take your pence,
And ſmother truth to flatter ſenſe?
I'm ſure, phyſicians have no merit,
Who kill, through lenity of ſpirit.
That Life's a game, divines confeſs,
This ſays at cards, and that at cheſs:
But if our views be center'd here,
'Tis all a loſing game, I fear.
Sailors, you know, when wars obtain,
And hoſtile veſſels crowd the main,
If they diſcover from afar
A bark, as diſtant as a ſtar,
Hold the perſpective to their eyes,
To learn its colours, ſtrength, and ſize;
And when this ſecret once they know,
Make ready to receive the foe.
Let you and I from ſailors learn
Important truths of like concern.
I cloſ'd the day, as cuſtom led,
With reading, till the time of bed;
Where Fancy, at the midnight hour,
Again diſplay'd her magic pow'r,
(For know, that Fancy like a ſpright,
Prefers the ſilent ſcenes of night.)
She lodg'd me in a neighb'ring wood,
No matter where the thicket ſtood;
The genius of the place was nigh,
And held two pictures to my eye.
The curious painter had pourtray'd
Life in each juſt and genuine ſhade.
They, who have only known its dawn,
May think theſe lines too deeply drawn;
But riper years, I fear, will ſhew,
The wiſer artiſt paints too true.
One piece preſents a rueful wild,
Where not a ſummer's ſun had ſmil'd:
The road with thorns is cover'd wide,
And Grief ſits weeping by the ſide;
Her tears with conſtant tenor flow,
And form a mournful lake below;
Whoſe ſilent waters, dark and deep,
Through all the gloomy valley creep.
Paſſions that flatter, or that ſlay,
Are beaſts that fawn, or birds that prey.
Here Vice aſſumes the ſerpent's ſhape;
There Folly perſonates the ape;
Here Av'rice gripes with harpies' claws;
There Malice grins with tygers' jaws;
While ſons of miſchief, Art and Guile,
Are alligators of the Nile.

Ev'n Pleaſure acts a treach'rous part,
She charms the ſenſe, but ſtings the heart;
And when ſhe gulls us of our wealth,
Or that ſuperior pearl, our health,
Reſtores us nought but pains and woe,
And drowns us in the lake below.
There a commiſſion'd angel ſtands,
With deſolation in his hands!
He ſends the all-devouring flame,
And cities hardly boaſt a name:
Or wings the peſtilential blaſt,
And lo! ten thouſands breathe their laſt:
He ſpeaks—obedient tempeſts roar,
And guilty nations are no more:
He ſpeaks—the fury Diſcord raves,
And ſweeps whole armies to their graves:
Or Famine lifts her mildew'd hand,
And Hunger howls through all the land.
Oh! what a wretch is man, I cry'd,
Expos'd to death on ev'ry ſide!
And ſure as born, to be undone
By evils which he cannot ſhun!
Beſides a thouſand baits to ſin,
A thouſand traitors lodg'd within!
For ſoon as Vice aſſaults the heart,
The rebels take the demon's part.
I ſigh, my aching boſom bleeds;
When ſtrait the milder plan ſucceeds.
The lake of tears, the dreary ſhore,
The ſame as in the piece before.
But gleams of light are here diſplay'd,
To cheer the eye and gild the ſhade.
Affliction ſpeaks a ſofter ſtyle,
And Diſappointment wears a ſmile.
A group of Virtues bloſſom near,
Their roots improve by ev'ry tear.
Here Patience, gentle maid! is nigh,
To calm the ſtorm, and wipe the eye;
Hope acts the kind phyſician's part,
And warms the ſolitary heart;
Religion nobler comfort brings,
Diſarms our griefs, or blunts their ſtings;
Points out the balance on the whole,
And Heav'n rewards the ſtruggling ſoul.
But while theſe raptures I purſue,
The genius ſuddenly withdrew.

## DEATH.

### VISION IX.

'Tis thought my Viſions are too grave*;
A proof I'm no deſigning knave.
Perhaps if Int'reſt held the ſcales,
I had devis'd quite diff'rent tales;
Had join'd the laughing low buffoon,
And ſcribbled ſatire and lampoon;
Or ſtirr'd each ſource of ſoft deſire,
And fann'd the coals of wanton fire;
Then had my paltry Viſions ſold,
Yes, all my dreams had turn'd to gold;
Had prov'd the darlings of the town,
And I—a poet of renown!
Let not my aweful theme ſurpriſe,
Let no unmanly fears ariſe.

* *See the Monthly Review of New Books, for February* 1751.

I wear no melancholy hue,
No wreaths of cypreſs or of yew.
The ſhroud, the coffin, pall, or herſe,
Shall ne'er deform my ſofter verſe:
Let me conſign the fun'ral plume,
The herald's paint, the ſculptur'd tomb,
And all the ſolemn farce of graves,
To undertakers and their ſlaves.
You know, that moral writers ſay
The world's a ſtage, and life a play;
That in this drama to ſucceed,
Requires much thought, and toil indeed!
There ſtill remains one labour more,
Perhaps a greater than before.
Indulge the ſearch, and you ſhall find
The harder taſk is ſtill behind;
That harder taſk, to quit the ſtage
In early youth, or riper age;
To leave the company and place,
With firmneſs, dignity, and grace.
Come, then, the cloſing ſcenes ſurvey,
'Tis the laſt act which crowns the play.
Do well this grand deciſive part,
And gain the plaudit of your heart.
Few greatly live in Wiſdom's eye—
But oh! how few who greatly die!
Who, when their days approach an end,
Can meet the foe, as friend meets friend.
Inſtructive heroes! tell us whence
Your noble ſcorn of fleſh and ſenſe!
You part from all we prize ſo dear,
Nor drop one ſoft reluctant tear:
Part from thoſe tender joys of life,
The friend, the parent, child, and wife.
Death's black and ſtormy gulf you brave,
And ride exulting on the wave;
Deem thrones but trifles all!—no more—
Nor ſend one wiſhful look to ſhore.
For foreign ports and lands unknown,
Thus the firm ſailor leaves his own;
Obedient to the riſing gale,
Unmoors his bark, and ſpreads his ſail;
Defies the ocean, and the wind,
Nor mourns the joys he leaves behind.
Is Death a pow'rful monarch? True—
Perhaps you dread the tyrant too!
Fear, like a fog, precludes the light,
Or ſwells the object to the ſight.
Attend my viſionary page,
And I'll diſarm the tyrant's rage.
Come, let this ghaſtly form appear,
He's not ſo terrible when near.
Diſtance deludes th' unwary eye,
So clouds ſeem monſters in the ſky:
Hold frequent converſe with him now,
He'll daily wear a milder brow.
Why is my theme with terror fraught?
Becauſe you ſhun the frequent thought.
Say, when the captive pard is nigh,
Whence thy pale cheek and frighted eye?
Say, why diſmay'd thy manly breaſt,
When the grim lion ſhakes his creſt?
Becauſe theſe ſavage ſights are new—
No keeper ſhudders at the view.
Keepers, accuſtom'd to the ſcene,
Approach the dens with look ſerene,
Fearleſs their griſly charge explore,
And ſmile to hear the tyrants roar.

"Ay—but to die! to bid adieu!
"An everlaſting farewel too!
"Farewel to ev'ry joy around!
"Oh! the heart ſickens at the ſound!"
Stay, ſtripling—thou art poorly taught—
Joy didſt thou ſay?—diſcard the thought.
Joys are a rich celeſtial fruit,
And ſcorn a ſublunary root.
What wears the face of joy below,
Is often found but ſplendid woe.
Joys here, like unſubſtantial fame,
Are nothings with a pompous name;
Or elſe, like comets in the ſphere,
Shine with deſtruction in their rear.
Paſſions, like clouds, obſcure the ſight,
Hence mortals ſeldom judge aright.
The world's a harſh unfruitful ſoil,
Yet ſtill we hope, and ſtill we toil:
Deceive ourſelves with wond'rous art,
And diſappointment wrings the heart.
Thus when a miſt collects around,
And hovers o'er a barren ground,
The poor deluded trav'ller ſpies
Imagin'd trees and ſtructures riſe;
But when the ſhrouded ſun is clear,
The deſert and the rocks appear.
"Ah—but when youthful blood runs high,
"Sure 'tis a dreadful thing to die!
"To die! and what exalts the gloom,
"I'm told that man ſurvives the tomb!
"O! can the learned prelate find
"What future ſcenes await the mind?
"Where wings the ſoul, diſlodg'd from clay?
"Some courteous angel point the way!
"That unknown ſomewhere in the ſkies!
"Say, where that unknown ſomewhere lies;
"And kindly prove, when life is o'er,
"That pains and ſorrows are no more.
"For doubtleſs dying is a curſe,
"If preſent ills be chang'd for worſe."
Huſh, my young friend, forego the theme,
And liſten to your poet's dream.
Ere-while I took an evening walk,
Honorio join'd in ſocial talk.
Along the lawns the zephyrs ſweep,
Each ruder wind was lull'd aſleep.
The ſky, all beauteous to behold,
Was ſtreak'd with azure, green, and gold;
But, though ſerenely ſoft and fair,
Fever hung brooding in the air;
Then ſettled on Honorio's breaſt,
Which ſhudder'd at the fatal gueſt.
No drugs the kindly wiſh fulfil,
Diſeaſe eludes the doctor's ſkill.
The poiſon ſpreads through all the frame,
Ferments, and kindles into flame.
From ſide to ſide Honorio turns,
And now with thirſt inſatiate burns.
His eyes reſign their wonted grace,
Thoſe friendly lamps expire apace!
The brain's an uſeleſs organ grown,
And Reaſon tumbled from his throne.—
But while the purple ſurges glow,
The currents thicken as they flow;
The blood in ev'ry diſtant part
Stagnates and diſappoints the heart;
Defrauded of its crimſon ſtore,
The vital engine plays no more.

Honorio dead, the fun'ral bell
Call'd ev'ry friend to bid farewel.
I join'd the melancholy bier,
And dropp'd the unavailing tear.
The clock ſtruck twelve—when nature ſought
Repoſe from all the pangs of thought;
And while my limbs were ſunk to reſt,
A viſion ſooth'd my troubled breaſt.
I dream'd the ſpectre Death appear'd,
I dream'd his hollow voice I heard!
Methought th' imperial tyrant wore
A ſtate no prince aſſum'd before.
All nature fetch'd a gen'ral groan,
And lay expiring round his throne.
I gaz'd—when ſtrait aroſe to ſight
The moſt deteſted fiend of night.
He ſhuffled with unequal pace,
And conſcious ſhame deform'd his face.
With jealous leer he ſquinted round,
Or fix'd his eyes upon the ground.
From hell this frightful monſter came,
Sin was his ſire, and Guilt his name.
This fury, with officious care,
Waited around the ſov'reign's chair;
In robes of terrors dreſt the king,
And arm'd him with a baneful ſting;
Gave fierceneſs to the tyrant's eye,
And hung the ſword upon his thigh.
Diſeaſes next, a hideous crowd!
Proclaim'd their maſter's empire loud;
And, all obedient to his will,
Flew in commiſſion'd troops to kill.
A riſing whirlwind ſhakes the poles,
And lightning glares, and thunder rolls.
The monarch and his train prepare
To range the foul tempeſtuous air.
Strait to his ſhoulders he applies
Two pinions of enormous ſize!
Methought I ſaw the ghaſtly form
Stretch his black wings, and mount the ſtorm.
When Fancy's airy horſe I ſtrode,
And join'd the army on the road.
As the grim conqu'ror urg'd his way,
He ſcatter'd terror and diſmay.
Thouſands a penſive aſpect wore,
Thouſands who ſneer'd at Death before.
Life's records riſe on ev'ry ſide,
And Conſcience ſpreads thoſe volumes wide;
Which faithful regiſters were brought
By pale-ey'd Fear and buſy Thought.
Thoſe faults which artful men conceal,
Stand here engrav'd with pen of ſteel,
By Conſcience, that impartial ſcribe!
Whoſe honeſt palm diſdains a bribe.
Their actions all like critics view,
And all like faithful critics too.
As guilt had ſtain'd life's various ſtage,
What tears of blood bedew'd the page!
All ſhudder'd at the black account,
And ſcarce believ'd the vaſt amount!
All vow'd a ſudden change of heart,
Would Death relent, and ſheath his dart.
But, when the awful foe withdrew,
All to their follies fled anew.
So when a wolf, who ſcours at large,
Springs on the ſhepherd's fleecy charge,
The flock in wild diſorder fly,
And caſt behind a frequent eye;
But, when the victim's borne away,
They ruſh to paſture and to play.
Indulge my dream, and let my pen
Paint thoſe unmeaning creatures, men.
Carus, with pains and ſickneſs worn,
Chides the ſlow night, and ſighs for morn;
Soon as he views the eaſtern ray,
He mourns the quick return of day;
Hourly laments protracted breath,
And courts the healing hand of Death.
Verres, oppreſs'd with guilt and ſhame,
Shipwreck'd in fortune, health, and fame,
Pines for his dark ſepulchral bed,
To mingle with th' unheeded dead.
With fourſcore years gray Natho bends,
A burden to himſelf and friends;
And with impatience ſeems to wait
The friendly hand of ling'ring fate.
So hirelings wiſh their labour done,
And often eye the weſtern ſun.
The monarch hears their various grief,
Deſcends, and brings the wiſh'd relief,
On Death with wild ſurpriſe they ſtar'd;
All ſeem'd averſe! All unprepar'd!
As torrents ſweep with rapid force,
The grave's pale chief purſu'd his courſe.
No human pow'r can or withſtand,
Or ſhun the conqueſts of his hand.
Oh! could the prince of upright mind,
And, as a guardian angel, kind,
With ev'ry heart-felt worth beſide,
Turn the keen ſhaft of Death aſide,
When would the brave Auguſtus join
The aſhes of his ſacred line?
But Death maintains no partial war,
He mocks a ſultan or a czar.
He lays his iron hand on all——
Yes, kings, and ſons of kings muſt fall!
A truth Britannia lately felt,
And trembled to her centre *!——
Could ableſt ſtateſmen ward the blow,
Would Granville own this common foe?
For greater talents ne'er were known
To grace the fav'rite of a throne.
Could genius ſave—wit, learning, fire—
Tell me, would Cheſterfield expire?
Say, would his glorious ſun decline,
And ſet like your pale ſtar or mine?
Could ev'ry virtue of the ſky—
Would Herring†, Butler‡, Secker§ die?
Why this addreſs to peerage all—
Untitled Allen's virtues call!
If Allen's worth demands a place,
Lords, with your leave, 'tis no diſgrace.
Though high your ranks in heralds' rolls,
Know Virtue too ennobles ſouls.
By her that private man's renown'd,
Who pours a thouſand bleſſings round.
While Allen takes Affliction's part,
And draws out all his gen'rous heart;
Anxious to ſeize the fleeting day,
Leſt unimprov'd it ſteal away;

* *Referring to the death of his late Royal Highneſs Frederic Prince of Wales.*
† *Archbiſhop of Canterbury.*
‡ *Late Biſhop of Durham.*
§ *Biſhop of Oxford.*

While thus he walks with jealous ſtrife
Through goodneſs, as he walks through life,
Shall not I mark his radiant path?—
Riſe, muſe, and ſing the Man of Bath!
Publiſh abroad, could goodneſs ſave,
Allen would diſappaint the grave;
Tranſlated to the heav'nly ſhore,
Like Enoch, when his walk was o'er.
Not Beauty's pow'rful pleas reſtrain—
Her pleas are trifling, weak, and vain;
For women pierce with ſhrieks the air,
Smite their bare breaſts, and rend their hair.
All have a doleful tale to tell,
How friends, ſons, daughters, huſbands fell!
Alas! is life our fav'rite theme!
'Tis all a vain, or painful dream.
A dream which fools or cowards prize,
But ſlighted by the brave or wiſe.
Who lives, for others' ills muſt groan,
Or bleed for ſorrows of his own;
Muſt journey on with weeping eye,
Then pant, ſink, agonize, and die.
And ſhall a man arraign the ſkies,
Becauſe man lives, and mourns, and dies?
Impatient reptile! Reaſon cry'd;
Arraign thy paſſion and thy pride.
Retire, and commune with thy heart,
Aſk, whence thou cam'ſt, and what thou art.
Explore thy body and thy mind,
Thy ſtation too, why here aſſign'd.
The ſearch ſhall teach thee life to prize,
And make thee grateful, good, and wiſe.
Why do you roam to foreign climes,
To ſtudy nations, modes, and times;
A ſcience often dearly bought,
And often what avails you nought?
Go, man, and act a wiſer part,
Study the ſcience of your heart.
This home philoſophy, you know,
Was priz'd ſome thouſand years ago*.
Then why abroad a frequent gueſt?
Why ſuch a ſtranger to your breaſt?
Why turn ſo many volumes o'er,
Till Dodſley can ſupply no more?
Not all the volumes on thy ſhelf,
Are worth that ſingle volume, Self.
For who this ſacred book declines,
Howe'er in other arts he ſhines;
Though ſmit with Pindar's noble rage,
Or vers'd in Tully's manly page;
Though deeply read in Plato's ſchool;
With all his knowledge is a fool.
Proclaim the truth—ſay, what is man?
His body from the duſt began;
And when a few ſhort years are o'er,
The crumbling fabric is no more.
But whence the ſoul? From heav'n it came!
Oh! prize this intellectual flame.
This nobler Self with rapture ſcan,
'Tis mind alone which makes the man.
Truſt me, there's not a joy on earth,
But from the ſoul derives its birth.
Aſk the young rake (he'll anſwer right)
Who treats by day, and drinks by night,
What makes his entertainments ſhine,
What gives the reliſh to his wine;
He'll tell thee (if he ſcorns the beaſt),
That ſocial pleaſures form the feaſt.
The charms of beauty too ſhall cloy,
Unleſs the ſoul exalts the joy.
The mind muſt animate the face,
Or cold and taſteleſs ev'ry grace.
What! muſt the ſoul her pow'rs diſpenſe
To raiſe and ſwell the joys of ſenſe?—
Know too, the joys of ſenſe controul,
And clog the motions of the ſoul;
Forbid her pinions to aſpire,
Damp and impair her native fire:
And ſure as Senſe (that tyrant)! reigns,
She holds the empreſs, Soul, in chains,
Inglorious bondage to the mind,
Heaven-born, ſublime, and unconfin'd!
She's independent, fair, and great,
And juſtly claims a large eſtate;
She aſks no borrow'd aids to ſhine,
She boaſts within a golden mine;
But, like the treaſures of Peru,
Her wealth lies deep and far from view.
Say, ſhall the man who knows her worth,
Debaſe her dignity and birth;
Or e'er repine at Heaven's decree,
Who kindly gave her leave to be;
Call'd her from nothing into day,
And built her tenement of clay?
Hear and accept me for your guide,
(Reaſon ſhall ne'er defert your ſide).
Who liſtens to my wiſer voice,
Can't but applaud his Maker's choice;
Pleas'd with that Firſt and Sovereign Cauſe,
Pleas'd with unerring Wiſdom's laws;
Secure, ſince Sovereign Goodneſs reigns,
Secure, ſince Sovereign Pow'r obtains.
With curious eyes review thy frame,
This ſcience ſhall direct thy claim.
Doſt thou indulge a double view,
A long, long life, and happy too?
Perhaps a farther boon you crave—
To lie down eaſy in the grave!
Know then my dictates muſt prevail,
Or ſurely each fond wiſh ſhall fail.—
Come then, is happineſs thy aim?
Let mental joys be all thy game.
Repeat the ſearch, and mend your pace,
The capture ſhall reward the chace.
Let ev'ry minute, as it ſprings,
Convey freſh knowledge on its wings;
Let ev'ry minute, as it flies,
Record thee good as well as wiſe.
While ſuch purſuits your thoughts engage,
In a few years you'll live an age.
Who meaſures life by rolling years?
Fools meaſure by revolving ſpheres.
Go thou, and fetch th' unerring rule
From Virtue's, and from Wiſdom's ſchool.
Who well improves life's ſhorteſt day,
Will ſcarce regret its ſetting ray;
Contented with his ſhare of light,
Nor fear nor wiſh th' approach of night.
And when diſeaſe aſſaults the heart,
When Sickneſs triumphs over art,
Reflections on a life well paſt,
Shall prove a cordial to the laſt;
This med'cine ſhall the ſoul ſuſtain,
And ſoften or ſuſpend her pain;

* *KNOW THYSELF*—*a celebrated ſaying of Chilo, one of th. ſeven wiſe men of Greece.*

Shall break Death's fell tyrranic pow'r,
And calm the troubled dying hour,
Bleſt rules of cool prudential age!
I liſten'd, and rever'd the ſage.
When lo! a form divinely bright
Deſcends and burſts upon my ſight,
A ſeraph of illuſtrious birth!
(Religion was her name on earth)
Supremely ſweet her radiant face,
And blooming with celeſtial grace!
Three ſhining cherubs form'd her train,
Wav'd their light wings, and reach'd the plain;
Faith, with ſublime and piercing eye,
And pinions fluttering for the ſky;
Here Hope, that ſmiling angel ſtands,
And golden anchors grace her hands:
There Charity, in robes of white,
Faireſt and fav'rite maid of light!
The ſeraph ſpake—'tis Reaſon's part,
To govern and to guard the heart;
To lull the wayward ſoul to reſt,
When hopes and fears diſtract the breaſt.
Reaſon may calm this doubtful ſtrife,
And ſteer thy bark through various life:
But when the ſtorms of death are nigh,
And midnight darkneſs veils the ſky,
Shall Reaſon then direct thy ſail,
Diſperſe the clouds, or ſink the gale?
Stranger, this ſkill alone is mine,
Skill! that tranſcends his ſcanty line.
That hoary ſage has counſell'd right—
Be wiſe, nor ſcorn his friendly light.
Revere thyſelf—thou'rt near ally'd
To angels on thy better ſide.
How various e'er their ranks or kinds,
Angels are but unbodied minds;
When the partition walls decay,
Men emerge angels from their clay.
Yes, when the frailer body dies,
The ſoul aſſerts her kindred ſkies.
But minds, though ſprung from heav'nly race,
Muſt firſt be tutor'd for the place.
(The joys above are underſtood,
And reliſh'd only by the good),
Who ſhall aſſume this guardian care?
Who ſhall ſecure their birthright there?
Souls are my charge—to me 'tis giv'n
To train them for their native heav'n.
Know then—Who bow the early knee,
And give the willing heart to me;
Who wiſely, when temptation waits,
Elude her frauds, and ſpurn her baits;
Who dare to own my injur'd cauſe,
(Though fools deride my ſacred laws);
Or ſcorn to deviate to the wrong,
Though perſecution lifts her thong;
Though all the ſons of hell conſpire
To raiſe the ſtake, and light the fire;
Know, that for ſuch ſuperior ſouls,
There lies a bliſs beyond the poles;
Where ſpirits ſhine with purer ray,
And brighten to meridian day;
Where love, where boundleſs friendſhip rules,
(No friends that change, no love that cools)!
Where riſing floods of knowledge roll,
And pour and pour upon the ſoul!
But where's the paſſage to the ſkies?—
The road through Death's black valley lies.
Nay, do not ſhudder at my tale—
Though dark the ſhades, yet ſafe the vale.
This path the beſt of men have trod;
And who'd decline the road to God?
Oh! 'tis a glorious boon to die!
This ſavour can't be priz'd too high,
While thus ſhe ſpake, my looks expreſs'd
The raptures kindling in my breaſt:
My ſoul a fix'd attention gave;
When the ſtern monarch of the grave
With haughty ſtrides approach'd—Amaz'd
I ſtood, and trembled as I gaz'd.
The ſeraph calm'd each anxious fear,
And kindly wip'd the falling tear;
Then haſted with expanded wing
To meet the pale terrific king.
But now what milder ſcenes ariſe?
The tyrant drops his hoſtile guiſe.
He ſeems a youth divinely fair,
In graceful ringlets waves his hair.
His wings their whitening plumes diſplay,
His burniſh'd plumes reflect the day.
Light flows his ſhining azure veſt,
And all the angel ſtands conſeſt.
I view'd the change with ſweet ſurpriſe,
And oh! I panted for the ſkies;
Thank'd Heav'n that e'er I drew my breath,
And triumph'd in the thoughts of death.

# FABLES.

*The Advantages of Application and Diligence in our earlier Years, and the deſtructive Conſequences of Pride and Cruelty.*

## FABLE I.

### THE BEE, THE ANT, AND THE SPARROW.

My dears, 'tis ſaid in days of old,
That beaſts could talk, and birds could ſcold,
But now it ſeems the human race
Alone engroſs the ſpeaker's place.
Yet lately, if report be true,
(And much the tale relates to you)
There met a ſparrow, ant, and bee,
Which reaſon'd and convers'd as we.
Who reads my page will doubtleſs grant,
That Phe's the wiſe induſtrious ant.
And all with half an eye may ſee,
That Kitty is the buſy bee.

Here then are two—But where's the third?
Go ſearch your ſchool, you'll find the bird.
Your ſchool! I aſk your pardon, fair,
I'm ſure you'll find no ſparrow there.
Now to my tale.—One Summer's morn
A bee rang'd o'er the verdant lawn;
Studious to huſband every hour,
And make the moſt of ev'ry flow'r.
Nimble from ſtalk to ſtalk ſhe flies,
And loads with yellow wax her thighs;
With which the artiſts builds her comb,
And keeps all tight and warm at home;
Or from the cowſlip's golden bells
Sucks honey to enrich her cells;
Or every tempting roſe purſues,
Or ſips the lily's fragrant dews,
Yet never robs the ſhining bloom,
Or of its beauty or perfume.
Thus ſhe diſcharg'd in every way,
The various duties of the day.
It chanc'd a frugal ant was near,
Whoſe brow was furrow'd o'er by care;
A great economiſt was ſhe,
Nor leſs induſtrious than the bee:
By penſive parents often taught
What ills ariſe from want of thought;
That poverty on ſloth depends,
On poverty the loſs of friends.
Hence every day the ant is found
With anxious ſtep to tread the ground:
With curious ſearch to trace the grain,
And drag the heavy load with pain.
The active bee with pleaſure ſaw
The ant fulfil her parents law.
Ah! ſiſter-labourer, ſays ſhe,
How very fortunate are we!
Who taught in infancy to know,
The comforts which from labour flow,
Are independent of the great,
Nor know the wants of pride and ſtate.
Why is our food ſo very ſweet?
Becauſe we earn before we eat.
Why are our wants ſo very few?
Becauſe we nature's calls purſue.
Whence our complacency of mind?
Becauſe we act our parts aſſign'd.
Have we inceſſant taſks to do?
Is not all nature buſy too?
Doth not the ſun with conſtant pace
Perſiſt to run his annual race?
Do not the ſtars which ſhine ſo bright,
Renew their courſes every night?
Doth not the ox obedient bow
His patient neck, and draw the plough?
Or when did e'er the generous ſteed
Withhold his labour or his ſpeed?
If you all nature's ſyſtem ſcan,
The only idle thing is man.
A wanton ſparrow long'd to hear
This ſage diſcourſe, and ſtrait drew near.
The bird was talkative and loud,
And very pert, and very proud;
As worthleſs and as vain a thing
Perhaps as ever wore a wing.
She found, as on a ſpray ſhe ſat,
The little friends were deep in chat;
That virtue was their favourite theme,
And toil and probity their ſcheme;
Such talk was hateful to her breaſt,
She thought them arrant prudes at beſt.
When to diſplay her naughty mind,
Hunger with cruelty combin'd;
She view'd the ant with ſavage eyes,
And hopt and hopt to ſnatch her prize.
The bee, who watch'd her opening bill,
And gueſs'd her fell deſign to kill;
Aſk'd her from what her anger roſe,
And why ſhe treated ants as foes?
The ſparrow her reply began,
And thus the converſation ran:
Whene'er I am diſpos'd to dine,
I think the whole creation mine;
That I'm a bird of high degree,
And every inſect made for me.
Hence oft I ſearch the emmet brood,
For emmets are delicious food.
And oft in wantonneſs and play,
I ſlay ten thouſand in a day:
For truth it is, without diſguiſe,
That I love miſchief as my eyes.
Oh! fie, the honeſt bee reply'd,
I fear you make baſe man your guide.
Of every creature ſure the worſt,
Though in creation's ſcale the firſt!
Ungrateful man! 'tis ſtrange he thrives,
Who burns the bees to rob their hives!
I hate his vile adminiſtration,
And ſo do all the emmet nation.
What fatal foes to birds are men,
Quite from the eagle to the wren!
Oh! do not mens example take,
Who miſchief do for miſchief's ſake;
But ſpare the ant—her worth demands
Eſteem and friendſhip at your hands.
A mind with every virtue bleſt,
Muſt raiſe compaſſion in your breaſt.
Virtue! rejoin'd the ſneering bird,
Where did you learn that Gothic word?
Since I was hatch'd I never heard
That virtue was at all rever'd,
But ſay it was the ancients' claim,
Yet moderns diſavow the name.
Unleſs, my dear, you read romances,
I cannot reconcile your fancies.
Virtue in fairy tales is ſeen
To play the goddeſs or the queen;
But what's a queen without the pow'r,
Or beauty, child, without a dow'r?
Yet this is all that virtue brags;
At beſt 'tis only worth in rags.
Such whims my very heart derides,
Indeed you make me burſt my ſides.
Truſt me, Miſs Bee—to ſpeak the truth,
I've copied man from earlieſt youth;
The ſame our taſte, the ſame our ſchool,
Paſſion and appetite our rule:
And call me bird, or call me ſinner,
I'll ne'er forego my ſport or dinner.
A prowling cat the miſcreant ſpies,
And wide expands her amber eyes.
Near and more near Grimalkin draws,
She wags her tail, protends her paws;
Then ſpringing on her thoughtleſs prey,
She bore the vicious bird away.
Thus in her cruelty and pride,
The wicked, wanton ſparrow dy'd.

*That true Virtue conſiſts in Action, and not in Speculation.*

## FABLE II.

### THE SCHOLAR AND THE CAT.

Labour entitles man to eat,
The idle have no claim to meat.
This rule muſt every ſtation fit,
Becauſe 'tis drawn from ſacred writ.
And yet to feed on ſuch condition,
Almoſt amounts to prohibition.
Rome's prieſthood would be doom'd, I fear,
To eat ſoup maigre all the year.
And would not Oxford's cloiſter'd ſon
By this hard ſtatute be undone?
In truth, your poet, were he fed
No oft'ner than he earns his bread,
The vengeance of this law would feel,
And often go without a meal.
It ſeem'd a ſcholar and his cat
Together join'd in ſocial chat.
When thus the letter'd ſage began—
Of what vaſt conſequence is man!
Lords of this nether globe we ſhine,
Our tenure's held by right divine.
Here independence waves its plea,
All creatures bow the vaſſal knee.
Nor earth alone can bound our reign,
Ours is the empire of the main.
True—man's a ſovereign prince—but ſay,
What art ſuſtains the monarch's ſway.
Say from what ſource we fetch ſupplies,
'Tis here the grand inquiry lies.
Strength is not man's—for ſtrength muſt ſuit
Beſt with the ſtructure of a brute.
Nor craft nor cunning can ſuffice,
A fox might then diſpute the prize.
To godlike reaſon 'tis we owe
Our ball and ſceptre here below.
Now your aſſociate next explains
To whom precedence appertains.
And ſure 'tis eaſy to divine
The leaders of this royal line.
Note that all tradeſmen I atteſt
But petty princes at the beſt.
Superior excellence you'll find
In thoſe who cultivate the mind.
Hence heads of colleges, you'll own,
Tranſcends th' aſſeſſors of a throne.
Say, Evans, have you any doubt?
You can't offend by ſpeaking out.
With viſage placid and ſedate,
Puſs thus addreſs'd her learned mate:
We're told that none in nature's plan
Diſputes preeminence with man.
But this is ſtill a dubious caſe
To me, and all our purring race.
We grant indeed to partial eyes
Men may appear ſupremely wiſe.
But our ſagacious rabbies hold,
That all which glitters is not gold.
Pray, if your haughty claims be true,
Why are our manners ap'd by you?
Whene'er you think, all cats agree,
You ſhut your optics juſt as we.
Pray, why like cats ſo rapt in thought,
If you by cats were never taught?
But know our tabby ſchools maintain
Worth is not center'd in the brain.
Nor that our ſages thought deſpiſe—
No—but in action virtue lies.
We find it by experience fact,
That thought muſt ripen into act;
Or cat no real fame acquires,
But virtue in the bud expires.
This point your orchard can decide—
Obſerve its gay autumnal pride.
For trees are held in high repute,
Not for their bloſſoms, but their fruit.
If ſo, then Millar's page decrees
Mere ſcholars to be barren trees.
But if theſe various reaſons fail,
Let my example once prevail.
When to your chamber you repair,
Your property employs my care.
And while you ſink in ſweet repoſe,
My faithful eyelids never cloſe.
When hunger prompts the mouſe to ſteal,
Then I diſplay my honeſt zeal;
True to my charge, theſe talons ſeize
The wretch, who dares purloin your cheeſe.
Or ſhould the thief aſſault your bread,
I ſtrike the audacious felon dead.
Nor ſay I ſpring at ſmaller game—
My proweſs ſlaughter'd rats proclaim.
I'm told your generals often fly,
When danger, and when death is nigh.
Nay, when nor death nor danger's near,
As your court-martials make appear.
When in your ſervice we engage,
We brave the pilfering villain's rage;
Ne'er take advantage of the night,
To meditate inglorious flight;
But ſtand reſolv'd, when foes defy,
To conquer, or to bravely die.
Hence, bookworm, learn our duty here
Is active life in every ſphere.
Know too, there's ſcarce a brute but can
Inſtruct vain ſupercilious man.

*That our Fortitude and Perſeverance ſhould be proportionate to the Degree and Duration of our Sufferings.*

## FABLE III.

### NEPTUNE AND THE MARINERS.

When ſore calamities we feel,
And ſorrow treads on ſorrow's heel,
Our courage and our ſtrength, we ſay,
Are inſufficient for the day.
Thus man's a poor dejected elf,
Who fain would run away from ſelf.
Yet turn to Germany, you'll find
An Atlas of a human mind!
But here I deviate from my plan,
For Pruſſia's king is more than man!
Inferior beings ſuit my rhyme,
My ſcheme, my genius, and my time;
Men, birds, and beaſts, with new and then
A pagan god to grace my pen,

A veſſel bound for India's coaſt,
The merchants confidence and boaſt,
Puts forth to ſea—the gentle deep
Beſpeaks its boiſterous god aſleep.
Three cheerful ſhouts the ſailors gave,
And zephyrs curl the ſhining wave.
A halcyon ſky prevails a while,
The tritons and the nereids ſmile.
Theſe omens faireſt hopes impreſs,
And half enſure the George ſucceſs.
What caſual ills theſe hopes deſtroy!
To change how ſubject every joy!
When dangers moſt remote appear,
Experience proves thoſe dangers near.
Thus, boaſt of health whene'er you pleaſe,
Health is next neighbour to diſeaſe.
'Tis prudence to ſuſpect a foe,
And fortitude to meet the blow.
In wiſdom's rank he ſtands the firſt,
Who ſtands prepar'd to meet the worſt.
For lo! unnumber'd clouds ariſe,
The ſable legions ſpread the ſkies.
The ſtorm around the veſſel raves,
The deep diſplays a thouſand graves.
With active hands and fearleſs hearts
The ſailors play their various parts;
They ply the pumps, they furl the ſails,
Yet nought their diligence avails.
The tempeſt thickens every hour,
And mocks the feats of human pow'r.
The ſailors now their fate deplore,
Eſtrang'd to every fear before.
With wild ſurpriſe their eye-balls glare,
Their honeſt breaſts admit deſpair.
All further efforts they decline,
At once all future hopes reſign;
And thus abandoning their ſkill,
They give the ſhip to drive at will.
Strait enter'd with majeſtic grace,
A form of more than human race,
The god an azure mantle wore,
His hand a forked ſceptre bore;
When thus the monarch of the main—
How dare you deem your labours vain?
Shall man exert himſelf the leſs,
Becauſe ſuperior dangers preſs?
How can I think your hearts ſincere,
Unleſs you bravely perſevere?
Know, mortals, that when perils riſe,
Perils enhance the glorious prize.
But, who deſerts himſelf, ſhall be
Deſerted by the gods and me.
Hence to your charge, and do your beſt,
My trident ſhall do all the reſt.
The mariners their taſk renew,
All to their deſtin'd province flew.
The winds are huſh'd—the ſea ſubſides,
The gallant George in ſafety rides.

*The Folly of paſſing a haſty and derogatory Judgment upon the noxious Animals of the Creation.*

## FABLE IV.

### THE BEAU AND THE VIPER.

All wiſe philoſophers maintain
Nature created nought in vain.
Yet ſome with ſupercilious brow,
Deny the truth aſſerted now.
What if I ſhow that only man,
Appears defective in the plan!
Say, will the ſceptic lay aſide
His ſneers, his arrogance, and pride?
A beau imported freſh from France,
Whoſe ſtudy was to dreſs and dance;
Who had betimes, in Gallia's ſchool,
Grafted the coxcomb on the fool;
Approach'd a wood one Summer's day,
To ſcreen him from the ſcorching ray.
And as he travers'd through the grove,
Scheming of gallantry and love,
A viper's ſpiry folds were ſeen,
Sparkling with azure, gold and green;
The beau indignant, weak, and proud,
With tranſport thus exclaim'd aloud—
Avaunt, deteſted fiend of night!
Thou torture to the human ſight!
To every reptile a diſgrace,
And fatal to our godlike race.
Why were ſuch creatures form'd as you,
Unleſs to prove my doctrine true;
That when we view this nether ſphere,
Nor wiſdom nor deſign appear?
The ſerpent rais'd his angry creſt,
An honeſt zeal inflam'd his breaſt.
His hiſſings ſtruck the fopling's ear,
And ſhook his very ſoul with fear.
Inglorious wretch! the viper cries,
How dare you broach infernal lies?
Is there, in all creation's chain,
A link ſo worthleſs and ſo vain?
Grant that your dreſs were truly thine,
How can your gold compare with mine?
Your veſtments are of garter hue,
Mine boaſt a far ſuperior blue.
You ſtyle me reptile in contempt,
You are that very reptile meant;
A two-legg'd thing which crawls on earth,
Void of utility and worth.
You call me fatal to your race—
Was ever charge ſo falſe and baſe?
You can't in all your annals find,
That unprovok'd we hurt mankind.
Uninjur'd men in miſchief deal,
We only bite the hoſtile heel.
Do we not yield our lives to feed,
And ſave your vile diſtemper'd breed?
When leproſy pollutes your veins,
Do not we purge the lothſome ſtains?
When riot and exceſs prevail,
And health, and ſtrength, and ſpirits fail;
Doctors from us their aid derive,
Hence penitential rakes revive.
We bleed to make the caitiffs dine *,
Or drown to medicate their wine.
You aſk, my poiſon to what end?
Minute philoſopher, attend.
Nature, munificent and wiſe,
To all our wants adapts ſupplies.
Our frames are fitted to our need,
Hence greyhounds are endu'd with ſpeed.

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* *Upon ſome occaſion vipers are dreſſed, and ſerved to table as eels.*

Lions by force their prey ſubdue,
By force maintain their empire too:
But power, although the lion's fame,
Was never known the viper's claim.
Obſerve, when I unroll my length—
Say, is my ſtructure form'd for ſtrength?
Doth not celerity imply
Or legs to run, or wings to fly?
My jaws are conſtituted weak,
Hence poiſon lurks behind my cheek.
As lightning quick my fangs convey
This liquid to my wounded prey.
The venom thus enſures my bite,
For wounds preclude the victim's flight.
But why this deadly juice, you cry,
To make the wretched captive die?
Why not poſſeſs'd of ſtronger jaws,
Or arm'd like ſavage brutes with claws?
Can ſuch weak arguments perſuade?
Aſk rather, why were vipers made?
To me my poiſon's more than wealth,
And to ungrateful mortals health.
In this benevolent deſign
My various organs all combine.
Strike out the poiſon from my frame,
My ſyſtem were no more the ſame.
I then ſhould want my comforts due,
Nay, loſe my very being too.
And you'd, as doctors all agree,
A ſovereign medicine loſe in me.
Now learn, 'tis arrogance in man,
To cenſure what he cannot ſcan.
Nor dare to charge God's works with ill,
Since vipers kind deſigns fulfil:
But give injurious ſcruples o'er,
Be ſtill, be humble, and adore.

*That Happineſs is much more equally diſtributed, than the generality of Mankind are apprized of.*

## FABLE V.

### THE SNAIL AND THE GARDENER.

When ſons of fortune ride on high,
How do we point the admiring eye!
With fooliſh face of wonder gaze,
And often covet what we praiſe.
How do we partial nature chide,
As deaf to every ſon beſide!
Or cenſure the miſtaken dame,
As if her optics were to blame!
Thus we deem nature moſt unkind,
Or what's as bad, we deem her blind.
But when inferior ranks we ſee,
Who move in humbler ſpheres than we;
Men by compariſons are taught,
Nature is not ſo much in fault.
Yet mark my tale—the poet's pen
Shall vindicate her ways to men.
Within a garden, far from town,
There dwelt a ſnail of high renown;
Who by tradition, as appears,
Had been a tenant ſeveral years.
She ſpent her youth in wiſdom's page—
Hence honour'd and rever'd in age.
Do ſnails at any time contend,
Inſult a neighbour or a friend;
Diſpute their property, and ſhare,
Or in a cherry or a pear?
No lord chief juſtice, all agree,
So able, and ſo juſt as ſhe!
Whichever way their cauſes went,
All parties came away content.
At length ſhe found herſelf decay,
Death ſent mementos every day.
Her drooping ſtrength ſuſtains no more
The ſhell, which on her back ſhe bore.
The eye had loſt its viſual art,
The heavy ear refus'd its part;
The teeth perform'd their office ill,
And every member fail'd her will.
But no defects in mind appear,
Her intellects are ſtrong and clear.
Thus when his glorious courſe is run,
How brightly ſhines the ſetting ſun!
The news through all the garden ſpread,
The neighbours throng'd about her bed;
Cheerful ſhe rais'd her voice aloud,
And thus addreſs'd the weeping crowd:
My friends, I'm haſt'ning to the grave,
And know, nor plum, nor peach can ſave.
Yes, to thoſe manſions go I muſt,
Where our good fathers ſleep in duſt.
Nor am I backward to explore
That gloomy vale they trod before.
'Gainſt fate's decree what can I ſay?
Like other ſnails I've had my day.
Full many Summer ſun's I've ſeen,
And now die grateful and ſerene.
If men the higher pow'rs arraign,
Shall we adopt the plaintive ſtrain?
Nature, profuſe to us and ours,
Hath kindly built theſe ſtately tow'rs;
Where, when the ſkies in night are dreſt,
Secure from ev'ry ill we reſt,
Survey our curious ſtructure well—
How firm, and yet how light our ſhell!
Our refuge, when cold ſtorms invade,
And in the dog-days heat our ſhade.
Thus when we ſee a fleeter race,
We'll not lament our languid pace.
Do dangers riſe, or foes withſtand?
Are not our caſtles cloſe at hand?
For let a ſnail at diſtance roam,
The happy ſnail is ſtill at home.
Survey our gardens bleſt retreats—
Oh! what a paradiſe of ſweets!
With what variety is't ſtor'd!
Unnumber'd dainties ſpread our board.
The plums aſſume their gloſſy blue,
And cheeks of nectarines glow for you;
Peaches their lovely bluſh betray,
And apricots their gold diſplay;
While for your beverage, when you dine,
There ſtreams the nectar of the vine.
Be not my dying words forgot,
Depart, contented with your lot;
Repreſs complaints when they begin,
Ingratitude's a crying ſin.
And hold it for a truth, that we
Are quite as bleſt as ſnails ſhould be.
The gardener hears with great ſurpriſe
This ſage diſcourſe, and thus he cries—
Oh! what a thankleſs wretch am I,
Who paſs ten thouſand favours by!

I blame, whene'er the linnet ſings,
My want of ſong, or want of wings.
The piercing hawk, with towering flight,
Reminds me of deficient ſight.
And when the generous ſteed I view,
Is not his ſtrength my envy too?
I thus at birds and beaſts repine;
And with their various talents mine.
Fool as I am, who cannot ſee
Reaſon is more than all to me.
My landlord boaſts a large eſtate,
Rides in his coach, and eats in plate.
What! ſhall theſe lures bewitch my eye?
Shall they extort the murmuring ſigh?
Say, he enjoys ſuperior wealth—
Is not my better portion, health?
Before the ſun has gilt the ſkies,
Returning labour bids me riſe;
Obedient to the hunter's horn,
He quits his couch at early morn.
By want compell'd, I dig the ſoil,
His is a voluntary toil.
For truth it is, ſince Adam's fall,
His ſons muſt labour one and all.
No man's exempted by his purſe,
Kings are included in the curſe.
Would monarchs reliſh what they eat?
'Tis toil that makes the manchet ſweet;
Nature enacts, before they're fed,
That prince and peaſant earn their bread.
Hence wiſdom and experience ſhow,
That bliſs in equal currents flow;
That happineſs is ſtill the ſame,
Howe'er ingredients change their name.
Nor doth this theme our ſearch defy,
'Tis level to the human eye.
Diſtinctions introduc'd by men,
Bewilder and obſcure our ken.
I'll ſtore theſe leſſons in my heart,
And cheerful act my proper part.
If ſorrows riſe, as ſorrows will,
I'll ſtand reſign'd to every ill;
Convinc'd, that wiſely every pack
Is ſuited to the bearer's back.

*That the Complaints of Mankind, againſt their ſeveral Stations and Provinces in Life, are often frivolous, and always unwarrantable.*

## FABLE VI.

### THE FARMER AND THE HORSE.

" 'Tis a vain world, and all things ſhow it,
" I thought ſo once, but now I know it *."
Ah! Gay! is thy poetic page
The child of diſappointed age?
Talk not of threeſcore years and ten,
For what avails our knowledge then?
But grant, that this experienc'd truth
Were aſcertain'd in early youth;
Reader, what benefit would flow?
I vow, I'm at a loſs to know.
The world alarms the human breaſt,
Becauſe in ſavage colours dreſt.

'Tis treated with invective ſtyle,
And ſtands impeach'd of fraud and guile.
All in this heavy charge agree—
But who's in fault—the world or we?
The queſtion's ſerious, ſhort, and clear,
The anſwer claims our patient ear.
Yet if this office you decline—
With all my heart—the taſk be mine.
I'm certain if I do my beſt,
Your candour will excuſe the reſt.
A farmer, with a penſive brow,
One morn accompany'd his plough.
The larks their cheerful matins ſung,
The woods with anſwering muſic rung;
The ſun diſplay'd his golden ray,
And nature hail'd the riſing day.
But ſtill the peaſant all the while
Refus'd to join the general ſmile.
He, like his fathers long before,
Refembled much the Jews of yore;
Whoſe murmurs impious, weak, and vain,
Nor quails nor manna could reſtrain.
Did accidental dearth prevail?
How prone to tell his piteous tale!
Pregnant with joys did plenty riſe?
How prone to blame indulgent ſkies!
Thus ever ready to complain,
For plenty ſinks the price of grain.
At length he ſpake:—Ye powers divine,
Was ever lot ſo hard as mine?
From infant life an arrant ſlave,
Cloſe to the confines of the grave.
Have not I follow'd my employ
Near threeſcore winters, man and boy!
But ſince I call'd this farm my own,
What ſcenes of ſorrow have I known!
Alas! if all the truth were told,
Hath not the rot impair'd my fold?
Hath not the meaſles ſeiz'd my ſwine?
Hath not the murrain ſlain my kine?
Or ſay that horſes be my theme,
Hath not the ſtaggers thinn'd my team?
Have not a thouſand ills beſide
Depriv'd my ſtable of its pride?
When I ſurvey my lands around,
What thorns and thiſtles ſpread my ground!
Doth not the grain my hopes beguile,
And mildews mock the threſher's toil?
However poor the harveſts paſt!
What ſo deficient as the laſt!
But though nor blaſts, nor mildews riſe,
My turnips are deſtroy'd by flies;
My ſheep are pin'd to ſuch degree,
That not a butcher comes to me.
Seaſons are chang'd from what they were,
And hence too foul, or hence too fair.
Now ſcorching heat and drought annoy,
And now returning ſhowers deſtroy.
Thus have I paſs'd my better years
'Midſt diſappointments, cares, and tears.
And now, when I compute my gains,
What have I reap'd for all my pains?
Oh! had I known in manhood's prime
Theſe ſlow convictions wrought by time;
Would I have brav'd the various woes
Of Summer ſuns, and Winter ſnows?
Would I have tempted every ſky,
So wet, ſo windy, or ſo dry?

* *Gay's Epitaph.*

With all the elements at ſtrife?
Ah! no—I then had plann'd a life,
Where wealth attends the middle ſtage,
And reſt and comfort wait on age.
Where rot and murrain ne'er commence,
Nor paſtures burn at my expence;
Nor injur'd cows their wants bewail,
Nor dairies mourn the milkleſs pail;
Nor barns lament the blaſted grain,
Nor cattle curſe the barren plain.
Dun hobbled by his maſter's ſide,
And thus the ſober brute reply'd:
Look through your team, and where's the ſteed
Who dares diſpute with me his breed?
Few horſes trace their lineage higher,
Godolphin's Arab was my ſire;
My dam was ſprung from Panton's ſtud,
My grandam boaſted Childers' blood.
But ah! it now avails me not
By what illuſtrious chief begot!
Spavins pay no regard to birth,
And failing viſion ſinks my worth.
The 'ſquire, when he diſguſted grew,
Transferr'd his property to you.
And ſince poor Dun "became your own,
"What ſcenes of ſorrow have I known!"
Hath it not been my conſtant toil
To drag the plough and turn the ſoil?
Are not my bleeding ſhoulders wrung
By large and weighty loads of dung?
When the ſhorn meadows claim your care,
And fragrant cocks perfume the air;
When Ceres' ripen'd fruits abound,
And plenty waves her ſheaves around;
True to my collar, home I bear
The treaſures of the fruitful year.
And though this drudgery be mine,
You never heard me once repine.
Yet what rewards have crown'd my days?
I'm grudg'd the poor reward of praiſe.
For oats ſmall gratitude I owe,
Beans were untaſted joys, you know.
And now I'm haſt'ning to my end,
Paſt ſervices can find no friend.
Infirmities, diſeaſe, and age,
Provoke my ſurly driver's rage.
Look to my wounded flanks, you'll ſee
No horſe was ever us'd like me.
But now I eat my meals with pain,
Averſe to maſticate the grain.
Hence you direct, at night and morn,
That chaff accompany my corn;
For huſks, although my teeth be few,
Force my reluctant jaws to chew.
What then? of life ſhall I complain,
And call it fleeting, falſe, and vain?
Againſt the world ſhall I inveigh,
Becauſe my grinders now decay?
You think it were the wiſer plan,
Had I conſorted ne'er with man;
Had I my liberty maintain'd,
Or liberty by flight regain'd,
And rang'd o'er diſtant hills and dales
With the wild foreſters of Wales.
Grant I ſucceeded to my mind—
Is happineſs to hills confin'd!
Don't famine oft erect her throne
Upon the rugged mountain's ſtone?
And don't the lower paſtures fail,
When ſnows deſcending choke the vale!
Or who ſo hardy to declare
Diſeaſe and death ne'er enter there?
Do pains or ſickneſs here invade?
Man tenders me his cheerful aid.
For who beholds his hungry beaſt,
But grants him ſome ſupply at leaſt?
Int'reſt ſhall prompt him to purſue
What inclination would not do.
Say, had I been the deſert's foal,
Through life eſtrang'd to man's controul;
What ſervice had I done on earth,
Or who could profit by my birth?
My back had ne'er ſuſtain'd thy weight,
My cheſt ne'er known thy waggon's freight
But now my ſeveral powers combine
To anſwer nature's ends and thine.
I'm uſeful thus in every view—
Oh! could I ſay the ſame of you!
Superior evils had enſu'd,
With preſcience had I been endu'd.
Ills, though at diſtance ſeen, deſtroy,
Or ſicken every preſent joy.
We reliſh every new delight,
When future griefs elude our ſight.
To blindneſs then what thanks are due!
It makes each ſingle comfort too.
The colt, unknown to pain and toil,
Anticipates to-morrow's ſmile.
Yon lamb enjoys the preſent hour,
As ſtranger to the butcher's power.
Your's is a wild Utopian ſcheme,
A boy would bluſh to own your dream.
Be your profeſſion what it will,
No province is exempt from ill.
Quite from the cottage to the throne,
Stations have ſorrows of their own.
Why ſhould a peaſant then explore
What longer heads ne'er found before?
Go, preach my doctrine to your ſon,
By your's, the lad would be undone.
But whether he regards or not,
Your lecture would be ſoon forgot.
The hopes which gull'd the parent's breaſt,
Ere long will make his ſon their jeſt.
Though now theſe cobwed cheats you ſpurn,
Yet every man's a dupe in turn.
And wiſely ſo ordain'd, indeed,
(Whate'er philoſophers may plead.)
Elſe life would ſtagnate at its ſource,
And Man and Horſe decline the courſe.
Then bid young Ralpho never mind it,
But take the world as he ſhall find it.

## FABLE VII.

It ſeems, an Owl, in days of yore,
Had turn'd a thouſand volumes o'er.
His fame for literature extends,
And ſtrikes the ears of partial friends.
They weigh'd the learning of the fowl,
And thought him a prodigious Owl!
From ſuch applauſe what could betide?
It only cocker'd him in pride.
Extoll'd for ſciences and arts,
His boſom burn'd to ſhow his parts;
(No wonder that an Owl of ſpirit,
Miſtook his vanity for merit).

He ſhows inſatiate thirſt of praiſe,
Ambitious of the poet's bays.
Perch'd on Parnaſſus all night long,
He hoots a ſonnet or a ſong;
And while the village hear his note,
They curſe the ſcreaming whore-ſon's throat.
Amidſt the darkneſs of the night,
Our feather'd poet wings his flight,
And, as capricious fate ordains,
A chimney's treach'rous ſummit gains;
Which much impair'd by wind and weather,
Down fall the bricks and bird together.
The Owl expands his azure eyes,
And ſees a Non-con's ſtudy riſe;
The walls were deck'd with hallow'd bands
Of worthies, by th' engraver's hands;
All champions for the good old cauſe!
Whoſe conſcience interſer'd with laws;
But yet no foes to king or people,
Though mortal foes to church and ſteeple.
Baxter, with apoſtolic grace,
Diſplay'd his metzotinto face;
While here and there ſome luckier ſaint
Attain'd to dignity of paint.
Rang'd in proportion to their ſize,
The books by due gradations riſe.
Here the good Fathers lodg'd their truſt;
There zealous Calvin ſlept in duſt.
Here Pool his learned treaſures keeps;
There Fox o'er dying martyrs weeps;
While reams on reams inſatiate drink
Whole deluges of Henry's ink.
Columns of ſermons pil'd on high,
Attract the bird's admiring eye.
Thoſe works a good old age acquir'd,
Which had in manuſcript expir'd;
For manuſcripts, of fleeting date,
Seldom ſurvive their infant ſtate.
The healthieſt live not half their days,
But die a thouſand various ways;
Sometimes ingloriouſly apply'd
To purpoſes the Muſe ſhall hide.
Or, ſhould they meet no fate below,
How oft tobacco proves their foe!
Or elſe ſome cook purloins a leaf
To ſinge her fowl, or ſave her beef;
But ſermons 'ſcape both fate and fire,
By congregational deſire.
Diſplay'd at large upon the table
Was Bunyan's much-admir'd fable;
And as his Pilgrim ſprawling lay,
It chanc'd the Owl advanc'd that way.
The bird explores the pious dream,
And plays a viſionary ſcheme;
Determin'd, as he read the ſage,
To copy from the tinker's page.
The thief now quits his learn'd abode,
And ſcales aloft the ſooty road;
Flies to Parnaſſus' top once more,
Reſolv'd to dream as well as ſnore;
And what he dreamt by day, the wight
In writing o'er, conſumes the night.
Plum'd with conceit, he calls aloud,
And thus beſpeaks the purblind crowd:
Say not, that man alone's a poet,
Poets are Owls—my verſe ſhall ſhow it.
And while he read his labour'd lays,
His blue-ey'd brothers hooted praiſe.
But now his female mate by turns
With pity and with choler burns;
When thus her conſort ſhe addreſs'd,
And all her various thoughts expreſs'd:
Why, prithee, huſband, rant no more,
'Tis time to give theſe follies o'er.
Be wiſe, and follow my advice—
Go—catch your family ſome mice.
'Twere better to reſume your trade,
And ſpend your nights in ambuſcade.
What! if you fatten by your ſchemes,
And fare luxurioufly in dreams!
While you ideal mice are carving,
I and my family are ſtarving.
Reflect upon our nuptial hours,
Where will you find a brood like our's?
Our offſpring might become a queen,
For finer Owlets ne'er were ſeen!
'Ods—blue! the ſurly hob reply'd,
I'll amply for my heirs provide.
Why, Madge! when Colley Cibber dies,
Thou'lt ſee thy mate a Laur'ate riſe;
For never poets held this place,
Except deſcendants of our race.
But ſoft—the female ſage rejoin'd—
Say you abjur'd the purring kind;
And nobly left inglorious rats
To vulgar owls, or ſordid cats.
Say, you the healing art eſſay'd,
And piddled in the doctor's trade;
At leaſt you'd earn us good proviſions,
And better this than ſcribbling viſions.
A due regard to me, or ſelf,
Wou'd always make you dream of pelf;
And when you dreamt your nights away,
You'd realize your dreams by day.
Hence far ſuperior gains wou'd riſe,
And I be fat, and you be wiſe.
But, Madge, though I applaud your ſcheme,
You'd wiſh my patients ſtill to dream!
Waking, they'd laugh at my vocation,
Or diſapprove my education;
And they deteſt your ſolemn hob,
Or take me for profeſſor L——.
Equipt with powder and with pill,
He takes his licence out to kill.
Practis'd in all a doctor's airs,
To Batſon's ſenate he repairs,
Dreſs'd in his flowing wig of knowledge,
To greet his brethren of the college;
Takes up the papers of the day,
Perhaps for want of what to ſay;
Through ev'ry column he purſues,
Alike advertiſements and news;
O'er liſts of cures with rapture runs,
Wrought by Apollo's natural ſons;
Admires the rich Hibernian ſtock
Of doctors, Henry, Ward, and Rock.
He dwells on each illuſtrious name,
And ſighs at once for fees and fame.
Now, like the doctors of to-day,
Retains his puffers too in pay.
Around his reputation flew,
His practice with his credit grew.
At length the court receives the ſage,
And lordlings in his cauſe engage.
He dupes, beſide plebeian fowls,
The whole Nobility of Owls.
Thus ev'ry where he gains renown,
And fills his purſe, and thins the town.

# TALES.

## THE LAMB AND THE PIG.

CONSULT the moraliſt, you'll find
That education forms the mind.
But education ne'er ſupply'd
What ruling nature hath deny'd.
If you'll the following page purſue,
My tale ſhall prove this doctrine true.
Since to the muſe all brutes belong,
The Lamb ſhall uſher in my ſong;
Whoſe ſnowy fleece adorn'd her ſkin,
Emblem of native white within.
Meekneſs and love poſſeſs'd her ſoul,
And innocence had crown'd the whole.
It chanc'd, in ſome unguarded hour,
(Ah! purity, precarious flower!
Let maidens of the preſent age
Tremble, when they peruſe my page.)
It chanc'd upon a luckleſs day,
The little wanton, full of play,
Rejoic'd a thymy bank to gain,
But ſhort the triumphs of her reign!
The treacherous ſlopes her fate foretel,
And ſoon the pretty trifler fell.
Beneath, a dirty ditch impreſs'd
Its mire upon her ſpotleſs veſt.
What greater ill cou'd lamb betide,
The butcher's barbarous knife beſide?
The ſhepherd, wounded with her cries,
Strait to the bleating ſufferer flies.
The lambkin in his arms he took,
And bore her to a neighbouring brook.
The ſilver ſtreams her wool refin'd,
Her fleece in virgin whiteneſs ſhin'd.
Cleans'd from pollution's every ſtain,
She join'd her fellows on the plain;
And ſaw afar the ſtinking ſhore,
But ne'er approach'd thoſe dangers more.
The ſhepherd bleſs'd the kind event,
And view'd his flock with ſweet content.
To market next he ſhap'd his way,
And bought proviſions for the day.
But made, for winter's rich ſupply,
A purchaſe from a farmer's ſty.
The children round their parent crowd,
And teſtify their mirth aloud.
They ſaw the ſtranger with ſurpriſe,
And all admir'd his little eyes.
Familiar grown, he ſhar'd their joys,
Shar'd too the porridge with the boys.
The females o'er his dreſs preſide,
They waſh his face, and ſcour his hide.
But daily more a Swine he grew,
For all theſe houſewives e'er could do.
Hence let my youthful reader know,
That once a hog, and always ſo.

## DEATH AND THE RAKE.

A DUTCH TALE.

WHEN pleaſures court the human heart,
Oh! 'tis reluctant work to part.
Are we with griefs and pains oppreſs'd?
Woe ſays that Death's a welcome gueſt?
Though ſure to cure our evils all,
He's the laſt doctor we wou'd call.
We think, if he arrives at morn,
'Tis hard to die, as ſoon as born.
Or if the conqueror invade,
When life projects the evening ſhade,
Do we not meditate delay,
And ſtill requeſt a longer ſtay?
We ſhift our homes, we change the air,
And double, like the hunted hare.
Thus beat morn, or night, or noon,
Come when he will, he comes too ſoon!
You wiſh my ſubject I wou'd wave,
The preface is ſo very grave.
Come then, my friend, I'll change my ſtyle,
And couch inſtruction with a ſmile.
But promiſe, ere I tell my tale,
The ſerious moral ſhall prevail.
Vanbruin dy'd—his ſon, we're told,
Succeeded to his father's gold.
Fluſh'd with his wealth, the thoughtleſs blade
Deſpis'd frugality and trade;
Left Amſterdam with eager haſte,
Dreſs and the Hague engroſs'd his taſte.
Ere long his paſſion chang'd its ſhape,
He grew enamour'd with the grape.
Frequented much a houſe of cheer,
Juſt like our fools of fortune here;
With ſots and harlots fond to join,
And revel o'er his midnight wine.
Once on a time the bowls had flow'd,
Quite till the morning cock had crow'd.
When Death, at every hour awake,
Enter'd the room, and claim'd the rake.
The youth's complexion ſpoke his fears,
Soft ſtole adown his cheek the tears.
At length the anguiſh of his breaſt
With fault'ring tongue he thus expreſs'd:
Thou king of terrors, hear my prayer,
And condeſcend for once to ſpare.
Let me thy clemency engage,
New to the world, and green in age.
When life no pleaſures can diſpenſe,
Or pleaſures pall upon the ſenſe;
When the eye feels departing ſight,
And rolls its orb in vain for light;
When muſic's joys no longer cheer
The ſick'ning heart, or heavy ear;

Or when my aching limbs forbear,
In ſprightly balls to join the fair;
I'll not repeat my ſuit to Death,
But cheerfully reſign my breath.
Done, ſays the monarch—be it ſo;
Obſerve—you promiſe then to go!
What favour ſuch protracted date
From the ſtern miniſter of fate!
Your wonder will be greater ſoon,
To hear the wretch perverts the boon.
Who, during years beyond a ſcore,
Ne'er thought upon his promiſe more!
But were theſe terms by Death forgot?
Ah! no—again he ſeeks the ſot.
The wretch was in the tavern found,
With a few gouty friends around.
Dropſy had ſeiz'd his legs and thighs,
Palſy his hands, and rheum his eyes.
When thus the king—Intemperate elf,
Thus, by debauch, to dupe yourſelf.
What! are my terrors ſpurn'd by thee!
Thou fool! to trifle thus with me!
You aſk'd before for length of days,
Only to riot various ways.
What were thy pleas but then a ſneer?
I'll now retort with jeſt ſevere.
Read this ſmall print, the monarch cries—
You mock me, ſir, the man replies.
I ſcarce could read when in my prime,
And now my ſight's impair'd by time.
Sure you conſider not my age—
I can't diſcern a ſingle page.
And when my friends the bottle paſs,
I ſcarce can ſee to fill my glaſs.
Here, take this nut, obſerve it well—
'Tis my command you crack the ſhell.
How can ſuch orders be obey'd?
My grinders, ſir, are quite decay'd.
My teeth can ſcarce divide my bread,
And not a ſound one in my head!
But Death, who more ſarcaſtic grew,
Diſclos'd a violin to view;
Then loud he call'd, Old Boy, advance,
Stretch out your legs, and lead the dance.
The man rejoin'd—When age ſurrounds,
How can the ear diſtinguiſh ſounds?
Are not my limbs unwieldy grown?
Are not my feet as cold as ſtone?
Dear ſir, take pity on my ſtate—
My legs can ſcarce ſupport my weight!
Death drops the quaint, inſulting joke,
And meditates the fatal ſtroke.
Aſſuming all his terrors now,
He ſpeaks with anger on his brow.
Is thus my lenity abus'd,
And dare you hope to ſtand excus'd?
You've ſpent your time, that pearl of price!
To the deteſted ends of vice.
Purchas'd your ſhort-liv'd pleaſures dear,
And ſeal'd your own deſtruction here.
Inflam'd your reckoning too above,
By midnight bowls, and lawleſs love.
Warning, you know, I gave betimes—
Now go, and anſwer for your crimes.
Oh! my good lord, repreſs the blow—
I am not yet prepar'd to go.
And let it, ſir, be further told,
That not a neighbour thinks me old.
My hairs are now but turning gray,
I am not ſixty, ſir, till May.
Grant me the common date of men,
I aſk but threeſcore years and ten.
Dar'ſt thou, prevaricating knave,
Inſult the monarch of the grave?
I claim thy ſolemn contract paſt—
Wherefore this moment is thy laſt.
Thus having ſaid, he ſpeeds his dart,
And cleaves the hoary dotard's heart.

## THE SECOND ODE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

INSCRIBED TO T. V. ESQ.

Dear youth, to hoarded wealth a foe,
Riches with faded luſtre glow;
Yes, dim the treaſures of the mine,
Unleſs with temperate uſe they ſhine.
This ſtamps a value on the gold,
So Proculeius thought of old.

Soon as this generous Roman ſaw
His father's ſons proſcrib'd by law,
The knight diſcharg'd a parent's part,
They ſhar'd his fortune and his heart.
Hence ſtands conſign'd a brother's name,
To immortality and fame.

Wou'd you true empire aſcertain?
Curb all immoderate luſt of gain.
This is the beſt ambition known,
A greater conqueſt than a throne.
For know, ſhould avarice controul,
Farewel the triumphs of the ſoul.

This is a dropſy of the mind,
Reſembling the corporeal kind;
For who with this diſeaſe are curſt,
The more they drink, the more they thirſt.
Indulgence feeds their bloated veins,
And pale-ey'd, ſighing languor reigns.

Virtue, who differs from the crowd,
Rejects the covetous and proud;
Diſdains the wild ambitious breaſt,
And ſcorns to call a monarch bleſt;
Labours to reſcue truth and ſenſe
From ſpecious ſounds, and vain pretence.

Virtue to that diſtinguiſh'd few,
Gives royalty and conqueſt too;
That wiſe minority, who own,
And pay their tribute to her throne;
Who view with undeſiring eyes,
And ſpurn that wealth which miſers prize.

## THE TENTH ODE OF THE SECOND BOOK.

Wou'd you, my friend, true bliſs obtain?
Nor preſs the coaſt, nor tempt the main.
In open ſeas loud tempeſts roar,
And treacherous rocks begirt the ſhore.

Hatred to all extremes is ſeen,
In thoſe who love the golden mean.
They nor in palaces rejoice,
Nor is the fordid cot their choice.

The middle ſtate of life is beſt,
Exalted ſtations find no reſt;
Storms ſhake th' aſpiring pine and tower,
And mountains feel the thunder's power.

The mind prepar'd for each event,
In every ſtate maintains content.
She hopes the beſt, when ſtorms prevail,
Nor truſts too far the proſp'rous gale.

Shou'd time returning winters bring,
Returning winter yields to ſpring.
Shou'd darkneſs ſhroud the preſent ſkies,
Hereafter brighter ſuns ſhall riſe.

When Pæan ſhoots his fiery darts,
Diſeaſe and death tranſfix our hearts;
But oft the god withholds his bow,
In pity to the race below.

When clouds the angry heavens deform,
Be ſtrong and brave the ſwelling ſtorm;
Amidſt proſperity's full gales
Be humble, and contract your ſails.

# EPITAPHS.

Reader, approach my urn—thou need'ſt not fear
Th' extorted promiſe of one plaintive tear,
To mourn thy unknown friend—From me thou'lt learn
More than a Plato taught—the grand concern
Of mortals!—Wrapt in penſive thought, ſurvey
This little freehold of unthinking clay,
And know thy end!
Though young, though gay, this ſcene of death explore,
Alas! the young, the gay is now no more!

## ON ROBERT CLAVERING, M. B.

Oh! come, who know the childleſs parent's ſigh,
The bleeding boſom, and the ſtreaming eye;
Who feel the wounds a dying friend imparts,
When the laſt pang divides two ſocial hearts.
This weeping marble claims the generous tear,
Here lies the friend, the ſon, and all that's dear.
He fell full-bloſſom'd in the pride of youth,
The nobler pride of ſcience, worth, and truth.
Calm and ſerene he view'd his mouldering clay,
Nor fear'd to go, nor fondly wiſh'd to ſtay.
And when the king of terrors he deſcry'd,
Kiſs'd the ſtern mandate, bow'd his head, and dy'd.

## ON COLONEL GARDINER.

*Who was ſlain in the Battle at Preſtonpans*, 1745.

While fainter merit aſks the powers of verſe,
Our faithful line ſhall Gardiner's worth rehearſe.
The bleeding hero, and the martyr'd ſaint,
Tranſcends the poet's pen, the herald's paint.
His the beſt path to fame that e'er was trod,
And ſurely his a glorious road to God.

## ON MR. SIBLEY, OF STUDHAM.

Here lies an honeſt man! without pretence
To more than prudence, and to common ſenſe;
Who knew no vanity, diſguiſe, nor art,
Who ſcorn'd all language foreign to the heart.
Diffuſive as the light his bounty ſpread,
Cloth'd were the naked, and the hungry fed.
"These be his honours!" honours that diſclaim
The blazon'd ſcutcheon, and the herald's fame!
Honours! which boaſt defiance to the grave;
Where, ſpite of Anſtis, rots the garter'd knave.

## ON A LADY,

WHO HAD LABOURED UNDER A CANCER.

Stranger, theſe dear remains contain'd a mind
As infants guileleſs, and as angels kind.
Ripening for heav'n, by pains and ſufferings try'd,
To pain ſuperior, and unknown to pride.
Calm and ſerene beneath affliction's rod,
Becauſe ſhe gave her willing heart to God.
Becauſe ſhe truſted in her Saviour's pow'r,
Hence firm and fearleſs in the dying hour!
No venal muſe this faithful picture draws,
Bleſt ſaint! deſert like yours extorts applauſe.
Oh! let a weeping friend diſcharge his due,
His debt to worth, to excellence, and you!

## ON MISS GEE,

WHO DIED OCTOBER 25. 1736. ÆTAT. 25.

Beauteous, nor known to pride, to friends ſincere,
Mild to thy neighbour, to thyſelf ſevere;
Unſtain'd thy honour—and thy wit was ſuch,
Knew no extremes, nor little, nor too much.
Few were thy years, and painful through the whole,
Yet calm thy paſſage, and ſerene thy ſoul.
Reader, amidſt theſe ſacred crowds that ſleep *,
View this once lovely form, nor grudge to weep.—
O death, all terrible! how ſure thy hour!
How wide thy conqueſts! and how fell thy power!
When youth, wit, virtue, plead for longer reign,
When youth, when wit, when virtue plead in vain;
Stranger, then weep afreſh—for know this clay
Was once the good, the wiſe, the beautiful, the gay.

## ON MR. THOMAS STRONG.

WHO DIED DECEMBER 26. 1736.

In action prudent, and in word ſincere,
In friendſhip faithful, and in honour clear;

* *The author is ſuppoſed to be inſcribing the character of the deceaſed upon her tomb, and therefore "crowds that ſleep," mean the dead.*

Through life's vain ſcenes the ſame in every part,
A ſteady judgment, and an honeſt heart.
Thou vaunt'ſt no honours—all thy boaſt a mind
As infants guileleſs, and as angels kind.
When aſk'd to whom theſe lovely truths belong,
Thy friends ſhall anſwer, weeping, "Here lies
"STRONG."

## ON JOHN DUKE OF BRIDGWATER,

WHO DIED IN THE 21ST. YEAR OF HIS AGE, 1747-8.

INTENT to hear, and bounteous to beſtow,
A mind that melted at another's woe;
Studious to act the ſelf-approving part,
That midnight-muſic of the honeſt heart!
Thoſe ſilent joys th' illuſtrious youth poſſeſs'd,
Thoſe cloudleſs ſunſhines of the ſpotleſs breaſt!
From pride of peerage, and from folly free,
Life's early morn, fair virtue! gave to thee;
Forbade the tear to ſteal from ſorrow's eye,
Bade anxious poverty forget to ſigh;
Like Titus, knew the value of a day,
And want went ſmiling from his gates away.
The reſt were honours borrow'd from the throne;
Theſe honours, EGERTON, were all thy own!

# MISCELLANIES.

## AN INVOCATION OF HAPPINESS,

AFTER THE ORIENTAL MANNER OF SPEECH.

1. TELL me, O thou faireſt among virgins, where doſt thou lay thy meek contented head?
2. Doſt thou dwell upon the mountains; doſt thou make thy couch in the vallies?
3. In the ſtill watches of the night have I thought upon my fair one; yea, in the viſions of the night have I purſued thee.
4. When I awoke, my meditation was upon thee, and the day was ſpent in ſearch after thy embraces.
5. Why doſt thou flee from me, as the tender hind, or the young roe upon the hills?
6. Without thy preſence, in vain bluſhes the roſe, in vain glows the ruby, the cinnamon breatheth its fragrance in vain.
7. Shall I make thee a houſe of the rich cedars of Lebanon? Shall I perfume it with all the ſpices of Arabia? Wilt thou be tempted with Sabean odours, with myrrh, frankincenſe, and aloes?
8. Doth my fair one delight in palaces—doth ſhe gladden the hearts of kings? The palaces are not a meet reſidence for my beloved—The princes of the earth are not favoured with the ſmiles of her countenance.
9. My fair one is meek and humble, ſhe dwelleth among the cottages, ſhe tendeth the ſheep upon the mountains, and lieth down amidſt the flocks. The lilies of the field are her couch, and the heavens her canopy.
10. Her words are ſmoother than oil, more powerful than wine; her voice is as the voice of the turtle-dove.
11. Thou crowneſt the innocence of the huſbandman, and the reward of virtue is with thee.

"*Time and Chance happeneth to them all.*"
Eccleſiaſt. ch. ix. ver. 11.

READER, if fond of wonder and ſurpriſe,
Behold in me ten thouſand wonders riſe.
Should I appear quite partial to my cauſe,
Shout my own praiſe, and vindicate applauſe;
Do not arraign my modeſty or ſenſe,
Nor deem my character a vain pretence.
Know then I boaſt an origin and date
Coeval with the ſun—without a mate
An offſpring I beget in number more
Than all the crowded ſands which form the ſhore.
That inſtant they are born, my precious breed
Ah me! expire—yet my departed ſeed
Enter like ſpectres, with commiſſion'd power,
The ſecret chamber at the midnight hour;
Pervade alike the palace and the ſhed,
The ſtateſman's cloſet, and the ruſtic's bed;
Serene and ſweet, like envoys from the ſkies,
To all the good, the virtuous, and the wiſe;
But to the vicious breaſt remorſe they bring,
And bite like ſerpents, or like ſcorpions ſting.
Being and birth to ſciences I give,
By me they riſe through infancy and live:
By me meridian excellence diſplay,
And, like autumnal fruits, by me decay.
When poets, and when painters are no more,
And all the feuds of rival wits are o'er;
'Tis mine to fix their merit and their claim,
I judge their works to darkneſs or to fame.
I am a monarch, whoſe victorious hands
No craft eludes, no regal power withſtands.
My annals prove ſuch mighty conqueſts won,
As ſhame the puny feats of Philip's ſon.
But though a king, I ſeldom ſway alone,
The goddeſs Fortune often ſhares my throne.
The human eye detects our blended rule,
Here we exalt a knave, and there a fool.
Aſk you what powers our ſovereign laws obey?
Creation is our empire—we convey
Sceptres and crowns at will—as we ordain,
Kings abdicate their thrones, and peaſants reign.
Lovers to us addreſs the fervent prayer;
'Tis ours to ſoften or ſubdue the fair:
We now like angels ſmile, and now deſtroy,
Now bring, or blaſt, the long-expected joy.
At our fair ſhrine ambitious churchmen bow,
And crave the mitre to adorn the brow.

Go to the inns of court—the learned drudge
Implores our friendſhip to commence a judge.
Go, and conſult the ſons of Warwick Lane;
They own our favours, and adore our reign.
Theirs is the gold, 'tis true—but all men ſee
Our claim is better founded to the fee.
Reader, thus ſublunary worlds we guide,
Thus o'er your natal planets we preſide.
Kingdoms and kings are ours—to us they fall,
We carve their fortunes and diſpoſe of all.
Nor think that kings alone engroſs our choice,
The cobler ſits attentive to our voice.
But ſince my colleague is a fickle ſhe,
Abjure my colleague, and depend on me.
Either ſhe ſees not, or with partial eyes,
Either ſhe grants amiſs, or ſhe denies.
But I, who pity thoſe that wear her chain,
Scorn the capricious meaſures of her reign;
In every gift, and every grace excel,
And ſeldom fail their hopes, who uſe me well.
Yet though in me unnumber'd treaſures ſhine,
Superior to the rich Peruvian mine!
Though men to my indulgence hourly owe
The choiceſt of their comforts here below:
(For mens beſt tenure, as the world agree,
Is all a perquiſite deriv'd from me)
Still man's my foe! ungrateful man, I ſay,
Who meditates my murder every day.
What various ſcenes of death do men prepare!
And what aſſaſſinations plot the fair!
But know aſſuredly, who treat me ill,
Who mean to rob me, or who mean to kill;
Who view me with a cold regardleſs eye,
And let my favours paſs unheeded by;
They ſhall lament their folly when too late;
So mourns the prodigal his loſt eſtate!
While they who with ſuperior forethought bleſt,
Store all my leſſons in their faithful breaſt;
(For where's the prelate, who can preach like me,
With equal reaſoning, and perſuaſive plea),
Who know that I am always on my wings,
And never ſtay in compliment to kings;
Who therefore watch me with an eagle's ſight,
Arreſt my pinions, or attend my flight;
Or if perchance they loiter'd in the race,
Chide their ſlow footſteps, and improve their pace;
Yes, theſe are wiſdom's ſons, and when they die,
Their virtues ſhall exalt them to the ſky.

## AN ENIGMA, INSCRIBED TO MISS P.

Cloe, I boaſt celeſtial date,
Ere time began to roll;
So wide my power, my ſceptre ſpurns
The limits of the pole.

When from the myſtic womb of night,
The Almighty call'd the earth;
I ſmil'd upon the infant world,
And grac'd the wondrous birth.

Through the vaſt realms of boundleſs ſpace,
I traverſe uncontroll'd;
And ſtarry orbs of proudeſt blaze
Inſcribe my name in gold.

There's not a monarch in the north
But bends the ſuppliant knee;
The haughty ſultan waves his power,
And owns ſuperior me.

Both by the ſavage and the ſaint
My empire ſtands confeſt;
I thaw the ice on Greenland's coaſt,
And fire the Scythian's breaſt.

To me the gay aërial tribes
Their glittering plumage owe;
With all the variegated pride
That decks the feather'd beau.

The meaneſt reptiles of the land
My bounty too partake;
I paint the inſect's trembling wing,
And gild the creſted ſnake.

Survey the nations of the deep,
You'll there my power behold;
My pencil drew the pearly ſcale,
And fin bedropt with gold.

I give the virgin's lip to glow,
I claim the crimſon dye;
Mine is the roſe which ſpreads the cheek,
And mine the brilliant eye.

Then ſpeak, my fair; for ſurely thou
My name canſt beſt deſcry;
Who gave to thee with laviſh hands
What thouſands I deny.

## THE FIRESIDE.

Dear Cloe, while the buſy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Though ſingularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll ſtep aſide,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noiſy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling ſtranger near,
To ſpoil our heartfelt joys.

If ſolid happineſs we prize,
Within our breaſt this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to beſtow,
From our own ſelves our bliſs muſt flow,
And that dear hut our home.

Of reſt was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing ſhe left
That ſafe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excurſions o'er,
The diſappointed bird once more
Explor'd the ſacred bark.

Though fools ſpurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By ſweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly underſtood,
Gives to the tender and the good,
A paradiſe below.

Our babes ſhall richeſt comforts bring;
If tutor'd right they'll prove a ſpring
Whence pleaſures ever riſe:
We'll form their minds with ſtudious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the ſkies.

While they our wiſeſt hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, ſupport our age,
And crown our hoary hairs;
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And they our fondeſt loves repay,
And recompenſe our cares.

No borrow'd joys! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your ſtate,
We look with pity on the great,
And bleſs our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed,
But then how little do we need,
For nature's calls are few!
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may ſuffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore reliſh with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has ſent,
Nor aim beyond our power;
For, if our ſtock be very ſmall,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor loſe the preſent hour.

To be reſign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours given;
Dear Cloe, this is wiſdom's part,
This is that incenſe of the heart,
Whoſe fragrance ſmells to heaven.

We'll aſk no long-protracted treat,
Since winter-life is ſeldom ſweet;
But, when our feaſt is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll ariſe,
Nor grudge our ſons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our ſtore.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go;
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious ſteps we'll tread;
Quit its vain ſcenes without a tear,
Without a trouble, or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While conſcience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts ceaſe,
Like a kind angel whiſper peace,
And ſmooth the bed of death.

## TO SOME CHILDREN LISTENING TO A LARK.

See the Lark prunes his active wings,
Riſes to heaven, and ſoars, and ſings.
His morning hymns, his mid-day lays,
Are one continued ſong of praiſe.
He ſpeaks his Maker all he can,
And ſhames the ſilent tongue of man.
When the declining orb of light
Reminds him of approaching night,
His warbling veſpers ſwell his breaſt,
And as he ſings he ſinks to reſt.
Shall birds inſtructive leſſons teach,
And we be deaf to what they preach?

No, ye dear neſtlings of my heart,
Go, act the wiſer ſongſter's part.
Spurn your warm couch at early dawn,
And with your God begin the morn.
To Him your grateful tribute pay
Through every period of the day.
To Him your evening ſongs direct;
His eye ſhall watch, his arm protect.
Though darkneſs reigns, He's with you ſtill,
Then ſleep, my babes, and fear no ill.

## TO A CHILD OF FIVE YEARS OLD.

Fairest flower, all flowers excelling,
Which in Milton's page we ſee;
Flowers of Eve's embower'd dwelling*
Are, my fair one, types of thee.

Mark, my Polly, how the roſes
Emulate thy damaſk cheek;
How the bud its ſweets diſcloſes——
Buds thy opening bloom beſpeak.

Lilies are by plain direction
Emblems of a double kind;
Emblems of thy fair complexion,
Emblems of thy fairer mind.

But, dear girl, both flowers and beauty
Bloſſom, fade, and die away;
Then purſue good ſenſe and duty,
Evergreens! which ne'er decay.

## ON LORD COBHAM'S GARDEN.

It puzzles much the ſages' brains,
Where Eden ſtood of yore:
Some place it in Arabia's plains,
Some ſay it is no more.

But Cobham can theſe tales confute,
As all the curious know;
For he hath prov'd, beyond diſpute,
That Paradiſe is Stow.

## TO-MORROW.

"Pereunt et imputantur."

To-morrow, didſt thou ſay!
Methought I heard Horatio ſay, To-morrow.
Go to—I will not hear of it—To-morrow!
'Tis a ſharper, who ſtakes his penury
Againſt thy plenty—who takes thy ready caſh,
And pays thee nought but wiſhes, hopes, and promiſes,
The currency of idiots. Injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the eaſy creditor!—To-morrow!
It is a period nowhere to be found
In all the hoary regiſters of time,
Unleſs perchance in the fool's calendar.
Wiſdom diſclaims the word, nor holds ſociety
With thoſe who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father;
Wrought of ſuch ſtuff as dreams are; and baſeleſs
As the fantaſtic viſions of the evening.

* *Alluding to Milton's deſcription of Eve's bower.*

But soft, my friend——arrest the present moments;
For be assur'd, they all are arrant tell-tales;
And though their flight be silent, and their path trackless
As the wing'd couriers of the air,
They post to heaven, and there record thy folly.
Because, though station'd on the important watch,
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass unnotic'd, unimprov'd.
And know, for that thou slumber'dst on the guard,
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive: and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hood-winkt justice, who shall tell thy audit?
Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio;
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain!—
Oh! let it not elude thy grasp, but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

## AN ALLUSION TO HORACE, ODE XVI. BOOK II.

INSCRIBED TO H. W. ESQ.

" Otium divos rogat in patenti
" Prensus Ægæo, simul atra nubes
" Condidit lunam, neque certa fulgent
" Sidera nautis," &c.

Say, heavenly Quiet, propitious nymph of light,
Why art thou thus conceal'd from human sight?
Tir'd of life's follies, fain I'd gain thy arms,
Oh! take me panting to thy peaceful charms;
Sooth my wild soul, in thy soft fetters caught,
And calm the surges of tumultuous thought.
Thee, goddess, thee all states of life implore,
The merchant seeks thee on the foreign shore:
Through frozen zones and burning isles he flies,
And tempts the various horrors of the skies.
Nor frozen zones, nor burning isles controul
That thirst of gain, that fever of the soul.
But mark the change—impending storms affright,
Array'd in all the majesty of night—
The raging winds, discharg'd their mystic caves,
Roar the dire signal to th' insulting waves.
The foaming legions charge the ribs of oak,
And the pale fiend presents at every stroke.
To thee the unhappy wretch in pale despair
Bends the weak knee, and lifts the hand in prayer;
Views the sad cheat, and swears he'll ne'er again
Range the hot clime, or trust the faithless main,
Or own so mean a thought, that thou art brib'd by gain.
To thee the harness'd chief devotes his breath,
And braves the thousand avenues of death;
Now red with fury seeks th' embattled plain,
Wades floods of gore, and scales the hills of slain;
Now on the fort with winged vengeance falls,
And tempts the sevenfold thunders of the walls.
Mistaken man! the nymph of peace disdains
The roar of cannons, and the smoke of plains:
With milder incense let thy altars blaze,
And in a softer note attempt her praise.
What various herds attend the virgin's gate,
Abject in wealth, and impotent in state!
A crowd of offerings on the altar lie,
And idly strive to tempt her from the sky:
But here the rich magnificence of kings
Are specious trifles all, and all unheeded things.
No outward show celestial bosoms warms,
The gaudy purple boasts inglorious charms;
The gold here, conscious of its abject birth,
Only presumes to be superior earth.
In vain the gem its sparkling tribute pays,
And meanly tremulates in borrow'd rays.
On these the nymph with scornful smiles looks down,
Nor e'er elects the favourite of a crown.
Supremely great, the views us from afar,
Nor deigns to own a sultan or a czar.
Did real happiness attend on state,
How would I pant and labour to be great!
To court I'd hasten with impetuous speed;
But to be great's to be a wretch indeed.
I speak of sacred truths; believe me, Hugh,
The real wants of nature are but few.
Poor are the charms of gold—a generous heart
Would blush to own a bliss, that these impart.
'Tis he alone the muse dares happy call,
Who with superior thought enjoys his little all.
Within his breast no frantic passions roll,
Soft are the motions of the virtuous soul.
The night in silken slumbers glides away,
And a sweet calm leads in the smiling day.
What antic notions form the human mind!
Perversely mad, and obstinately blind.
Life in its large extent is scarce a span,
Yet, wondrous frenzy! great designs we plan,
And shoot our thoughts beyond the date of man.
Man, that vain creature's but a wretched elf,
And lives at constant enmity with self;
Swears to a southern climate he'll repair,
But who can change the mind by changing air?
Italia's plains may purify the blood,
And with a nobler purple paint the flood;
But can soft zephyrs aid th' ill-shapen thigh,
Or form to beauty the distorted eye?
Can they with life inform the thoughtless clay?
Then a kind gale might waft my cares away.
Where roves the muse?—'tis all a dream, my friend,
All a wild thought—for Care, that ghastly fiend,
That mighty prince of the infernal powers,
Haunts the still watches of the midnight hours.
In vain the man the night's protection sought,
Care stings like pois'nous asps to fury wrought,
And wakes the mind to all the pains of thought.
Not the wing'd ship, that sweeps the level main,
Not the young roe that bounds along the plain,
Are swift as Care—that monster leaves behind
The aerial courser and the fleeter wind;
Through every clime performs a constant part,
And sheathes its painful daggers in the heart.
Ah! why should man an idle game pursue,
To future May-be's stretch the distant view?
May more exalted thoughts our hours employ,
And wisely strive to taste the present joy.
Life's an inconstant sea—the prudent ply
With every oar to improve th' auspicious sky:
But if black clouds the angry heav'ns deform,
A cheerful mind will sweeten every storm.

Though fools expect their joys to flow ſincere,
Yet none can boaſt eternal ſunſhine here.
The youthful chief, that like a ſummer flower
Shines a whole life in one precarious hour,
Impatient of reſtraint demands the fight,
While painted triumphs ſwim before his ſight.
Forbear, brave youth, thy bold deſigns give o'er,
Ere the next morn ſhall dawn, thou'lt be no more;
Invidious death ſhall blaſt thy opening bloom,
Scarce blown, thou fad'ſt, ſcarce born, thou meet'ſt a tomb.
What though, my friend, the young are ſwept away,
Untimely cropt in the proud blaze of day;
Yet when life's ſpring on purple wings is flown,
And the briſk flood a noiſome puddle grown;
When the dark eye ſhall roll its orb for light,
And the roll'd orb confeſs impervious night;
When once untun'd the ear's contorted cell,
The ſilver cords unbrace the ſounding ſhell;
Thy ſick'ning ſoul no more a joy ſhall find,
Muſic no more ſhall ſtay thy lab'ring mind.
The breathing canvas glows in vain for thee,
In vain it blooms a gay eternity.
With thee the ſtatue's boaſts of life are o'er,
And Cæſar animates the braſs no more.
The flaming ruby, and the rich brocade,
The ſprightly ball, the mimic maſquerade
Now charm in vain—in vain the jovial god
With bluſhing goblets plies the dormant clod.
Then why thus fond to draw ſuperfluous breath,
When every gaſp protracts a painful death?
Age is a ghaſtly ſcene, cares, doubts and fears,
One dull rough road of ſighs, groans, pains and tears.
Let not ambitious views uſurp thy ſoul,
Ambition, friend, ambition graſps the pole.
The luſtful eye on wealth's bright ſtrand you fix,
And ſigh for grandeur and a coach and ſix;
With golden ſtars you long to blend your fate,
And with the garter'd lordling ſlide in ſtate.
An humbler theme my penſive hours employs,
(Hear ye ſweet heavens, and ſpeed the diſtant joys!
Of theſe poſſeſs'd I'd ſcorn to court renown,
Or bleſs the happy coxcombs of the town.)
To me, ye gods, theſe only gifts impart,
An eaſy fortune, and a cheerful heart;
A little muſe, and innocently gay,
In ſportive ſong to trifle cares away.
Two wiſhes gain'd, love forms the laſt and beſt,
And heaven's bright maſter-piece ſhall crown the reſt.

## REBUS.

That awful name which oft inſpires
Impatient hopes, and fond deſires,
Can to another pain impart,
And thrill with fear the ſhudd'ring heart.
This myſtic word is often read
O'er the ſtill chambers of the dead.
Say, what contains the breathleſs clay,
When the fleet ſoul is wing'd away?—
Thoſe marble monuments proclaim
My little wily wanton's name.

TOMBS.

## ANOTHER.

The golden ſtem, with generous aid,
Supports and feeds the fruitful blade.
The queen, who rul'd a thankleſs iſle,
And gladden'd thouſands with her ſmile
(When the well-manag'd pound of gold
Did more, than now the ſum twice told);
This ſtem of Ceres, and the fair
Of Stuart's houſe, a name declare,
Where goodneſs is with beauty join'd,
Where queen and goddeſs both combin'd
To form an emblem of the mind.

## ANOTHER.

The light-footed female that bounds or the hills,
That feeds among liſies, and drinks of the rills,
And is fam'd for being tender and true;
Which Solomon deemed a ſimile rare,
To liken the two pretty breaſts of his fair,
Is the name of the nymph I purſue.

ROE.

## ANOTHER.

Tell me the fair, if ſuch a fair there be,
Said Venus to her ſon, that rivals me.
Mark the tall tree, cried Cupid to the Dame,
That from its ſilver bark derives its name;
The ſtudious inſect, thar, with wondrous pow'rs,
Extracts myſterious ſweets from fragrant flow'rs;
Proclaim the nymph to whom all hearts ſubmit,
Whoſe ſweetneſs ſoftens majeſty and wit.

ASHBY.

## ANOTHER.

The name of the monarch that abandon'd his throne,
Is the name of the fair, I prefer to his crown.

JAMES.

## SOME HASTY RHYMES ON SLEEP.

Myſterious deity, impart
From whence thou com'ſt, and what thou art.
I feel thy pow'r, thy reign I bleſs,
But what I feel, I can't expreſs.
Thou bind'ſt my limbs, but canſtn't reſtrain
The buſy workings of the brain.
All nations of the air and land
Aſk the ſoft bleſſing at thy hand.
The reptiles of the frozen zone
Are cloſe attendants on thy throne;
Where painted baſiliſks enfold
Their azure ſcales in rolls of gold.
The ſlave, that's deſtin'd to the oar,
In one kind viſion ſwims to ſhore;
The lover meets the willing fair,
And fondly graſps impaſſive air.
Laſt night the happy miſer told
Twice twenty thouſand pounds in gold.
The purple tenant of the crown
Implores thy aid on beds of down:
While Lubbin, and his healthy bride,
Obtain what monarchs are denied.
The garter'd ſtateſman thou wouldſt own,
But rebel conſcience ſpurns thy throne;

Braves all the poppies of the fields,
And the fam'd gum * that Turkey yields.
While the good man, oppreſs'd with pain,
Shall court thy ſmiles, nor ſue in vain.
Propitious thou'lt his prayer attend,
And prove his guardian and his friend.
Thy faithful hands ſhall make his bed,
And thy ſoft arm ſupport his head.

## A SONG.

Tell me, my Cælia, why ſo coy,
Of men ſo much afraid;
Cælia, 'tis better for to die
A mother than a maid.

The roſe, when paſt its damaſk hue,
Is always out of favour;
And when the plum hath loſt its blue,
It loſes too its flavour.

To vernal flow'rs the rolling years
Returning beauty bring;
But faded once, thou'lt bloom no more,
Nor know a ſecond ſpring.

## A SUNDAY HYMN,

IN IMITATION OF DR. WATT'S.

This is the day the Lord of life
Aſcended to the ſkies;
My thoughts, purſue the lofty theme,
And to the heav'n ariſe.

Let no vain cares divert my mind
From this celeſtial road;
Nor all the honours of the earth
Detain my ſoul from God.

Think of the ſplendors of that place,
The joys that are on high;
Nor meanly reſt contented here,
With worlds beneath the ſky.

Heav'n is the birth-place of the ſaints,
To heav'n their ſouls aſcend;
Th' Almighty owns his favourite race,
As father and as friend.

Oh! may theſe lovely titles prove
My comfort and defence,
When the ſick couch ſhall be my lot,
And death ſhall call me hence.

## AN ODE ON THE MESSIAH.

When man had diſobey'd his Lord,
Vindictive Juſtice drew the ſword;
"The rebel and his race ſhall die."
He ſpake, and thunders burſt the ſky.

Lo! Jeſus pard'ning grace diſplays;
Nor thunders roll, nor lightnings blaze.
Jeſus, the Saviour ſtands confeſt,
In rays of mildeſt glories dreſt.

As round Him preſs th' angelic crowd,
Mercy and truth he calls aloud;

The ſmiling cherubs wing'd to view,
Their pinions ſounded as they flew.

"Ye favourites of the throne, ariſe,
"Bear the ſtrange tidings through the ſkies;
"Say, man, th' apoſtate rebel, lives;
"Say, Jeſus bleeds, and Heav'n forgives."

In pity to the fallen race,
I'll take their nature and their place;
I'll bleed, their pardon to procure,
I'll die, to make that pardon ſure.

Now Jeſus leaves his bleſt abode,
A virgin's womb receives the God.
When the tenth moon had wan'd on earth,
A virgin's womb diſclos'd the birth.

New praiſe employs th' etherial throng,
Their golden harps repeat the ſong;
And angels waft th' immortal ſtrains
To humble Bethl'em's happy plains.

While there the guardians of the ſheep
By night their faithful vigils keep,
Celeſtial notes their ears delight,
And floods of glory drown their ſight.

When Gabriel thus, "Exult, ye ſwains,
"Jeſus, your own Meſſiah, reigns.
"Ariſe, the Royal Babe behold,
"Jeſus, by ancient bards foretold.

"To David's town direct your way,
"And ſhout, Salvation's born to-day;
"There, in a manger's mean diſguiſe,
"You'll find the Sovereign of the ſkies."

What joy Salvation's ſound imparts,
You beſt can tell, ye guileleſs hearts;
Whom no vain ſcience led aſtray,
Nor taught to ſcorn Salvation's way.

Though regal purple ſpurns theſe truths,
Maintain your ground ye choſen youths;
Brave the ſtern tyrant's lifted rod,
Nor bluſh to own a dying God.

What! though the ſages of the earth
Proudly diſpute this wondrous birth;
Though learning mocks Salvation's voice,
Know, Heav'n applauds your wiſer choice.

Oh! be this wiſer choice my own!
Bear me, ſome ſeraph to his throne,
Where the rapt ſoul diſſolves away
In viſions of eternal day.

## AN ODE ON THE NEW YEAR.

Lord of my life, inſpire my ſong,
To thee my nobleſt powers belong;
Grant me thy favourite ſeraph's flame,
To ſing the glories of thy name.

My birth, my fortune, friends, and health,
My knowledge too, ſuperior wealth!
Lord of my life, to thee I owe;
Teach me to practiſe what I know.

Ten thouſand favours claim my ſong,
And each demands an angel's tongue;

* *Or rather inſpiſſated juice, Opium.*

M cy ſits ſmiling on the wings,
Of every moment as it ſprings.

But oh! with infinite ſurpriſe
I ſee returning years ariſe;
When unimprov'd the former ſcore,
Lord, wilt thou truſt me ſtill with more!

Thouſands this period hop'd to ſee;
Deny'd to thouſands, granted me;
Thouſands! that weep, and wiſh, and pray
For thoſe rich hours I throw away.

The tribute of my heart receive,
'Tis the poor *all* I have to give;
Should it prove faithleſs, Lord, I'd wreſt
The bleeding traitor from my breaſt.

## ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY,

*Whoſe favourite Bird was almoſt killed by a fall from her Finger.*

As Tiney, in a wanton mood,
Upon his Lucy's finger ſtood,
Ambitious to be free;
With breaſt elate, he eager tries,
By flight to reach the diſtant ſkies,
And gain his liberty.

Ah! luckleſs bird, what though careſs'd,
And fondled in the fair one's breaſt,
Taught e'en by her to ſing;
Know that to check thy temper wild,
And make thy manners ſoft and mild,
Thy miſtreſs cut thy wing.

The feather'd tribe, who cleave the air,
Their weights by equal plumage bear,
And quick eſcape our pow'r;
Not ſo with Tiney, dear delight,
His ſhorten'd wing repreſs'd his flight,
And threw him on the floor.

Stunn'd with the fall, he ſeem'd to die,
For quickly cloſ'd his ſparkling eye,
Scarce heav'd his pretty breaſt;
Alarmed for her favourite care,
Lucy aſſumes a penſive air,
And is at heart diſtreſt.

The ſtoic ſoul, in graveſt ſtrain,
May call theſe feelings light and vain,
Which thus from fondneſs flow:
Yet, if the bard arightly deems,
'Tis nature's fount which feeds the ſtreams
That pureſt joys beſtow.

So, ſhou'd it be fair Lucy's fate,
Whene'er ſhe wills a change of ſtate,
To boaſt a mother's name;
Theſe feelings then, thou charming maid,
In brighteſt lines ſhall be diſplay'd,
And praiſe unenſur'd claim.

## RIDDLE.

From the dark caverns of the earth
Our family derive their birth;
By nature we appear to view
A rugged and a ſtubborn crew.
But Vulcan's brawny ſons, by art,
Soften the hardneſs of our heart;
Give to a ſlender ſhape its grace,
And a bright poliſh to our face.
Thus education makes us mild,
Pliant and ductile as a child.
Survey the attire of man, you'll trace
Our friendſhip for the human race.
We love mankind, indeed we do,
Our actions prove our ſpeeches true.
But what is wondrous ſtrange to name,
The aged female is our flame.
When ſtrength decays, and optics fail,
And cold and penury prevail,
Our labours ſpare the matron's ſight,
We aſk but faint ſupplies of light.
Kindly our ancient girls regale,
With food, with fuel, and with ale.
We, as aſſociates to mankind,
All act our various parts aſſign'd.
No uſeleſs hands obſtruct our ſchemes,
We ſuit our numbers to our themes;
Hence only two of us apply,
To form a bandage for the thigh;
But when the gray induſtrious Peg
Demands a veſtment for the leg,
'Tis then in little crowds we join,
To aid the matron's wiſe deſign.
Thus four or five of us you'll ſee,
And each as buſy as a bee;
Beſides a kind aſſiſtant near,
Which Peg had ſtuck athwart her ear.
Now laſſes, if our name you'll tell,
And vow you'll always uſe us well,
We'll grant your wiſh to change your life,
And make each fair a happy wife.

KNITTING NEEDLE.

## ANOTHER.

To you, fair maidens, I addreſs,
Sent to adorn your life;
And ſhe who firſt my name can gueſs,
Shall firſt be made a wife.

From the dark womb of mother earth,
To mortals' aid I come;
But ere I can receive my birth,
I many ſhapes aſſume.

Paſſive by nature, yet I'm made
As active as the roe;
And oftentimes, with equal ſpeed,
Through flowery lawns I go.

When wicked men their wealth conſume,
And leave their children poor,
To me their daughters often come,
And I increaſe their ſtore.

The women of the wiſer kind,
Did never once refuſe me;
But yet I never once could find
That maids of honour uſe me.

The lily hand and brilliant eye,
May charm without my aid;
Beauty may ſtrike the lover's eye,
And love inſpire the maid.

But let the enchanting nympth be told,
Unleſs I grace her life,
She muſt have wondrous ſtore of gold,
Or make a wretched wife.

Although I never hope to reſt,
With Chriſtians I go forth;
And while they worſhip to the eaſt,
I proſtrate to the north.

If you ſuſpect hypocrify,
Or think me inſincere,
Produce the zealot, who, like me,
Can tremble and adhere.

NEEDLE.

## ANOTHER.

I AM by nature ſoft as ſilk,
By nature too as white as milk;
I am a conſtant friend to man,
And ſerve him every way I can.
When dipt in wax, or plung'd in oil,
I make his winter evenings ſmile:
By India taught I ſpread his bed,
Or deck his favourite Celia's head;
Her gayeſt garbs I oft compoſe,
And ah! ſometimes, I wipe her noſe.

COTTON.

## ANOTHER.

I AM a ſmall volume, and frequently bound
In ſilk, ſattin, ſilver, or gold;
My worth and my praiſes the females reſound,
By females my ſcience is told.

My leaves are all ſcarlet, my letters are ſteel,
Each letter contains a great treaſure;
To the poor they ſpell lodging, fuel, and meal,
To the rich entertainment and pleaſure.

The ſempſtreſs explores me by day and by night,
Not a page but ſhe turns o'er and o'er;
Though ſometimes I injure the milliner's ſight,
Still I add to her credit and ſtore.

'Tis true I am ſeldom regarded by men,
Yet what would the males do without me?
Let them boaſt of their head, or boaſt of their pen,
Still vain is their boaſt, if they flout me.

NEEDLE BOOK.

## PSALM XIII.

OFFENDED Majeſty! how long
Wilt thou conceal thy face?
How long refuſe my fainting ſoul
The ſuccours of thy grace?

While ſorrow wrings my bleeding heart,
And black deſpondence reigns,
Satan exults at my complaints,
And triumphs o'er my pains.

Let thy returning ſpirit, Lord,
Diſpel the ſhades of night;
Smile o my poor deſerted ſoul,
My God, thy ſmiles are light.

While ſcoffers at thy ſacred word
Deride the pangs I feel,
Deem my religion inſincere,
Or call it uſeleſs zeal.

Yet will I ne'er repent my choice,
I'll ne'er withdraw my truſt;
I know thee, Lord, a pow'rful friend,
And kind, and wiſe, and juſt.

To doubt thy goodneſs wou'd be baſe
Ingratitude in me;
Paſt favours ſhall renew my hopes,
And fix my faith in thee.

Indulgent God! my willing tongue
Thy praiſes ſhall prolong;
For oh! thy bounty fires my breaſt,
And rapture ſwells my ſong.

## PSALM XLII.

WITH fierce deſire the hunted hart
Explores the cooling ſtream;
Mine is a paſſion ſtronger far,
And mine a nobler theme.

Yes, with ſuperior fervors, Lord,
I thirſt to ſee thy face;
My languid ſoul would fain approach
The fountains of thy grace.

Oh! the great plenty of thy houſe,
The rich refreſhments there!
To live an exile from thy courts,
O'erwhelms me with deſpair.

In worſhip when I join'd thy ſaints,
How ſweetly paſs'd my days!
Prayer my divine employment then,
And all my pleaſure praiſe.

But now I'm loſt to every joy,
Becauſe detain'd from thee;
Thoſe golden periods ne'er return,
Or ne'er return to me.

Yet, O my ſoul, why thus depreſt,
And whence this anxious fear?
Let former favours fix thy truſt,
And check the riſing tear.

When darkneſs and when ſorrows roſe,
And preſs'd on every ſide,
Did not the Lord ſuſtain thy ſteps,
And was not God thy guide?

Affliction is a ſtormy deep,
Where wave reſounds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can ſave.

Perhaps, before the morning dawns,
He'll reinſtate my peace;
For he, who bade the tempeſt roar,
Can bid the tempeſt ceaſe.

In the dark watches of the night
I'll count his mercies o'er;
I'll praiſe him for ten thouſand paſt
And humbly ſue for more.

Then, O my ſoul, why thus depreſt,
And whence this anxious fear?
Let former favours fix thy truſt,
And check the riſing tear.

Here will I reſt, and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod;
He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my God!

## THE NIGHT PIECE.

HARK! the prophetic raven brings
My ſummons on his boding wings;
The birds of night my fate foretel,
The preſcient death-watch ſounds my knell.

A ſolemn darkneſs ſpreads the tomb,
But terrors haunt the midnight gloom;
Methinks a browner horror falls,
And ſilent ſpectres ſweep the walls.

Tell me my ſoul, oh tell me why
The faultering tongue, the broken ſigh?
Thy manly cheeks bedew'd with tears,
Tell me, my ſoul, from whence theſe fears?

When conſcious guilt arreſts the mind,
Avenging furies ſtalk behind,
And ſickly fancy intervenes,
To dreſs the viſionary ſcenes.

Jeſus, to thee I'll fly for aid,
Propitious Sun, diſpel the ſhade;
All the pale family of fear
Would vaniſh, were my Saviour here.

No more imagin'd ſpectres walk,
No more the doubtful echoes talk;
Soft zephyrs fan the neighbouring trees,
And meditation mounts the breeze.

How ſweet theſe ſacred hours of reſt,
Fair portraits of the virtuous breaſt,
Where lawleſs luſt, and paſſions rude,
And folly never dare intrude!

Be others' choice the ſparkling bowl,
And mirth, the poiſon of the ſoul;
Or midnight dance, and public ſhows,
Parents of ſickneſs, pains, and woes.

A nobler joy my thoughts deſign;
Inſtructive ſolitude be mine;
Be mine that ſilent calm repaſt,
A cheerful conſcience to the laſt.

That tree which bears immortal fruit,
Without a canker at the root;
That friend which never fails the juſt,
When other friends deſert their truſt.

Come then, my ſoul, be this thy gueſt,
And leave to knaves and fools the reſt.
With this thou ever ſhalt be gay,
And night ſhall brighten into day.

With this companion in the ſhade,
Surely thou couldſt not be diſmay'd:
But if thy Saviour here were found,
All Paradiſe would bloom around.

"Had I a firm and laſting faith,"
To credit what the Almighty ſaith,
I could defy the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.

Though tempeſts drive me from the ſhore,
And floods deſcend, and billows roar;
Though death appears in every form,
My little bark ſhould brave the ſtorm.

Then if my God requir'd the life
Of brother, parent, child, or wife,
Lord, I ſhould bleſs the ſtern decree,
And give my deareſt friend to thee.

Amidſt the various ſcenes of ills,
Each ſtroke ſome kind deſign fulfils;
And ſhall I murmur at my God,
When ſovereign love directs the rod?

Peace, rebel-thoughts—I'll not complain,
My Father's ſmiles ſuſpend my pain;
Smiles—that a thouſand joys impart,
And pour the balm that heals the ſmart.

Though Heaven afflicts, I'll not repine,
Each heart-felt comfort ſtill is mine;
Comforts that ſhall o'er death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale.

Dear Jeſus, ſmooth that rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day,
To milder ſkies, and brighter plains,
Where everlaſting ſunſhine reigns.

## TO THE REV. JAMES HERVEY,

ON HIS MEDITATIONS.

To form the taſte, and raiſe the nobler part,
To mend the morals, and to warn the heart;
To trace the genial ſource we nature call.
And prove the God of nature, friend of all;
Hervey for this his mental landſcape drew,
And ſketch'd the whole creation out to view.
Th' enamell'd bloom, and variegated ſtow'r,
Whoſe crimſon changes with the changing hour;
The humble ſhrub, whoſe fragrance ſcents the morn,
With buds diſcloſing to the early dawn;
The oaks that grace Britannia's mountains' ſide,
And ſpicy Lebanon's ſuperior * pride;
All loudly ſov'reign excellence proclaim,
And animated worlds confeſs the ſame.
The azure fields that form th' extended ſky,
The planetary globes that roll on high,
And ſolar orbs, of proudeſt blaze, combine
To act ſubſervient to the great deſign.
Men, angels, ſeraphs, join the gen'ral voice,
And in the Lord of nature all rejoice.
His the gray winter's venerable guiſe,
Its ſhrouded glories, and inſtructive ſkies†; [blade;
His the ſnow's plumes, that brood the ſick'ning
His the bright pendant that impearls the glade;
The waving foreſt, or the whiſp'ring brake;
The ſurging billow, or the ſleeping lake.
The ſame who pours the beauties of the ſpring,
Or mounts the whirlwind's deſolating wing:
The ſame who ſmiles in Nature's peaceful form,
Frowns in the tempeſt, and directs the ſtorm.
'Tis thine, bright teacher, to improve the age;
'Tis thine, whoſe life's a comment on thy page;
Thy happy page! whoſe periods ſweetly flow,
Whoſe figures charm us, and whoſe colours glow:

* *The Cedar.*
† *Referring to the Winter-Piece.*

Where artleſs piety pervades the whole,
Refines the genius, and exalts the ſoul.
For let the witling argue all he can,
It is religion ſtill that makes the man.
'Tis this, my friend, that ſtreaks our morning bright;
'Tis this that gilds the horrors of the night.
When wealth forſakes us, and when friends are few;
When friends are faithleſs, or when foes purſue;
'Tis this that wards the blow, or ſtills the ſmart,
Diſarms affliction, or repels its dart;
Within the breaſt bids pureſt rapture riſe;
Bids ſmiling conſcience ſpread her cloudleſs ſkies.
When the ſtorm thickens, and the thunder rolls,
When the earth trembles to the affrighted poles,
The virtuous mind nor doubts nor fears aſſail;
For ſtorms are zephyrs, or a gentler gale.
And when diſeaſe obſtructs the lab'ring breath;
When the heart ſickens, and each pulſe is death;
E'en then religion ſhall ſuſtain the juſt,
Grace their laſt moments, nor deſert their duſt.

*Aug* 5. 1743.

## LINES

UNDER A SUN-DIAL IN THE CHURCH-YARD AT THORNBY.

Mark well my ſhade, and ſeriouſly attend
The ſilent leſſon of a common friend—
Since time and life ſpeed haſtily away,
And neither can recal the former day,
Improve each fleeting hour before 'tis paſt,
And know, each fleeting hour may be thy laſt.

TO THE MEMORY.

## OF THE REV. MR. SAMUEL CLARK,

WHO DIED DECEMBER THE 26TH, AGED 42*.

In all the intercourſes of humanity
He was upright, prudent, and courteous,
Compaſſionate, kind, and beneficent.
In opinion
Candid, diffident, and judicious.
In argument
Calm, ſtrong, and perſuaſive.
Under difficulties and ſorrows
Collected, firm, and reſign'd.
In friendſhip
Faithful, entertaining, and inſtructive.
In his miniſterial capacity
He poſſeſſed every valuable and happy talent
To rectify the judgment, and improve the heart.
He was learned without pride,
And pious without oſtentation;
Zealous and indefatigable to advance the intereſt
Of true religion,
And the everlaſting welfare of thoſe who were intruſted
To his paſtoral care.

What! though ſuch various worth is ſeldom known,
No adulation rears this ſacred ſtone,
No partial love this genuine picture draws,
No venal pencil proſtitutes applauſe:
Juſtice and truth in artleſs colours paint
The Man, the Friend, the Preacher, and the Saint.

* *The year is wanting in the original copy.*

THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# THOMAS BLACKLOCK, D. D.

Containing

| | |
|---|---|
| THE GRAHAM, | HYMNS, |
| PANEGYRIC ON BRITAIN, | SONGS, |
| ODES, | EPITAPHS, |
| ELEGIES, | PROLOGUES, |
| EPISTLES, | IMITATIONS, |

*&c. &c. &c.*

To which is prefixed,

*THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.*

---

Nature, when ſcarce fair light he knew,
Snatch'd heav'n, earth, beauty from his view,
And darkneſs round him reigns:
The muſe with pity view'd his doom,
And darting through th' eternal gloom
An intellectual ray,
Bade him with muſic's voice inſpire
The plaintive flute, the ſprightly lyre,
And tune th' impaſſion'd lay.

ODE TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, BOUND FOR GUINEA.

---

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,
*Anno* 1795.

# THE LIFE OF BLACKLOCK.

The Life of Blacklock has a claim to notice beyond that of moſt of the poets of our nation, with whom he is now aſſociated. He who reads his poems with that intereſt which their intrinſic merit deſerves, will feel that intereſt very much increaſed, when he ſhall be told the various difficulties which their author overcame in their production, the obſtacles which nature and fortune had placed in his way, to the poſſeſſion of thoſe ideas which his mind acquired, to the communication of thoſe which his poetry unfolds.

A ſhort "Account of the Life and Writings" of this extraordinary man, was prefixed to the ſecond edition of his *Poems*, printed at Edinburgh, in 1754, by his friend Mr. Gilbert Gordon of Dumfries, author of "Taſte, an Epiſtle to a Lady," in Donaldſon's "Collection of Poems," 1760. A more elaborate "Account of his Life, Character, and Poems," was given to the world by Mr. Spence, the amiable and elegant author of the "Eſſay on Pope's Odyſſey," "Polymetis," &c. in an 8vo pamphlet, publiſhed at London in the ſame year, and afterwards prefixed to the 4to edition of his *Poems*, which came out by ſubſcription at London in 1756. Theſe accounts having been written at a period ſo early as to include only the opening events of his life, a more full, accurate and intereſting "Account of his Life and Writings," was prefixed to the 4to edition of his *Poems*, printed at Edinburgh in 1793, by Henry Mackenzie, Eſq. author of "The Prince of Tunis," "The Man of Feeling," and other ingenious and elegant performances.

The facts ſtated in the preſent account, are chiefly taken from Mr. Mackenzie's narrative, which is written with ſuch copiouſneſs of intelligence, as leaves little to be ſupplied, and ſuch felicity of performance, as precludes the moſt diſtant hope of improvement. Among the few additional particulars detailed here, the preſent writer has endeavoured to give a complete account of his writings, the want of which is the principal defect in Mr. Mackenzie's narrative.

Thomas Blacklock was born at Annan, in the county of Dumfries, Nov. 10. 1721. His parents were natives of the county of Cumberland. His father was by trade a bricklayer, his mother the daughter of a conſiderable dealer in cattle; both repectable in their characters, and it would appear poſſeſſed of conſiderable knowledge and urbanity, which, in a country where education was cheap, and property a good deal ſubdivided, was often the caſe with perſons of their ſtation.

Before he was ſix months old, he was totally deprived of his eye-ſight by the ſmall-pox, and reduced to that forlorn ſituation ſo feelingly deſcribed by himſelf in his *Soliloquy*. This rendered him incapable of any of thoſe mechanical trades to which his father might naturally have been inclined to breed him, and his circumſtances prevented his aſpiring to the higher profeſſions. The good man, therefore, kept his ſon in his houſe, and, with the aſſiſtance of ſome of his friends, foſtered that inclination which he early ſhowed for books, by reading, to amuſe him; firſt the ſimple ſort of publications which are commonly put into the hands of children, and then ſeveral paſſages out of ſome of our poets. His companions, whom his early gentleneſs, and kindneſs of diſpoſition, as well as their compaſſion for his misfortune, ſtrongly attached to him, were very aſſiduous in their good offices, in reading, to inſtruct and amuſe him. By their aſſiſtance, he acquired ſome knowledge of the Latin tongue; but he never was at a grammar ſchool till at a more advanced period of life. Poetry was even then his favourite reading, and he found an enthuſiaſtic delight in the works of Milton, Spenſer, Prior, Pope and Addiſon, and in thoſe of his countryman, Ramſay.

From loving and admiring them ſo much, he ſoon was led to endeavour to imitate them; and when ſcarce twelve years of age, he began to write verſes. Among theſe early eſſays of his genius, there was one addreſſed *To a little girl whom he had offended, written at twelve years of age*, which is preſerved in his works, and is not perhaps inferior to any of the premature compoſitions of boys, aſſiſted by the beſt education, which are only recalled into notice by the future fame of their authors.

He had attained the age of nineteen, when his father was killed by the accidental fall of a malt-kiln belonging to his ſon-in-law. This loſs, heavy to any one at that early age, would have been, however, to a young man poſſeſſing the ordinary advantages of education comparatively light, but to him, thus ſuddenly deprived of that ſupport on which his youth had leaned, deſtitute almoſt of any reſource which induſtry affords to thoſe who have the bleſſings of ſight, with a body feeble and delicate from nature, and a mind congenially ſuſceptible, it was not ſurpriſing that this blow was doubly ſevere, and threw on his ſpirits that deſpondent gloom to which he then gave way, and which ſometimes overclouded them in the ſubſeq ent period of his life.

Though dependent, however, he was not deſtitute of friends, and heaven rewarded the pious confidence which he expreſſed, in its care, by providing for him protectors and patrons, by whoſe aſſiſtance he obtained advantages, which, had his father lived, might perhaps never have opened to him.

He lived with his mother about a year after his father's death, and began to be diſtinguiſhed as a young man of uncommon parts and genius. Theſe were at that time unaſſiſted by learning; the circumſtances of his family affording him no better education than the ſmattering of Latin which his companions had taught him, and the peruſal and recollection of the few Engliſh authors, which they, or his father, in the intervals of his profeſſional labours, had read to him.

Poetry, however, though it attains its higheſt perfection in a cultivated ſoil, grows perhaps as luxuriantly in a wild one. To poetry he was devoted from his earlieſt days, and about this time ſeveral of his poetical productions began to be handed about, which conſiderably enlarged the circle of his friends and acquaintance.

Some of his compoſitions being ſhown to Dr. Stevenſon, an eminent phyſician in Edinburgh, who was accidentally at Dumfries, on a profeſſional viſit, he formed the benevolent deſign of carrying him to the metropolis, and giving to his natural endowments the aſſiſtance of a claſſical education.

He came to Edinburgh in 1741, and "was enrolled," ſays Mr. Mackenzie, "a ſtudent of divinity in the univerſity there, though at that time without any particular view of entering into the church." But this account may be reaſonably doubted; for, in the univerſity of Edinburgh, no ſtudent is admitted into the theological claſs, till he has completed a courſe of languages and philoſophy. Beſides, it appears by the following letter from the Rev. Richard Batty of Kirk Andrews, whoſe wife was Blacklock's couſin, to Sir James Johnſton, Bart. of Weſterhall, dated January 21. 1744-5, printed in the "Scottiſh Regiſter" 1794, that he continued at the grammar ſchool in Edinburgh, till the beginning of 1745.

"I had a letter ſometime ago from Mr. Hoggan at Comlongan, ſignifying that Lady Annandale had ſpoke to you about a burſary for one Thomas Blacklock, a blind boy, who is now at the grammar ſchool in Edinburgh. He is endued with the moſt ſurpriſing genius, and has been the author of a great many excellent poems. He has been hitherto ſupported by the bounty of Dr. Stevenſon, a gentleman in Edinburgh. I underſtand that there will be a burſary vacant againſt Candlemas; if, therefore, you would pleaſe to favour him with your intereſt, it will be a great charity done to a poor lad, who may do a great deal of good in his generation."

The effect of this application is not known; but he ſeems to have continued his ſtudies under the patronage of Dr. Stevenſon till the year 1745. Of the kindneſs of Dr Stevenſon, he always ſpoke with the greateſt warmth of gratitude and affection, and addreſſed to him his *Imitation of the firſt Ode of Horace.*

After he had followed his ſtudies at Edinburgh, for four years, on the breaking out of the Rebellion in 1745, he returned to Dumfries, where he reſided with Mr. M'Murdo, his brother-in-law, in

whoſe houſe he was treated with kindneſs and affection, and had an opportunity from the ſociety which it afforded, of conſiderably increaſing the ſtore of his ideas.

In 1746, he publiſhed a ſmall collection of his *Poems*, in octavo, at Glaſgow

After the cloſe of the Rebellion, and complete reſtoration of the peace of the country, he returned to Edinburgh, and purſued his ſtudies there for ſix years longer.

In 1754, he publiſhed at Edinburgh a ſecond edition of his *Poems*, very much improved and enlarged, in octavo, to which was prefixed, "An Account of his Life," in a "letter to the publiſher," from Mr Gordon of Dumfries. On the title page he is deſigned *Student of Philoſophy in the Univerſity of Edinburgh*; ſo that he was not then, as Mr. Mackenzie ſuppoſes, "enrolled a ſtudent of divinity."

This publication attracted the attention of Mr. Spence, the patron of Dodſley, Duck, and Richardſon, and other perſons of indigent and uncultivated genius, who conceived a great regard for Blacklock, and formed the benevolent deſign of recommending him to the patronage of perſons "in affluence or power," by writing a very elaborate and ingenious "Account of his Life, Character, and Poems," which he publiſhed at London, in 8vo, 1754.

During his laſt reſidence in Edinburgh, among other literary acquaintance, he obtained that of the celebrated David Hume, who, with that humanity and benevolence for which he was diſtinguiſhed, attached himſelf warmly to Blacklock's intereſts. He wrote a "letter to Dodſley," March 12. 1754, containing a very favourable repreſentation of the "goodneſs of his diſpoſition, and the beauty of his genius," which contributed to promote the ſubſcription for an edition of his *Poems* in 4to, which was publiſhed at London in 1756, under the ſuperintendence of Mr. Spence, with his "Account of the Life, Character, and Poems of Mr. Blacklock," which had been printed ſeparately in 1754 He teſtified his obligations to Mr. Spence, to whom he was perſonally unknown, in *an Epiſtle, written at Dumfries*, 1759.

In the courſe of his education at Edinburgh, he acquired a proficiency in the learned languages, and became more a maſter of the French tongue than was common there, from the ſocial intercourſe to which he had the good fortune to be admitted in the houſe of Provoſt Alexander, who had married a native of France.

At the univerſity, he obtained a knowledge of the various branches of philoſophy and theology, to which his courſe of ſtudy naturally led, and acquired at the ſame time a conſiderable fund of learning and information in thoſe departments of Science and *Belles Lettres*, from which his want of ſight did not abſolutely preclude him.

In 1756, he publiſhed at Edinburgh, *An Eſſay towards Univerſal Etymology*, or the Analyſis of a Sentence, 8vo. In this pamphlet, the general principles of grammar, and the definitions of the ſeveral parts of ſpeech are given in verſe; and illuſtrations, in the form of notes, conſtituting the greateſt part of it, are added in proſe. The notes and illuſtrations are conciſe, but judicious; the verſes are not remarkable for learning or poetical embelliſhment, the ſubject did not allow it; the concluding lines, however, on the *Advantages of Grammar*, are in a ſtyle more worthy of Blacklock.

In 1757, he began a courſe of ſtudy, with a view to give lectures on Oratory, to young gentlemen intended for the bar or the pulpit. On this occaſion, he wrote to Mr. Hume, informed him of his plan, and requeſted his aſſiſtance in the proſecution of it. But Mr. Hume doubting the probability of its ſucceſs, he abandoned the project, and then adopted the decided intention of going into the church.

After applying cloſely for a conſiderable time to the ſtudy of theology, he paſſed the uſual trials in the preſbytery of Dumfries, and was by that preſbytery licenced a Preacher of the Goſpel in 1759.

As a preacher, he obtained high reputation, and was fond of compoſing ſermons. In 1760, when the nation was alarmed by a threatened invaſion from the French, he publiſhed "*The Right Improvement of Time, a Sermon*, 8vo. He ſeems to have imbibed pretty deeply the apprehenſions of his

countrymen. The ſentiments it contains are juſt and ſolid, and the advices are calculated to be uſeful at all times, particularly in the proſpect of national danger or diſtreſs.

The ſame year he contributed ſeveral poetical pieces to the firſt volume of Donaldſon's "Collection of Original Poems by Scotch Gentlemen," 12mo. Mrs. Blacklock aſcribes the "Epiſtle on Taſte," printed in this volume, as Mr. Gordon's, to Blacklock, excepting the lines relating to himſelf.

In 1761, he publiſhed, "*Faith, Hope, and Charity, compared, a Sermon*, 8vo. Though this cannot be called a firſt rate performance, it abounds with juſt and elegant remarks, and his favourite topic of charity is agreeably and forcibly illuſtrated.

In 1762, he married Miſs Sarah Johnſton, daughter of Mr. Joſeph Johnſton, ſurgeon in Dumfries, a man of eminence in his profeſſion, and of a character highly reſpected; a connexion which formed the great ſolace and bleſſing of his future life, and gave him with all the tenderneſs of a wife, all the zealous care of a guide and a friend. This event took place a few days before his being ordained miniſter of Kirkcudbright, in conſequence of a preſentation from the Crown, obtained for him by the Earl of Selkirk, a benevolent nobleman, whom Blacklock's ſituation and genius had intereſted in his behalf. But the inhabitants of the pariſh, whether from an averſion to *patronage*, ſo prevalent among the lower ranks in North Britain, from ſome political diſputes which at that time ſubſiſted between them and Lord Selkirk, or from thoſe prejudices which ſome of them might naturally entertain againſt a perſon deprived of ſight, or perhaps from all thoſe cauſes united, were ſo extremely diſinclined to receive him as their miniſter, that, after a legal diſpute of nearly two years, it was thought expedient by his friends, as it had always been wiſhed by himſelf, to compromiſe the matter, by reſigning his right to the living, and accepting a moderate annuity in its ſtead.

The following anecdote of Blacklock, mentioned in Dr. Cleghorn's Theſis, *De Somno*, happened, at the inn in Kirkcudbright, on the day of his ordination, and is authenticated by the teſtimony of Mrs. Blacklock, who was preſent, with Mr. Gordon and a numerous company of his friends who dined with him on the occaſion. It merits notice both as a curious fact, relative to the ſtate of the mind in ſleep, and on account of the juſt and elegant compliment with which it concludes.

"Dr. Blacklock, one day, haraſſed by the cenſures of the populace, whereby not only his reputation, but his very ſubſiſtence was endangered, and fatigued with mental exertion, fell aſleep after dinner. Some hours after, he was called upon by a friend, anſwered his ſalutation, roſe and went with him into the dining room, where ſome of his companions were met. He joined with two of them in a concert, ſinging as uſual, with taſte and elegance, without miſſing a note, or forgetting a word; he then went to ſupper, and drank a glaſs or two of wine. His friends, however, obſerved him to be a little abſent and inattentive; by and by he began to ſpeak to himſelf, but in ſo ſlow and confuſed a manner, as to be unintelligible. At laſt being pretty forcibly rouſed, he awoke with a ſudden ſtart, unconſcious of all that had happened, as till then he had continued faſt aſleep." Dr. Cleghorn adds, with great truth, after relating this fact. "No one will ſuſpect either the judgment or the veracity of Dr. Blacklock. All who knew him bear teſtimony to his judgment; his fame reſts on a better foundation than fictitious narratives; no man delights in, or more ſtrictly adheres, on all points, to the truth."

With this ſlender proviſion, he removed, in 1764, to Edinburgh; and to make up by his induſtry, a more comfortable and decent ſubſiſtence, he adopted the plan of receiving a certain number of young gentlemen as boarders, into his houſe, whoſe ſtudies in languages and philoſophy, he might, if neceſſary, aſſiſt. In this ſituation he continued till 1787, when he found his time of life and ſtate of health required a degree of repoſe, which induced him to diſcontinue the receiving of boarders.

In the occupation which he thus exerciſed for ſo many years of his life, no teacher were, perhaps, ever more agreeable to his pupils, nor maſter of a family to its inmates, than Blacklock. The gentleneſs of his manners, the benignity of his diſpoſition, and that warm intereſt in the happineſs of others, which led him ſo conſtantly to promote it, were qualities that could not fail to procure him the love and regard of the young gentlemen committed to his charge; while the ſociety which eſteem and reſpect for his character and his genius, often aſſembled at his houſe, afforded them an

advantage rarely to be found in eſtabliſhments of a ſimilar kind. In the circle of his friends, he appeared entirely to forget the privation of ſight, and the melancholy which at other times it might produce. He entered, with the cheerful playfulneſs of a young man, into all the ſprightly narrative, the ſportful fancy, the humourous jeſt that roſe around him. It was a ſight highly gratifying to philanthropy, to ſee how much a mind endowed with knowledge, kindled by genius, and above all lighted up with innocence and piety, like Blacklock's, could overcome the weight of its own calamity, and enjoy the content, the happineſs, and the gaiety of others. Several of thoſe inmates of his houſe, were ſtudents of phyſic, from England, Ireland, and America, who retained in future life, all the warmth of that impreſſion, which his friendſhip at this early period had made upon them; and in various quarters of the world, he had friends and correſpondents, from whom no length of time, nor diſtance of place, had ever eſtranged him. Among his favourite correſpondents may be reckoned Dr. Tucker, author of "The Bermudian," a poem, and "The Anchoret," and Dr. Downman, author of "Infancy," a poem, and other ingenious performances.

In 1766, upon the unſolicitated recommendation of his friend Dr. Beattie, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him by the Univerſity and Mariſchal College of Aberdeen.

In 1767, he publiſhed *Paraclefis, or, Conſolations deduced from Natural and Revealed Religion; in two Diſſertations. The firſt ſuppoſed to have been compoſed by Cicero, now rendered into Engliſh; the laſt originally written by Thomas Blacklock, D D.* 8vo. His motive, he tells, in a *letter to a friend*, prefixed to this work, for tranſlating the firſt, and writing the laſt treatiſe on *Conſolation*, was to alleviate the preſſure of repeated diſappointments, to ſooth his anguiſh for the loſs of departed friends, to elude the rage of implacable and unprovoked enemies, and to ſupport his own mind, which, for a number of years, beſides its literary difficulties, and its natural diſadvantages, had maintained an inceſſant ſtruggle with fortune. Of the *Diſſertation* aſcribed to Cicero, he endeavours to prove the authenticity; but his arguments are by no means ſatisfactory. The generality of critics have queſtioned its authenticity. Dr. Middleton, in his "Life of Cicero," ſays, it is "undoubtedly ſpurious." The tranſlation is well executed; it is both faithful and elegant. The *ſecond Diſſertation* is moſtly taken up with a clear and ſuccinct view of the evidences of Chriſtianity, the profeſſed ſubject of it; the conſolation derived from revealed religion, is touched upon towards the concluſion, though at no great length.

In 1768, he publiſhed, without his name, *Two Diſcourſes on the Spirit and Evidences of Chriſtianity. The former preached at the Hague the 8th of September* 1762, *the latter delivered in the French Church at Hanau, on the occaſion of the late Peace, to a Congregation compoſed of Catholics and Proteſtants, tranſlated from the original French of the Rev. Mr. James Armand, Miniſter of the Walloon Church in Hanau, and dedicated by the tranſlator the Rev. Moderator of the General Aſſembly*, 8vo. The *dedication*, which is a long one, is chiefly intended for the peruſal of the clergy of the Church of Scotland, but deſerves the attentive conſideration of all who are intended for, or engaged in, the work of the miniſtry. The obſervations it contains are judicious and pertinent; the ſtyle is ſprightly and animated; and the ſpirit it breathes, though ſometimes remote from that charity, which on other occaſions he ſo eloquently enforced, and ſo generally practiſed, is the ſpirit of benevolence and love to mankind. The *Diſcourſes* themſelves are lively and animated; and the ſtyle of the tranſlations clear, nervous, and ſpirited.

In 1773, he publiſhed, at Edinburgh, a poem, intituled, *A Panegyric on Great Britain*, 8vo; this poem, which is a kind of ſatire on the age, exhibits ſhrewdneſs of obſervation, and a ſarcaſtic vein, which might have fitted him for ſatirical compoſition, had he choſen to employ his pen more frequently on that branch of poetry.

In muſic, both as a judge and a performer, his ſkill was conſiderable; nor was he unacquainted with its principles as a ſcience. Whether he compoſed much is uncertain, but there is publiſhed in "The Edinburgh Magazine and Review" for 1774, *Abſence, a Paſtoral, ſet to Muſic, by Dr. Blacklock*; and thoſe who have heard him ſing, will, upon peruſal of this little piece, have the idea of his manner and taſte ſtrikingly recalled to their recollection.

The fame year he publiſhed the *Graham, an Heroic Ballad, in Four Cantos*, 4to. "It was begun," he tells us, in the advertiſement prefixed to it, "and purſued by its author to divert wakeful and melancholy hours, which the recollection of paſt misfortunes, and the ſenſe of preſent inconveniencies, would otherwiſe have ſeverely embittered." The profeſſed intention of his *Graham*, is to cheriſh and encourage a mutual harmony between the inhabitants of South and North Britain. To this end he has exhibited, in ſtrong colours, ſome parts of thoſe miſeries which their ancient animoſities had occaſioned. His *Graham* is an affecting ſtory, in which love and jealouſy have a principal ſhare. The narration is animated and agreeable; the fable is beautifully fancied, and ſufficiently perſpicuous; the characters are boldly marked; the manners he paints ſuit the times to which he refers, and the moral is momentous; and we perceive ſcattered through the whole piece, thoſe ſecret graces, and thoſe bewitching beauties which the critic would in vain attempt to deſcribe. But it is perhaps too far ſpun out, and the ſtanza in which it is written is not the beſt choſen, nor the moſt agreeable to the ear.

This was the laſt publication which he gave to the world with his name. From this time, the ſtate of his health, which had always been infirm and delicate, began viſibly to decline. He frequently complained of a lowneſs of ſpirits, and was occaſionally ſubject to deafneſs, which, though he ſeldom felt in any great degree, was ſufficient in his ſituation, to whom the ſenſe of hearing was almoſt the only channel of communication with the external world, to cauſe very lively uneaſineſs. Amidſt theſe indiſpoſitions of body, however, and diſquietudes of mind, the gentleneſs of his temper never forſook him, and he felt all that reſignation and confidence in the Supreme Being, which his earlieſt and lateſt life equally acknowledged. In Summer 1791, he was ſeized with a feveriſh diſorder, which at firſt ſeemed of a ſlight, and never roſe to a very violent kind; but a frame ſo little robuſt as his was not able to reſiſt; and after about a week's illneſs, it carried him off, on the 7th of July 1791, in the 70th year of his age. He was interred in the burying-ground of the Chapel of Eaſe, in the pariſh of St. Cuthbert's, where, on a tomb-ſtone erected to his memory by his wife, is the following inſcription, written by Dr. Beattie:

VIRO. REVERENDO.
THOMAE. BLACKLOCK. D. D.
PROBO. PIO. BENEVOLO.
OMNIGENA. DOCTRINA. ERVDITO.
POETAE. SVBLIMI.—
AB. INCVNABVLIS. VSQVE.
OCVLIS. CAPTO.
AT. HILARI. FACETO.
AMICISQVE. SEMPER. CARISSIMO.
QVI. NATVS. XXI. NOVEMB. MDCCXXI.
OBIIT. VII. IVLII. MDCCXCI.
MONVMENTVM. HOCCE.
VIDVA. EJVS. SARA. JOHNSTON.
MOERENS. P.

Τὸν πέρι μᾶσ' ἐφίλησε, δίδα δ' ἀγαθόν τε, κακόν τε,
Ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσε, δίδα δ' ἠδεῖαν ἀοιδην.

In 1793, a new edition of his *Poems*, reprinted from the 4to edition 1756, with ſeveral additional pieces never before printed, *together with an Eſſay on the Education of the Blind*, tranſlated from the French of M. Hauy, and "A New Account of the Life and Writings of the Author," written by Mr. Mackenzie, was publiſhed at Edinburgh in one volume 4to. In this edition, the following acknowledged poetical productions of Blacklock are not inſerted; *Prologue to Sir Harry Gaylove; Abſence, a Paſtoral; Panegyric on Great Britain;* and *The Graham*, publiſhed ſeparately; and *An Epiſtle to Two Siſters on their Wedding day; Eſtimate of Human Greatneſs; to the Dutcheſs of Hamilton, on her recovery from Child-bed, after the birth of the Marquis of Clydeſdale; Ode on a favourite Lap-dog; Ode to a Succeſsful Rival; Cato Uticenſis to his Wife at Rome; The Chronicle of a Heart; Song Inſcribed to a Friend, in imitation of Shenſtone*, originally printed in the firſt volume of Donaldſon's "Collection of Poems, by the Rev. Mr. Blacklock, and other Scotch Gentlemen," 12mo, 1760. It may be obſerved, that the verſes "To a Lady, with Hammond's Elegies," inſerted in this edition,

are not printed as Blacklock's, in Donaldſon's "Collection." The preſent writer has not ventured, upon the authority of Mrs. Blacklock, to deprive Mr. Gordon of the "Epiſtle on Taſte," to which he has put his name. His *Poems*, reprinted from the edition 1793, together with the ſeveral pieces omitted in that edition, are now, for the firſt time, received into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry.

Beſides theſe publications, which are known to be Blacklock's, and to ſome of which he put his name, he was the author of ſeveral pieces, not ſo generally known to have come from him. Among theſe, there are ſome articles in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," 1783. The intereſting article of *Blind* (firſt publiſhed in the "Edinburgh Magazine and Review" for 1774), is mentioned with juſt approbation by Mr. Mackenzie. The article of *Poetry* in the "Encyclopædia," as well as ſome others on various ſubjects of the Belles Lettres, were likewiſe, it is believed, the productions of Blacklock; and it is ſaid that he had drawn up for the ſame work an *Eſſay on Predeſtination*, though it is not known whether the manuſcript be preſerved. He is known alſo to have written a *Tragedy*; the manuſcript of which was put into the hands of the late Andrew Croſbie, Eſq. an eminent advocate at the Scottiſh bar, but has not been recovered. Some *Memoirs of his Life*, written by himſelf, are now in the poſſeſſion of Dr. Beattie. He has left ſome volumes of *Sermons* in manuſcript, as alſo a *Treatiſe on Morals*, both of which it is in contemplation with his friends to publiſh. It is probable that the moſt important of his other pieces may be collected and republiſhed on that occaſion.

His character, private habits, domeſtic manners, and moſt obſervable peculiarities, have been delineated with ſo much accuracy of diſcrimination, and ſtrength of colouring, by the happy pencil of Mr. Mackenzie, as to render any additional ſtrokes from a caſual hand unneceſſary.

"The tenor of his occupations," ſays Mr Mackenzie, "as well as the bent of his mind, during the early period of his life, will appear in the following plain and unſtudied account, contained in a letter from his moſt intimate and conſtant companion, the Rev. Mr. Jameſon, formerly miniſter of the Epiſcopal Chapel at Dumfries, afterwards of the Engliſh Congregation at Dantzic, and who now reſides at Newcaſtle upon-Tyne.

"His manner of life was ſo uniform, that the hiſtory of it during one day, or one week, is the hiſtory of it during the ſeven years that our perſonal intercourſe laſted. Reading, muſic, walking, converſing, and diſputing on various topics, in theology, ethics, &c. employed almoſt every hour of our time. It was pleaſant to hear him engaged in a diſpute, for no man could keep his temper better than he always did on ſuch occaſions. I have known him frequently very warmly engaged for hours together, but never could obſerve one angry word to fall from him. Whatever his antagoniſt might ſay, *he* always kept his temper "Semper paratus et reſellere ſine pertinacia, et re-"ſelli ſine iracundia." He was, however, extremely ſenſible to what he thought ill uſage, and equally ſo whether it regarded himſelf or his friends. But his reſentment was always confined to a few ſatirical verſes, which were generally burnt ſoon after. The late Mr. Spence frequently urged him to write a tragedy; and aſſured him that he had intereſt enough with Mr. Garrick to get it acted. Various ſubjects were propoſed to him, ſeveral of which he approved of, yet he never could be prevailed on to begin any thing of that kind. It may ſeem remarkable, but as far as I know, it was invariably the caſe, that he never could think or write on any ſubject propoſed to him by another. I have frequently admired with what readineſs and rapidity he could ſometimes make verſes. I have known him dictate from thirty to forty verſes, and by no means bad ones, as faſt as I could write them; but the moment he was at a loſs for a rhyme or a verſe to his liking, he ſtopt altogether, and could very ſeldom be induced to finiſh what he had begun with ſo much ardour."

"This account," Mr. Mackenzie obſerves, "ſufficiently marks that eager ſenſibility, chaſtened at the ſame time with uncommon gentleneſs of temper, which characterized Blacklock, and which indeed it was impoſſible to be at all in his company without perceiving. In the ſcience of mind, this is that diviſion of it which perhaps one would peculiarly appropriate to poetry, at leaſt to all thoſe lighter ſpecies which rather depend on quickneſs of feeling, and the ready conception of

pleaſing images, than on the happy arrangement of parts, or the ſkilful conſtruction of a whole, which are eſſential to the higher departments of the poetical art. The firſt kind of talent is like thoſe warm and light ſoils which produce their annual crops in ſuch abundance; the laſt, like that deeper and firmer mould on which the roots of eternal foreſts are fixed. Of the firſt we have ſeen many happy inſtances in that ſex which is ſuppoſed leſs capable of ſtudy or thought; from the laſt is drawn that maſculine ſublimity of genius which could build an *Iliad* or a *Paradiſe Loſt*.

" All thoſe who ever acted as his amanuenſes, agree in this rapidity and ardour of compoſition which Mr. Jameſon aſcribes to him. He never could dictate till he ſtood up; and as his blindneſs made walking about without aſſiſtance inconvenient or dangerous to him, he fell inſenſibly into a vibratory ſort of motion of his body, which increaſed as he warmed with his ſubject, and was pleaſed with the conceptions of his mind. This motion at laſt became habitual to him, and though he could ſometimes reſtrain it when on ceremony, or in any public appearance, ſuch as preaching, he felt a certain uneaſineſs from the effort, and always returned to it when he could indulge it without impropriety. This is the appearance which he deſcribes in the ludicrous picture he has drawn of himſelf (in the *Author's Picture.*) Of this portrait the outlines are true, though the general effect is overcharged. His features were hurt by the diſeaſe which deprived him of ſight; yet even with thoſe diſadvantages, there was a certain placid expreſſion in his phyſiognomy which marked the benevolence of his mind, and was extremely calculated to procure him attachment and regard.

" Muſic, which to the feeling and to the penſive, in whatever ſituation, is a ſource of extreme delight, but which to the blind muſt be creative, as it were, of idea and of ſentiment, he enjoyed highly, and was himſelf a tolerable performer on ſeveral inſtruments, particularly on the flute. He generally carried in his pocket a ſmall flagelot, on which he played his favourite tunes; and was not diſpleaſed when aſked in company to play or to ſing them; a natural feeling for a blind man, who thus adds a ſcene to the drama of his ſociety.

" Of the happineſs of others, however, we are incompetent judges. Companionſhip and ſympathy bring forth thoſe gay colours of mirth and cheerfulneſs which they put on for a while, to cover perhaps that ſadneſs which we have no opportunity of witneſſing. Of a blind man's condition we are particularly liable to form a miſtaken eſtimate; we give him credit for all thoſe gleams of delight which ſociety affords him, without placing to their full account thoſe dreary moments of darkſome ſolitude to which the ſuſpenſion of that ſociety condemns him. Blacklock had from nature a conſtitution delicate and nervous, and his mind, as is almoſt always the caſe, was in a great degree ſubject to the indiſpoſition of his body. He frequently complained of a lowneſs and depreſſion of ſpirits, which neither the attentions of his friends, nor the unceaſing care of a moſt affectionate wife, were able entirely to remove. The imagination we are ſo apt to envy and admire ſerves but to irritate this diſorder of the mind; and that fancy in whoſe creation we ſo much delight, can draw, from ſources unknown to common men, ſubjects of diſguſt, diſquietude, and affliction. Some of his later poems, now firſt publiſhed, expreſs a chagrin, though not of an ungentle ſort, at the ſuppoſed failure of his imaginative powers, or at the faſtidiouſneſs of modern times, which he deſpaired to pleaſe.

> Such were his efforts, ſuch his cold reward,
> Whom once thy partial tongue pronounc'd a bard;
> Excurſive, on the gentle gales of ſpring,
> He rov'd, while favour imp'd his timid wing;
> Exhauſted genius now no more inſpires,
> But mourns abortive hopes, and faded fires;
> The ſhort-liv'd wreath, which once his temples grac'd,
> Fades at the ſickly breath of ſqueamiſh taſte;
> Whilſt darker days his fainting flames immure
> In cheerleſs gloom, and winter premature.
>
> *Epiſtle to Dr. Ogilvie.*

" Theſe lines are, however, no proof of " exhauſted genius," or " faded fires." " Abortive hopes," indeed, muſt be the lot of all who reach that period of life at which they were written. In early

youth the heart of every one is a poet; it creates a ſcene of imagined happineſs and deluſive hopes; it clothes the world in the bright colours of its own fancy; it refines what is coarſe, its exalts what is mean; it ſees nothing but diſintereſtedneſs in friendſhip, it promiſes eternal fidelity in love. Even on the diſtreſſes of its ſituation it can throw a certain romantic ſhade of melancholy, that leaves a man ſad, but does not make him unhappy. But at a more advanced age, "the fairy viſions fade," and he ſuffers moſt deeply who has indulged them the moſt."

As an author, under diſadvantages which ſeem unſurmountable to nature, Blacklock has eminently diſtinguiſhed himſelf. Though blind from his infancy, the impulſe of curioſity, and the vigorous exertion of his talents, conducted him to uncommon knowledge. He acquired tongues and arts by the ear, in many of which he excelled. There is no ſcience with which he was not acquainted; he was familiar with the learned languages, and he knew with accuracy thoſe of modern Europe that are the moſt cultivated. Among philoſophers, he has obtained a conſpicuous rank by his *Paraleſis*. His little treatiſe *on the Education of the Blind*, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," is valuable, not only on account of its peculiarity, as being the production of a blind man, but of its intrinſic merit. It contains chiefly reflections on the diſtreſſes and diſadvantages of blindneſs, and the beſt means of alleviating them; directions for the education of the blind, and a deſcription of various inventions for enabling them to attain to, and to practiſe ſeveral arts and ſciences. The ſympathy and active benevolence of Blacklock, prompted him to this compoſition, as well as to the tranſlation of *M. Hauy's* account of the charitable inſtitution for the blind at Paris, which is annexed to the laſt edition of his poems.

As a poet, though not of the higheſt claſs, he is entitled to a rank not inferior to Addiſon, Parnell, and Shenſtone, with reſpect to proper imagery, correct ſtyle, or creative genius. His compoſitions exhibit ample proofs of ready invention, lively fancy, ardent feeling, correct taſte, and a copious command of poetical language. They are the productions of a mind not deficient in fire or poetical enthuſiaſm; but they are more recommended by ſimplicity, tenderneſs, animation, and harmony, than by ſublimity, variety, comprehenſion, or originality; they bear evident marks of poetical genius and claſſical taſte, though we do not find in them the traces of that patient induſtry which fixes the ſtamp of faultleſs accuracy upon every line. Pope ſeems to have been his model for verſification, and it muſt be allowed that he has copied his pauſes, cadence, and caſt of diction, with conſiderable ſucceſs; many paſſages are written with an elegance, correctneſs, ſpirit and harmony, which rival the beſt productions of that celebrated poet; but he does not uniformly maintain his eaſy elegance, nor breathe his free and unwearied ſpirit.

His *Elegies*, *Hymns*, *Odes* and *Epiſtles*, are chiefly diſtinguiſhed by ſerioufneſs of ſubject, ſublimity of thought, opulence of imagery, tenderneſs of ſentiment, and ſtrength and elegance of compoſition. Of his *Paſtorals*, the principal merit conſiſts in the harmony of the verſification. The images are ſeldom new, and the ſentiments and deſcriptions are generally trite and common. His *Songs* are commonly tender, delicate and ſprightly. The *Erſes of Ballendyne* ranks with the moſt popular compoſitions of the kind in the Engliſh language. His *Occaſional Poems*, and pieces of humour and pleaſantry, have their brighter paſſages, and may be read with pleaſure; but they require no diſtinct examination or particular criticiſm.

Mr. Spence's eſtimate of his poetical character is candid and judicious, and does equal honour to the taſte and benevolence of that amiable and elegant critic.

"There is a great perſpicuity, neatneſs, and even elegance of ſtyle, to be obſerved in ſeveral of his pieces; particularly, in his *Viſit* (which has ſo many other beauties), in his *Imitation of one of the Pſalms* (139th); his *Poem on the Refinements in Metaphyſical Philoſophy* (in which he owns he had plunged too deep, formerly, himſelf), in his new dreſſing the *Old Scotch Song*, and his *Ode to a Coquet*. The laſt mentioned of theſe is written with ſomething of a gayer air, than is uſual in his poems; though he is far from wanting a talent for vivacity and ſatire, if he would give himſelf leave to indulge it; but he is ſo good-natured, that he has ſcarce given us any direct ſpecimen of it againſt any one, except himſelf. This is in the piece called the *Author's Picture*; from which, and his earlieſt piece of all (that has ſome glances of the ſame kind), it may fairly enough be conjectured,

that he had a natural bent this way: and it might probably have appeared much more frequently, and more ſtrongly in his writings, had it not been for his ſuperior goodneſs of heart, and his being ſtruck (as ſoon as he came to a reaſoning age) ſo much more ſtrongly, with the charms of morality and philoſophy. His *Paſtoral Song*, and his *Ode to a Friend that was going Abroad*, are very well written, each in their way; and have beſide, ſeveral good pathetic ſtrokes in them His *Paſtoral, inſcribed to Euanthé*, is poetical as well pathetic, to a great degree; and his *Soliloquy* is both, in a very high one. His *Elegy on Conſtantia* flows on, all in one ſtream of diſtreſs and paſſion; and riſes about the middle of the piece, to very high poetry This, with the ſoliloquy juſt mentioned, and two of his hymns, *one to the Supreme Being*, and the other *to Fortitude*, are the parts of his poems which would be the moſt proper of any to prove that he is not incapable of himſelf to riſe to a true ſublimity, both of thinking and writing. His *Hymn to Benevolence* is an amiable piece, for its enlarged notions; and both that and his *Ode to a Lady, on the loſs of her Child*, abound as much in good morals, as they do in good ſenſe and poetry. His tranſlation of *Buchannan's Deſiderium Lutetiæ*, and his own *Plaintive Shepherd*, give the beſt proofs of his eaſe and fluency in the paſtoral ſort of verſification; and in the latter of theſe, there is a ſtrong inſtance of his varying his notes according to the occaſion. I mean, where he ſpeaks of his own diſtreſs in ſlow ſolemn numbers; and of his rival's happineſs in a more enlivened and joyous run of verſe. Much the ſame thing may be obſerved in his two *odes*, printed together; one writ in the time of *ſickneſs*, and the other in *health*. Theſe ſorts of miſcellaneous poems have not generally much of planning in them. The beſt planned among Mr. Blacklock's ſeems to be his *Wiſh Satisfied*, and *the Monody*; the latter of which, beſide this merit, is very pathetic, and very poetical. The moſt diſtinguiſhing character of poetry, is to be deſcriptive; and it is this which gives the very near relation that there is between poetry and painting. Mr. Blacklock is very deſcriptive in many parts of his poems; but it is very eaſy to be obſerved, that where his deſcriptions are of any length, they are generally not deſcriptions of things, but of paſſions. To which one may add, that they turn much more on the melancholy paſſions, than the joyous or pleaſing ones. Both of which are perhaps to be accounted for, from his unfortunate loſs of ſight in his infancy.

" The Gentleman, who has given the account of our author prefixed to his works, ſays, that it has been obſerved by others, " That it muſt be matter of amuſement to the curious reader, to remark how well the poet deſcribes objects which he never ſaw, and expreſſes ſo as to be underſtood by others, thoſe ideas which he himſelf could never conceive." It is remarkable enough, that ſome of the greateſt poets that ever were in the world, have been blind; and it is very probable, that the loſs of their ſight may have added to the force of their imagination, as far as it went; in the ſame manner, and for the ſame reaſons, that we think the more intenſely of any one thing, when we ſhut out all the other objects that are round about us. But a poet born blind, or (which is much the ſame thing) one who has been blind from his early infancy, is ſtill a novelty, and a thing much to be wondered at. Our great Milton did not loſe his ſight till he was about fifty years old; and Homer, for ought we know, might have enjoyed his till after he had finiſhed his two moſt celebrated poems. Our author loſt his ſight entirely, before he was a year old; and conſequently whatever ideas he may have in relation to viſible objects, muſt have been acquired only from the characters he has learnt of them from books and converſation; and ſome ſuppoſed analogies between thoſe characters, and any of the ideas in the ſtock he has laid in, either from his other ſenſes, or his own reflections upon them. Notwithſtanding which, he ſpeaks very frequently of the objects and ideas belonging to ſight, with great familiarity and boldneſs, and generally without impropriety. After putting many paſſages together relating to viſible objects, from our author's works, I am leſs ſurpriſed than I was in the firſt reading of them, at his ſpeaking ſo frequently, as if he actually enjoyed his eye-ſight. The ſtock of ideas which he has ſtored up in his mind, and ſubſtituted in the room of our ideas of things viſible, and with like names affixed to them, are ſo familiar to him, and are uſed by him in ſo uncommon and unaccountable a manner, that they ſeem to ſerve him as a ſubſidiary ſort of ſight, and put one in mind of his own expreſſions of intellectual rays, internal day, and the mental eye; as well as of that paſſage cited from the Pſalmiſt, in the title page,

Κυριος σοφοι τυφλες, or as our translators (by joining the sense of the original, to their own) might have rendered it, "The Lord giveth [internal] sight to the blind."

Mr. Mackenzie's observations on his poetical writings and character are no less just than elegant. The theory of his imaginative and descriptive powers is ingenious, and, though long, is too valuable to be withheld.

"In this collection of poems, the reader will find those qualities of fancy, tenderness, and sometimes sublimity in the thoughts, of elegance, and often force in the language, which characterize the genuine productions of the poetical talent. One other praise, which the good will value, belongs to those poems in a high degree; they breathe the purest spirit of piety, virtue, and benevolence. These indeed are the muses of Blacklock; they inspire his poetry, as they animated his life; and he never approaches the sacred ground on which they dwell, without an expansion of mind, and an elevation of language.

"The additional poems, now first published in this volume, will, I think be found to possess equal merit with those which their author formerly gave to the world. There is perhaps a certain degree of languor diffused over some of them, written during the latter period of his life, for which the circumstances I have mentioned above may account; but the delicacy and the feeling remain undiminished: One of those later poems, the *Ode to Aurora, on Melissa's Birth-Day*, is a compliment and tribute of affection to the tender assiduity of an excellent wife, which I have not any where seen more happily conceived or more elegantly expressed.

"His peculiar situation I do not mean to plead as an apology for defects in his compositions. I am sufficiently aware of a truth which authors or their apologists are apt to forget, that the public expects entertainment, and listens but ill to excuses for the want of it. But the circumstance of the writer's blindness will certainly create an interest in his productions beyond what those of one possessed of sight could have excited, especially in such passages of his works as are descriptive of visible objects. Mr. Spence has treated this descriptive power, which the poetry of Blacklock seemed to evince in its author, as a sort of problem which he has illustrated by a very great number of quotations from the poems themselves, by hypothetical conjectures of his own, drawn from those passages, and from the nature of a blind man's sensations and ideas.

"Without detracting from the ingenuity of Mr. Spence's deductions, I am apt, in the case of Blacklock, to ascribe much to the effect of a retentive and ready memory of that poetical language in which, from his earliest infancy, he delighted; and that apt appropriation of it which an habitual acquaintance with the best poets had taught him.

"This I am sensible by no means affords a complete solution of the difficulty; for though it may account for the use which he makes of poetical language, it throws no light on his early passion for reading poetry, and poetry of a kind, too, which lies very much within the province of sight; nor does it clearly trace the source of that pleasure which such reading evidently conveyed to his mind.

"It is observed, and I think very justly, by Dr. Reid, that there is very little of the knowledge acquired by those who see, that may not be communicated to a man born blind; and he illustrates his remark by the example of the celebrated Sanderson. Another writer (Mr. Burke), seems disposed to extend a similar observation to some of those *pleasures* of which the sense of sight is commonly understood to be the only channel; and he appeals, in proof of his doctrine, to the poetry of Blacklock: "Here (says he) is a poet doubtless as much affected by his own descriptions as any that reads them can be; and yet he is affected with this strong enthusiasm, by things of which he neither has, nor can possibly have any idea, further than that of a bare sound." The same author mentions, as a confirmation of his doctrine, the scientific aquirements of Sanderson, which he seems to think explicable on the same principles with Blacklock's poetry.

"But, in truth, there appears to be very little analogy between the two cases; nor does the genius of Sanderson furnish by any means so curious a subject of philosophical disquisition as that of Blacklock. The ideas of extension and figure, about which the speculations of the geometer are employed, may be conveyed to the mind by the sense of touch as well as by that of sight: and (if we except the phenomena of colour) the case is the same with all the subjects of our reasoning in

natural philoſophy. But of the pleaſures which poetry excites, ſo great a proportion ariſes from alluſions to viſible objects, and from deſcriptions of the beauty and ſublimity of nature; ſo much truth is there in the maxim, " ut pictura poeſis," that the word *imagination*, which in its primary ſenſe has a direct reference to the eye, is employed to expreſs that power of the mind, which is conſidered as peculiarly characteriſtic of poetical genius; and therefore, whatever be the *degree* of pleaſure which the blind poet receives from the exerciſe of his art, the pleaſure muſt, in general, be perfectly different in kind from that which he imparts to his readers.

" Sanderſon, we are told, though blind, could lecture on the *priſmatic ſpectrum*, and on the theory of the rainbow; but to his mind the names of the different colours were merely ſignificant of the relative arrangement of the ſpaces which they occupied, and produced as little effect on his imagination as the letters of the alphabet, which he employed in his geometrical diagrams. By means of a retentive memory, it might have been poſſible for him to acquire a knowledge of the common poetical epithets, appropriated to the different colours: it is even conceivable, that by long habits of poetical reading, he might have become capable of producing ſuch a deſcription of their order in the *ſpectrum*, as is contained in the following lines of Thomſon:

Firſt the flaming red
Sprung vivid forth; the tawney orange next,
And next delicious yellow; by whoſe ſide
Fell the kind beams of all-refreſhing green:
Then the pure blue, that ſwells autumnal ſkies,
Etherial play'd; and then of ſadder hue
Emerg'd the deepen'd indico, as when
The heavy-ſkirted evening droops with froſt;
While the laſt gleamings of refracted light
Dy'd in the fainting violet away.

" But ſuppoſing all this poſſible, how different muſt have been the effect of the deſcription on his mind from what it produced on that of Thomſon? or what idea could he form of the rapture which the poet felt in recalling to his imagination the innumerable appearances in the earth and heavens, of which the philoſophic principles he referred to afford the explanation?

Did ever poet image aught ſo fair,
Dreaming in whiſp'ring groves, by the hoarſe brook;
Or prophet to whoſe rapture heav'n deſcends!
Even now the ſetting ſun and ſhifting clouds
Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare,
How juſt, how beauteous, the refractive law.

" Yet, though it be evidently impoſſible that a deſcription of this ſort, relating entirely to the peculiar perceptions of ſight, ſhould convey to a blind man the ſame kind of pleaſure which we receive from it, it may be eaſily imagined, that the ſame words, which in their ordinary acceptation, expreſs viſible objects, may, by means of early aſſociations, become to ſuch a perſon the vehicle of many other agreeable or diſagreeable emotions. Theſe aſſociations will probably vary greatly in the caſe of different individuals, according to the circumſtances of their education, and the peculiar bent of their genius. Blacklock's aſſociations in regard to colours, were (according to his own account) chiefly of the moral kind—But into this inquiry, which opens a wide field of ſpeculation to the metaphyſician, I do not mean to enter. I ſhall content myſelf with remarking, that in other arts, as well as thoſe which addreſs themſelves to ſight, the ſame diſtinction is to be found. What may be termed the arithmetic and mathematics of muſic and of the ſcale, depend not on a muſical ear, any more than the theory of viſion depends on ſight. In both caſes, pleaſure and feeling are eaſily diſtinguiſhable from knowledge and ſcience; the firſt require, and cannot exiſt without an eye for colour, and an ear for ſound; the laſt are independent of either.

" It is indeed the boaſt of genius to do much on ſcanty materials, to create and " body forth the forms of things," to give character to what it has not known, and picture to what it has not ſeen. The genius of Shakſpeare has entered into the cabinets of ſtateſmen, and the palaces of kings, and made them ſpeak like ſtateſmen and like kings. It has given manners as well as language to imaginary

beings, which, though we cannot criticiſe like the other, every one intuitively owns true. It has kindled the wizards fire, and trimmed "the fairy's glow-worm lamp;" has moulded a Caliban's ſavage form, and ſpun the light down of an Ariel's wing. But this imaginative power, how extenſive and wonderful ſoever its range, had ſtill ſome elements from which it could raiſe this world of fancy, ſome analogies from which its ideas could be drawn. To the blind no degree of genius can ſupply the want of theſe with regard to viſible objects, nor teach them that entirely diſtinct ſpecies of perception which belongs to ſight. "Objects of ſight and touch (ſays Berkeley very juſtly) conſtitute two worlds, which, though nearly connected, bear no reſemblance to one another."

"If we do not aſſign to Blacklock any extraordinary, or what might be termed preternatural conception of viſible objects, yet we may fairly claim for him a ſingular felicity of combination in his uſe of the expreſſions by which thoſe objects are diſtinguiſhed.

"Whatever idea or impreſſion thoſe objects of ſight produced in his mind, how imperfect ſoever that idea, or how different ſoever from the true, ſtill the impreſſion would be felt by a mind ſuſceptible and warm like Blacklock's, that could not have been ſo felt by one of a coarſer and more ſluggiſh mold. Even the memory that could treaſure up the poetical attributes and expreſſions of ſuch objects, muſt have been aſſiſted and prompted by poetical feeling; and the very catalogue of words which was thus ready at command, was an indication of that ardour of ſoul, which, from his infancy, led him

Where the muſes haunt
Smit with the love of ſacred ſong;

as the unmeaning ſyllables which compoſe a name give to the lover or the friend, emotions which others in it were impoſſible they ſhould excite."

The following unbiaſſed deciſion of an ingenious foreigner in his favour, on conſidering his poems, relatively to his ſituation, merits particular attention, as it is not liable to the ſuſpicion of partiality.

"Blacklock," ſays Profeſſor Denina, in his "Eſſay on the Revolutions of Literature," to poſterity will ſeem a fable, as to the preſent age he is a prodigy. It will be thought a fiction, that a man blind from his infancy, beſides having acquired a ſurpriſing knowledge of Greek, Latin, Italian, and French, ſhould, at the ſame time, be a great poet; and, without having almoſt ever ſeen the light, ſhould, notwithſtanding, be ſingularly happy in his deſcriptions."

# THE WORKS OF BLACKLOCK.

## POEMS.

### HORACE, ODE I. IMITATED.

INSCRIBED TO
DR. JOHN STEVENSON, PHYSICIAN IN EDINBURGH.

O THOU, whoſe goodneſs unconfin'd
Extends its wiſh to human kind;
By whoſe indulgence I aſpire
To ſtrike the ſweet Horatian lyre:

There are who, on th' Olympic plain,
Delight the chariot's ſpeed to rein;
Involv'd in glorious duſt to roll;
To turn with glowing wheel the goal;
Who by repeated trophies riſe,
And ſhare with gods their pomp and ſkies.
This man, if changeful crowds admire,
Fermented ev'n to mad deſire,
Their fool or villain to elate
To all the honours of the ſtate;
That, if his granary ſecures
Whate'er th' autumnal ſun matures,
Pleas'd his paternal field to plow,
Remote from each ambitious view;
Vaſt India's wealth would bribe in vain,
To launch the bark, and cut the main.

The merchant, while the weſtern breeze
Ferments to rage th' Icarian ſeas,
Urg'd by th' impending hand of fate,
Extols to heav'n his country-ſeat:
Its ſweet retirement, fearleſs eaſe,
The fields, the air, the ſtreams, the trees;
Yet fits the ſhatter'd bark again,
Reſolv'd to brave the tumid main,
Reſolv'd all hazards to endure,
Nor ſhun a plague, but to be poor.

One with the free, the gen'rous bowl,
Abſorbs his cares, and warms his ſoul:
Now wrapt in eaſe, ſupinely laid
Beneath the myrtle's am'rous ſhade;
Now where ſome ſacred fountain flows,
Whoſe cadence ſoft invites repoſe;
While half the ſultry ſummer's day
On ſilent pinions ſteals away.

Some boſoms boaſt a nobler flame,
In fields of death to toil for fame,
In war's grim front to tempt their fate;
Curſt war! which brides and mothers hate;
As in each kindling hero's ſight
Already glows the promis'd fight;
Their hearts with more than tranſport bound,
While drums and trumpets mix their ſound.

Unmindful of his tender wife,
And ev'ry home-felt bliſs of life,
The huntſman in th' unſhelter'd plains,
Heav'n's whole inclemency ſuſtains;
Now ſcales the ſteepy mountain's ſide,
Now tempts the torrent's headlong tide;
Whether his faithful hounds in view,
With ſpeed ſome timid prey purſue!
Or ſome fell monſter of the wood
At once his hopes and ſnares elude.

Good to beſtow, like Heav'n, is thine,
Concurring in one great deſign;
To cool the fever's burning rage,
To knit the feeble nerves of age;
To bid young health, with pleaſure crown'd,
In roſy luſtre ſmile around.

My humbler function ſhall I name;
My ſole delight, my higheſt aim?
Inſpir'd through breezy ſhades to ſtray,
Where choral nymphs and graces play;
Above th' unthinking herd to ſoar,
Who ſink forgot, and are no more;
To ſnatch from fate an honeſt fame,
Is all I hope, and all I claim.
If to my vows Euterpe deign
The Doric reed's mellifluent ſtrain,
Nor Polyhymnia, darling muſe!
To tune the Leſbian harp refuſe.
But, if you rank me with the choir,
Who touch, with happy hand, the lyre;
Exulting to the ſtarry frame,
Suſtain'd by all the wings of fame,
With bays adorn'd I then ſhall ſoar,
Obſcure, depreſs'd, and ſcorn'd no more;
While envy, vainly merit's foe,
With ſable wings ſhall flag below;

And, doom'd to breathe a groſſer air,
To reach my glorious height, deſpair.

## PSALM I. IMITATED.

How bleſt the man, how more than bleſt!
Whoſe heart no guilty thoughts employ;
God's endleſs ſunſhine fills his breaſt,
And ſmiling conſcience whiſpers peace and joy.

Fair rectitude's unerring way
His heav'n-conducted ſteps purſue;
While crowds in guilt and error ſtray,
Unſtain'd his ſoul, and undeceiv'd his view.

While, with unmeaning laughter gay,
Scorn on her throne erected high,
Emits a falſe deluſive ray,
To catch th' aſtoniſh'd gaze of folly's eye;

Deep in herſelf his ſoul retir'd,
Unmov'd, beholds the meteor blaze,
And, with all-perfect beauty fir'd,
Nature, and nature's God, intent ſurveys.

Him from high heav'n, her native ſeat,
Eternal wiſdom's ſelf inſpires;
While he, with purpoſe fix'd as fate,
Purſues her dictates, and her charms admires.

In ſunſhine mild, and temp'rate air,
Where ſome refreſhing fountain flows,
So nurs'd by nature's tend'reſt care,
A lofty tree with autumn's treaſure glows.

Around its boughs the ſummer gale
With pleaſure waves the genial wing;
There no unfriendly colds prevail,
To chill the vigour of its endleſs ſpring.

Amid its hoſpitable ſhade
Heav'ns ſweeteſt warblers tune the lay;
Nor ſhall its honours ever fade,
Nor immature its plenteous fruit decay.

By God's almighty arm ſuſtain'd,
Thus virtue ſoon or late ſhall riſe;
Enjoy her conqueſt, nobly gain'd,
And ſhare immortal triumph in the ſkies.

But fools, to ſacred wiſdom blind,
Who vice's tempting call obey,
A diff'rent fate ſhall quickly find,
To every roaring ſtorm an eaſy prey.

Thus when the warring winds ariſe,
With all their lawleſs fury driv'n,
Light chaff or duſt inceſſant flies,
Whirl'd in ſwift eddies through the vault of heav'n.

When in tremendous pomp array'd,
Deſcending from the op'ning ſky,
With full omnipotence diſplay'd,
Her God ſhall call on nature to reply:

Then vice, with ſhame and grief depreſs'd,
Tranſix'd with horror and deſpair,
Shall feel hell kindling in her breaſt,
Nor to her judge prefer her trembling pray'r:

For with a father's fond regard,
To bliſs he views fair virtue tend;
While vice obtains her juſt reward,
And all her paths in deep perdition end.

## AN HYMN TO THE SUPREME BEING,

IN IMITATION OF THE CIV. PSALM.

Quid prius dicam ſolitis parentis
Laudibus? qui res hominum ac deorum,
Qui mare et terras, variiſque mundum
Temperat horis? HOR.

ARISE, my ſoul, on wings ſeraphic riſe,
And praiſe th' Almighty Sov'reign of the ſkies;
In whom alone eſſential glory ſhines,
Which not the heav'n of heav'ns, nor boundleſs ſpace confines.

When darkneſs rul'd with univerſal ſway,
He ſpoke, and kindled up the blaze of day;
Firſt, faireſt offspring of the omniſic word!
Which, like a garment, cloth'd its ſovereign Lord.
On liquid air he bade the columns riſe,
That prop the ſtarry concave of the ſkies;
Diffus'd the blue expanſe from pole to pole,
And ſpread circumfluent ether round the whole.

Soon as he bids impetuous tempeſts fly,
To wing his ſounding chariot through the ſky;
Impetuous tempeſts the command obey,
Suſtain his flight, and ſweep the aerial way.
Fraught with his mandates, from the realms on high,
Unnumber'd hoſts of radiant heralds fly
From orb to orb, with progreſs unconfin'd,
As lightning ſwift, reſiſtleſs as the wind.
In ambient air this pond'rous ball he hung,
And bade its centre reſt forever ſtrong;
Heav'n, air, and ſea, with all their ſtorms, in vain
Aſſault the baſis of the firm machine.

At thy almighty voice old ocean raves,
Wakes all his force, and gathers all his waves;
Nature lies mantled in a wat'ry robe,
And ſhoreleſs billows revel round the globe;
O'er higheſt hills the higher ſurges riſe,
Mix with the clouds, and meet the fluid ſkies.
But when in thunder the rebuke was giv'n,
That ſhook th' eternal firmament of heav'n;
The grand rebuke th' affrighted waves obey,
And in confuſion ſcour their uncouth way;
And poſting rapid to the place decreed,
Wind down the hills, and ſweep the humble mead.
Reluctant in their bounds the waves ſubſide;
The bounds, impervious to the laſhing tide,
Reſtrain its rage; whilſt, with inceſſant roar,
It ſhakes the caverns, and aſſaults the ſhore.

By him, from mountains cloth'd in lucid ſnow,
Through fertile vales the mazy rivers flow.

Here the wild horſe, unconſcious of the rein,
That revels boundleſs o'er the wide campaign,
Imbibes the ſilver ſurge, with heat oppreſt,
To cool the fever of his glowing breaſt.

Here rising boughs, adorn'd with summer's pride,
Project their waving umbrage o'er the tide;
While, gently perching on the leafy spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his various lay:
And, while thy praise they symphonize around,
Creation echoes to the grateful sound.
Wide o'er the heav'ns the various bow he bends,
Its tinctures brightens, and its arch extends:
At the glad sign the airy conduits flow,
Soften the hills, and cheer the meads below:
By genial fervour and prolific rain,
Swift vegitation clothes the smiling plain:
Nature, profusely good, with bliss o'erflows,
And still is pregnant, though she still bestows.

Here verdant pastures wide extended lie,
And yield the grazing herd exuberant supply.
Luxuriant waving in the wanton air,
Here golden grain rewards the peasant's care:
Here vines mature with fresh carnation glow,
And heav'n above diffuses heav'n below.
Erect and tall here mountain cedars rise,
Wave in the starry vault, and emulate the skies.
Here the wing'd crowd, that skim the yielding air,
With artful toil their little domes prepare;
Here hatch their tender young, and nurse their rising care.
Up the steep hill ascends the nimble doe,
While timid conies scour the plains below,
Or in the pendant rock elude the scenting foe.

He bade the silver majesty of night
Revolve her circles, and increase her light;
Assign'd a province to each rolling sphere,
And taught the sun to regulate the year.
At his command, wide hov'ring o'er the plain,
Primæval night resumes her gloomy reign:
Then from their dens, impatient of delay,
The savage monsters bend their speedy way,
Howl through the spacious waste, and chase their frighted prey.
Here stalks the shaggy monarch of the wood,
Taught from thy providence to ask his food:
To thee, O Father, to thy bounteous skies,
He rears his mane, and rolls his glaring eyes;
He roars; the desert trembles wide around,
And repercussive hills repeat the sound.

Now orient gems the eastern skies adorn,
And joyful nature hails the op'ning morn;
The rovers, conscious of approaching day,
Fly to their shelters, and forget their prey.
Laborious man, with mod'rate slumber blest,
Springs cheerful to his toil from downy rest;
Till grateful evening, with her argent train,
Bid labour cease, and ease the weary swain.

"Hail! sov'reign goodness, all-productive mind!
"On all thy works thyself inscrib'd we find:
"How various all, how variously endow'd,
"How great their number, and each part how good!
"How perfect then must the great Parent shine,
"Who, with one act of energy divine,
"Laid the vast plan, and finish'd the design!"

Wher-e'er the pleasing search my thoughts pursue,
Unbounded goodness rises to my view;
Nor does our world alone its influence share;
Exhaustless bounty, and unwearied care
Extends through all th' infinitude of space,
And circles Nature with a kind embrace.
The azure kingdoms of the deep below,
Thy pow'r, thy wisdom, and thy goodness show:
Here multitudes of various beings stray,
Crowd the profound, or on the surface play:
Tall navies here their doubtful way explore,
And ev'ry product waft from ev'ry shore;
Hence meagre want expell'd, and sanguine strife,
For the mild charms of cultivated life;
Hence social union spreads from soul to soul,
And India joins in friendship with the pole.
Here the huge potent of the scaly train
Enormous sails incumbent o'er the main,
An animated isle; and in his way,
Dashes to heav'n's blue arch the foamy sea:
When skies and ocean mingle storm and flame,
Portending instant wreck to nature's frame,
Pleas'd in the scene, he mocks, with conscious pride,
The volley'd light'ning, and the surging tide;
And, while the wrathful elements engage,
Foments with horrid sport the tempest's rage.
All these thy watchful providence supplies,
To thee alone they turn their waiting eyes;
For them thou open'st thy exhaustless store,
Till the capacious wish can grasp no more.
But, if one moment thou thy face should'st hide,
Thy glory clouded, or thy smiles deny'd,
Then widow'd nature veils her mournful eyes,
And vents her grief in universal cries:
Then gloomy death with all his meagre train,
Wide o'er the nations spreads his dismal reign;
Sea, earth, and air, the boundless ravage mourn,
And all their hosts to native dust return.
But when again thy glory is display'd,
Reviv'd creation lifts her cheerful head;
New rising forms thy potent smiles obey,
And life rekindles at the genial ray:
United thanks repleniss'd nature pays,
And heav'n and earth resound their maker's praise.
When time shall in eternity be lost,
And hoary nature languish into dust;
For ever young thy glory shall remain,
Vast as thy being, endless as thy reign.
Thou, from the regions of eternal day,
View'st all thy works at one immense survey:
Pleas'd, thou behold'st the whole propensely tend
To perfect happiness, its glorious end.
If thou to earth but turn thy wrathful eyes,
Her basis trembles, and her offspring dies.
Thou smit'st the hills, and, at th' Almighty blow,
Their summits kindle, and their inwards glow.
While this immortal spark of heav'nly flame
Distends my breast, and animates my frame;
To thee my ardent praises shall be borne
On the first breeze that wakes the blushing morn:
The latest star shall hear the pleasing sound,
And nature in full choir shall join around.
When full of thee my soul excursive flies
Through air, earth, ocean, or thy regal skies;
From world to world, new wonders still I find,
And all the Godhead flashes on my mind.

When, wing'd with whirlwinds, Vice ſhall take its flight
To the deep boſom of eternal night,
To thee my ſoul ſhall endleſs praiſes pay:
Join, men and angels, join th' exalted lay!

## PSALM CXXXIX. IMITATED.

Me, O my God! thy piercing eye,
In motion, or at reſt, ſurveys;
If to the lonely couch I fly,
Or travel through frequented ways;
Where'er I move, thy boundleſs reign,
Thy mighty preſence, circles all the ſcene.

Where ſhall my thoughts from thee retire,
Whoſe view pervades my inmoſt heart!
The latent, kindling, young deſire,
The word, ere from my lips it part,
To thee their various forms diſplay,
And ſhine reveal'd in thy unclouded day.

Behind me if I turn my eyes,
Or forward bend my wand'ring ſight,
Whatever objects round me riſe
Through the wide fields of air and light;
With thee impreſs'd, each various frame
The forming, moving, preſent God proclaim.

Father of all, omniſcient mind,
Thy wiſdom who can comprehend?
Its higheſt point what eye can find,
Or to its loweſt depths deſcend?
That wiſdom, which, ere things began,
Saw full expreſt th' all-comprehending plan!

What cavern deep, what hill ſublime,
Beyond thy reach, ſhall I purſue?
What dark receſs, what diſtant clime,
Shall hide me from thy diſtant view?
Where from thy ſpirit ſhall I fly,
Diffuſive, vital, felt through earth and ſky?

If up to heav'n's ethereal height,
Thy proſpect to elude, I riſe;
In ſplendour there, ſeverely bright,
Thy preſence ſhall my ſight ſurpriſe:
There, beaming from their ſource divine,
In full meridian, light and beauty ſhine.

Beneath the pendant globe if laid,
If plung'd in hell's abyſs profound,
I call on night's impervious ſhade
To ſpread eſſential blackneſs round;
Conſpicuous to thy wide ſurvey,
Ev'n hell's grim horrors kindle into day.

Thee, mighty God! my wond'ring ſoul,
Thee, all her conſcious powers adore;
Whoſe being circumſcribes the whole,
Whoſe eyes its utmoſt bounds explore:
Alike illum'd by native light,
Amid the ſun's full blaze, or gloom of night.

If through the fields of ether borne,
The living winds my flight ſuſtain;
If on the roſy wings of morn,
I ſeek the diſtant weſtern main;
There, O my God! thou ſtill art found,
Thy pow'r upholds me, and thy arms ſurround.

Thy eſſence fills this breathing frame,
It glows in ev'ry conſcious part;
Lights up my ſoul with livelier flame,
And feeds with life my beating heart:
Unfelt along my veins it glides,
And through their mazes rolls the purple tides.

While in the ſilent womb enclos'd,
A growing embryo yet I lay,
Thy hand my various parts diſpos'd,
Thy breath infus'd life's genial ray;
Till, finiſh'd by thy wond'rous plan,
I roſe the dread, majeſtic form of man.

To thee, from whom my being came,
Whoſe ſmile is all the heav'n I know,
Replete with all my wond'rous theme,
To thee my votive ſtrains ſhall flow:
Great Archetype! who firſt deſign'd,
Expreſſive of thy glory, humankind.

Who can the ſtars of heav'n explore,
The flow'rs that deck the verdant plain,
Th' unnumber'd ſands that form the ſhore,
The drops that ſwell the ſpacious main?
Let him thy wonders publiſh round,
Till earth and heav'n's eternal throne reſound.

As ſubterraneous flames confin'd,
From earth's dark womb impetuous riſe,
The conflagration, fann'd by wind,
Wraps realms, and blazes to the ſkies:
In lightning's flaſh, and thunder's roar,
Thus vice ſhall feel the tempeſt of thy pow'r.

Fly then, as far as pole from pole,
Ye ſons of ſlaughter, quick retire;
At whoſe approach my kindling ſoul
Awakes to unextinguiſh'd ire:
Fly; nor provoke the thunder's aim,
You, who in ſcorn pronounce th' Almighty's name.

The wretch who dares thy pow'r defy,
And on thy vengeance loudly call,
On him not pity's melting eye,
Nor partial favour, e'er ſhall fall:
Still ſhall thy foes be mine, ſtill ſhare
Unpity'd torture, and unmix'd deſpair.

Behold, O God! behold me ſtand,
And to thy ſtrict regard diſcloſe
Whate'er was acted by my hand,
Whate'er my inmoſt thoughts propoſe:
If Vice indulg'd their candour ſtain,
Be all my portion bitterneſs and pain.

But, O! if nature, weak and frail,
To ſtrong temptations oft give way;
If doubt, or paſſion, oft prevail
O'er wand'ring reaſon's feeble ray;
Let not thy frowns my fault reprove,
But guide thy creature with a father's love.

## AN HYMN TO DIVINE LOVE.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

No more of lower flames, whoſe pleaſing rage
With ſighs and ſoft complaints I weakly fed;
At whoſe unworthy ſhrine, my budding age,
And willing muſe, their firſt devotion paid.
Fly, nurſe of madneſs, to eternal ſhade:

Far from my ſoul abjur'd and baniſh'd fly,
And yield to nobler fires, that lift the ſoul more high.

O love! coeval with thy parent God,
To thee I kneel, thy preſent aid implore;
At whoſe celeſtial voice and pow'rful nod
Old diſcord fled, and chaos ceas'd to roar,
Light ſmil'd, and order roſe, unſeen before,
But in the plan of the eternal mind,
When God deſign'd the work, and lov'd the work deſign'd.

Thou fill'dſt the waſte of ocean, earth, and air,
With multitudes that ſwim, or walk, or fly:
From rolling worlds deſcends thy generous care,
To inſect crowds that 'ſcape the niceſt eye:
For each a ſphere was circumſcrib'd by thee,
To bleſs, and to be bleſs'd, their nobleſt end;
To which, with ſpeedy courſe, they all unerring tend.

Conſcious of thee, with nobler pow'rs endu'd,
Next man, thy darling, into being roſe,
Immortal, form'd for high beatitude,
Which neither end nor interruption knows;
Till evil, couch'd in fraud, began his woes:
Then to thy aid was boundleſs wiſdom join'd,
And for apoſtate man redemption thus deſign'd.

By thee, his glories veil'd in mortal ſhroud,
God's darling offſpring left his ſeat on high;
And heav'n and earth, amaz'd and trembling, view'd
Their wounded Sov'reign groan, and bleed, and die.
By thee, in triumph to his native ſky,
On angels wings, the victor God aſpir'd,
Relenting juſtice ſmil'd, and frowning wrath retir'd.

To thee, munific, ever-flaming love!
One endleſs hymn united nature ſings:
To thee the bright inhabitants above
Tune the glad voice, and ſweep the warbling ſtrings.
From pole to pole, on ever-waving wings,
Winds waft thy praiſe, by rolling planets tun'd;
Aid then, O Love! my voice to emulate the ſound.

It comes! It comes! I feel internal day;
Tranſfuſive warmth through all my boſom glows;
My ſoul expanding gives the torrent way;
Through all my veins it kindles as it flows.
Thus, raviſh'd from the ſcene of night and woes,
Oh! ſnatch me, bear me to thy happy reign;
There teach my tongue thy praiſe in more exalted ſtrain.

## AN HYMN TO BENEVOLENCE.

Hail! ſource of tranſport ever new;
Whilſt thy kind dictates I purſue,
I taſte a joy ſincere;
Too vaſt for little minds to know,
Who on themſelves alone beſtow
Their wiſhes and their care.

Daughter of God! delight of man!
From thee felicity began;
Which ſtill thy hand ſuſtains;

By thee ſweet Peace her empire ſpread,
Fair Science rais'd her laurel'd head,
And Diſcord gnaſh'd in chains.

Far as the pointed ſunbeam flies,
Through peopled earth and ſtarry ſkies,
All nature owns thy nod:
We ſee thy energy prevail
Through being's ever-riſing ſcale,
From nothing ev'n to God.

Envy, that tortures her own heart
With plagues and ever-burning ſmart,
Thy charms divine expel:
Aghaſt ſhe ſhuts her livid eyes,
And, wing'd with tenfold fury, flies
To native night and hell.

By thee inſpir'd, the gen'rous breaſt,
In bleſſing others only bleſt,
With goodneſs large and free,
Delights the widow's tears to ſtay,
To teach the blind their ſmoothеſt way,
And aid the feeble knee.

O come! and o'er my boſom reign,
Expand my heart, inflame each vein,
Through ev'ry action ſhine;
Each low, each ſelfiſh, wiſh controul,
With all thy eſſence warm my ſoul,
And make me wholly thine.

Nor let fair Virtue's mortal bane,
The ſoul-contracting thirſt of gain,
My ſaineſt wiſhes ſway;
By her poſſeſs'd, ere hearts refine,
In hell's dark depth ſhall mercy ſhine,
And kindle endleſs day.

If from thy ſacred paths I turn,
Nor feel their griefs, while others mourn,
Nor with their pleaſures glow:
Baniſh'd from God, from bliſs, and thee,
My own tormentor let me be,
And groan in hopeleſs woe.

## AN HYMN TO FORTITUDE.

Night, brooding o'er her mute domain,
In awful ſilence wraps her reign;
Clouds preſs on clouds, and, as they riſe,
Condenſe to ſolid gloom the ſkies.
Portentous, through the foggy air,
To wake the dæmon of deſpair,
The raven hoarſe, and boding owl,
To Hecate curſt anthems howl.
Intent, with execrable art,
To burn the veins, and tear the heart,
The witch, unhallow'd bones to raiſe,
Through ſun'ral vaults and charnels ſtrays;
Calls the damn'd ſhade from ev'ry cell,
And adds new labours to their hell.
And, ſhield me Heav'n! what hollow ſound,
Like fate's dread knell, runs echoing round?
The bell ſtrikes one, that magic hour,
When riſing fiends exert their pow'r.
And now, ſure now, ſome cauſe unbleſt
Breathes more than horror through my breaſt:
How deep the breeze! how dim the light!
What ſpectres ſwim before my ſight!

My frozen limbs pale terror chains,
And in wild eddies wheels my brains:
My icy blood forgets to roll,
And death ev'n seems to seize my soul.
What sacred pow'r, what healing art,
Shall bid my soul herself assert;
Shall rouze th' immortal active flame,
And teach her whence her being came?
O Fortitude! divinely bright,
O Virtue's child, and man's delight!
Descend, an amicable guest,
And with thy firmness steel my breast:
Descend propitious to my lays,
And, while my lyre resounds thy praise,
With energy divinely strong,
Exalt my soul, and warm my song.
When raving in eternal pains,
And loaded with ten thousand chains.
Vice, deep in Phlegeton, yet lay,
Nor with her visage blasted day;
No fear to guiltless man was known,
For God and Virtue reign'd alone.
But, when from native flames and night,
The cursed monster wing'd her flight,
Pale Fear, among her hideous train,
Chas'd sweet Contentment from her reign;
Plac'd death and hell before each eye,
And wrapt in mist the golden sky;
Banish'd from day each dear delight,
And shook with conscious starts the night.
When from the imperial seats on high,
The Lord of nature turn'd his eye
To view the state of things below;
Still blest to make his creatures so:
From earth he saw Astræa fly,
And seek her mansions in the sky;
Peace, crown'd with olives, left her throne.
And white rob'd Innocence was gone:
While Vice, reveal'd in open day,
Sole tyrant, rul'd with iron sway;
And Virtue veil'd her weeping charms,
And fled for refuge to his arms,
Her altars scorn'd, her shrines defac'd—
Whom thus th' essential Good address'd:
"Thou, whom my soul adores alone,
Effulgent sharer of my throne,
Fair empress of eternity!
Who uncreated reign'st like me;
Whom I, who sole and boundless sway,
With pleasure infinite obey:
To yon diurnal scenes below,
Who feel their folly in their woe,
Again propitious turn thy flight,
Again oppose yon tyrant's might;
To earth thy cloudless charms disclose,
Revive thy friends, and blast thy foes:
Thy triumphs man shall raptur'd see,
Act, suffer, live, and die for thee.
But since all crimes their hell contain,
Since all must feel who merit pain,
Let Fortitude thy steps attend,
And be, like thee, to man a friend;
To urge him on the arduous road,
That leads to virtue, bliss, and God;
To blunt the sting of ev'ry grief,
And be to all a near relief."
He said; and she, with smiles divine,
Which made all heav'n more brightly shine,
To earth return'd with all her train,
And brought the golden age again.
Since erring mortals, unconstrain'd,
The God, that warms their breast, profan'd,
She, guardian of their joys no more,
Could only leave them, and deplore:
They, now the easy prey of pain,
Curst in their wish, their choice obtain;
Till arm'd with heav'n and fate, she came
Her destin'd honours to reclaim.
Vice and her slaves beheld her flight,
And fled, like birds obscene, from light,
Back to th' abode of plagues return,
To sin and smart, blaspheme and burn.
Thou, goddess! since, with sacred aid,
Hast ev'ry grief and pain allay'd,
To joy converted ev'ry smart,
And plac'd a heav'n in ev'ry heart:
By thee we act, by thee sustain,
Thou sacred antidote of pain!
At thy great nod the * Alps subside,
Reluctant rivers turns their tide;
With all thy force Alcides warm'd,
His hand against oppression arm'd:
By thee his mighty nerves were strung,
By thee his strength for ever young;
And whilst on brutal force he press'd,
His vigour, with his foes, increas'd.
By thee, like Jove's almighty hand,
Ambition's havock to withstand,
† Timoleon rose, the scourge of fate,
And hurl'd a tyrant from his state;
The brother in his soul subdu'd,
And warm'd the poniard in his blood;
A soul by so much virtue fir'd,
Not Greece alone, but heav'n admir'd.
But in these dregs of human kind,
These days to guilt and fear resign'd,
How rare such views the heart elate!
To brave the last extremes of fate;
Like Heav'n's almighty pow'r serene,
With fix'd regard to view the scene,
When nature quakes beneath the storm,
And horror wears its direst form.
Though future worlds are now descry'd,
Though Paul has writ, and Jesus dy'd,
Dispell'd the dark infernal shade,
And all the heav'n of heav'ns display'd;
Curst with unnumber'd groundless fears,
How pale yon shiv'ring wretch appears!
For him the day-light shines in vain,
For him the fields no joys contain;
Nature's whole charms to him are lost,
No more the woods their music boast;
No more the meads their vernal bloom,
No more the gales their rich perfume:
Impending mists deform the sky,
And beauty withers in his eye.
In hopes his terror to elude,
By day he mingles with the crowd;
Yet finds his soul to fears a prey,
In busy crowds, and open day.

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* *Alluding to the History of Hannibal.*

† *Timoleon, having long in vain importuned his br ther to resign the despotism of Corinth, at last restor the liberty of the people, by stabbing him.*—Vide Plu

night his lonely walk ſurpriſe,
What horrid viſions round him riſe!
hat blaſted oak, which meets his way,
own by the meteor's ſudden ray,
he midnight murd'rer's known retreat,
elt heav'n's avengeful bolt of late;
he claſhing chain, the groan profound,
oud from you ruin'd tow'r reſound;
nd now the ſpot he ſeems to tread,
Where ſome ſelf-ſlaughter'd corſe was laid:
e feels fixt earth beneath him bend,
eep murmurs from her caves aſcend;
ill all his ſoul, by fancy'd ſway'd,
ees lurid phantoms crowd the ſhade;
While ſhrouded manes palely ſtare,
nd beck'ning wiſh to breathe their care:
hus real woes from falſe he bears,
nd feels the death, the hell, he fears.
O thou! whoſe ſpirit warms my ſong,
Vith energy divinely ſtrong,
rect his ſoul, confirm his breaſt,
nd let him know the ſweets of reſt;
ill ev'ry human pain and care,
ll that may be, and all that are,
ut falſe imagin'd ills appear
eneath our hope, or grief, or fear.
nd, if I right invoke thy aid,
y thee be all my woes allay'd;
Vith ſcorn inſtruct me to defy
npoſing fear, and lawleſs joy;
o ſtruggle through this ſcene of ſtrife,
he pains of death, the pangs of life,
Vith conſtant brow to meet my fate,
nd meet ſtill more, Euanthe's hate.
nd, when ſome ſwain her charms ſhall claim,
Who feels not half my generous flame,
Whoſe cares her angel-voice beguiles,
n whom ſhe bends her heav'nly ſmiles;
or whom ſhe weeps, for whom ſhe glows,
n whom her treaſur'd ſoul beſtows;
Vhen perfect mutual joy they ſhare,
h! joy enhanc'd by my deſpair!
ix beings in each flaming kiſs,
nd bleſt, ſtill riſe to higher bliſs:
hen, then, exert thy utmoſt pow'r,
nd teach me being to endure;
eſt reaſon from the helm ſhould ſtart,
nd lawleſs fury rule my heart;
eſt madneſs all my ſoul ſubdue,
o aſk her Maker, what doſt thou?
et, could'ſt thou in that dreadful hour,
n my rack'd ſoul all Lethe pour,
r fan me with the gentle breeze,
hat chains in ice th' indignant ſeas;
r wrap my heart in tenfold ſteel,
ſtill am man, and ſtill muſt feel.

## THE WISH SATISFIED.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

oo long, my ſoul! thou'rt toſt below,
From hope to hope, from fear to fear:
low great, how laſting ev'ry woe!
Each joy how ſhort, how inſincere!

urn around thy ſearching eyes
hrough all the bright varieties;
And, with exacteſt care,
Select from all the ſhining crowd,
Some laſting joy, ſome lov'reign good,
And fix thy wiſhes there.

With toil amaſs a mighty ſtore
Of glowing ſtones, or yellow ore;
Plant the fields with golden grain,
Crowd with lowing herds the plain,
Bid the marble domes aſcend,
Bid the pleaſant view extend,
Streams and groves, and woods appear,
And ſpring and autumn fill the year:
Sure, theſe are joys full, permanent, ſincere;
Sure, now each boundleſs wiſh can aſk no more.

On roſes now reclin'd,
I languiſh into reſt;
No vacuum in my mind,
No craving with unbleſt:
But ah! in vain,
Some abſent joy ſtill gives me pain,
By toys elated, or by toys depreſt.

What melting joy can ſooth my grief?
What balmy pleaſure yield my ſoul relief?
'Tis found; the bliſs already warms,
Sunk in love's perſuaſive arms,
Enjoying and enjoy'd:
To taſte variety of charms
Be ev'ry happy hour employ'd.

As the ſpeedy moments roll,
Let ſome new joy conſpire;
Hebe, fill the roſy bowl;
Orpheus, tune the lyre;
To new-born rapture wake the ſoul,
And kindle young deſire:
While, a beauteous choir around,
Tuneful virgins join the ſound,
Panting boſoms, ſpeaking eyes,
Yielding ſmiles, and trembling ſighs:
Through melting error let their voices rove,
And trace the inchanting maze of harmony and love.

Still, ſtill inſatiate of delight
My wiſhes open, as my joys increaſe:
What now ſhall ſtop their reſtleſs flight,
And yield them kind redreſs?
For ſomething ſtill unknown I ſigh,
Beyond what ſtrikes the touch, the ear, or eye:
Whence ſhall I ſeek, or how purſue
The phantom, that eludes my view,
And cheats my fond embrace.

Thus, while her wanton toils fond pleaſure ſpread,
By ſenſe and paſſion blindly led,
I chas'd the Syren through the flow'ry maze,
And courted death ten thouſand ways:
Kind Heav'n beheld, with pitying eyes,
My reſtleſs toil, my fruitleſs ſighs;
And, from the realms of endleſs day,
A bright immortal wing'd his way;
Swift as a ſun-beam down he flew,
And ſtood diſcrov'd, effulgent to my view.

" Fond man, he cry'd, thy fruitleſs ſearch for-
" bear;
" Nor vainly hope, within this narrow ſphere,
" A certain happineſs to find,
" Unbounded as thy wiſh, eternal as thy mind:

" In God, in perfect good alone,
" The anxious soul can find repose;
" Nor to a bliss beneath his throne,
" One hour of full enjoyment owes:
" He, only he, can fill each wide desire,
" Who to each wish its being gave;
" Not all the charms which mortal wishes fire,
" Not all which angels in the skies admire,
" But God's paternal smile, can bid it cease to
" crave.
" Him then pursue, without delay;
" He is thy prize, and virtue is thy way."
Then to the winds his radiant plumes he spread,
And from my wondring eyes, more swift than
lightning fled..

## TO HAPPINESS.

AN ODE.

The morning dawns, the ev'ning shades
Fair nature's various face disguise;
No scene to rest my heart persuades,
No moment frees from tears my eyes:
What'er once charm'd the laughing hour,
Now boasts no more its pleasing pow'r;
Each former object of delight,
Beyond redemption, wings its flight;
And, where it smil'd, the darling of my sight,
Prospects of woe and horrid phantoms rise.

O Happiness! immortal fair,
Where does thy subtile essence dwell?
Dost thou relax the hermit's care,
Companion in the lonely cell?
Or, dost thou on the sunny plain
Inspire the reed, and cheer the swain?
Or, scornful of each low retreat,
On fortune's favour dost thou wait;
And, in the gilded chambers of the great,
Protract the revel, and the pleasure swell!

Ah me! the hermit's cell explore;
Thy absence he, like me, complains;
While murm'ring streams along the shore,
Echo the love-sick shepherd's strains:
Nor, where the gilded domes aspire,
Deign'st thou, O goddess! to retire:
Though there the loves and graces play,
Though wine and music court thy stay;
Thou fly'st, alas! and who can trace thy way,
Or say what place thy heav'nly form contains?

If to mankind I turn my view,
Flatter'd with hopes of social joy;
Rapine and blood * mankind pursue,
As God had form'd them to destroy.
Discord, at whose tremendous view
Hell quakes with horror ever new,
No more by endless night depress,
Pours all her venom through each breast;
And, while deep groans and carnage are increas'd,
Smiles grim, the rising mischief to enjoy.

Hence, hence, indignant turn thine eyes,
To my dejected soul I said;
See, to the shade Euanthe flies,
Go, find Euanthe in the shade:
Her angel-form thy sight shall charm,
Thy heart her angel-goodness warm;

There shall no wants thy steps pursue,
No wakeful care contract thy brow;
Music each sound, and beauty ev'ry view,
Shall ev'ry sense with full delight invade.

Exulting in the charming thought,
Thither with hasty steps I press;
And while th' enchanting maid I sought,
Thank'd heav'n for all my past distress:
Increasing hopes my journey cheer'd,
And now in reach the bliss appear'd;
Grant this sole boon, O fate! I cry'd;
Be all thy other gifts deny'd,
In this shall all my wishes be supply'd;
And sure a love like mine deserves no less.

In vain, alas! in vain my pray'r;
Fate mix'd the accents with the wind;
Th' illusive form dissolv'd in air,
And left my soul to grief resign'd:
As far from all my hopes she flies,
As deepest seas from softest skies:
Yet, still, on fancy deep impress,
The sad, the dear ideas rest;
Yet still the recent sorrows heave my breast,
Hang black o'er life, and prey upon my mind.

Ah! goddess, scarce to mortals known,
Who with thy shadow madly stray,
At length from Heav'n, thy sacred throne,
Dart through my soul one cheerful ray:
Ah! with some sacred lenient art,
Allay the anguish of my heart;
Ah! teach me, patient to sustain
Life's various flores of grief and pain;
Or, if I thus prefer my pray'r in vain,
Soon let me find thee in eternal day.

## ON EUANTHE's ABSCENCE.

AN ODE.

Blest Heav'n! and thou fair world below!
Is there no cure to sooth my smart?
No balm to heal a lover's woe,
That bids his eyes for ever flow,
Consumes his soul, and pines his heart?
And will no friendly arm above
Relieve my tortur'd soul from love?

As swift descending show'rs of rain,
Deform with mud the clearest streams;
As rising mists heav'n's azure stain,
Ting'd with Aurora's blush in vain;
As fades the flow'r in mid-day beams:
On life thus tender sorrows prey,
And wrap in gloom its promis'd day.

Ye plains, where dear Euanthe strays,
Ye various objects of her view,
Bedeck'd in beauty's brightest blaze;
Let all its forms, and all its rays,
Where-e'er she turns, her eyes pursue:
All fair as she let nature shine:
Ah! then how lovely! how divine!

Where-e'er the thymy vales descend,
And breathe ambrosial fragrance round,
Proportion just, thy line extend,
And teach the prospect where to end;
While woods or mountains mark the bound:

* *This Ode was written in the year* 1745.

That each fair ſcene which ſtrikes her eye,
May charm with ſweet variety.

Ye ſtreams that in perpetual flow,
Still warble on your mazy way,
Murmur Euanthe, as you go;
Murmur a love-ſick poet's woe:
Ye feather'd warblers, join the lay;
Sing how I ſuffer, how complain;
Yet name not him who feels the pain.

And thou, eternal ruling Pow'r!
If ſpotleſs virtue claims thy care,
Around unheard-of bleſſings ſhow'r;
Let ſome new pleaſure crown each hour,
And make her bleſt,-as good and fair:
Of all thy works, to mortals known,
The beſt and faireſt ſhe alone.

## TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN BOUND FOR GUINEA.

### AN ODE.

Attend the muſe, whoſe numbers flow
Faithful to ſacred friendſhip's woe;
And let the Scotian lyre
Obtain thy pity and thy care:
While thy lov'd walks and native air
The ſolemn ſounds inſpire.

That native air, theſe walks no more
Bleſt with their fav'rite, now deplore,
And join the plaintive ſtrain:
While, urg'd by winds and waves, he flies,
Where unknown ſtars, through unknown ſkies,
Their trackleſs courſe maintain.

Yet think: by ev'ry keener ſmart,
That thrills a friend or brother's heart;
By all the griefs that riſe,
And with dumb anguiſh heave thy breaſt,
When abſence robs thy ſoul of reſt,
And ſwells with tears the eyes:

By all our ſorrows ever new,
Think whom you fly, and what purſue;
And judge by your's our pain:
From friendſhip's dear tenacious arms,
You fly perhaps to war's alarms,
To angry ſkies and main.

The ſmiling plain, the ſolemn ſhade,
With all the various charms diſplay'd,
That ſummer's face adorn;
Summer, with all that's gay or ſweet,
With tranſport longs thy ſenſe to meet,
And courts thy dear return.

The gentle ſun, the fanning gale,
The vocal wood, the fragrant vale,
Thy preſence all implore:
Can then a waſte of ſea and ſky,
That knows no limits, charm thine eye,
Thine ear the tempeſt's roar?

But why ſuch weak attractions name,
While ev'ry warmer ſocial claim
Demands the mournful lay?
Ah! hear a brother's moving ſighs,
Through tears, behold a ſiſter's eyes
Emit a faded ray.

Thy young allies, by nature taught
To feel the tender pang of thought,
Which friends in abſence claim;
To thee, with ſorrow all-ſincere,
Oft pay the tributary tear,
Oft liſp with joy thy name.

Nor theſe thy abſence mourn alone,
O dearly lov'd! though faintly known;
One yet unſung remains:
Nature, when ſcarce fair light he knew,
Snatch'd heav'n, earth, beauty from his view,
And darkneſs round him reigns.

The muſe with pity view'd his doom;
And darting through th' eternal gloom
An intellectual ray,
Bade him with muſic's voice inſpire
The plaintive flute, the ſprightly lyre,
And tune th' impaſſion'd lay.

Thus, though deſpairing of relief,
With ev'ry mark of heart-felt grief,
Thy abſence we complain:
While now perhaps th' auſpicious gale
Invites to ſpread the flying ſail,
And all our tears are vain.

Protect him Heav'n: but hence each fear;
Since endleſs goodneſs, endleſs care
This mighty fabric guides;
Commands the tempeſt where to ſtray,
Directs the lightning's flaming way,
And rules the refluent tides.

See, from th' effulgence of his reign,
With pleas'd ſurvey, Omniſcience deign
Thy wondrous worth to view:
See, from the realms of endleſs day,
Immortal guardians wing their way,
And all thy ſteps purſue.

If fable clouds, whoſe wombs contain
The murm'ring bolt, or daſhing rain,
The blue ſerene deform;
Myriads from heav'n's etherial height,
Shall clear the gloom, reſtore the light,
And chaſe th' impending ſtorm.

## AN IRREGULAR ODE.

### SENT TO A LADY ON HER MARRIAGE-DAY.

With all your wings ye moments fly,
And drive the tardy ſun along;
Till that glad morn ſhall paint the ſky,
Which wakes the muſe, and claims the rapture'd ſong.

See nature with our wiſhes join,
To aid the dear, the bleſt deſign;
See time precipitate his way,
To bring th' expected happy day;
See, the wiſh'd-for dawn appears,
A more than wonted glow ſhe wears:
Hark! hymeneals ſound;
Each muſe awakes her ſofteſt lyre;
Each airy warbler ſwells the choir;
'Tis muſic all around.

Awake ye nymphs the bluſhing bride,
T' eclipſe Aurora's roſy pride;

While virgin shame retards her way,
And Love, half-angry, chides her stay;
While hopes and fears alternate reign,
Intermingling bliss and pain;
O'er all her charms diffuse peculiar grace,
Paint in her shiv'ring heart, and vary in her face.

At length consent, reluctant fair,
To bless thy long-expecting lover's eyes!
Too long his sighs are lost in air,
At length resign the bliss for which he dies:
The muses, prescient of your future joys,
Dilate my soul, and prompt the cheerful lay;
While they, through coming times, with glad surprise,
The long successive brightning scenes survey.

Lo! to your sight a blooming offspring rise,
And add new ardour to the nuptial ties,
While in each form you both united shine;
Fresh honours wait your temples to adorn:
For you glad Ceres fills the flowing horn,
And Heav'n and fate to bless your days combine.

While life gives pleasure, life shall still remain,
Till death, with gentle hand, shall shut the pleasing scene:
Safe sable guide to that celestial shore,
Where pleasure knows no end, and change is fear'd no more!

## TO A COQUETTE.

### AN ODE.

At length vain, airy flutt'rer fly;
Nor vex the public ear and eye
With all thy noise and glare:
Thy wiser kindred gnats behold,
All shrouded in their parent mould,
Forsake the chilling air.

Of conquest there they safely dream;
Nor gentle breeze, nor transient gleam,
Allures them forth to play:
But thou alike in frost and flame,
Insatiate of the cruel game,
Still on mankind would'st prey.

Thy conscious charms, thy practis'd arts,
Those adventitious beams that round thee shine
Reserve for unexperienc'd hearts:
Superior spells despair to conquer mine.

Go, bid the sunshine of thine eyes
Melt rigid winter, warm the skies,
And set the rivers free;
O'er fields immers'd in frost and snow,
Bid flow'rs with smiling verdure grow;
Then hope to soften me.

No, Heav'n and freedom witness bear,
This heart no second frown shall fear,
No second yoke sustain:
Enough of female scorn I know;
Scarce fate could break my chain.

Ye hours, consum'd in hopeless pain,
Ye trees, inscrib'd with many a flaming vow,
Ye echoes, oft invok'd in vain,
Ye moon-light walks, ye tinkling rills, adieu!
Your paint that idle hearts controuls;
Your fairy nets for feeble souls,
By partial fancy wrought;
Your Syren voice, your tempting air,
Your borrow'd visage falsely fair,
With me avail you nought.

Let ev'ry charm that wakes desire,
Let each ensnaring art conspire;
Not all can hurt my rest:
Touch'd by * Ithuriel's potent spear,
At once unmask'd the fiends appear,
In native blackness dress.

The speaking glance, the heaving breast,
The cheek with lilies ting'd and rosy dye;
False joys, which ruin all who taste,
How swift they fade in reason's piercing eye!

Seest thou yon taper's vivid ray,
Which emulates the blaze of day,
Diffusing far its light?
Though it from blasts shall stand secure,
Time urges on the destin'd hour,
And lo! it sinks in night.

Such is thy glory, such its date,
Wav'd by the sportive hand of fate,
A while to catch our view:
Now bright to heav'n the blaze aspires,
Then sudden from our gaze retires,
And yields to wonders new.

Like this poor torch, thy haughty airs.
Thy short-liv'd splendor on a puff depends;
And soon as fate the stroke prepares,
The flash in dust and nauseous vapours ends.

## ON THE REFINEMENTS IN METAPHYSICAL PHILOSOPHY.

### AN ODE.

False wisdom, fly with all thy † owls;
The dust and cobwebs of the schools
For me have charms no more;
The gross Minerva of our days,
In mighty bulk my learn'd ‡ essays
Reads joyful o'er and o'er.

Led by her hand a length of time,
Through sense and nonsense, prose and rhyme,
I beat my painful way;
Long, long revolv'd the mystic page
Of many a Dutch and German sage,
And hop'd at last for day.

But as the mole, hid under ground,
Still works more dark, as more profound,
So all my toils were vain:
For truth and sense indignant fly,
As far as ocean from the sky,
From all the formal train.

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* *See Paradise Lost, Book* IV. *verse* 810.

† *Formerly the bird of Minerva, but by the moderns ascribed to Dullness.*

‡ *The author, like others of greater name, had formerly attempted to demonstrate matters of fact* à priori.

The * Stagyrite, whose fruitful quill
O'er free-born nature lords it still,
Sustain'd by form and phrase
Of dire portent and solemn sound,
Where meaning seldom can be found,
From me shall gain no praise.

But you who would be truly wise,
To nature's light unveil your eyes,
Her gentle call obey:
She leads by no false wand'ring glare,
No voice ambiguous strikes your ear,
To bid you vainly stray.

Not in the gloomy cell recluse,
For noble deeds or gen'rous views,
She bids us watch the night;
Fair virtue shines, to all display'd.
Nor asks the tardy schoolman's aid,
To teach us what is right.

Pleasure and pain she sets in view,
And which to shun, and which pursue,
Instructs her pupil's heart:
Then letter'd pride, say what they gain,
To mask with so much fruitless pain,
Thy ignorance with art?

Thy stiff grimace, and awful tone,
An idiot's wonder move alone;
And, spite of all thy rules,
The wise in ev'ry age conclude
Thy fairest prospects, rightly view'd,
The paradise of fools.

The gamester's hope, when doom'd to lose,
The joys of wine, the wanton's vows,
The faithless calm at sea,
The courtier's word, the crowd's applause,
The Jesuit's faith, the sense of laws,
Are not more false than thee.

Blest he! who sees, without surprise,
The various systems fall and rise,
As shifts the fickle gale;
While all their utmost force exert,
To wound the foe's unguarded part,
And all alike prevail.

Thus (sacred † bards of yore have sung),
High Heav'n with martial clamours rung,
And deeds of mortal wrath;
When cranes and pigmies glory fought,
And in the fields of ether fought,
With mutual wounds and death.

Let Logic's sons mechanic throng,
Their syllogistic war prolong,
And reason's empire boast:
Enshrin'd in deep congenial gloom.
Eternal wrangling be their doom,
To truth and nature lost!

Amus'd by fancy's fleeting fire,
Let ‡ Malebranche still for truth inquire,
And rack his aching sight:

While the coy goddess wings her way,
To scenes of uncreated day,
Absorb'd in dazzling light.

With firmer step and graver guise,
Whilst * Locke in conscious triumph tries
Her dwelling to explore;
Swift she eludes his ardent chase,
A shadow courts his fond embrace,
Which † Hobbes caress'd before.

Let ‡ Dodwell with the fathers join,
To strip of energy divine
The heav'n-descended soul;
The test of sense let ‖ Berkley scorn,
And both on borrow'd pinions borne,
Annihilate the whole.

In academic vales retir'd,
With Plato's love and beauty fir'd,
My steps let candour guide;
By tenets vain unprepossest,
Those lawless tyrants of the breast,
Off-spring of zeal and pride!

Or while through nature's walks I stray,
Would truth's bright source emit one ray,
And all my soul inflame;
Creation and her bounteous laws,
Her order fix'd, her glorious cause,
Should be my fav'rite theme.

* *Aristotle, inventor of syllogisms, as such only mentioned here.*

† *See Homer.*

‡ *He thought the medium by which sensible perceptions were conveyed to us, was God; in whose essence truth was seen, as in a mirror.*

## TO MRS. R———.

### ON THE DEATH OF A PROMISING INFANT.

### AN ODE.

While, touch'd with all thy tender pain,
The muses breathe a mournful strain,
O! lift thy languid eye!
O! deign a calm auspicious ear;
The muse shall yield thee tear for tear,
And mingle sigh with sigh.

Not for the Thracian bard, whose lyre
Could rocks and woods with soul inspire,
By jealous fury slain,
While murm'ring on his trembling tongue,
Eurydice imperfect hung,
The nine could more complain.

Ah! say harmonious sisters, say:
When swift to pierce the lovely prey,
Fate took its cruel aim;
When languish'd ev'ry tender grace,
Each op'ning bloom that ting'd his face,
And pangs convuls'd his frame:

Say, could no song of melting woe,
Revoke the keen determin'd blow,
That clos'd his sparkling eye?

* *His account of virtue differs not much from that of the Leviathan.*

† *The author of the last mentioned piece; who denied the distinction between vice and virtue, and affirmed power and right to be the same.*

‡ *He attempted to prove the natural mortality of the soul, and quoted the fathers in favour of his opinion.*

‖ *Author of dialogues on the non-existence of matter.*

Thus roſes oft, by early doom,
Robb'd of their bluſh and ſweet perfume,
Grow pale, recline, and die.

Pale, pale and cold the beauteous frame!
Nor ſalient pulſe, nor vital flame,
A mother's hopes reſtore:
In vain keen anguiſh tears her breaſt,
By ev'ry tender mark expreſt,
He lives, he ſmiles no more!

Such is the fate of human kind;
The faireſt form, the brighteſt mind,
Can no exemption know:
The mighty mandate of the ſky,
"That man when born begins to die,"
Extends to all below.

In vain a mother's pray'rs aſcend,
Should nature to her ſorrows lend
The native voice of ſmart;
In vain would plaints their force eſſay
To hold precarious life one day,
Or fate's dread hand avert.

Fix'd as the rock that braves the main,
Fix'd as the poles that all ſuſtain,
Its purpoſe ſtands ſecure:
The humble hynd who toils for bread,
The ſcepter'd hand, the laurel'd head,
Alike confeſs its pow'r.

Since time began, the ſtream of woes
Along its rapid current flows;
Still ſwells the groan profound:
While age, re-echoing ſtill to age,
Tranſmits the annals of its rage,
And points the recent wound.

When human hopes ſublimeſt tow'r,
Then, wanton in th' exceſs of pow'r,
The tyrant throws them down;
The orphan early robb'd of aid,
The widow'd wife, the plighted maid,
His fable triumph crown.

At length to life and joy return;
Man was not deſtin'd ſtill to mourn,
A prey to endleſs pain:
Heav'n's various hand, the heart to form,
With bliſs and anguiſh, calm and ſtorm,
Diverſifies the ſcene:

But hides with care from human eyes,
What bliſs beyond this proſpect lies;
Leſt we, with life oppreſt,
Should grieve its burden to endure,
And, with exceurſion premature,
Purſue eternal reſt.

From diſappointment, grief, and care,
From every pang of ſharp deſpair,
Thy charmer wings his way;
And, while new ſcenes his boſom fire,
He learns to ſtrike the golden lyre,
And Heav'n reſounds his lay.

Lo! where his ſacred relics lie,
Immortal guardians from the ſky
Their ſilver wings diſplay;
Till, bright emerging from the tomb,
They riſe to heav'n, their deſtin'd home,
And hail eternal day,

## AN ODE.

WRITTEN WHEN SICK.

O PRIME of life! O taſte of joy!
Whither ſo early do you fly?
Scarce half your tranſient ſweetneſs known,
Why are you vaniſh'd ere full-blown?

The beauteous progeny of ſpring,
That tinge the zephyr's fragrant wing,
Each tender bloom, each ſhort-liv'd flow'r,
Still flouriſh till their deſtin'd hour.
Your winter too, too ſoon will come,
And chill in death your vernal bloom.

On my wan cheek the colour dies,
Suffus'd and languid roll mine eyes;
Cold horrors thrill each ſick'ning vein;
Deep broken ſighs my boſom ſtrain;
The ſalient pulſe of health gives o'er,
And life and pleaſure are no more.

## TO HEALTH.

AN ODE.

MOTHER of all human joys,
Roſy cheeks, and ſparkling eyes;
In whoſe train, for ever gay,
Smiling loves and graces play:
If complaints thy ſoul can move,
Or muſic charm the voice of love!
Hither, goddeſs, ere too late,
Turn, and ſtop impending fate.

Over earth, and ſea, and ſky,
Bid thy airy heralds fly;
With each balm which nature yields,
From the gardens, groves, and fields,
From each flow'r of varied hue,
From each herb that ſips the dew,
From each tree of fragrant bloom,
Bid the gales their wings perfume;
And around fair Celia's head,
All the mingled incenſe ſhed:
Till each living ſweetneſs riſe,
Paint her cheeks, and arm her eyes,
Mild as ev'ning's humid ray,
Yet awful as the blaze of day.

Celia if the fates reſtore,
Love and beauty weep no more:
But if they ſnatch the lovely prize,
All that's fair in Celia dies.

## TO A LITTLE GIRL WHOM I HAD OFFENDED.

AN ODE.

WRITTEN AT TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.

How long ſhall I attempt in vain
Thy ſmiles, my angel, to regain?
I'll kiſs your hand, I'll weep, I'll kneel:
Will nought, fair tyrant, reconcile?

That goldfinch, with her painted wings,
Which gaily looks, and ſweetly ſings;
That, and if aught I have more fine,
All, all my charmer, ſhall be thine.

When next mamma ſhall prove ſevere,
I'll interpoſe, and ſave my dear.
Soften, my fair, thoſe angry eyes,
Nor tear thy heart with broken ſighs:
Think, while that tender breaſt they ſtrain,
For thee what anguiſh I ſuſtain.

Should but thy fair companions view,
How ill that frown becomes thy brow;
With fear and grief in ev'ry eye,
Each would to each, aſtoniſh'd, cry,
Heav'ns! where is all her ſweetneſs flown!
How ſtrange a figure now ſhe's grown!
Run, Nancy, let us run, leſt we
Grow pettiſh, awkward things, as ſhe.

'Tis done, 'tis done; my cherub ſmiles,
My grief's ſuſpends, my fears beguiles:
How the quick pleaſure heaves my breaſt!
Ah! ſtill be kind, and I'll be bleſt!

## TO LESBIA.

TRANSLATED FROM CATULLUS.

Though four, loquacious age reprove,
Let us, my Leſbia, live for love:
For, when the ſhort-liv'd ſuns decline,
They but retire more bright to ſhine:
But we, when fleeting life is o'er,
And light and love can bleſs no more;
Are raviſh'd from each dear delight,
To ſleep one long eternal night.
Give me of kiſſes balmy ſtore,
Ten thouſand, and ten thouſand more;
Still add ten thouſand, doubly ſweet;
The dear, dear number ſtill repeat:
And, when the ſum ſo high ſhall ſwell,
Scarce thought can reach, or tongue can tell;
Let us on kiſſes kiſſes crowd,
Till number ſink in multitude;
Leſt our full bliſs ſhould limits know,
And others, numb'ring envious grow.

## A TRANSLATION OF AN OLD SCOTTISH SONG.

Since robb'd of all that charm'd my view,
Of all my ſoul e'er fancied fair,
Ye ſmiling native ſcenes, adieu!
With each delightful object there.

Ye vales, which to the raptur'd eye
Diſclos'd the flow'ry pride of May;
Ye circling hills, whoſe ſummits high
Bluſh'd with the morning's earlieſt ray;

Where, heedleſs oft how far I ſtray'd,
And pleas'd my ruin to purſue;
I ſung my dear, my cruel maid:
Adieu for ever! ah! adieu!

Ye dear aſſociates of my breaſt,
Whoſe hearts with ſpeechleſs ſorrow ſwell;
And thou, with hoary age oppreſt,
Dear author of my life, farewel!

For me, alas! thy fruitleſs tears,
Far, far remote from friends and home,
Shall blaſt thy venerable years,
And bend thee pining to the tomb.

Sharp are the pangs by nature felt,
From dear relations torn away,
Yet ſharper pangs my vitals melt,
To hopeleſs love a deſtin'd pray:

While ſhe, as angry heav'n and main
Deaf to the helpleſs ſailor's pray'r,
Enjoys my ſoul-conſuming pain,
And wantons with my deep deſpair.

From curſed gold what ills ariſe!
What horrors life's fair proſpect ſtain!
Friends blaſt their friends with angry eyes,
And brothers bleed, by brothers ſlain.

From curſed gold I trace my woe;
Could I this ſplendid miſchief boaſt,
Nor would my tears unpited flow,
Nor would my ſighs in air be loſt.

Ah! when a mother's cruel care
Nurs'd me an infant on the breaſt,
Had early fate ſurpris'd me there,
And wrapt me in eternal reſt:

Then had this breaſt ne'er learn'd to beat,
And tremble with unpitied pain;
Nor had a maid's relentleſs hate,
Been, ev'n in death, deplor'd in vain.

Oft in the pleaſing toils of love,
With ev'ry winning art I try'd
To catch the coyly flatt'ring dove,
With killing eyes and plumy pride:

But, far on nimble pinions borne
From love's warm gales and flow'ry plains,
She ſought the northern climes of ſcorn,
Where ever-freezing winter reigns.

Ah me! had heav'n and ſhe prov'd kind,
Then full of age, and free from care,
How bleſt had I my life reſign'd,
Where firſt I breath'd this vital air!

But ſince no flatt'ring hope remains,
Let me my wretched lot purſue:
Adieu, dear friends, and native ſcenes,
To all, but grief and love, adieu!

## SONG.

TO THE TUNE OF THE BRAES OF BALLANDYNE.

Beneath a green ſhade, a lovely young ſwain,
One ev'ning reclin'd, to diſcover his pain:
So ſad, yet ſo ſweetly, he warbled his woe,
The winds ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow:
Rude winds, with compaſſion, could hear him complain;
Yet Cloe, leſs gentle, was deaf to his ſtrain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew!
Ere Chloe's bright charms firſt flaſh'd in my view:
Theſe eyes then with pleaſure the dawn could ſurvey;
Nor ſmil'd the fair morning more cheerful than they:
New ſcenes of diſtreſs pleaſe only my ſight;
I'm tortur'd in pleaſure, and languiſh in light.

Through changes in vain relief I purſue;
All, all but conſpire my griefs to renew:
From ſunſhine to zephyrs and ſhades we repair;
To ſunſhine we fly from too piercing an air:

But love's ardent fever burns always the ſame;
No winter can cool it, no ſummer inaſſme.

But ſee! the pale moon all clouded retires;
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's deſires:
I fly from the dangers of tempeſt and wind,
Yet nouriſh the madneſs that preys on my mind.
Ah wretch! how can life thus merit thy care,
Since length'ning its moments, but lengthens deſpair?

## THE RAVISH'D SHEPHERD.

A SONG.

AZRURE dawn, whoſe cheerful ray
Bids all nature's beauties riſe,
Were thy glories douhly gay,
What art thou to Chloe's eyes?
Boaſt no more thy roſy light,
If Chloe ſmile thee into night.

Gentle ſpring, whoſe kind return
Spreads diffuſive pleaſure round,
Bids each breaſt enamour'd burn,
And each flame with bliſs be crown'd;
Should my Chloe leave the plain,
Fell winter ſoon would blaſt thy reign.

Ev'ry charm, whoſe high delight
Senſe enjoys, or ſoul admires;
All that ardour can excite,
All excited love requires,
All that heav'n or earth call fair,
View Chloe's face, and read it there.

## A PASTORAL SONG.

SANDY, the gay, the blooming ſwain,
Had lang frae love been free;
Lang made ilk heart that fill'd the plain
Dance quick with harmleſs glee.

As blythſome lambs that ſcour the green,
His mind was unconſtrain'd;
Nae face could ever fix his een,
Nae ſang his ear detain'd.

Ah! luckleſs youth! a ſhort-liv'd joy
Thy cruel fates decree;
Fell tods ſhall on thy lambkins prey,
And love mair fell on thee.

'Twas e'er the ſun exhal'd the dew,
Ae morn of cheerful May,
Forth Girzy walk'd, the flow'rs to view,
A flow'r mair ſweet than they!

Like ſunbeams ſheen her waving locks;
Her een like ſtars were bright;
The roſe lent bluſhes to her cheek;
The lily pureſt white.

Jimp was her waiſt, like ſome tall pine
That keeps the woods in awe;
Her limbs like iv'ry columns turn'd,
Her breaſts like hills of ſnaw.

Her robe around her looſely thrown,
Gave to the ſhepherd's een
What fearleſs innocence would ſhow;
The reſt was all unſeen.

He fix'd his look, he ſigh'd, he quak'd,
His colour went and came;
Dark grew his een, his ears reſound,
His breaſt was all on flame.

Nae mair yon glen repeats his ſang,
He jokes and ſmiles nae mair;
Unplaited now his cravat hung,
Undreſt his cheſnut hair.

To him how lang the ſhorteſt night!
How dark the brighteſt day!
Till, with the ſlow conſuming fire,
His life was worn away.

Far, far frae ſhepherds and their flocks,
Oppreſt with care, he lean'd;
And, in a mirky, beachen ſhade,
To hills and dales thus plean'd:

"At length, my wayward heart, return,
Too far, alas! aſtray:
Say, whence you caught that bitter ſmart,
Which works me ſuch decay.

Ay me! 'twas Love, 'twas Girzy's charms,
That firſt began my woes;
Could he fae falſe, or ſhe ſae fair,
Prove ſuch relentleſs foes?

Fierce winter nips the ſweeteſt flower;
Keen lightning rives the tree;
Bleak mildew tamts the fareſt crop,
And love has blaſted me.

Sagacious hounds the foxes chaſe;
The tender lambkins they;
Lambs follow cloſe their mother ewes,
And ewes the blooms of May.

Sith a' that live, with a' their might,
Some dear delight purſue;
Ceaſe, ruthleſs maid! to ſcorn the heart
That only pants for you.

Alas! for griefs, to her unken'd,
What pity can I gain?
And ſhould ſhe ken, yet love refuſe,
Could that redreſs my pain?

Come, death, my wan, my frozen bride,
Ah! cloſe thoſe wearied eyes:
But death the happy ſtill purſues,
Still from the wretched flies.

Could wealth avail; what wealth is mine
Her high-born mind to bend?
Her's are thoſe wide delightful plains,
And her's the flocks I tend.

What though, whene'er I tun'd my pipe,
Glad fairies heard the ſound,
And, clad in freſheſt April green,
Aſt tript the circle round:

Break, landward clown, thy dinſome reed,
And brag thy ſkill nae mair.
Can aught that gies na Girzy joy,
Be worth thy lighteſt care?

Adieu! ye harmleſs, ſportive flocks!
Who now your lives ſhall guard?
Adieu! my faithful dog, who oft
The pleaſing vigil ſhar'd;

Adieu! ye plains, and light, anes sweet,
Now painful to my view:
Adieu to life; and thou, mair dear,
Who caus'd my death; adieu!"

## ON THE DEATH OF STELLA:

### A PASTORAL.

INSCRIBED TO HER SISTER.

"See on those ruby lips the trembling breath,
"Those cheeks now faded at the blast of death;
"Cold is that breast which warm'd the world
"before;
"And those love-darting eyes shall roll no more."
POPE.

Now purple ev'ning ting'd the blue serene,
And milder breezes fann'd the verdant plain;
Beneath a blasted oak's portentous shade,
To speak his grief, a pensive swain was laid:
Birds ceas'd to warble at the mournful sound;
The laughing landscape sadden'd all around:
For Stella's fate he breath'd his tuneful moan,
Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone!

"O thou! by stronger ties than blood ally'd,
Who dy'd to pleasure, when a sister dy'd;
Thou living image of those charms we lost,
Charms which exulting nature once might boast!
Indulge the plaintive muse, whose simple strain
Repeats the heart-felt anguish of the swain:
For Stella's fate thus flow'd his tuneful moan,
Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone!

Are happiness and joy for ever fled,
Nor haunt the twilight grove nor sunny glade?
Ah! fled for ever from my longing eye;
With Stella born, with Stella too they die:
Die, or with me your brightest image moan;
Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone!

Sweet to the thirsty tongue the crystal stream,
To nightly wand'rers sweet the morning beam;
Sweet to the wither'd grass the gentle show'r;
To the fond lover sweet the nuptial hour;
Sweet fragrant gardens to the lab'ring bee,
And lovely Stella once was heav'n to me.
That heav'n is faded, and those joys are flown,
Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone!

Ah! where is now that form which charm'd my sight?
Ah! where that wisdom, sparkling heav'nly bright?
Ah! where that sweetness like the lays of spring,
When breathe its flow'rs, and all its warblers sing?
Now fade, ye flow'rs, ye warblers join my moan;
Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling done?

Ah me! though winter desolate the field,
Again shall flow'rs their blended odours yield;
Again shall birds the vernal season hail,
And beauty paint, and music charm the vale:
But she no more to bless me shall appear;
No more her angel voice enchant my ear;
No more her angel smile relieve my moan:
Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone!

* *Mrs. M'Culloch, a Lady distinguished for every personal grace and qualification of mind, which could adorn her sex and nature.*

He ceas'd; for mighty grief his voice suppress,
Chill'd all his veins, and struggled in his breast;
From his wan cheek the rosy tincture flies;
The lustre languish'd in his closing eyes:
Too soon shall life return, unhappy swain!
If, with returning sense, returns thy pain.
Hills, woods, and streams, resound the shepherd's moan;
Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone!

## A PASTORAL.

INSCRIBED TO EUANTHE.

Whilst I rehearse unhappy Damon's lays,
At which his fleecy charge forgot to graze,
With drooping heads and griev'd attention, stood,
Nor frisk'd the green, nor fought the neighb'ring flood;
Essential sweetness! deign with me to stray,
Where yon close shades exclude the heat of day;
Or where yon fountain murmurs soft along,
Mixt with his tears, and vocal to his song;
There hear the sad relation of his fate,
And pity all the pains thy charms create.
Close in th' adjacent shade, conceal'd from view,
I staid, and heard him thus his griefs pursue:
"Awake, my muse! the soft Sicilian strain;
Mild gleams the purple ev'ning o'er the plain;
Mild fan the breezes, mild the waters flow,
And heav'n and earth an equal quiet know;
With ease the shepherds and their flocks are blest,
And ev'ry grief, but mine, consents to rest.
Awake, my muse, the soft Sicilian strain;
Sicilian numbers may delude my pain:
The thirsty field, which scorching heat devours,
Is ne'er supply'd, though heav'n descend in show'rs:
From flow'r to flow'r the bee still pines her wing,
Of sweets insatiate, though she drain the spring:
Still from those eyes love culls their liquid store,
And, when their currents fail, still thirsts for more.
Awake, my muse! the soft Sicilian strain:
Yet why to ruthless storms should I complain?
Deaf storms and death itself complaints may move,
But groans are music to the tyrant love.
O love! thy genius and thy force I know,
Thy burning torch, and pestilential bow?
From some fermented tempest of the main,
At once commenc'd thy being, and thy reign;
Nurs'd by fell harpies in some howling wood,
Inur'd to slaughter, and regal'd with blood:
Relentless mischief! at whose dire command,
A mother stain'd with filial blood her hand:
Curst boy! curst mother! which most impious, say,
She who could wound, or he who could betray!
Awake, my muse! the soft Sicilian strain:
From love those sighs I breathe, those plagues sustain.
Why did I first Euanthe's charms admire,
Bless the soft smart, and fan the growing fire?
Why, happy still my danger to conceal,
Could I no ruin, fear, till lure to feel?
So seeks the swain by night his doubtful way,
Led by th' insidious meteor's fleeting ray;
Still on, attracted by th' illusive beam,
He tempts the faithless marsh, or fatal stream:
Away with scorn the laughing demon flies,
While shades eternal seal the wretch's eyes.
Awake, my muse! the soft Sicilian strain
Ah! can no last, no darling hope remain,

Round which my ſoul with all her ſtrength may twine,
And, though but flatter'd, call the treaſure mine?
Wretch! to the charmer's ſphere canſt thou aſcend,
Or dar'ſt thou fancy ſhe to thee will bend?
Say, ſhall the chirping graſhopper aſſume
The varied accent, and the ſoaring plume;
Or ſhall that oak, the talleſt of his race,
Stoop to his root, and meet you ſhrub's embrace?
Awake, my muſe! the ſoft Sicilian ſtrain:
Thoſe pallid cheeks how long ſhall ſorrow ſtain?
Well I remember, O my ſoul! too well,
When in the ſnare of fate I thoughtleſs fell:
Languid and ſick, ſhe fought the diſtant ſhade,
Where, led by love or deſtiny, I ſtray'd:
There, from the nymphs retir'd depreſs'd ſhe lay,
To unremitting pain a ſmiling prey:
Ev'n then I ſaw her, as an angel, bright:
I ſaw, I lov'd, I periſh'd at the ſight;
I ſigh'd, I bluſh'd, I gaz'd with ſix'd ſurpriſe,
And all my ſoul hung raptur'd in my eyes.
Forbear, my muſe! the ſoft Sicilian ſtrain;
Which heav'n beſtows, and art refines, in vain;
What though the heav'n-born muſe my temples ſhade
With wreaths of fame, and bays that never fade?
What though the Sylvan pow'rs, while I complain,
Attend my flocks, and patronize my ſtrain?
On me my ſtars, nor gifts, but ills beſtow,
And all the change I feel, is change of woe.
But ſee yon rock projected o'er the main,
Whoſe giddy proſpect turns the gazer's brain:
Object is loſt beneath its vaſt profound,
And deep and hoarſe below the ſurges ſound:
Oft, while th' unthinking world is loſt in ſleep,
My fable genius tempts me to the ſteep;
In fancy's view bids endleſs horrors move,
A barren fortune, and a hopeleſs love,
Life has no charms for me; why longer ſtay?
I hear the gloomy mandate, and obey.
What! fall the victim of a mean deſpair,
And crown the triumph of the cruel fair?
No, let me once ſome conſcious merit ſhow,
And tell the world, I can ſurvive my woe.
Forbear my muſe! the ſoft Sicilian ſtrain:
Fool! wretched fool! what frenzy fires thy brain?
See, chok'd with weeds, thy languid flow'rs recline,
Thy ſheep unguarded, and unprop'd thy vine.
At length recall'd, to toil thy hands inure,
Or weave the baſket, or the fold ſecure.
What though her cheeks a living bluſh diſplay,
Pure as the dawn of heav'n's unclouded day;
Though love from ev'ry glance an arrow wings,
And all the muſes warble, when ſhe ſings?
Forbear, my muſe! the ſoft Sicilian ſtrain;
Some nymph, as fair, a ſprightlier note may gain:
There are who know to prize more genuine charms,
Which genius brightens, and which virtue warms:
Forbear, my muſe! the ſoft Sicilian ſtrain;
Some nymph, as fair, may ſmile, though ſhe diſdain.

## THE PLAINTIVE SHEPHERD.

### A PASTORAL ELEGY.

"Eheu! quid volui miſero mihi? floribus auſtrum
"Perditus, et liquidis immiſi fontibus apros.
VIRG.

Colin, whoſe lays the ſhepherds all admire,
For Phœbe long conſum'd with hopeleſs fire;
Nor durſt his tongue the hidden ſmart convey,
Nor tears the torment of his ſoul betray:
But to the wildneſs of the woods he flies,
And vents his grief in unregarded ſighs:
Ye conſcious woods, who ſtill the ſound retain,
Repeat the tuneful ſorrows of the ſwain.
"And muſt I periſh then, ah cruel maid!
To early fate, by love of thee betray'd?
And can no tender art thy ſoul ſubdue,
Me, dying me, with milder eyes to view?
The flow'r that withers in its op'ning bloom,
Robb'd of its charming dyes, and ſweet perfume;
The tender lamb that prematurely pines,
And life's untaſted joys at once reſigns;
For theſe thy tears in copious tributes flow,
For theſe thy boſom heaves with tender woe?
And can'ſt thou then with tears their fate ſurvey,
While, blaſted by thy coldneſs, I decay?
"And now the ſwains each to their cots are fled,
And not a warble echoes through the mead;
Now to their folds the panting flocks retreat,
Scorch'd with the ſummer noon's relentleſs heat:
From ſummer's heat the ſhades a refuge prove;
But what can ſhield my heart from fiercer love?
All-bounteous nature taught the fertile field,
For all our other ills a balm to yield;
But love, the ſharpeſt pang the ſoul ſuſtains,
Still cruel love incurable remains.
"Yet, dear deſtroyer! yet my ſuff'rings hear:
By love's kind look, and pity's ſacred tear,
By the ſtrong griefs that in my boſom roll,
By all the native goodneſs of thy ſoul,
Regard my bloom declining to the grave,
And, like eternal Mercy, ſmile and ſave.
"What though no ſounding names my race adorn;
Suſtain'd by labour, and obſcurely born;
With faireſt flow'rs the humble vales are ſpread,
While endleſs tempeſts beat the mountain's head.
What though by fate no riches are my ſhare;
Riches are parents of eternal care;
While, in the lowly hut and ſilent grove,
Content plays ſmiling with her ſiſter Love.
What though no native charms my perſon grace,
Nor beauty moulds my form, nor paints my face;
The ſweeteſt fruit may often pall the taſte,
While ſloes and brambles yield a ſafe repaſt."
Ah! prompt to hope, forbear thy fruitleſs ſtrain;
Thy hopes are frantic, and thy lays are vain.
Say, can thy ſong appeaſe the ſtormy deep,
Or lull the impetuous hurricane aſleep?
Thy numbers then her ſtedfaſt ſoul may move,
And change the purpoſe of determin'd love.
Die, Colin, die, nor groan with grief oppreſt;
Another image triumphs in her breaſt;
Another ſoon ſhall call the fair his own,
And heav'n and fate ſeem pleas'd their vows to crown.

Ariſe, Menalcas, with the dawn ariſe;
For thee thy Phoebe looks with longing eyes;
For thee the ſhepherds, a delighted throng,
Wake the ſoft reed, and hymeneal ſong;
For thee the haſty virgins rob the ſpring,
And, wrought with care, the nuptial garland bring.
Ariſe, Menalcas, with the dawn ariſe;
Ev'n time for thee with double ſwiftneſs flies:
Hours urging hours, with all their ſpeed retire,
To give thy ſoul whate'er it can deſire.
Yet, when the prieſt prepares the rites divine,
And when her trembling hand is claſp'd in thine,
Let not thy heart too ſoon indulge its joys;
But think on him whom thy delight deſtroys!
Thee too he lov'd; to thee his ſimple heart,
With eaſy faith and fondneſs breath'd its ſmart:
So fools their flocks to ſanguine wolves reſign,
So truſt the cunning fox to prune the vine.
Think thou behold'ſt him from ſome gaping wound
Effuſe his ſoul, and ſtain with blood the ground:
Think, while to earth his pale remains they bear,
His friends with ſhrieking ſorrow pierce thine ear:
Or, to ſome torrent's headlong rage a prey,
Think thou behold'ſt him floating to the ſea.
But now the ſun declines his radiant head,
And riſing hills project a length'ning ſhade:
Again to browze the green the flocks return,
Again the ſwains to ſport, and I to mourn:
I homeward too muſt bend my painful way,
Leſt old Damoetas ſternly chide my ſtay.

## DESIDERIUM LUTETIÆ;

FROM BUCHANAN, AN ALLEGORICAL PASTORAL, IN WHICH HE REGRETS HIS ABSENCE FROM PARIS, IMITATED.

While far remote, thy ſwain, dear Chloe! ſighs,
Depriv'd the vital ſunſhine of thine eyes;
Seven ſummer heats already warm the plains;
In ſtorms and ſnow the ſev'nth bleak winter reigns:
Yet not ſeven years revolving ſad and ſlow,
Nor ſummer's heats, nor winter's ſtorms and ſnow,
Can to my ſoul the ſmalleſt eaſe procure,
Or free from love and care one tedious hour.
Thee, when from heav'n deſcend the dews of morn,
To crop the verdant mead when flocks return;
Thee, when the ſun has compaſs'd half his way,
And darts around unſufferable day;
Thee, when the ev'ning o'er the world diſplay'd,
From riſing hills projects a length'ning ſhade;
Thee ſtill I ſing, unweary'd of my theme,
Source of my ſong, and object of my flame!
Ev'n night, in whoſe dark boſom nature laid,
Appears one blank, one undiſtinguiſh'd ſhade,
Ev'n night in vain, with all her horrors tries
To blot thy lovely form from fancy's eyes.
When ſhort-liv'd ſlumbers, long invok'd, deſcend,
To ſooth each care, and ev'ry ſenſe ſuſpend,
Full to my ſight once more thy charms appear;
Once more my ardent vows ſalute thine ear;
Once more my anxious ſoul, awake to bliſs,
Feels, hears, detains thee in her cloſe embrace:
In flutt'ring, thrilling, glowing tranſport toſt,
Till ſenſe itſelf in keen delight is loſt.
From ſleep I wake; but, oh! how chang'd the ſcene!
The charms illuſive, and the pleaſure vain!
The day returns; but ah! returning day,
When ev'ry grief but mine admits allay,
On theſe ſad eyes its glory darts in vain;
Its light reſtor'd, reſtores my ſoul to pain.
The houſe I fly, impell'd by wild deſpair,
As if my griefs could only find me there.
Loſt to the world, through lonely fields I rove;
Vain wiſh! to fly from deſtiny and love!
By wayward frenzy's reſtleſs impulſe led,
Through devious wilds, with heedleſs courſe, I tread:
The cave remote, the duſky wood explore,
Where human ſtep was ne'er impreſt before:
And, with the native accents of deſpair,
Fatigue the conſcious rocks, and deſert air.
Kind echo, faithful to my plaints alone,
Sigh all my ſighs, and groans to ev'ry groan.
The ſtreams, familiar to the voice of woe,
Each mournful ſound remurmur as they flow.
Oft on ſome rock diſtracted I complain,
Which hangs projected o'er the ruffl'd main:
Oft view the azure ſurges as they roll,
And to deaf ſtorms effuſe my frantic ſoul.
"Attend my ſorrows, O cerulean tide!
"Ye blue-cy'd nymphs that through the billows glide,
"Oh! waft me gently o'er your rough domain;
"Let me at length my darling coaſt attain:
"Or, if my wiſhes thus too much implore,
"Shipwreck'd and gaſping let me reach the ſhore,
"While waſh'd along the floods I hold my way,
"To ev'ry wind and ev'ry wave a prey,
"Dear hope and love ſhall bear my ſtruggling frame,
"And unextinguiſh'd keep the vital flame."
Oft to the hail'ning zephyrs have I ſaid:
"You, happy gales! ſhall fan my lovely maid.
"So may no pointed rocks your wings deform;
"So may your ſpeedy journey meet no ſtorm.
"As oft you whiſper round my heav'nly fair;
"Play on her breaſt, or wanton with her hair;
"Faithful to love, the tender meſſage bear,
"And breathe my endleſs ſorrows in her ear."
How oft rough Eurus have I aſk'd in vain!
As with ſwift wings he bruſh'd the foamy main:
"Bleſt wind! who late my diſtant charmer view'd,
"Say, has her ſoul no other wiſh purſu'd!
"With mutual fire, ſay, does her boſom glow;
"Feels ſhe my wound, and pities ſhe my woe?"
Heedleſs of all my tears, and all I ſay,
The winds, with bluſt'ring fury, wing their way.
A freezing horror, and a chilling pain,
Shoots through my heart, and ſtagnates ev'ry vein.
No rural pleaſures yield my ſoul relief;
No melting ſhepherd's pipe conſoles my grief;
The choral nymphs, that dancing cheer the plain,
And fauns, though ſweet their ſong, yet ſing in vain.
Deaf to the voice of joy, my tortur'd mind
Can only room for love and anguiſh find:

By theſe my ſoul and all its wiſhes caught,
Can to no other object yield a thought.
Lyciſca, ſkilful with her lyre to move
Each tender wiſh, and melt the ſoul to love:
Melænis too, with ev'ry ſweetneſs crown'd,
By nature form'd with ev'ry glance to wound:
With emulation both my love purſue,
And both, with winning arts, my paſſion woo.
The freſheſt bloom of youth their cheeks diſplay;
Their eyes are arm'd with beauty's keeneſt ray;
Av'rice itſelf might count their fleecy ſtore,
(A prize beyond its wiſh)! and pant no more.
Me oft their dow'rs each gen'rous fire has told,
An hundred playful younglings from the fold,
Each with his dam; their mothers promiſe more,
And oft, and long, with ſecret gifts, implore.
Me nor an hundred playful younglings move,
Each with its dam; nor wealth can bribe my love.
Nor all the griefs th' imploring mothers ſhow;
Nor all the ſecret gifts they would beſtow;
Nor all the tender things the nymphs can ſay;
Nor all the ſoft deſires the nymphs betray.
As winter to the ſpring in beauty yields,
Languor to health, and rocks to verdant fields;
As the fair virgin's cheek, with roſy dye
Bluſhing delight, with lightning arm'd her eye,
Beyond her mother's faded form appears,
Mark'd with the wrinkles and the ſnow of years;
As beauteous Tweed, and wealth-importing Thames
Flow each the envy of their country's ſtreams:
So, loveliеſt of her ſex, my heav'nly maid
Appears, and all their fainter glories fade.
Melænis, whom love's ſoft enchantments arm,
Replete with charms, and conſcious of each charm,
Oft on the glaſſy ſtream, with raptured eyes,
Surveys her form in mimic ſweetneſs riſe;
Oft, as the waters pleas'd reflect her face,
Adjuſts her locks, and heightens ev'ry grace:
Oft thus ſhe tries, with all her tuneful art,
To reach the ſoft acceſſes of my heart.
" Unhappy ſwain, whoſe wiſhes fondly ſtray,
" To flow-conſuming fruitleſs fires a prey!
" Say, will theſe ſighs and tears forever flow
" In hopeleſs torment, and determin'd woe?
" Our fields, by nature's bounty bleſt, as thine,
" The mellow aple yield, and purple vine;
" Theſe too thou lov'ſt; their free enjoyment ſhare,
" Nor plant vain tedious hopes, and reap deſpair."
Me oft Lyciſca, in the feſtive train,
Views as ſhe lightly bounds along the plain:
Straight, with diſſembled ſcorn, away ſhe flies:
Yet ſtill on me obliquely turns her eyes:
While, to the muſic of her trembling ſtrings,
Amidſt the dance ſweet warbling, thus ſhe ſings:
" No tears the juſt revenge of Heav'n can move;
" Heav'n's juſt revenge will puniſh ſlighted love.
" I've ſeen a huntſman, active as the morn,
" Salute her earlieſt bluſh with ſounding horn;
" Purſue the bounding ſtag with op'ning cries,
" And flight the timid hare, his eaſy prize;
" Then, with the ſetting ſun, his hounds reſtrain;
" Nor bounding ſtag, nor timid hare obtain.
" I've ſeen the ſportſman latent nets diſplay,
" To catch the feather'd warblers of the ſpray;
" Deſpiſe the finch that flutter'd round in air,
" And court the ſweeter linnet to his ſnare:
" Yet weary, cold, ſucceſsleſs, leave the plain;
" Nor painted finch, nor ſweeter linnet, gain.
" I've ſeen a youth the poliſh'd pipe admire,
" And ſcorn the ſimple reed the ſwains inſpire:
" The ſimple reed yet cheers each tuneful ſwain;
" While ſtill unbleſt the ſcorner pines in vain.
" Thus righteous Heav'n chaſtiſes wanton pride,
" And bids intemp'rate inſolence ſubſide,"
Thus breathe the am'rous nymphs their fruitleſs pain,
In ears impervious to the ſofteſt ſtrain,
But firſt with trembling lambs the wolf ſhall graze;
Firſt hawks with linnets join in ſocial lays;
Firſt ſhall the tiger's ſanguine thirſt expire,
And tim'rous fawns the lion fierce admire;
Ere, with her lute Lyciſca taught to charm,
This deſtin'd heart ere ſoft Melænis warm.
Firſt ſhall the finny nation leave the flood,
Shadows the hills, and birds the vocal wood;
The winds ſhall ceaſe to breathe, the ſtreams to flow;
Ere my deſires another object know.
This infant boſom, yet in love untaught:
From Chloe firſt the pleaſing ardour caught:
Chloe ſhall ſtill its faithful empire claim,
Its firſt ambition, and its lateſt aim!
Till ev'ry wiſh and ev'ry hope be o'er,
And life and love inſpire my frame no more.

## PHILANTHES:

### A MONODY.

INSCRIBED TO MISS D——Y H——Y.

*Occaſioned by a ſeries of intereſting events which happened at Dumfries on Friday, June 12. 1752. particularly that of her father's death.*

" Quis deſiderio ſit pudor, aut modus
" Tam chari capitis? Præcipe lugubres
" Cantus Melpomene, cui liquidam pater
" Vocem cum cithara dedit." HOR.

ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed.—Addreſs to Miſs H——y.—General reflections inſpired by the ſubject, and previous to it.—The ſcene opens with a proſpect of Mrs. M——n's funeral ſolemnity: and changes to the untimely fate of a beautiful youth, ſon to Mr. J——s H——ll, whoſe early genius, quick progreſs in learning, and gentle diſpoſitions, inſpired his friends with the higheſt expectations of his riper attainments.—Tranſition to the death of Dr. J——s H——y phyſician: his character as ſuch: the general ſorrow occaſioned by his fate: his character as a friend, as particularly qualified to ſooth diſtreſs; as a gentleman; as a huſband as a father: his loſs conſidered in all theſe relations, particularly as ſuſtained by Miſs H——y: her tender care of him during his ſickneſs deſcribed.—The piece concludes with an apotheoſis, in imitation of Virgil's Daphnis.

A SWAIN, whose soul the tuneful nine inflame,
As to his western goal the sun declin'd,
Sung to the list'ning shades no common theme:
While the hoarse breathings of the hollow wind,
And deep resounding surge in concert join'd.
Deep was the surge, and deep the plaintive song,
While all the solemn scene in mute attention hung.
Nor thou, fair victim of so just a woe!
Though still the pangs of nature swell thy heart,
Disdain the faithful muse; whose numbers flow
Sacred, alas! to sympathetic smart:
For in thy griefs the muses claim a part;
'Tis all they can, in social tears to mourn,
And deck with cypress wreaths thy dear paternal urn.

The swain began, while conscious echoes round
Protract to sadder length his doleful lay.
Roll on, ye streams, in cadence more profound:
Ye humid vapours, veil the face of day:
O'er all the mournful plain
Let night and sorrow reign:
For * Pan indignant from his fields retires,
Once haunts of gay delight;
Now every sense they fright,
Resound with shrieks of woe, and blaze with sun'ral fires.

What though the radiant sun and clement sky
Alternate warmth and show'rs dispense below;
Though spring presages to the careful eye,
That autumn copious with her fruits shall glow?
For us in vain her choicest blessings flow:
To ease the bleeding heart, alas! in vain
Rich swells the purple grape, or waves the golden grain.

What summer-breeze, on swiftest pinions borne,
From fate's relentless hand its prey can save?
What sun in death's dark regions wake the morn,
Or warm the cold recesses of the grave? [heave
Ah wretched man: whose breast scarce learns to
With kindling life: when, ere thy bud is blown,
Eternal winter breathes, and all its sweets are gone.

Thou all-enlivening flame, intensely bright!
Whose sacred beams illume each wand'ring sphere,
That through high heav'n reflects thy trembling light,
Conducting round this globe the varied year;
As thou pursu'st thy way,
Let this revolving day,
Deep-ting'd with conscious gloom, roll slow along:
In sable pomp array'd,
Let night diffuse her shade,
Nor sport the cheerless hind, nor chant the vocal throng.

Scarce, from the ardour of the mid-day gleam,
Had languid nature in the cool respir'd;
Scarce, by the margin of the silver stream,
Faint sung the birds in verdant shades retir'd;
Scarce, o'er the thirsty field with sun-shine fir'd,
Had ev'ning gales the sportive wing essay'd,
When sounds of hopeless woe the silent scene invade.

Sophronia, long for ev'ry virtue dear
That grac'd the wife, the mother, or the friend,
Depriv'd of life, now press'd the mournful bier,
In sad procession to the tomb sustain'd.
Ah me! in vain to heav'n and earth complain'd
With tender cries her num'rous orphan train;
The tears of wedded love profuse were shed in vain.

For her, was grief on ev'ry face impress'd;
For her, each bosom heav'd with tender sighs:
An husband late with all her virtues bless'd,
And weeping race in sad ideas rise:
For her depress'd and pale,
Your charms, ye Graces veil.
Whom to adorn was once your chief delight:
Ye virtues all deplore
Your image, now no more,
And * Hymen quench thy torch in tears and endless night

Nor yet these dismal prospects disappear,
When o'er the weeping plain new horrors rise,
And louder accents pierce each frighted ear,
Accents of grief embitter'd by surprise!
Frantic with woe, at once the tumult flies,
To snatch Adonis wash'd along the stream,
And all th' extended bank re-echoes to his name.

Rang'd on the brink the weeping matrons stand,
The lovely wreck of fortune to survey,
While o'er the flood he wav'd his beauteous hand,
Or in convulsive anguish struggling lay.
By slow degrees they view'd his force decay,
In fruitless efforts to regain the shore:
They view'd and mourn'd his fate: O Heav'n! they could no more.

Ye † Naiads, guardians of the fatal flood,
'Was beauty, sweetness, youth no more your care?
For beauty, sweetness, youth, your pity woo'd,
Pow'rful to charm, if fate could learn to spare.
Stretch'd on cold earth he lies;
While, in his closing eyes,
No more the heav'n-illumin'd lustre shines;
His cheek, once nature's pride,
With blooming roses dy'd,
To unrelenting fate its op'ning blush resigns.

Dear hapless youth! what felt thy mother's heart,
When in her view thy lifeless form was laid?
Such anguish when the soul and body part,
Such agonizing pangs the frame invade,
Was there no hand, she cry'd, my child to aid?
Could heav'n and earth unmov'd his fall survey,
Nor from th' insatiate waves redeem their lovely prey?

Did I for this my tend'rest cares employ,
To nourish and improve thy early bloom?
Are all my rising hopes, my promis'd joy,
Extinct in death's inexorable gloom?
No more shall life those faded charms relume,
Dear rip'ning sweetness! sunk no more to rise!
Thee nature mourns, like me, with fond maternal eyes.

Fortune and life, your gifts how insecure!
How fair you promise! but how ill perform!

* *God of Arcadia, who peculiarly presides over rural life.*

* *God of marriage.*

† *River Goddesses.*

Like tender fruit, they periſh premature,
Scorch'd by the beam, or whelm'd beneath the ſtorm.
For thee a fate more kind,
Thy mother's hopes aſſign'd,
Than thus to ſink in early youth deplor'd:
But late thou fled'ſt my ſight,
Thy parent's dear delight!
And art thou to my arms, ah! art thou thus reſtor'd?

Severe theſe ills: yet heavier ſtill impend,
That wound with livelier grief the ſmarting ſoul:
As, ere the long-collected ſtorm deſcend,
Red lightnings flaſh, and thunder ſhakes the pole;
Portentous, ſolemn, loud its murmurs roll:
While from the ſubject field the trembling hind
Views inſtant ruin threat the labours of mankind.

For ſcarce the bitter ſigh and deep'ning groan
In fainter cadence died away in air,
When, lo! by fate a deadlier ſhaft was thrown,
Which open'd ev'ry ſource of deep deſpair:
As yet our ſouls thoſe recent ſorrows ſhare,
Swift from th' adjacent field Menalcas flies,
While grief impels his ſteps, and tears bedew his eyes.

Weep on, he cry'd, let tears no meaſure know;
Hence from thoſe fields let pleaſure wing her way:
Ye ſhades, be hallow'd from this hour to woe:
No more with ſummer's pride, ye meads be gay.
Ah! why, with ſweetneſs crown'd,
Should ſummer ſmile around?
Philanthes now is number'd with the dead:
Young health, all drown'd in tears,
A livid paleneſs wears;
Dim are her radiant eyes, and all her roſes fade.

Him bright * Hygeia, in life's early dawn,
Through nature's fav'rite walks with tranſport led,
Through woods umbrageous, or the op'ning lawn,
Or where freſh fountains lave the flow'ry mead:
There ſummer's treaſures to his view diſplay'd,
What herbs and flow'rs ſalubrious juice beſtow,
Along the lowly vale, or mountain's arduous brow.

The paralytic nerve his art confeſs'd,
Quick-panting aſthma, and conſumption pale:
Corroſive pain he ſoften'd into reſt,
And bade the fever's rage no more prevail.
Unhappy art! decreed at laſt to fail,
Why linger'd then thy ſalutary pow'r,
Nor from a life ſo dear repell'd the deſtin'd hour?

Your griefs, O love and friendſhip, how ſevere!
When high to heav'n his ſoul purſu'd her flight;
Your moving plaints ſtill vibrate on my ear,
Still the ſad viſion ſwims before my ſight.
O'er all the mournful ſcene,
Inconſolable pain,
In ev'ry various form, appear'd expreſt:
The tear-diſtilling eye,
The long, deep, broken ſigh,
Diſſolv'd each tender ſoul, and heav'd in ev'ry breaſt.

Such were their woes, and oh! how juſt, how due!
What tears could equal ſuch immenſe diſtreſs?
Time, cure of lighter ills, muſt ours renew,
And years the ſenſe of what we loſe increaſe.
From whom ſhall now the wretched hope redreſs?
Religion where a nobler ſubject find,
So favour'd of the ſkies, ſo dear to human kind?

Fair friendſhip, ſmiling on his natal hour,
The babe ſelected in her ſacred train;
She bade him round diffuſive bleſſings ſhow'r,
And in his boſom fix'd her fav'rite ſane,
In glory thence how long, yet how ſerene,
Her vital influence ſpreads its cheering rays!
Worth felt the genial beam, and ripen'd in the blaze.

As lucid ſtreams refreſh the ſmiling plain,
Op'ning the flow'rs that on their borders grow;
As grateful to the herb, deſcending rain,
That ſhrunk and wither'd in the ſolar glow:
So, when his voice was heard,
Affliction diſappear'd;
Pleaſure with raviſh'd ears imbib'd the ſound;
Grief with its ſweetneſs ſooth'd,
Each cloudy feature ſmooth'd,
And ever-waking care forgot th' eternal wound.

Such elegance of taſte, ſuch graceful eaſe,
Infus'd by Heav'n, through all his manners ſhone;
In him it ſeem'd to join whate'er could pleaſe,
And plan the full perfection from its own:
He other fields and other ſwains had known,
Gentle as thoſe of old by * Phœbus taught,
When poliſh'd with his lute, like him they ſpoke and thought.

Thus form'd alike to bleſs, and to be bleſs'd,
Such heav'nly graces kindred graces found;
Her gentle turn the ſame, the ſame her taſte,
With equal worth and equal candour crown'd:
Long may ſhe ſearch creation's ample round,
The joys of ſuch a friendſhip to explore;
But, once in him expir'd, to joy ſhe lives no more.

As nature to her works ſupremely kind,
His tender ſoul with all the parent glow'd,
On all his race, his goodneſs unconfin'd,
One full exhauſtleſs ſtream of fondneſs flow'd;
Pleas'd as each genius roſe,
New proſpects to diſcloſe,
To form the mind, and raiſe its gen'rous aim;
His thoughts, with virtue warm'd,
At once inſpir'd and charm'd;
His looks, his words, his ſmiles transfus'd the ſacred flame.

Say ye, whoſe minds for long revolving years
The joys of ſweet ſociety have known,
Whoſe mutual fondneſs ev'ry hour endears,
Whoſe pains, whoſe pleaſures, and whoſe ſouls are one;

* *Daughter of Eſculapius, and goddeſs of health.*

* *He was ſaid to poliſh the ſwains, when, in revenge for forging the bolt which killed his ſon, he ſlew the Cyclops, and was doom'd to keep the flocks of Admetus.*

O! say, for you can judge, and you alone;
What anguish pierc'd his widow'd consort's heart,
When from her dearer self for ever doom'd to part.

His children to the scene of death repair,
While more than filial sorrow bathes their eyes;
His smiles indulgent, his paternal care,
In sadly-pleasing recollection rise:
But young Dorinda, with distinguish'd sighs,
Effusing all her soul in soft regret,
Seems, while she mourns his loss, to share a father's fate.

Whether the day its wonted course renew'd,
Or midnight vigils wrapt the world in shade,
Her tender task assiduous she pursu'd,
To sooth his anguish, or his wants to aid;
To soften ev'ry pain,
The meaning look explain,
And scan the forming wish ere yet express'd:
The dying father smil'd
With fondness on his child,
And, when his tongue was mute, his eyes her goodness bless'd.

At length, fair mourner! cease thy rising woe:
Its object still surviving seeks the skies,
Where brighter suns in happier climates glow,
And ampler scenes with height'ning charms surprise:
There perfect life thy much lov'd sire enjoys,
The life of gods, exempt from grief and pain,
Where, in immortal breasts, immortal transports reign.

Ye mourning swains, your loud complaints forbear;
Still he, the genius of our green retreat,
Shall with benignant care our labours cheer,
And banish far each shock of adverse fate;
Mild suns and gentle show'rs on spring shall wait,
His hand with ev'ry fruit shall autumn store:
In Heav'n your patron reigns, ye shepherds weep no more.

Henceforth his pow'r shall with your * Lares join,
To bid your cots with peace and pleasure smile;
To bid disease and languor cease to pine,
And fair abundance crown each rural toil:
While birds their lays resume,
And spring her annual bloom,
Let verdant wreaths his sacred tomb adorn;
To him, each rising day,
Devout libations pay:
In Heav'n your patron reigns, no more ye shepherds mourn.

## THE WISH.

### AN ELEGY.

*To Urania.*

" Felices ter, et amplius,
" Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
" Divulsus querimoniis
" Suprema citius solvet amor die."

HOR.

Let others travel, with incessant pain,
The wealth of earth and ocean to secure;

Then, with fond hopes, cares the precious bane;
In grandeur abject, and in affluence poor.

But soon, too soon, in fancy's timid eyes,
Wild waves shall roll, and conflagrations spread;
While bright in arms, and of gigantic size,
The fear-form'd robber haunts the thorny bed.

Let me, in dreadless poverty retir'd,
The real joys of life, unenvied, share:
Favour'd by love, and by the muse inspir'd,
I'll yield to wealth its jealousy and care.

On rising ground, the prospect to command,
Unting'd with smoke, where vernal breezes blow,
In rural neatness let my cottage stand;
Here wave a wood, and there a river flow.

Oft from the neighb'ring hills and pastures round,
Let sheep with tender bleat salute my ear;
Nor fox insidious haunt the guiltless ground,
Nor man pursue the trade of murder near:

Far hence, kind Heav'n! expel the savage train,
Inur'd to blood, and eager to destroy;
Who pointed steel with recent slaughter stain,
And place in groans and death their cruel joy.

Ye pow'rs of social life and tender song!
To you devoted shall my fields remain;
Here undisturb'd the peaceful day prolong,
Nor own a smart but love's delightful pain.

For you my trees shall wave their leafy shade;
For you my gardens tinge the lenient air;
For you be autumn's blushing gifts display'd,
And all that nature yields of sweet or fair.

But O! if plaints, which love and grief inspire,
In heav'nly breasts could e'er compassion find,
Grant me, ah! grant my heart's supreme desire,
And teach my dear Urania to be kind.

For her, black sadness clouds my brightest day;
For her, in tears the midnight vigils roll;
For her, cold horrors melt my pow'rs away,
And chill the living vigour of my soul.

Beneath her scorn each youthful ardour dies,
Its joys, its wishes, and its hopes expire;
In vain the fields of science tempt my eyes;
In vain for me the muses string the lyre.

O! let her oft my humble dwelling grace,
Humble no more, if there she deign to shine;
For Heav'n, unlimited by time or place,
Still waits on godlike worth and charms divine.

Amid the cooling fragrance of the morn,
How sweet with her through lonely fields to stray!
Her charms the loveliest landscape shall adorn,
And add new glories to the rising day.

With her all nature shines in heighten'd bloom;
The silver stream in sweeter music flows;
Odours more rich the fanning gales perfume;
And deeper tinctures paint the spreading rose.

With her the shades of night their horrors lose,
Its deepest silence charms if she be by;
Her voice the music of the dawn renews,
Its lambent radiance sparkles in her eye.

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* *Domestic gods.*

How ſweet with her, in wiſdom's calm receſs,
To brighten ſoft deſire with wit refin'd;
Kind nature's laws with ſacred Aſhley trace,
And view the faireſt features of the mind!

Or borne on Milton's flight, as Heav'n ſublime,
View its full blaze in open proſpect glow;
Bleſs the firſt pair in Eden's happy clime,
Or drop the human tear for endleſs woe.

And when in virtue and in peace grown old,
No arts the languid lamp of life reſtore;
Her let me graſp with hands convuls'd and cold,
Till ev'ry nerve relax'd can hold no more:

Long, long on her my dying eyes ſuſpend,
Till the laſt beam ſhall vibrate on my ſight;
Then ſoar where only greater joys attend,
And bear her image to eternal light.

Fond man, ah! whither would thy fancy rove?
'Tis thine to languiſh in unpitied ſmart;
'Tis thine, alas! eternal ſcorn to prove,
Nor feel one gleam of comfort warm thy heart.

But if my fair this cruel law impoſe,
Pleas'd, to her will I all my ſoul reſign;
To walk beneath the burden of my woes,
Or ſink in death, nor at my fate repine.

Yet when, with woes unmingled and ſincere,
To earth's cold womb in ſilence I deſcend;
Let her, to grace my obſequies, appear,
And with the weeping throng her ſorrows blend.

Ah! no; be all her hours with pleaſure crown'd,
And all her ſoul from ev'ry anguiſh free:
Should my ſad fate that gentle boſom wound,
The joys of Heav'n would be no joys to me.

## ON THE DEATH OF MR. POPE.

AN ELEGY.

" Poets themſelves muſt fall, like thoſe they ſung;
" Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue;
" Ev'n he, whoſe ſoul now melts in mournful lays,
" Shall ſhortly want the gen'rous tear he pays."
POPE'S UNFORTUNATE LADY.

While yet I ſcarce awake from dumb ſurpriſe,
And tepid ſtreams profuſely bathe my eyes;
While ſoul-diſſolving ſighs my boſom ſtrain,
And all my being ſinks oppreſs'd with pain;
Deign you whoſe ſouls, like mine, are form'd to know
The nice poetic ſenſe of bliſs and woe;
To theſe ſad accents deign a pitying ear;
Strong be our ſorrow, as the cauſe ſevere.
O Pope, what tears thy obſequies attend!
Britain a bard deplores, mankind a friend:
For thee, their darling, weep th' Aonian choir,
Mute the ſoft voice, unſtrung the tuneful lyre:
For thee the virtuous and the ſage ſhall mourn,
And virgin ſorrows bathe thy ſacred urn:
One veil of grief o'er Heav'n and earth be thrown,
And vice and envy ſtaunt in ſmiles alone.
Erewhile depreſs'd in abject duſt they lay,
Nor with their hideous forms affronted day;
While thy great genius, in their tortur'd ſight,
Flac'd truth and virtue cloth'd with heav'nly light:
Now pleas'd, to open ſunſhine they return,
And o'er the fate exult which others mourn.
Ah me! far other thoughts my ſoul inſpire;
Far other accents breathes the plaintive lyre:
Thee, though the muſes bleſs'd with all their art,
And pour'd their ſacred raptures on thy heart;
Though thy lov'd virtue, with a mother's pain,
Deplores thy fate, alas! deplores in vain?
Silent and pale thy tuneful frame remains;
Death ſeals thy ſight, and freezes in thy veins:
" Cold is that breaſt, which warm'd the world before,
" And that Heav'n-prompted tongue ſhall charm no more."
Whom next ſhall Heav'n to ſhare thy honours choose;
Whom conſecrate to virtue and the muſe?
The muſe, by fate's eternal plan deſign'd
To light exalt and humanize the mind;
To bid kind pity melt, juſt anger glow;
To kindle joy, or prompt the ſighs of woe;
To ſhake with horror, rack with tender ſmart,
And touch the fineſt ſprings that move the heart.
* Curſt he! who, without ecſtaſy ſincere,
The poet's ſoul effus'd in ſong can hear:
His aid in vain ſhall indigence require;
Unmov'd he views his deareſt friends expire:
Nature and nature's God that wretch deteſt;
Unfought his friendſhip, and his days unbleſt:
Hell's mazy frauds deep in his boſom roll,
And all her gloom hangs heavy on his ſoul.
As when the ſun begins his eaſtern way,
To bleſs the nations with returning day,
Crown'd with unfading ſplendour, on he flies;
Reveals the world, and kindles all the ſkies:
The proſtrate eaſt the radiant god adore;
So, Pope, we view'd thee, but muſt view no more.
Thee angels late beheld, with mute ſurpriſe,
Glow with their themes, and to their accents riſe;
They view'd with wonder thy unbounded aim,
To trace the mazes of th' eternal ſcheme:
But Heav'n thoſe ſcenes to human view denies,
Thoſe ſcenes impervious to celeſtial eyes:
Whoe'er attempts the path, ſhall loſe his way,
And, wrapt in night, through endleſs error ſtray.
In thee what talent ſhall we moſt admire;
The critic's judgment, or the poet's fire?
Alike in both to glory is thy claim;
Thine Ariſtotle's taſte, and Homer's flame.
Arm'd with impartial ſatire, when thy muſe
Triumphant vice with all her rage purſues;
To hell's dread gloom the monſter ſcours away,
Far from the haunts of men, and ſcenes of day:
There, curſt and curſing, rack'd with raging woe,
Shakes with inceſſant howls the realms below.
But ſoon, too ſoon, the fiend to light ſhall riſe;
Her ſteps the earth ſcarce bound, her head the ſkies;
Till his red terrors Jove again diſplay,
Aſſert his laws, and vindicate his ſway.

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* *What we call poetical genius, depends entirely on the quickneſs of moral feeling: He therefore who cannot feel poetry, muſt either have his affections and internal ſenſes depraved by vice, or be naturally inſenſible of the pleaſures reſulting from the exerciſe of them. But this natural inſenſibility is almoſt never ſo great in any heart, as entirely to hinder the impreſſion of well-painted paſſion, or natural images connected with it.*

When Ovid's ſong bewails the Leſbian fair,
Her ſlighted paſſion, and intenſe deſpair;
By thee improv'd, in each ſoul-moving line,
Not Ovid's wit, but Sappho's ſorrows ſhine.
When Eloiſa mourns her hapleſs fate,
What heart can ceaſe with all her pangs to beat!
While pointed wit, with flowing numbers grac'd,
Excites the laugh, ev'n in the guilty breaſt;
The gaudy coxcomb, and the fickle fair,
Shall dread the ſatire of thy raviſh'd hair.
Not the * Sicilian breath'd a ſweeter ſong,
While Arethuſa, charm'd and liſt'ning, hung;
For whom each muſe, from her dear ſeat retir'd,
His flocks protected, and himſelf inſpir'd:
Nor he † who ſung, while ſorrow fill'd the plain,
How Cytherea mourn'd Adonis ſlain;
Nor ‡ Tityrus, who, in immortal lays,
Taught Mantua's echoes Galatea's praiſe.
No more let Mantua boaſt unrivall'd fame;
Thy Windſor now ſhall equal honours claim:
Eternal fragrance ſhall each breeze perfume,
And in each grove eternal verdure bloom.
Ye tuneful ſhepherds, and ye beauteous maids,
From fair Ladona's banks, and Windſor's ſhades,
Whoſe ſouls in tranſport melted at his ſong,
Soft as your ſighs, and as your wiſhes ſtrong;
O come! your copious annual tributes bring,
The full luxuriance of the rifled ſpring;
Strip various nature of each faireſt flow'r,
And on his tomb the gay profuſion ſhow'r.
Let long-liv'd panſies here their ſcents beſtow,
The violets languiſh, and the roſes glow;
In yellow glory let the crocus ſhine,
Narciſſus here his love-ſick head recline;
Here hyacinths in purple ſweetneſs riſe,
And tulips ting'd with beauty's faireſt dyes.
Who ſhall ſucceed thy worth, O darling ſwain!
Attempt thy reeds, or emulate thy ſtrain?
Each painted warbler of the vocal grove
Laments thy fate, unmindful of his love:
Thee, thee the breezes, thee the fountains mourn,
And ſolemn moans reſponſive rocks return;
Shepherds and flocks protract the doleful ſound,
And nought is heard but mingled plaints around.
When firſt Calliope thy fall ſurvey'd,
Immortal tears her eyes profuſely ſhed;
Her pow'rleſs hand the tuneful harp reſign'd;
The conſcious harp her griefs, low-murm'ring, join'd;
Her voice in trembling cadence died away,
And, loſt in anguiſh, all the goddeſs lay.
Such pangs ſhe felt, when, from the realms of light,
The fates, in Homer, raviſh'd her delight:
To thee her ſacred hand conſign'd his lyre,
And in thy boſom kindled all his fire:
Hence, in our tongue, his glorious labours dreſt,
Breathe all the god that warm'd their author's breaſt.
When horrid war informs the ſacred page,
And men and gods with mutual wrath engage,
The claſh of arms, the trumpet's awful ſound,
And groans and clamours ſhake the mountains round;
The nations rock, earth's ſolid baſes groan,
And quake heav'n's arches to th' eternal throne.

When Eolus dilates the lawleſs wind,
O'er nature's face to revel unconfin'd,
Bend Heav'n's blue concave, ſweep the fruitful plain,
Tear up the foreſt, and enrage the main;
In horrid native pomp the tempeſts ſhine,
Ferment and roar, and aeſtuate in each line.
When Siſyphus, with many a weary groan,
Rolls up the hill the ſtill revolving ſtone;
The loaded line, like it, ſeems to recoil, [toil:
Strains his bent nerves, and heaves with his full
But, when reſulting rapid from its height,
Precipitate the numbers emulate the flight.
As when creative energy, employ'd,
With various beings fill'd the boundleſs void;
With deep ſurvey th' omniſcient Parent view'd
The mighty fabric, and confeſs'd it good;
He view'd, exulting with immenſe delight,
The lovely tranſcript, as th' idea, bright:
So ſwell'd the * bard with ecſtaſy divine,
When full and finiſh'd roſe his bright deſign;
So, from the Elyſian bow'rs, he joy'd to ſee
All his immortal ſelf reviv'd in thee.
While fame enjoys thy conſecrated fane,
Firſt of th' inſpir'd, with him for ever reign;
With his each diſtant age ſhall rank thy name,
And ev'n reluctant envy hiſs acclaim.
But ah! blind fate will no diſtinction know;
Swift down the torrent all alike muſt flow:
Wit, virtue, learning, are alike its prey;
All, all muſt tread th' irremeable way.
No more fond wiſhes in my breaſt ſhall roll,
Diſtend my heart, and kindle all my ſoul,
To breathe my honeſt raptures in thy ear,
And feel thy kindneſs in returns ſincere;
Thy art, I hop'd, ſhould teach the muſe to ſing,
Direct her flight, and prune her infant wing;
Now muſe be dumb; or let thy ſong deplore
Thy pleaſures blaſted, and thy hopes no more.
Tremendous pow'rs! who rule th' eternal ſtate,
Whoſe voice is thunder, and whoſe nod is fate;
Did I for empire, ſecond to your own,
Cling round the ſhrine, and importune the throne?
Pray'd I, that fame ſhould bear my name on high,
Through nation'd earth, or all-involving ſky?
Woo'd I for me the ſun to toil and ſhine,
The gem to brighten, or mature the mine?
Though deep involv'd in adamantine night,
Aſk'd I again to view heav'n's cheerful light?
Pope's love I ſought; that only boon deny'd,
O life! what pleaſure canſt thou boaſt beſide,
Worth my regard, or equal to my pride?
Thus mourns a tim'rous muſe, unknown to fame,
Thus ſheds her ſweeteſt incenſe on thy name;
Whilſt on her lips imperfect accents die,
Tear following tear, and ſigh ſucceeding ſigh:
She mourns, nor ſhe alone, with fond regret,
A world, a feeling world, muſt weep thy fate.
Where poliſh'd arts and ſacred ſcience reign,
Where'er the Nine their tuneful preſence deign;
There ſhall thy glory, with unclouded blaze,
Command immortal monuments of praiſe:
From clime to clime the circling ſun ſhall view
Its rival ſplendour ſtill his own purſue.

* *Theocritus.* † *Bion.* ‡ *Virgil.*

* *Homer.*

While the swift torrent from its source descends;
While round this globe Heav'n's ample concave bends;
Whilst all its living lamps their course maintain,
And lead the beauteous year's revolving train;
So long shall men thy heav'nly song admire,
And nature's charms and thine at once expire.

## ELEGY.

TO THE MEMORY OF CONSTANTIA *.

" His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
" Munere."——

VIRGIL.

By the pale glimmer of the conscious moon,
When slumber, on the humid eyes of woe,
Sheds its kind lenitive; what mournful voice
So sadly sweet, on my attentive ear,
Its moving plaint effuses: like the song
Of Philomel, when through the vocal air,
Impell'd by deep inconsolable grief,
She breathes her soft, her melancholy strain;
And nature with religious silence hears?
'Tis she; my wand'ring senses recognize
The well-known charm, and all my list'ning soul
Is expectation. Oh! 'tis that dear voice,
Whose gentle accents charm'd my happier days;
Ere sharp affliction's iron hand had prest
Her vernal youth, and sunk her with the blow.
Tell me, thou heav'nly excellence! whose form
Still rises to my view, whose melting song
For ever echoes on my trembling ear,
Delightful ev'n in misery; O say!
What bright distinguish'd mansion in the sky
Receives thy suff'ring virtue from the storm,
That on thy tender blossom pour'd its rage?
Early, alas! too early didst thou feel
Its most tempestuous fury. From the calm,
The soft serenity of life, how led
An unsuspecting victim! Ev'ry blast
Pierc'd to thy inmost soul, amid the waste
Of cruel fortune left to seek thy way
Unshelter'd and alone; while to thy groans
No gen'rous ear reclin'd, no friendly roof,
With hospitable umbrage, entertain'd
Thy drooping sweetness, uninur'd to pain.
That lib'ral hand, which, to the tortur'd sense
Of anguish, comfort's healing balm apply'd,
To Heav'n and earth extended, vainly now
Implores the consolation once it gave,
Nor suppliant meets redress. That eye benign,
The seat of mercy, which to each distress,
Ev'n by thy foe sustain'd, the gentle tear
A willing tribute paid, now fruitless weeps,
Nor gains that pity it so oft bestow'd.
Thou loveliest sacrifice that ever fell
To perfidy and unrelenting hate!
How, in the hour of confidence and hope,
When love and expectation to thy heart
Spoke peace, and plac'd felicity in view;
How fled the bright illusion, and at once
Forsook thee plung'd in exquisite despair!
Thy friends; the insects of a summer-gale
That sport and flutter in the mid-day beam
Of gay prosperity, or from the flow'rs,
That in her sunshine bloom, with ardour suck
Sweetness unearn'd; thy temporary friends,
Or blind with headlong fury, or abus'd
By ev'ry gross imposture, or supine,
Lull'd by the songs of ease and pleasure, saw
Thy bitter destiny with cool regard.
Thy wrongs ev'n nature's voice proclaim'd in vain;
Deaf to her tender importuning call,
And all the father in his soul extinct,
Thy parent sat; while on thy guiltless head
Each various torment, that embitters life,
Exhausted all their force: and, to ensure
Their execrable conquest, black and fell,
Ev'n as her native region, slander join'd;
And o'er thy virtue, spotless as the wish
Of infant souls, inexorable breath'd
Her pestilential vapour. Hence fair truth,
Persuasive as the tongue of seraphs, urg'd
Unheard the cause of innocence; the blush
Of fickle friendship hence forgot to glow.
Meanwhile from these retreats with hapless speed,
By ev'ry hope and ev'ry wish impell'd,
Thy steps explor'd protection. Whence explor'd?
Ah me! from whom, and to what curs'd arms
Wert thou betray'd: unfeeling as the rock
Which splits the vessel; while its helpless crew,
With shrieks of horror, deprecate their fate?
O earth! O righteous Heaven! could'st thou behold;
While yet thy patient hand the thunder grasp'd,
Nor hurl'd the flaming vengeance; could'st thou see
The violated vow, the marriage rite
Profan'd, and all the sacred ties, which bind
Or God or man, abandon'd to the scorn
Of vice by long impunity confirm'd?
But thou, perfidious! tremble.——If on high
The hand of justice with impartial scale
Each word, each action poises, and exacts
Severe atonement from th' offending heart;
Oh! what hast thou to dread? what endless pangs,
What deep damnation must thy soul endure?
On earth 'twas thine to perpetrate a crime,
From whose grim visage guilt of shameless brow,
Ev'n in its wild career, might shrink appall'd:
'Tis thine to fear hereafter, if not feel,
Plagues that in hell no precedent can boast.
Ev'n in the silent, safe domestic hour,
Ev'n in the scene of tenderness and peace,
Remorse, more fierce than all the fiends below,
In fancy's ears, shall, with a thousand tongues,
Thunder despair and ruin: all her snakes
Shall rear their speckled crests aloft in air,
With ceaseless horrid hiss; shall brandish quick
Their forky tongues, or roll their kindling eyes
With sanguine, fiery glare. Ev'n while each sense
Glows with the rapture of tumultuous joy,
The tears of injur'd beauty, the complaints
Of truth immaculate, by thee expos'd
To wrongs unnumber'd, shall disturb thy bliss;
Shall freeze thy blood with fear, and to thy sight
Anticipate th' impending wrath of heav'n.

* *An accomplished, but unfortunate young lady, of the city of Edinburgh, having, without the consent of her father, married a gentleman, who carried her to the West Indies, she was there cruelly forsaken by him, and lost her life by a mistaken medicine.*

In sleep, kind pause of being! when the nerve
Of toil unbends, when, from the heart of care,
Retires the fated vulture, when disease
And disappointment quaff Lethean draughts
Of sweet oblivion; from his charge unbleſt,
Shall speed thy better angel: to thy dreams
Th' infernal gulf shall open, and disclose
Its latent horrors. O'er the burning lake
Of blue sulphureous gleam, the piercing shriek,
The scourge incessant, and the clanking chain,
Shall scare thee ev'n to frenzy. On thy mind
Its fiercest flames shall prey; while from its depth
Some gnashing fury beckons thy approach,
And, thirsty of perdition, waits to plunge
Thy naked soul, ten thousand fathom down,
Amidst the boiling surges. Such their fate,
Whose hearts, indocile, to the sacred lore
Of wisdom, truth, and virtue, banish far
The cry of soft compassion; nor can taste
Beatitude supreme in giving joy!
Thy race, the product of a lawless flame,
Ev'n while thy fond imagination plans
Their future grandeur, in thy mock'd embrace
Shall prematurely perish; or survive
To feel their father's infamy, and curse
The tainted origin from which they sprung.
For, Oh! thy soul no soft compunction knew,
When that fair form, where all the graces liv'd,
Perfection's brightest triumph, from thy breast,
The sport of milder winds and seas was thrown,
To glow or shiver in the keen extremes
Of ev'ry various climate: when that cheek,
Ting'd with the blush of heav'n's unfading rose,
Grew pale with pining anguish; when that voice,
By angels tun'd to harmony and love,
Trembled with agony; and, in thine ear,
Utter'd the last extremity of woe.
From foreign bounty she obtain'd that aid
Which friendship, love, humanity, at home
Deny'd her blasted worth. From foreign hands
Her glowing lips receiv'd the cooling draught,
To sooth the fever's rage. From foreign eyes
The tear, by nature, love and friendship due,
Flow'd copious o'er the wreck, whose charms, in death
Still blooming, at the hand of ruin smil'd.
Destin'd, alas! in foreign climes to leave
Her pale remains unhonour'd; while the herse
Of wealthy guilt emblazon'd boasts the pride
Of painted heraldry, and sculptur'd stone
Protects or flatters its detested fame.
Vain trappings of mortality! When these
Shall crumble, like the worthless dust they hide;
Then thou, dear spirit! in immortal joy,
Crown'd with intrinsic honours, shalt appear;
And God himself, to list'ning worlds, proclaim
Thy injur'd tenderness, thy faith unstain'd,
Thy mildness long insulted, and thy worth
Severely try'd, and found at last sincere.
But where, Oh! where shall art or nature find,
For smarting sorrow's ever recent wound,
Some bleſt restorative; whose pow'rful charm
May sooth thy friend's regret, within his breast
Suspend the sigh spontaneous, bid the tear,
By sad reflection prompted, cease to fall!
These, still as moments, days and years revolve,
A consecrated off'ring, shall attend
Thy dear idea uneffac'd by time:
Till the pale night of destiny obscure
Life's wasting taper; till each torpid sense
Feel death's chill hand, and grief complain no more.

## A SOLILOQUY:

*Occasioned by the Author's escape from falling into a deep well, where he must have been irrecoverably lost, if a favourite lap-dog had not, by the sound of its feet upon the board with which the well was covered, warned him of his danger.*

"Quid quisque viret, nunquam homini satis
"Cautum est in horas."——

HORAT.

Where am I!—O Eternal Pow'r of heav'n!
Relieve me; or, amid the silent gloom,
Can danger's cry approach no gen'rous ear,
Prompt to redress th' unhappy? O my heart!
What shall I do, or whither shall I turn?
Will no kind hand, benevolent as Heav'n,
Save me involv'd in peril and in night!
Erect with horror stands my bristling hair;
My tongue forgets its motion; strength forsakes
My trembling limbs; my voice, impell'd in vain,
No passage finds; cold, cold as death, my blood,
Keen as the breath of winter, chills each vein.
For on the verge, the awful verge of fate
Scarce fix'd I stand; and one progressive step
Had plung'd me down, unfathomably deep,
To gulfs impervious to the cheerful sun
And fragrant breeze; to that abhorr'd abode,
Where silence and oblivion, sisters drear!
With cruel death confed'rate empire hold,
In desolatoin and primæval gloom. [horror,
Ha! what unmans me thus? what, more than
Relaxes ev'ry nerve, untunes my frame,
And chills my inmost soul?—Be still, my heart!
Nor flutt'ring thus, in vain attempt to burst
The barrier firm, by which thou art confin'd.
Resume your functions, limbs! restrain those knees
From smiting thus each other. Rouse, my soul!
Assert thy native dignity, and dare
To brave this king of terrors; to confront
His cloudy brow, and unrelenting frown,
With steady scorn, in conscious triumph bold.
Reason, that beam of uncreated day,
That ray of Deity, by God's own breath
Infus'd and kindled, reason will dispel
Those fancy'd terrors: reason will instruct thee,
That death is heav'n's kind interposing hand,
To snatch thee timely from impending woe;
From aggregated misery, whose pangs
Can find no other period but the grave.
For Oh!—while others gaze on nature's face,
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and streams;
Or, with delight ineffable, survey
The sun, bright image of his parent God;
The seasons, in majestic order, round
This vary'd globe revolving; young-ey'd spring,
Profuse of life and joy; summer, adorn'd
With keen effulgence, bright'ning heav'n and earth;
Autumn, replete with nature's various boon,
To bless the toiling hind; and winter, grand
With rapid storms, convulsing nature's frame:

Whilſt others view heav'n's all-involving arch,
Bright with unnumber'd worlds; and loſt in joy,
Fair order and utility behold;
Or, unfatigu'd, th' amazing chain purſue,
Which, in one vaſt all-comprehending whole,
Unites th' immenſe ſtupenduous works of God,
Conjoining part with part, and, through the frame,
Diffuſing ſacred harmony and joy:
To me thoſe fair viciſſitudes are loſt,
And grace and beauty blotted from my view.
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and ſtreams,
One horrid blank appear; the young-ey'd ſpring,
Effulgent ſummer, autumn deck'd in wealth
To bleſs the toiling hind, and winter grand
With rapid ſtorms, revolve in vain for me:
Nor the bright ſun, nor all-embracing arch
Of heav'n, ſhall e'er theſe wretched orbs behold.
O beauty, harmony! ye ſiſter train
Of graces; you, who, in th' admiring eye
Of God your charms diſplay'd, ere yet, tranſcrib'd
On nature's form, your heav'nly features ſhone:
Why are you ſnatch'd for ever from my ſight,
Whilſt, in your ſtead, a boundleſs, waſte expanſe
Of undiſtinguiſh'd horror covers all?
Wide o'er my proſpect rueful darkneſs breathes
Her inauſpicious vapour; in whoſe ſhade,
Fear, grief, and anguiſh, natives of her reign,
In ſocial gadneſs, gloomy vigils keep:
With them I walk, with them ſtill doom'd to ſhare
Eternal blackneſs, without hopes of dawn.
Hence oft the hand of ignorance and ſcorn,
To barb'rous mirth abandon'd, points me out
With idiot grin: the ſupercilious eye
Oft, from the noiſe and glare of proſp'rous life,
On my obſcurity diverts its gaze,
Exulting; and, with wanton pride elate,
Felicitates its own ſuperior lot:
Inhuman triumph! hence the piercing taunt
Of titled inſolence inflicted deep.
Hence the warm bluſh that paints ingenious ſhame,
By conſcious want inſpir'd; th' unpitied pang
Of love and friendſhip ſlighted. Hence the tear
Of impotent compaſſion, when the voice
Of pain, by others felt, quick ſmites my heart,
And rouſes all its tenderneſs in vain.
All theſe, and more, on this devoted head,
Have with collected bitterneſs been pour'd.
Nor end my ſorrows here. The ſacred fane
Of knowledge, ſcarce acceſſible to me,
With heart-conſuming anguiſh I behold;
Knowledge, for which my ſoul inſatiate burns
With ardent thirſt. Nor can theſe uſeleſs hands,
Untutor'd in each life-ſuſtaining art,
Nouriſh this wretched being and ſupply
Frail nature's wants, that ſhort ceſſation know.
Where * now, ah! where is that ſupporting arm
Which to my weak, unequal infant ſteps
Its kind aſſiſtance lent? Ah! where that love,
That ſtrong aſſiduous tenderneſs, which watch'd
My wiſhes yet ſcarce form'd; and, to my view,
Unimportun'd, like all-indulging Heav'n,
Their objects brought? Ah! where that gentle voice
Which, with inſtruction, ſoft as ſummer dews
Or fleecy ſnows, deſcending on my ſoul,
Diſtinguiſh'd ev'ry hour with new delight?
Ah! where that virtue, which, amid the ſtorms,
The mingled horrors of tumultuous life,
Untainted, unſubdu'd, the ſhock ſuſtain'd?
So firm the oak which, in eternal night,
As deep its root extends, as high to heav'n
Its top majeſtic riſes: ſuch the ſmile
Of ſome benignant angel, from the throne
Of God diſpatch'd, ambaſſador of peace;
Who on his look impreſt his meſſage bears,
And pleas'd, from earth averts impending ill,
Alas! no wife thy parting kiſſes ſhar'd:
From thy expiring lips no child receiv'd
Thy laſt, dear bleſſing and thy laſt advice.
Friend, father, benefactor, all at once,
In thee forſook me, an unguarded prey
For ev'ry ſtorm, whoſe lawleſs fury roars
Beneath the azure concave of the ſky,
To toſs, and on my head exhauſt its rage.
Dejecting proſpect! ſoon the hapleſs hour
May come; perhaps this moment it impends,
Which drives me forth to penury and cold,
Naked, and beat by all the ſtorms of heav'n,
Friendleſs and guideleſs to explore my way;
Till on cold earth this poor, unſhelter'd head
Reclining, vainly from the ruthleſs blaſt
Reſpite I beg, and in the ſhock expire.
Me miſerable! wherefore, O my ſoul!
Was, on ſuch hard conditions, life deſir'd?
One ſtep, one friendly ſtep, without thy guilt,
Had plac'd me ſafe in thy profound receſs,
Where, undiſturb'd, eternal quiet reigns,
And ſweet forgetfulneſs of grief and care.
Why, then, my coward ſoul! didſt thou recoil?
Why ſhun the final exit of thy woe?
Why ſhiver at approaching diſſolution?
Say why, by nature's unreſiſted force,
Is ev'ry being, where volition reigns
And active choice, impell'd to ſhun their fate,
And dread deſtruction as the worſt of ills;
Say, why they ſhrink, why fly, why fight, why riſk
Precarious life, to lengthen out its date,
Which, lengthen'd, is, at beſt, protracted pain?
Say, by what myſtic charms, can life allure
Unnumber'd beings, who, beneath me far
Plac'd in th' extenſive ſcale of nature, want
Thoſe bleſſings heav'n accumulates on me?
Bleſſings ſuperior; though the blaze of day
Pours on their ſight its ſoul-refreſhing ſtream,
To me extinct in everlaſting ſhades:
Yet heav'n-taught muſic, at whoſe powerful voice,
Corroſive care and anguiſh, charm'd to peace,
Forſake the heart, and yield it all to joy,
Ne'er ſooths their pangs. To their inſenſate view
Knowledge in vain her faireſt treaſure ſpreads.
To them the nobleſt gift of bounteous heav'n,
Sweet converſation, whoſe enliv'ning force
Elates, diſtends, and, with unfading ſtrength,
Inſpires the ſoul, remains for ever loſt.
The ſacred ſympathy of ſocial hearts:
Benevolence, ſupreme delight of heav'n;
Th' extenſive wiſh, which in one wide embrace,
All beings circles, when the ſwelling ſoul
Partakes the joys of God; ne'er warms their breaſts.

* [illegible] of the author's [illegible] opened.

As yet my soul ne'er felt the oppressive weight
Of indigence unaided; swift redress,
Beyond the daring flight of hope, approach'd,
And ev'ry wish of nature amply blest.
Though, o'er the future series of my fate,
Ill omens seem to brood, and stars malign
To blend their baleful fire: oft, while the sun
Darts boundless glory through th' expanse of heav'n,
A gloom of congregated vapours rise,
Than night more dreadful in her blackest shroud,
And o'er the face of things incumbent hang,
Portending tempest; till the source of day
Again asserts the empire of the sky,
And, o'er the blotted scene of nature, throws
A keener splendour. So, perhaps, that care,
Through all creation felt, but most by man,
Which hears with kind regard the tender sigh
Of modest want, may dissipate my fears,
And bid my hours a happier flight assume.
Perhaps, enliv'ning hope! perhaps my soul
May drink at wisdom's fountain, and allay
Her unextinguish'd ardour in the stream:
Wisdom, the constant magnet, where each wish,
Set by the hand of nature, ever points,
Restless and faithful, as th' attractive force
By which all bodies to the centre tend.
What then! because th' indulgent fire of all
Has, in the plan of things, prescrib'd my sphere;
Because consummate Wisdom thought not fit,
In affluence and pomp, to bid me shine;
Shall I regret my destiny, and curse
That state, by Heav'n's paternal care, design'd
To train me up for scenes, with which compar'd,
These ages, measur'd by the orbs of heav'n,
In blank annihilation fade away?
For scenes, where, finish'd by the almighty art,
Beauty and order open to the sight
In vivid glory; where the faintest rays
Out-flash the splendour of our mid-day sun?
Say, shall the Source of all, who first assign'd
To each constituent of this wond'rous frame
Its proper powers, its place and action due,
With due degrees of weakness, whence results
Concord ineffable; shall he reverse,
Or disconcert the universal scheme,
The gen'ral good, to flatter selfish pride
And blind desire?—Before th' Almighty voice
From non-existence call'd me into life,
What claim had I to being? what to shine
In this high rank of creatures, form'd to climb
The steep ascent of virtue, unrelax'd,
Till infinite perfection crown their toil?
Who, conscious of their origin divine,
Eternal order, beauty, truth, and good,
Perceive, like their great Parent, and admire.
Hush! then, my heart, with pious cares suppress
This timid pride and impotence of soul:
Learn now, why all those multitudes which crowd
This spacious theatre, and gaze on heav'n,
Invincibly averse to meet their fate,
Avoid each danger; know this sacred truth;
All perfect Wisdom, on each living soul,
Engrav'd this mandate, "to preserve their frame,
And hold entire the gen'ral orb of being."
Then, with becoming rev'rence let each pow'r,
In deep attention, hear the voice of God;
That awful voice, which, speaking to the soul,
Commands its resignation to his law!
For this, has heav'n to virtue's glorious stage
Call'd me, and plac'd the garland in my view,
The wreath of conquest, basely to desert
The part assign'd me, and with dastard fear,
From present pain, the cause of future bliss,
To shrink into the bosom of the grave?
How then is gratitude's vast debt repaid?
Where all the tender offices of love
Due to fraternal man, in which the heart
Each blessing it communicates enjoys?
How then shall I obey the first great law
Of nature's Legislator, deep impress
With double sanction, restless fear of death,
And fondness still to breathe this vital air?
Nor is th' injunction hard; who would not sink
A while in tears and sorrow, then emerge
With tenfold lustre, triumph o'er his pain;
And with unfading glory shine in heav'n?
Come then, my little guardian genius! cloth'd
In that familiar form, my Phylax, come!
Let me caress thee, hug thee to my heart,
Which beats with joy of life preserv'd by thee.
Had not thy interposing fondness staid
My blind precipitation, now, ev'n now,
My soul, by nature's sharpest pangs expell'd,
Had left this frame; had pass'd the dreadful bound,
Which life from death divides, divides this scene
From vast eternity, whose deep'ning shades,
Impervious to the sharpest mortal sight,
Elude our keenest search.—But still I err.
Howe'er thy grateful undesigning heart,
In ills foreseen, with promptitude might aid;
Yet this, beyond thy utmost reach of thought,
Not ev'n remotely distant couldst thou view.
Secure thy steps the fragile board could press,
Nor feel the least alarm where I had sunk:
Nor couldst thou judge the awful depth below,
Which, from its wat'ry bottom, to receive
My fall, tremendous yawn'd. Thy utmost skill,
Thy deepest penetration here had stopt
Short of its aim; and in the strong embrace
Of ruin struggling, left me to expire.
No—Heav'n's high Sov'reign, provident of all,
Thy passive organs moving, taught thee first
To check my heedless course, and hence I live.
Eternal Providence! whose equal sway
Weighs each event, whose ever-wakeful care,
Connecting high with low, minute with great,
Attunes the wond'rous whole, and bids each part
In one unbroken harmony conspire:
Hail! sacred Source of happiness and life!
Substantial Good, bright intellectual Sun!
To whom my soul, by sympathy innate,
Unweary'd tends; and finds in thee alone,
Security, enjoyment, and repose.
By thee, O God! by thy paternal arm,
Through ev'ry period of my infant state,
Sustain'd I live to yield thee praises due.
O! could my lays, with heav'nly raptures warm,
High as thy throne, re-echo to the songs
Of angels; thence, O! could my pray'r obtain
One beam of inspiration, to inflame
And animate my numbers; heav'n's full choir,
In loftier strains, th' inspiring God might sing;

Yet not more ardent, more ſincere than mine.
But though my voice, beneath the ſeraph's note,
Muſt check its feeble accents, low depreſt
By dull mortality; to thee great Soul
Of heav'n and earth! to thee my hallow'd ſtrain
Of gratitude and praiſe ſhall ſtill aſcend.

## MISS *****, TO THE AUTHOR.

While friendſhip's gentle pow'rs my boſom fire,
Damon, accept the lays which you inſpire:
My long-neglected muſe thy worth revives,
And gen'rous ardour from thy flame receives,
Domeſtic troubles long my mind oppreſs'd,
And made the muſe a ſtranger to my breaſt;
Not friendſhip's ſofteſt charms could raiſe my ſong,
Till wak'd to life by thy perſuaſive tongue.
O Damon, could I boaſt thy wond'rous ſkill,
Were but my genius equal to my will,
Thy praiſes I unweary'd would proclaim;
And place thee with the brighteſt ſons of fame.
Sure, Damon, 'tis ſome god thy breaſt inſpires,
And fills thy ſoul with thoſe celeſtial fires:
Thy thoughts ſo juſt, ſo noble, ſo refin'd,
That elegant, that virtuous turn of mind,
May juſtly claim the praiſe of all mankind.
Why am I call'd to leave my native plains,
To range on barren hills with ruſtic ſwains?
Far from my fellow nymphs, a ſprightly throng,
And far, too far from thy harmonious tongue!
Yet ſtill thy praiſe ſhall be my fav'rite theme:
Each echo ſhall reſound with Damon's fame,
And ev'ry tree ſhall bear his much-lov'd name.
O could I bear thee to Acaſto's ſeat,
To Phœbus and his ſons a known retreat;
Acaſto, whoſe great mind and honeſt ſoul
No hopes can bias, and no fears controul.
He virtue's patron long has firmly ſtood,
And, in a vicious age, been greatly good.
Oft has Acaſto in ſome fragrant bow'r
Invok'd Urania, and confeſs'd her pow'r;
As oft the tuneful maid has own'd his lays,
And bleſs'd his ſong with well-deſerved praiſe.
Were Damon there, to join the tuneful choir,
With all the beauties of his verſe and lyre,
His wit would civilize our ſavage plains,
Poliſh our country nymphs and rural ſwains.
But though hard fate deny my fond requeſt,
It cannot tear thy mem'ry from my breaſt;
No—while life's blood runs warm in ev'ry vein,
For thee a laſting friendſhip I'll maintain:
And when this buſy ſcene of life is o'er,
Nor death retards the ſoul's excurſions more,
I'll joy to meet thee in thoſe happier ſcenes,
Where unallay'd, immortal pleaſure reigns.
There, crown'd with youth unfading, let us ſtray
Through the bright regions of eternal day;
There, of eſſential happineſs ſecur'd,
With joy we'll tell the pains we once endur'd.
Some pow'r conduct us through the glorious road,
And lead us ſafe to that divine abode,
Where bliſs eternal waits the virtuous ſoul,
And joys on joys in endleſs cirles roll.

1740. CLIO.

## THE AUTHOR'S ANSWER.

When Clio ſeem'd forgetful of my pain,
A ſoft impatience throbb'd in ev'ry vein;
Each tedious hour I thought an age of woe;
So few their pleaſures, and their pace ſo ſlow:
But when your moving accents reach'd my ear,
Juſt, as your taſte, and as your heart, ſincere;
My ſoul re-cho'd, while the melting ſtrain
Beat in each pulſe, and flow'd in ev'ry vein.
Ah! teach my verſe, like yours, to be refin'd;
Your force of language, and your ſtrength of mind;
Teach me that winning, ſoft, perſuaſive art,
Which raviſhes the ſoul, and charms the heart,
Then ev'ry heighten'd pow'r I will employ
To paint your merit, and expreſs my joy.
Leſs ſoft the ſtrains, the numbers leſs refin'd,
With which great Orpheus poliſh'd human kind;
Whoſe magic force could lawleſs vice reprove,
And teach a world the ſweets of ſocial love.
When great * Acaſto's virtues grac'd your lays,
My ſoul was loſt in the effulgent blaze;
Whoſe love, like heav'n, to all mankind extends,
Supplies the indigent, the weak defends;
Purſues the good of all with ſteady aim;
One bright, unweary'd, unextinguiſh'd flame.
What tranſport felt my ſoul, what keen delight,
When its full blaze of glory met my ſight!
But ſoon, too ſoon, the happy gleam was o'er;
What joy can reign where Clio is no more?
Ah! hapleſs me! muſt yet more woes inſpire
The mournful ſong, and tune the tragic lyre?
The laſt and greateſt of the ſable train?
Her Clio's abſence muſt the muſe complain?
From theſe intruſive thoughts all pleaſure flies,
And leaves my ſoul benighted, like my eyes.
Yet, while abſorb'd in thought alone I ſtray,
On ev'ry ſenſe while ſilent ſorrows prey,
Or from ſome arbour, conſcious of my pain,
While to the ſighing breeze I ſigh in vain:
May each new moment, fraught with new delight,
Crown your bright day, and bleſs your ſilent night;
May heightning raptures ev'ry ſenſe ſurpriſe,
Muſic your ears, gay proſpects charm your eyes:
May all on earth, and all in heav'n conſpire
To make your pleaſures laſting and entire.
'Tis thine alone can ſooth my anxious breaſt
Secure of bliſs, while conſcious you are bleſt.

## EPISTLE I.

TO THE SAME.

*From Edinburgh.*

From where bleak north winds chill the frozen ſkies,
And lov'd Edina's lofty turrets riſe,
Sing heav'nly muſe! to thy lov'd Clio ſing;
Tune thy faint voice, and ſtretch thy drooping wing.
Could I, like Uriel, on ſome pointed ray,
To your fair diſtant Eden wing my way,

* *A gentleman who then reſided in Galloway, diſtinguiſhed for hoſpitality, for his inviolable attachment to the intereſts of his country; and, in ſhort, for all thoſe virtues which adorned his anceſtors, and dignify human nature.*

Outſtrip the moments, ſcorn the ſwifteſt wind,
And leave ev'n wing'd deſire to lag behind;
So ſtrong, ſo ſwift, I'd fly the port to gain;
The ſpeed of angels ſhould purſue in vain.
Ah! whither, whither would my fancy ſtray?
Nor hope ſuſtains, nor reaſon leads the way:
No, let my eyes in ſcalding ſorrows flow,
Vaſt as my loſs, and endleſs as my woe:
Flow, till the torrent quench this vital flame,
And, with increaſing hours increaſe the ſtream.
Yet, Clio, hear, in pity to my ſmart,
If gentle pity e'er could touch thy heart:
Let but one line ſuſpend my conſtant care,
Too faint for hope, too lively for deſpair:
Thee let me ſtill with wonted rapture find
The muſes patroneſs, and poet's friend.

## EPISTLE II.

TO DORINDA.

*With Venice Preſerv'd.*

If friendſhip gains not pardon for the muſe,
Immortal Otway, ſure, will plead excuſe:
For eyes like thine he wrote his moving lays,
Which feel the poet, and which weep his praiſe.
Whether great Jaffier tender griefs inſpires,
Struggling with cruel fate, and high deſires;
Or Belvidera's gentler accents flow,
When all her ſoul ſhe breathes in love and woe:
Drawn from the heart the various paſſions ſhine,
And wounded nature bleeds in ev'ry line.
As when ſome turtle ſpies her lovely mate
Pierc'd by the ball, or flutt'ring in the net,
Her little heart juſt burſting with deſpair,
She droops her wings, and breathes her ſoul in air.

## EPISTLE III.

TO MISS ANNIE RAE,

*With the Manual of Epictetus, and Tablature of Cebes.*

Go, happy leaves! to Anna's view diſcloſe
What ſolid joy from real virtue flows;
When, like the world, ſelf-pois'd, th' exalted ſoul,
Unſhaken, ſcorns the ſtorms that round her roll;
And, in herſelf collected, joys to find
Th' untainted image of th' Eternal Mind.
To bid mankind their end ſupreme purſue,
On God and nature fix their wand'ring view;
To teach reluctant paſſion to obey,
Check'd, or impell'd by reaſon's awful ſway;
From films of error purge the mental eye,
Till undiſſembled good in proſpect lie;
The ſoul with heav'n-born virtue to inflame:
Such was the Stoic's and Socratic's aim.
O! could they view from yon immortal ſcene,
Where beauty, truth and good, unclouded, reign,
Fair hands like thine revolve their labour'd page,
Imbibe their truth, and in their taſk engage;
With rapture would they hail ſo fair a ſight,
And feel new bliſs in heav'n's ſupreme delight.

## * TO MISS D. H.

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER SHE WROTE THE AUTHOR FROM DUMFRIES.

May Heaven's bleſt bleſſings on thy head deſcend,
Whoſe goodneſs recollects an abſent friend;
Brighter and brighter may thy moments roll,
Joy warm thy heart, and virtue tune thy ſoul;
With length'ning life ſtill happier be thy ſtate,
As by thy worth, diſtinguiſh'd by thy fate.
Oh! if my ardent vows ſucceſsful prove;
If merit charms, if God himſelf be love;
Of all the lots his bounty e'er aſſign'd
To bleſs the beſt, the nobleſt of mankind;
For none ſhall happier conſtellations ſhine,
None boaſt a ſphere of ampler bliſs than thine.
Few of thy ſex, alas! how wond'rous few,
Beſtow thoſe kind regards to virtue due:
A humble name, of wealth too ſmall a ſhare,
A form unſeemly, or a clownish air;
Theſe caſual faults the ſqueamiſh fair diſguſt,
Who to be thought refin'd, become unjuſt.
Not ſuch Dorinda's more intenſe ſurvey,
It looks for charms unconſcious of decay;
Surface and form pervades with nobler taſte,
And views God's image on the heart impreſt.
O may I ever ſhare thy kind eſteem,
In fortune's change, and life's tumultuous dream:
If future hours be ting'd with colours gay,
There let thy friendſhip mix its heav'nly ray;
O'er all my fate if adverſe planets reign,
O let thy gentle pity ſooth my pain:
With this one precious good ſecurely bleſt,
Let chance or fortune regulate the reſt.
Since ſtill to me extend thy gen'rous cares,
My ſtudy, health, employment, and affairs;
Theſe ever in the ſame dull channel flow,
A lazy current, uniformly ſlow.
Thus ſtill from hour to hour, from day to day,
Life's glimmering taper languiſhes away;
A doubtful flame, a dim portentous light,
That waſtes and ſickens into endleſs night.
The modes of dreſs, the ſophiſt's keen debate,
The various politics of church and ſtate,
A ſoul like thine will think but trivial news,
Beneath the care of friendſhip and the muſe.
In vain I urge dull thought from line to line,
Fancy grows reſtive to the fond deſign:
Here let the muſe her weary pinions reſt,
Be ever kind, and oh! be ever bleſt.

## TO MISS A. H.

ON HER MARRIAGE.

I hate the ſtiff addreſs, the ſtudied phraſe
Of formal compliment, and empty praiſe,
Where fancy labours to expreſs the heart,
With all the paint and impotence of art:
But when with merit friendſhip's charms conſpire
To bid my hand reſume the votive lyre,
Once more my veins their former raptures know,
And all the muſes in my boſom glow.

---

* *The young lady to whom the Monody is inſcribed.*

O thou, whose soul with ev'ry sweetness crown'd,
Diffuses light, and life, and pleasure round;
Whose heart, with ev'ry tender sense endow'd,
Glows, like creative love, serenely good;
Whose easy manners at one view display
Fancy's quick flash, and reason's steady ray;
While each internal charm, with sweet surprise,
Beams through thy form, and lights thy radiant eyes:
Bless'd with those joys, may all thy moments flow,
Which conscious virtue only can bestow:
That soft eternal sunshine of the mind,
Sweet as thy charms, and as thy soul refin'd.
May Heav'n protect thee with a father's care,
And make thee happy, as it made thee fair.
O may the man now sacred to thy choice,
With all his soul the real blessing prize:
One common end o'er all your views preside,
One wish impel you, and one purpose guide;
Be all your days auspicious, calm, and bright,
One scene of tender, pure, unmix'd delight,
Till time and fate exhaust their endless store,
And heav'n alone can make your pleasure more.

## TO THE REV. MR. JAMESON.

Why mourns my friend, what cause shall I assign?
Why smarts that tender honest soul of thine?
What star, a foe to all that's good and great,
Dares, with malignant influence, dash thy fate?
Why shrinks my heart with fears not understood?
What strange portentous sadness chills my blood?
O! breathe thy latent sorrows in mine ear,
And prompt the starting sympathetic tear.
As tender mothers with assiduous view,
Their infant offspring's wand'ring steps pursue,
As wing'd from heav'n, celestial guardians wait,
To snatch their fav'rite charge from instant fate:
Friendship thy close attendant shall remain,
Prepar'd to soften, or partake thy pain:
Whether thy form, to pale disease a prey,
Beneath its pressure pants the tedious day;
Or if some tender grief dissolves thy mind,
Each wish extinguish'd, and each hope resign'd:
For thee my spirits shall more languid flow;
For thee the flame of life suspend its glow;
For thee this heart, with sorrows new shall groan,
And add thy part of anguish to its own.
Whatever scenes thy pensive walk invite,
Thither thy friend shall bend his speedy flight.
Say, shall our social steps together stray
Through groves that glimmer with a twilight ray?
Or through some boundless solitary plain,
Where melancholy holds her pensive reign?
Say, through embow'ring myrtles shall we rove
Bedew'd with recent tears by hopeless love?
Or, where neglected worth, from men retir'd,
In uncomplaining agony expir'd?
There in the silent cypress shade reclin'd,
Let each in each a faithful suff'rer find;
There let our mingling plaints to heav'n ascend;
There let our eyes their ceaseless currents blend:
Our mingling plaints shall stop the passing gale,
And each enamour'd echo sigh the tale.
For whilst I speak, ev'n in this mortal hour,
Perhaps relentless death exerts his pow'r,
Perhaps the shaft already wings its way,
Too surely aim'd, and * Barnet falls its prey.
Him, nature, with no common care design'd,
His form embellish'd, and his soul refin'd;
Oh! with what ardour did his piercing view,
Through ev'ry maze of nature, truth pursue!
Sacred to virtue, and the muse, his breast
With Heav'n's own loveliest image was impress.
Like Heav'n's eternal goodness, unconfin'd
His soul, with one fond wish, embrac'd mankind:
For them his time, his cares were all employ'd;
Their griefs he felt, their happiness enjoy'd;
His parents now, in bitterness of pain,
Shall ask from heav'n and earth their son in vain:
In vain his friends with pious gifts shall tell
How gay he bloss'om'd, and how early fell.
Through all his frame a fever's fury reigns,
Consumes his vitals, and inflames his veins,
In tears the salutary arts retreat,
And virtue views with pangs her darling's fate.
Here pause, my friend, and with due candour own
Affliction's cup not mix'd for thee alone;
Others, like thee, its dire contents must drain,
And share their full inheritance of pain.
But, O! may brighter hours thy life attend;
Such as from heav'n on happy love descend;
Such gleams, as still on conscious virtue shine,
By God and man approv'd, be ever thine.
May reason, arm'd with each persuasive art,
Inspire thy precept, as she guides thy hearts:
Nor let thy soul the smallest portion know
Of all my past distress or present woe.

## AN EPITAPH ON HIS FATHER.

Here drop, benevolence, thy sacred tear,
A friend of human kind repose here;
A man content himself and God to know;
A heart, with every virtue form'd to glow:
Beneath each pressure uniformly great;
In life untainted, unsurpris'd by fate:
Such, though obscur'd by various ills he shone;
Consol'd his neighbours woes, and bore his own:
Heav'n saw, and snatch'd from fortune's rage its prey,
To share the triumphs of eternal day.

## TO MRS. ANNE BLACKLOCK,

THE AUTHOR'S MOTHER.

*With a Copy of the Scotch Edition of his Poems.*

O thou! who gav'st me first this world t' explore,
Whose frame for me a mother's anguish bore;

* *Mr. Barnet, an Englishman, a dear and intimate friend of the poet. He was a student of physic in the University of Edinburgh; and at the time the above epistle was written, lay dangerously ill of a fever, of which he died a few days after, in the bloom of youth, much lamented by all who knew him, but particularly by Blacklock, who scarce ever mentions his name without a tear.*

For me, whoſe heart its vital current drain'd,
Whoſe boſom nurs'd me, and whoſe arms ſuſtain'd:
What though thy ſon, dependent, weak, and blind,
Deplore his wiſhes check'd, his hopes confin'd?
Though want impending cloud each cheerleſs day,
And death with life ſeem ſtruggling for their prey?
Let this conſole, if not reward thy pain,
Unhappy he may live, but not in vain.

## PROLOGUE TO OTHELLO.

SPOKEN BY MR. LOVE,

*At the Opening of the Playhouſe in Dumfries.*

Ye ſouls! by ſoft humanity inſpir'd,
For gen'rous hearts and manners free admir'd;
Where taſte and commerce amicably join'd,
Embelliſh life, and cultivate the mind:
Without a bluſh, you may ſupport our ſtage;
No tainted joys ſhall here your view engage.
To tickle fools with proſtituted art,
Debauch the fancy and corrupt the heart,
Let others ſtoop, ſuch meanneſs we deſpiſe,
And pleaſe with virtuous objects virtuous eyes.
The tender ſoul what dire convulſions tear,
When whiſp'ring villains gain th' incautious ear;
How heav'nly mild, yet how intenſely bright,
Fair innocence, though clouded, ſtrikes the ſight;
What endleſs plagues from jealous fondneſs flow,
This night our faithful ſcenes attempt to ſhow:
No new-born whim, no haſty flaſh of wit;
But nature's dictates, by great Shakſpeare writ.
Immortal bard! who with a maſter hand,
Could all the movements of the ſoul command;
With pity ſooth, with terror ſhake her frame;
In love diſſolve her, or to rage inflame.
To taſte and virtue, heav'n-deſcended pair!
While pleas'd we thus devote our art and care;
To crown our ardour, let your fav'ring ſmile
Reward our hopes, and animate our toil:
So may your eyes no weeping moments know,
But when they ſhare ſome Deſdemona's woe.

## PROLOGUE TO HAMLET.

SPOKEN BY MR. LOVE, AT DUMFRIES.

Inspir'd with pleaſing hope to entertain,
Once more we offer Shakſpeare's heav'nly ſtrain;
While hov'ring round, his laurell'd ſhade ſurveys
What eyes ſhall pour their tribute to his praiſe;
What hearts with tender pity ſhall regret
The bitter grief that clouds Ophelia's fate.
Once fair ſhe flouriſh'd, nature's joy and pride,
But droop'd and wither'd, when a father dy'd.
Severe extremes of tenderneſs and woe,
When love and virtue mourn one common blow;
When griefs alternate o'er the boſom reign,
And ev'ry ſenſe, and ev'ry thought is pain!
Here nature triumph'd, on her throne ſublime,
And mock'd each pigmy muſe of later time;
Till Shakſpeare touch'd the ſoul with all her ſmart,
And ſtamp'd her living image on the heart.

From his inſtructive ſong we deeply feel,
How vainly guilt its horrors would conceal,
Though night and ſilence with the fraud conſpire,
To bid the crime from human ſearch retire;
Though yet the traitor ſeem from harm ſecure,
And fate a while ſuſpend th' avenging hour;
Though fortune nurſe him with a mother's care,
And deck her pageant in a ſhort-liv'd glare:
In vain he ſtruggles to diſguiſe his ſmart,
A living plague corrodes his ulcer'd heart;
While ev'ry form of ruin meets his eyes,
And heav'n's vindictive terrors round him riſe.
Such ſalutary truths their light diffuſe,
Where honours due attend the tragic muſe;
Deep by her ſacred ſignature impreſt,
They mingle with the ſoul and warm the breaſt.
Hence taught of old, the pious and the ſage,
With veneration patronis'd the ſtage.
But, ſoft! methinks you cry with ſome ſurpriſe,
"How long intend you thus to moraliſe?"
Our prologue deviates from eſtabliſh'd rules,
Nor ſhocks the fair, nor calls the critics fools,
'Tis true; but dully fond of common ſenſe,
We ſtill think ſpleen to wit has no pretence;
Think impudence is far remote from ſpirit,
And modeſty, though awkward, has ſome merit.

## TO A GENTLEMAN,

WHO ASKED MY SENTIMENTS OF HIM.

*An Epigram.*

Dear Fabius! me if well you know,
You ne'er will take me for your foe;
If right yourſelf you comprehend,
You ne'er will take me for your friend.

## ON PUNCH.

AN EPIGRAM.

Hence! reſtleſs care and low deſign,
Hence! foreign compliments and wine;
Let gen'rous Britons brave and free,
Still boaſt their punch and honeſty.
Life is a bumper fill'd by fate,
And we the gueſts who ſhare the treat;
Where ſtrong, inſipid, ſharp, and ſweet,
Each other duly temp'ring meet.
A while with joy the ſcene is crown'd;
A while the catch and toaſt go round:
And when the full carouſe is o'er,
Death puffs the lights and ſhuts the door.
Say then, phyſicians of each kind,
Who cure the body or the mind;
What harm in drinking can there be,
Since punch and life ſo well agree?

## ON MARRIAGE.

AN EPIGRAM.

Young Celia, now a blooming bride,
Sat from her friends apart and cry'd;
Her faithful Chloe view'd her care,
And thus conſol'd the weeping fair:

Good heav'n! in tears! for ſhame! look gay;
Nor cloud with grief your nuptial day.
If brides in tears receive their ſpouſes,
What muſt the hapleſs wretch who loſes?
Beſides, my dear, you know 'tis reaſon,
That all things have a proper ſeaſon:
Now 'tis in marriage a plain caſe,
That crying holds the ſecond place.
Let vulgar ſouls in ſorrow ſink,
Who always act and never think;
But to reflecting minds like you,
Marriage can ſure have nothing new.

## ON THE SAME.

AN EPIGRAM.

Whoever ſeals the marriage vow,
'Tis well agreed make one of two:
But who can tell, ſave G--d alone,
What numbers may make two of one.

## EPITAPH

ON A FAVOURITE LAP-DOG.

I never bark'd when out of ſeaſon;
I never bit without a reaſon;
I ne'er inſulted weaker brother;
Nor wrong'd by force nor fraud another.
Though brutes are plac'd a rank below,
Happy for man could he ſay ſo!

## THE AUTHOR'S PICTURE.

While in my matchleſs graces wrapt I ſtand,
And touch each feature with a trembling hand;
Deign lovely ſelf! with art and nature's pride,
To mix the colours, and the pencil guide.
Self is the grand purſuit of half mankind:
How vaſt a crowd by ſelf, like me, are blind!
By ſelf the fop in magic colours ſhown,
Though ſcorn'd by ev'ry eye, delights his own:
When age and wrinkles ſeize the conqu'ring maid,
Self, not the glaſs, reflects the flatt'ring ſhade.
Then, wonder-working ſelf! begin the lay;
Thy charms to others as to me diſplay.
Straight is my perſon, but of little ſize;
Lean are my cheeks, and hollow are my eyes:
My youthful down is, like my talents, rare;
Politely diſtant ſtands each ſingle hair.
My voice too rough to charm a lady's ear;
So ſmooth a child may liſten without fear;
Not form'd in cadence ſoft and warbling lays,
To ſooth the fair through pleaſure's wanton ways.
My form ſo fine, ſo regular, ſo new,
My port ſo manly and ſo freſh my hue;
Oft, as I meet the crowd, they laughing ſay,
"See, ſee *Memento Mori* croſs the way."
The raviſh'd Proſerpine at laſt, we know,
Grew fondly jealous of her ſable beau;
But thanks to nature! none from me need fly,
No heart the devil could wound—ſo cannot I.
Yet, though my perſon fearleſs may be ſeen,
There is ſome danger in my graceful mien:
Like ſome veſſel toſs'd by wind and tide,
Now o'er the waves, and rocks from ſide to ſide;
In juſt vibration thus I always move:
This who can view and not be forc'd to love?
Hail! charming ſelf! by whoſe propitious aid
My form in all its glory ſtands diſplay'd:
Be preſent ſtill; with inſpiration kind,
Let the ſame faithful colours paint the mind.
Like all mankind, with vanity I'm bleſs'd,
Conſcious of wit I never yet poſſeſs'd.
To ſtrong deſires my heart an eaſy prey,
Oft feels their force, but never owns their ſway.
This hour, perhaps, as death I hate my foe;
The next I wonder why I ſhould do ſo.
Though poor, the rich I view with careleſs eye;
Scorn a vain oath, and hate a ſerious lie.
I ne'er for ſatire torture common ſenſe;
Nor ſhow my wit at God's nor man's expence.
Harmleſs I live, unknowing and unknown;
With well to all, and yet do good to none.
Unmerited contempt I hate to bear;
Yet on my faults, like others, am ſevere.
Diſhoneſt flames my boſom never fire;
The bad I pity, and the good admire:
Fond of the muſe, to her devote my days,
And ſcribble—not for pudding, but for praiſe.
Theſe careleſs lines if any virgin hears,
Perhaps, in pity to my joyleſs years,
She may conſent a gen'rous flame to own;
And I no longer ſigh the nights alone.
But, ſhould the fair, affected, vain, or nice,
Scream with the fears inſpir'd by frogs or mice;
Cry, "ſave us, heav'n! a ſpectre, not a man!"
Her hartſhorn ſnatch, or interpoſe her fan:
If I my tender overture repeat;
O! may my vows her kind reception meet!
May ſhe new graces on my form beſtow,
And with tall honours dignify my brow *!

## ADDRESS TO THE LADIES.

A SATIRE.

*Inſcribed to Miſs ——*

"Some country girl, ſcarce to a curtſey bred,
"Would I much rather than Cornelia wed."
DRYDEN'S JUVENAL.

"Credo pudicitiam, Saturno rege, moratam
"In terris, viſamque diu."—— JUV.

"In Saturn's reign, at nature's early birth,
"There was a thing call'd Chaſtity on earth."
DRYDEN.

PREFACE.

Whether the author's deſigns were benevolent or ill-natured, in the writing or publication of this piece to the world, it is unneceſſary for him

* *The manner in which our author has conducted this piece is very remarkable. None but one poſſeſſed of Blacklock's happy temper of mind, would have been ſo pleaſant at his own expence. However, leſt the ladies of future ages ſhould think this humorous deſcription real, it may not be improper to tell them, that, if the original had been in the hands of a faithful painter, the picture would by no means have been ſo ludicrous. R. H.*

to diſcover; for even though he ſhould, with all imaginable candour, expreſs the motives which influenced him, every one will preſume upon the ſame right of judging as if no ſuch diſcovery had been made. Permit him, therefore, only to ſay, that this ſatire is neither abſolutely perſonal, nor comprehenſive of all. To attack any particular character, is no leſs detraction in verſe than in proſe; or ſuppoſe the intention more good-natured, it is confining thoſe moral leſſons to one, which may be applicable to a thouſand. To attack any ſex or ſpecies for qualities inſeparable from it, is really to write a ſatire againſt nature. So that the buſineſs of one who would aſſume a character ſo delicate and unwelcome, is neither to confine himſelf to individuals, nor attempt to include the whole.

The author thought it proper to convey his ſentiments in an epiſtolary way, that the eye might ſtill be directed to one principal figure. Such characters and paſſions as could not thus properly be introduced, are brought in by frequent digreſſions, with as much eaſe as poſſible. For this I need only inſtance the characters of Flavia and Timandra.

The moſt effectual way either to gain or preſerve the attention of readers in ſatire, is by a delicate and well preſerved irony. This the author has as ſeldom violated as the ſubjects he treated, and his own warmth of temper would permit. And thus, under pretence of adviſing, he expoſes to his pupil moſt of the vices and foibles of the ſex; firſt, in their earlieſt appearances in the world, then in marriage, as miſtreſſes of a family, as mothers, and the different rules too often obſerved in dreſs abroad and at home. This account of our author's plan was thought requiſite, leſt the reader, when glancing over the poem, might loſe himſelf in it. A. G.

O THOU, whom ſtill in vain I muſt adore,
To beauty much in debt, to fortune more;
With wit and taſte enough thy faults to hide,
To gild thy folly, and to plume thy pride;
Soon ſhall my heart, a rebel to thy chain,
Aſſert its freedom, and thy pow'r diſdain.
Yet ere kind fate my liberty reſtore, [more),
(When twice five hundred pounds can charm no
For thee the muſe ſhall tune th' inſtructive lay,
And through the maze of life direct thy way:
The muſe, long ſtudy'd in her ſex's art,
The head deſigning, and corrupted heart,
For thee ſhall ſing, nor thou too raſhly blame
The laſt faint ſtruggles of a dying flame.

The maid whom nature with maternal care
Has form'd to ſcatter ruin ev'ry where,
When firſt on life her radiant eyes ſhe throws,
Dreſs, flatt'ry, pleaſure, billet-deaux, and beaux;
Then, conſcious of her weakneſs, let her fly
The tender liſp, the love-illumin'd eye;
Let her alike diſtruſt her ſtrength and art,
And cautious to ſome maiden aunt impart [heart.
The important charge, her honour and her
But ſoon the firſt emotions of deſire
Shall with ſimplicity and truth retire;
The conſcious tongue inſpir'd by diſtant views,
Its firſt alliance with the ſoul ſhall loſe;
The blood, by candour taught before to glow,
From other motives to the cheek ſhall flow;
No more ſhall looks her ſentiments explain,
But ev'ry flexile feature learn to feign.
Then let her iſſue forth to open light,
In all the blaze of native beauty bright;
Inſatiate, conqueſt let her ſtill purſue,
Secure from harm, and deſtin'd to undo.
Yet while the firſt of public toaſts ſhe reigns,
While half the nation ſtruggles in her chains,
If not like thee, with fortune's bounty bleſt,
Let her at laſt reſign the world to reſt,
Ere time his empire o'er her charms aſſume,
And tinge with fainter hue her native bloom.

In vernal youth, and beauty's gayeſt pride,
The charming Flavia thus becomes a bride.
For what bleſs'd youth, O Muſe, with truth declare,
Could Fate reſerve the conqueſt of the fair?
To what reſiſtleſs art, what charms divine,
What ſoft addreſs, could ſhe her heart reſign?
Did youth, good-nature, ſenſe, inflict the wound?
"No—peeviſh ſeventy with five thouſand pound."
Hail holy ties! by wond'rous charms endear'd,
The paralytic nerve, and hoary beard.
What mighty joys muſt bleſs ſuch equal love,
When hand in hand gay Spring and Winter move?
Beneath the ſpecious ſemblance of a wife
She ſlaunts a licens'd proſtitute for life.
Why all this hurry? Flavia was afraid
Her fame ſhould wither, or her beauty fade.

Favour'd of Heav'n, far happier ſtars are thine;
Long as thy wiſh ſhall thy meridian ſhine,
In youth or age ſtill certain to command,
And ſee thy bloom coeval with thy land.

There is a time to all the ſex well known,
When 'tis a wretched thing to be alone;
When pregnant Night with ghoſts and ſpectres teems,
And ſportive fairies prompt tumultuous dreams;
Then, though no lower wiſh thy breaſt inflame,
Though ſportleſs be thy fancy as thy name,
In ſolitary fears no longer pine,
But to protecting man thy charms reſign.

And now, before the raptur'd ſwain ſhould cloy
With known embraces, and repeated joy;
Now is the time thy wit, thy pow'rs to ſtrain,
And teaze him ſtill ſome fav'rite boon to gain.
Now with eternal tempeſt ſtun his ears,
Now vary all the ſcene with fits and tears;
Now (pleas'd to view viciſſitudes of pain,
To view thy tyranny new force obtain)
To all his tender arts and ſoft purſuit
Still be thy tongue inexorably mute.

Nor yet thy plagues to one alone confine,
Portending public ruin comets ſhine:
Angle for hearts, and when you catch the prey,
Long on the line your fooliſh captive play.

But ſhould thy fond, officious fool be near,
With jealous looks, and with attentive ear;
Should he on ev'ry private hour intrude,
And watch thoſe pleaſures he was meant to ſhroud;
With all thy ſkill his jealous rage ferment,
[illegible] look inviting, and the ſoft complaint;
[illegible] equal favour ev'ry lover bleſs,
[illegible] whiſper, and the fond careſs;

Till the weak dupe, in every tender ſenſe,
Feels, more than hell, the torture of ſuſpenſe.
Then if he dares to murmur at his fate,
Tell him with ſmiles, repentance is too late.
But if, with haughty tone, and lordly pride,
He dictates ſerious rules thy life to guide;
With weeping eyes, and melting ſounds, regret
The deſtin'd ſorrows which on woman wait;
To tyrant man ſubjected during life,
A wretched daughter, and more wretched wife;
Alike unbleſs'd, whate'er her form inſpire,
Licentious ridicule, or low deſire;
She pines away a life to bliſs unknown;
A ſlave to ev'ry humour but her own;
While with deſpotic nod, and watchful gaze,
Her jealous maſter all her ſteps ſurveys:
With ſtrick reſerve each lover if ſhe treat,
Then all her portion is contempt or hate;
But if more free ſhe ſpend the cheerful day
Among the witty, innocent, and gay,
From all her hopes domeſtic pleaſure flies,
Suſpicion breathes, and lo! her honour dies,
Such cruel ſtars on woman ſtill attend,
And couldſt thou hope their fury to ſuſpend?

Perhaps ſome lover may the ſoul inflame,
For nature in each boſom is the ſame;
Then, but by ſlow degrees, his fate decide,
And gratify at once thy love and pride.
For love and pride, beneath each dark diſguiſe,
Heave in your breaſt, and ſparkle in your eyes:
Howe'er your ſex in chaſtity pretend
To hate the lover, but admire the friend,
Deſires more warm their natal throne maintain,
Platonic paſſions only reach the brain.

Though in the cloiſter's ſecret cell immur'd
By bolts, by ev'ry name in heav'n ſecur'd;
Though in the cloſe ſeraglio's walls confin'd;
Ev'n there your fancy riots on mankind:
Your perſons may be fix'd, your forms recluſe,
While minds are faithleſs, and while thoughts are looſe.

Should Love at laſt (whom has not Love ſubdu'd?)
Full on thy ſenſe ſome killing form obtrude;
O! then beware, nor with a laviſh hand
Too promptly offer, ere thy ſwain demand.
Our mothers, great in virtues as in crimes,
Diſdain'd the venal ſpirit of our times:
Vice, oft repell'd, their ſtubborn hearts eſſay'd;
But if at laſt their yielding ſoul ſhe ſway'd,
Nor hopes, nor fears, nor int'reſt could reſtrain,
Heav'n charm'd, hell threaten'd, av'rice brib'd in vain.
Fools they, and folly's common lot they ſhar'd,
Inſtinct their guide, and pleaſure their reward:
Their wiſer race purſue a happier ſcheme,
Pleaſure their inſtrument, and wealth their aim;
Nor maid, nor wife, unbrib'd her heart beſtows,
Each dart is tipp'd with gold which Cupid throws.

Thus ſhould the dice invite thy vent'rous hand,
Or debts of honour freſh ſupplies demand;
Should china, monkeys, gems thy heart engage,
The gilded coach, or liv'ry'd equipage;
Half meet; half ſhun his wiſh; nor free, nor nice;
Delay the pleaſure, to enhance the price.

While night o'er heav'n and earth extends her ſhade,
And darker female cunning lends its aid,
Then, but with art, thy ſchemes of pleaſure lay,
Leſt Argus with his hundred eyes ſurvey:
For gales officious ev'ry whiſper bear,
Each room has echoes, and each wall an ear.
Yet Jealouſy, oft fann'd with opiate airs,
Her charge abandons, and forgets her cares;
While Love awake exerts his happy pow'r,
And conſecrates to joy the fated hour.

That well-concerted plans command ſucceſs,
Learn from Timandra's fortune, and confeſs.
The clock ſtrikes ten, in vain Timandra mourns,
Supper is ſerv'd, no huſband yet returns.
*Not yet return'd!* Good heav'n avert my fear;
What unforeſeen miſchance detains my dear?
Perhaps in ſome dark alley, by ſurpriſe,
Beneath a villain's arm he murder'd lies;
Or by ſome apoplectic fit depreſt,
Perhaps, alas! he ſeeks eternal reſt,
Whilſt I an early widow mourn in vain:
Haſte! fly, ye ſlaves, reſtore my lord again!
She ſpoke, ſhe ſhriek'd aloud, ſhe rung the bell,
Then ſenſeleſs, lifeleſs, on the couch ſhe fell.
*Say, Muſe; for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,*
*Nor hell's deep track;* ſay, what could then enſue?

Lorenzo, touch'd with ſympathy divine,
Heard the ſhrill ſound, and recognis'd the ſign;
He came, he ſpoke, and if report ſay true,
Her life rekindled, and her fears withdrew.
The lover vaniſh'd, and the tumult paſt,
The unſuſpecting huſband came at laſt;
The ſpouſe with equal joy his tranſports crown'd,
Nor on her lips were Caſſio's * kiſſes found.

Let Scandal next no ſlight attention ſhare,
Scandal, the fav'rite ſcience of the fair,
O'er which her fancy broods the ſummer-day,
And ſcheming waſtes the midnight-taper's ray;
The laugh ſignificant, the biting jeſt,
The whiſper loud, the ſentence half ſuppreſt,
The ſeeming pity for another's fame,
To praiſe with coldneſs, or with caution blame;
Still ſhall thy malice by thoſe arts ſucceed,
And ev'ry hour a reputation bleed.
Thus ſhall thy words, thy looks, thy ſilence wound,
And plagues be wafted in each whiſper round.
Nor on theſe topics long let fancy dwell;
In one unite the pedant and the belle:
With learned jargon, ever miſapply'd,
Harangue, illuſtrate, criticiſe, decide.
For in our days, to gain a ſage's name,
We need not plod for ſenſe, but baniſh ſhame:
'Tis this which opens every fair-one's eyes,
Religion, ſenſe, and reaſon to deſpiſe;
'Tis thus their thoughts affected freedom boaſt,
And laugh at God, yet tremble at a ghoſt.
Truth is the object of each common view,
The gazing crowd her naked beauties woo;
The fair ſuch manners ſcorn, but, brave and free,
Are damn'd for ſacred ſingularity.

Thee with a mother's name ſhould fortune grace,
And propagate thy vices in thy race,

* *See Othello.*

Let whim, not reaſon, all thy conduct guide,
And not the parent, but the rod preſide:
In all thy ſteps each wide extreme unite,
Capricious tenderneſs, or groundleſs ſpite.
Hence future ages ſhall with triumph ſee
Bridewell and Tyburn both enrich'd by thee.
To this our lives their hapleſs tenor owe, [flow.
Ting'd with the poiſon'd ſource from whence they
Ah! me, had gracious Heav'n alone conſign'd
A prey to burning wrath your worthleſs kind;
Or had the firſt fair ſhe, to hell ally'd,
Creation's ſole reproach, curs'd Heav'n and dy'd;
Nor introduc'd in nature's faultleſs frame
The wretched heritage of guilt and ſhame,
Such the maternal pledges you beſtow,
Expreſſive earneſts of eternal woe.
Still as a conſtant curſe regard thy home,
Thy pleaſure's penance, and thy beauty's tomb;
Now mad with rage, now languiſhing with ſpleen,
There ſtill in wretched diſhabile be ſeen:
Long let thy nail its poliſh'd jet extend,
Around thy neck the greaſy locks deſcend;
And round thee, mingling in one ſpicy gale,
Kitchen and nurs'ry all their ſweets exhale.
But if in more extenſive ſpheres you move,
With all the glare of dreſs your form improve;
To aid its pomp let either India join,
Nor once reflect at whoſe expence you ſhine;
New airs, new faſhions, new complexions try,
While paint and affectation can ſupply,
For Heav'n and Nature, uniform, and old,
One ſettled courſe in each production hold;
But belles, by native genius taught to pleaſe,
Correct their Maker's want of taſte with eaſe.
But why this haſty rage, this ſudden fright?
I meant to counſel, and you ſay I bite.
Ah! no; Heav'n knows 'twas far from my intent;
The world's too much a ſinner to repent:
By its example taught, I change my view.
And ſwear the fair are right whate'er they do.

## HORACE, ODE XIII. BOOK I.

IMITATED.

" Cum tu Lydia, Telephi," &c.

When Cælia dwells on Damon's name,
Inſatiate of the pleaſing theme,
Or in detail admires his charms,
His roſy neck, and waxen arms;
O! then, with fury ſcarce ſuppreſt,
My big heart labours in my breaſt;
From thought to thought acroſs my ſoul
Inceſſant tides of paſſion roll;
My blood alternate chills and glows,
My wav'ring colour comes and goes;
While down my cheek the ſilent tear
Too plainly bids my grief appear;
Too plainly ſhows the latent flame
Whoſe ſlow conſumption melts my frame.
I burn, when conſcious of his ſway,
The youth elated I ſurvey,
Preſume, with inſolence of air
To frown, or dictate to my fair;
Or in the madneſs of delight,
When to thy arms he wings his flight,
And having ſnatch'd a rude embrace,
Profanes the ſoftneſs of that face; . . . .
That face which heav'n itſelf imbues
With brighteſt charms and pureſt hues.
Oh! if my counſels touch thine ear,
(Love's counſels always are ſincere),
From his ungovern'd tranſports fly,
Howe'er his form may pleaſe thine eye;
For conflagrations, fierce and ſtrong,
Are fatal ſtill, but never long:
And he who roughly treats the ſhrine,
Where modeſt worth and beauty ſhine,
Forgetful of his former fire,
Will ſoon no more theſe charms admire.
How bleſs'd, how more than bleſs'd are they
Whom love retains with equal ſway;
Whoſe flame inviolably bright,
Still burns in its meridian height;
Nor jealous fears, nor cold diſdain,
Diſturb their peace, nor break their chain:
But, when the hours of life ebb faſt,
For each in ſighs they breathe their laſt!

## TO A LADY.

WITH HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

*An Elegy.*

O form'd at once to feel and to inſpire
The nobleſt paſſions of the human breaſt,
Attend the accent of love's fav'rite lyre,
And let thy ſoul its moving force atteſt.

Expreſſive paſſion, in each ſound convey'd,
Shall all its joy diſcloſe, and all its ſmart;
Reaſon to modeſt tenderneſs perſuade, [heart.
Smooth ev'ry thought, and tranquillize the

Falſe is that wiſdom, impotent and vain, [ſign'd,
Which ſcorns the ſphere by Heav'n to men aſ-
Which treats love's pureſt fires with mock diſdain,
And, human, ſoars above the human kind.

Silent the muſe of elegy remain'd,
Her plaints untaught by nature to renew,
Whilſt ſportive art deluſive ſorrows feign'd,
With how much eaſe diſtinguiſh'd from the true!

Ev'n poliſh'd Waller mourns the conſtant ſcorn
Of Sacchariſſa, and his fate in vain:
With love his fancy, not his heart is torn;
We praiſe his wit, but cannot ſhare his pain.

Such force has nature, ſo ſupremely fair,
With charms maternal her productions ſhine;
The vivid grace and unaffected air,
Proclaim them all her own, and all divine.

Should youthful merit in ſuch ſtrains implore,
Let beauty ſtill vouchſafe a gentle tear.
What can the ſoul, with paſſion thrill'd, do more?
The ſong muſt prove the ſentiment ſincere.

Cold cunning ne'er, with animated ſtrain,
To other breaſts can warmth unfelt impart:
We ſee her labour with induſtrious pain,
And mock the turgid impotence of art.

## ODE TO AMYNTA.

By folly led from ſnare to ſnare,
Of bitter grief, ſuſpenſe, and care,
A voluntary prey;

With ev'ry flatt'ring good reſign'd,
Once more myſelf and peace to find,
From thee I force my way.

Yet with reluctant ſtep and ſlow,
From all that's dear while thus I go,
Some pity let me claim!
Leſs ſmart th' expiring marty'r feels,
While racks diſtend, or torturing wheels
Tear his devoted frame.

Nor think, like infants prone to change,
From ſordid views or weak revenge,
My reſolutions flow:
'Tis God's, 'tis nature's great beheſt,
On every living ſoul impreſt,
To ſeek relief from woe;

Nor yet explore, with curious bent,
What, known, would but thy ſoul torment,
And all its hopes betray:
When painful truths invade the mind,
Ev'n wiſdom wiſhes to be blind,
And hates th' officious ray.

Ye powers, who cordial and ſerene,
Protect the dear domeſtic ſcene,
To your retreats I fly;
At length by yours and reaſon's aid,
I may to reſt this heart perſuade,
And wipe the tearful eye.

There nature, o'er the heart ſupreme,
Shall every tender wiſh reclaim,
Where'er they fondly ſtray;
There friendſhip's arms my fall ſuſtain,
When, languid with exceſs of pain,
My fainting nerves give way.

With cadence ſoft the flowing ſtream,
The fawning breeze, the lambent gleam,
Shall join their various power,
To bid each paſſion's riſing tide
In philoſophic eaſe ſubſide,
And ſooth my penſive hour.

## AN ELEGY.

INSCRIBED TO C——— S———, ESQ.

O FRIEND, by ev'ry ſympathy endear'd,
Which ſoul with ſoul in ſacred ties unite;
The hour arrives, ſo long, ſo juſtly fear'd,
Brings all its pangs, and ſinks each joy in night.

For now from Heav'n my unavailing pray'r
Toſs'd devious, mingles with the ſportive gale;
No tender arts can move my cruel fair,
Nor all love's ſilent eloquence prevail.

Though from my lips no ſound unmeaning flows,
Though in each action fondneſs is expreſt,
No kind return ſhall terminate my woes,
Nor heave th' eternal preſſure from my breaſt.

Too well the weakneſs of my heart I knew;
Too well love's pow'r my ſoul had felt before:
Why did I then the pleaſing ill purſue,
And tempt the malice of my fate once more?

Conſcious how few among the fair ſucceed,
Who boaſt no merit but a tender heart,
Why was my ſoul again to chains decreed,
To unrewarded tears and endleſs ſmart?

The ſiren hope, my tardy pace to cheer,
In gay preſage the ſhort'ning proſpect dreſt,
With art fallacious brought the object near,
And lull'd each riſing doubt in fatal reſt.

I ſaw ſucceſs, or thought at leaſt I ſaw,
Beck'ning with ſmiles to animate my ſpeed,
Reaſon was mute, impreſs'd with trembling awe,
And mem'ry not one precedent could plead.

How curs'd is he who never learnt to fear
The keeneſt plagues his cruel ſtars portend!
Till o'er his head the black'ning clouds appear,
And Heav'n's collected ſtorms at once deſcend!

What further change of fortune can I wait?
What conſummation to the laſt deſpair?
She flies, yet ſhows no pity for my fate;
She ſees, yet deigns not in my griefs to ſhare.

Yet the kind heart, where tender paſſions reign,
Will catch the ſoftneſs when it firſt appears;
Explore each ſymptom of the ſufferer's pain,
Sigh all his ſighs, and number all his tears.

This tribute from humanity is due,
What then, juſt Heav'ns! what would not love beſtow?
Yet though the fair inſenſible I view,
For others bliſs I would not change my woe.

O blind to truth, and to reflection blind,
At length to wiſdom and thyſelf return!
See ſcience wait thee with demeanour kind,
Whoſe frown or abſence no fond lovers mourn.

Bounteous and free to all who aſk her aid,
Her ſacred light anticipates their call,
Points out the precipice on which they ſtray'd,
And with maternal care prevents their fall.

Daughter of God! whoſe features all expreſs
Th' eternal beauty whence thy being ſprung;
I to thy ſacred ſhrine my ſteps addreſs,
And catch each ſound from thy heav'n-prompted tongue.

O! take me wholly to thy fond embrace,
Through all my ſoul thy radiant beams infuſe;
Thence every cloud of pleaſing error chaſe;
Adjuſt her organs, and enlarge her views.

Hence, ever fixt on virtue and on thee,
No lower wiſh ſhall her attention claim,
Till, like her ſacred parent, pure and free,
She gain the native Heav'n from whence ſhe came.

## TO JOHN M'LAURIN, ESQ.*

WITH THE AUTHOR'S POEMS.

O THOU! in whom maturely bright appears
The flame of genius in the dawn of years;
Whom ſacred wiſdom's awful voice inſpires;
Whom heav'n-born virtue's ſpotleſs beauty fires:
Still let theſe glorious aims engage thy view;
With ſtraining nerves the arduous path purſue;

* *Now Lord Dreghorn, one of the Senators of the College of Juſtice*

For this revolve the ſacred, ancient page,
The raptur'd poet, and inſtructive ſage:
Nor ſcorn the efforts of a modern muſe,
Proud to reflect the glories they diffuſe.
Then, while with conſcious joy exults thy ſire *,
Viewing his ſon to equal fame aſpire,
When the laſt echoes of my mortal lay,
Shall feebly mix with air, and die away;
Still ſhall my life beyond the grave extend,
And ages know me for M'Laurin's friend.

## EXTEMPORE VERSES.

SPOKEN AT THE DESIRE OF A GENTLEMAN.

Thou, genius of connubial love, attend;
Let ſilent wonder all thy powers ſuſpend;
Whilſt to thy glory I devote my lays,
And pour forth all my grateful heart in praiſe.
In lifeleſs ſtrains let vulgar ſatire tell,
That marriage oft is mixt with Heav'n and hell,
That conjugal delight is four'd with ſpleen,
And peace and war compoſe the varied ſcene;
My muſe a truth ſublimer can aſſert,
And ſing the triumphs of a mutual heart.
Thrice happy they, who, through life's varied tide,
With equal peace and gentler motion glide;
Whom, though the wave of fortune ſinks or ſwells,
One reaſon governs, and one wiſh impels;
Whoſe emulation is to love the beſt;
Who feel no bliſs, but in each other bleſt;
Who know no pleaſure but the joys they give,
Nor ceaſe to love, but when they ceaſe to live:
If fate theſe bleſſings in one lot combine,
Then let th' eternal page record them mine.

## TO THE REV. MR. SPENCE.

LATE PROFESSOR OF POETRY AT OXFORD.

*Written at Dumfries in the year* 1759.

To tombs of dull theology confin'd,
(Eternal opiates of the active mind)
Long lay my ſpirits, lull'd in deep repoſe,
Incapable alike of verſe or proſe.
Unmark'd by thought or action, every day
Appear'd, and paſs'd in apathy away.
Our friend, the Doctor †, view'd with deep regret,
My ſad cataſtrophe, my lifeleſs ſtate;
Explor'd each ancient ſage, whoſe labours tell
The force of powerful herb, or magic ſpell.
Phyſic in vain its boaſted influence try'd;
My ſtupor incantation's voice defy'd:
No charm could light my fancy's languid flame,
No charm but friendſhip's voice and Spence's name.
So from the cold embraces of the tomb,
Involv'd in deep impenetrable gloom, [ariſe,
Should Heav'n's great mandate bid ſome wretch
How would he view the ſun with raviſh'd eyes;
Admire each part of nature's beauteous ſcene,
And welcome life and happineſs again!
Amaz'd the doctor ſtood, and loſt in thought,
Nor could believe the wonder he had wrought;
Till, fir'd at laſt with facerdotal pride,
"'Tis mine;—the work is all my own," he cried.

"Henceforth ſome nobler taſk my might ſhall prove,
"I mean ſome lofty mountain to remove,
"With woods and fountains bid it wing its way
"Through yielding air, and ſettle in the ſea."
But recollecting, whence the virtue flow'd
To which returning life and ſenſe I ow'd,
He ſnatch'd his pen, and with majeſtic tone,
"Hence Indolence and Sloth," he cry'd, "be gone;
"Me, Friendſhip's ſpirit, Spence's name inſpire,
"My heart is pregnant, and my ſoul on fire;
"Thought crowds on thought, my briſk ideas flow,
"And much I long to tell, and much to know."
Thus exercis'd, to Lethe's diſmal ſhore
Fled Indolence, and ſought her haunts of yore,
With all her train forſook the poet's breaſt,
And left the man completely diſpoſſeſs'd.
If to your very name, by bounteous Heav'n,
Such bleſt, reſtoring influence has been giv'n,
How muſt your ſweet approach, your aſpect kind,
Your ſoul-reviving converſe, warm the mind!

## TO DR. BEATTIE.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S POEMS.

O, warm'd by inſpiration's brighteſt fire,
For whom the muſes ſtring their fav'rite lyre;
Though with ſuperior genius bleſt, yet deign
A kind reception to my humbler ſtrain.

When florid youth impell'd, and fortune ſmil'd,
The vocal art my languid hours beguil'd:
Severer ſtudies now my life engage;
Reſearches dull, that quench poetic rage;

From morn to ev'ning deſtin'd to explore
Th' verbal critic and the ſcholiaſt's lore;
Alas! what beam of heav'nly ardour ſhines
In muſty lexicons and ſchool divines?

Yet, to the darling object of my heart,
A ſhort, but pleaſing retroſpect I dart;
Revolve the labours of the tuneful quoir,
And what I cannot imitate, admire.

O could my thoughts with all thy ſpirit glow;
As thine harmonious, could my accents flow;
Then, with approving ear, might'ſt thou attend,
Nor in a Blacklock bluſh to own a friend.

## TO THE REV. DR. OGILVIE.

"Idecus, i, noſtrum, melioribus utere fatis."
VIRGIL.

Dear to the muſes and their tuneful train,
Whom, long purſu'd, I ſcarce at laſt regain;
Why ſhould'ſt thou wonder, if, when life declines,
His antiquated lyre thy friend reſigns.
Hap'ly when youth elate with native force,
Or emulation fires the generous horſe,
He bounds, he ſprings, each nerve elaſtic ſtrains,
And if not victor, ſome diſtinction gains;
But ſhould the careleſs maſter of the ſteed,
Cheriſh no more his mettle or his ſpeed,
Indignantly he ſhuns all future ſtrife,
And waſtes in indolent regret his life.
Such were his efforts, ſuch his cold reward,
Whom once thy partial tongue pronounc'd a bard;

* *The late celebrated Mr. Colin M'Laurin.*
† *Rev. Mr. Jameſon.*

Excurſive, on the gentle gales of ſpring,
He rov'd, whilſt favour imp'd his timid wing:
Exhauſted genius now no more inſpires,
But mourns abortive hopes and faded fires;
The ſhort-liv'd wreath, which once his temples grac'd,
Fades at the ſickly breath of ſqueamiſh taſte;
Whilſt darker days his fainting flames immure
In cheerleſs gloom and winter premature.
But thou, my friend, whom higher omens lead,
Bold to achieve, and mighty to ſucceed,
For whom freſh laurels, in eternal bloom,
Impregnate Heav'n and earth with rich perfume;
Purſue thy deſtin'd courſe, aſſert thy fame;
Ev'n Providence ſhall vindicate thy claim:
Ev'n nature's wreck, reſounding through thy lays,
Shall in its final craſh proclaim thy praiſe.

## TO A FRIEND,

OF WHOSE HEALTH AND SUCCESS THE AUTHOR HAD HEARD, AFTER A LONG ABSENCE.

Thou deareſt of friends to my heart ever known,
Whoſe enjoyments and ſufferings have ſtill been my own,
Since early we met in ſuſceptible youth,
When glowing for virtue, and toiling for truth;
To God one petition, with ſteady regard,
With ardour inceſſant, my ſpirit preferr'd,
Thy life to protract, and thy bleſſings augment,
Now my wiſh is obtain'd, and my boſom content.
You aſk, by what means I my livelihood gain,
And how my long conflict with fortune ma'ntain?
The queſtion is kind, yet I cannot tell why,
'Tis hard for a ſpirit like mine to reply.
If a friend with a friend muſt be free and ſincere,
My veſture is ſimple, and ſober my cheer;
But though few my reſources, and vacant my purſe,
One comfort is left me, things cannot be worſe.
'Tis vain to repine, as philoſophers ſay,
So I take what is offer'd, and live as I may;
To my wants, ſtill returning, adapt my ſupplies,
And find in my hope what my fortune denies.
To the powerful and great had I keenly apply'd,
Had I toil'd for their pleaſures, or flatter'd their pride,
In ſplendour and wealth I perhaps might have ſham'd,
For learning, for virtue, for ev'ry thing fam'd.
The gameſter, th' informer, the quack, and the ſmuggler,
The bully, the player, the mimic, the juggler,
The diſpenſer of libels, the teller of fortunes,
And others of equal reſpect and importance,
Find high reputation and ample ſubſiſtence,
Whilſt craving neceſſity ſtands at a diſtance.
But who could determine, in ſoundneſs of brain,
By prieſthood or poetry, life to ſuſtain?
Our Maker to ſerve, or our ſouls to improve,
Are taſks ſelf-rewarded, and labours of love.
Such with hunger and thirſt are deſervedly paid,
'Tis glorious to ſtarve by ſo noble a trade:
'Tis guilt and ambition for prieſts to pretend
Their fame to advance, and their fortune amend;
Their fame and their fortune, by pious mankind,
Are ſuch t[illegible]es eſteem'd as no mortal ſhould mind.
Nor leſs by the world is the heav'n-gifted bard,
In his viſions abandon'd to find his reward.
Can ſenſations of wretchedneſs ever invade
That breaſt which Apollo his temple has made?
On the top of Parnaſſus his hermitage lies;
And who can repine, when ſo near to the ſkies?
For him ſweet ambroſia ſpontaneouſly grows;
For him Agannippe ſpontaneouſly flows.
Though the bev'rage be cool, and ethereal the diet,
Fine ſouls, thus regal'd, ſhould be happy and quiet.
But I, who ſubſtantial nutrition require,
Would rather the muſes ſhould feed than inſpire.
And whilſt lofty Pindus my fancy explores,
To earth the wild fugitive hunger reſtores.
Yet leſt what I mean be obſcurely expreſs'd,
No call is unanſwer'd, no wiſh unredreſs'd:
But other reſources ſupplied what was wanting,
Leſs barren employments than preaching or chanting.
For thee, whom I glory to claim as my friend,
May ſtars more propitious thy labours attend;
On earth be thy proſpect ſtill ſmiling and bright,
And thy portion hereafter immortal delight.

## THE GENEALOGY OF NONSENSE.

With long and careful ſcrutiny in vain,
I ſearch'd th' obſcure receſſes of my brain;
The muſes oft with mournful voice I woo'd,
To find a plea for ſilence if they could.
But through my ſearch not one excuſe appear'd,
And not a muſe would anſwer if ſhe heard.
Thus I remain'd in anxious, ſad ſuſpence,
Deſpairing aid from reaſon or from ſenſe,
Till from a pow'r, of late well known to fame,
Though not invok'd, the wiſh'd ſolution came.
Now night incumbent ſhaded half the ball,
Silence aſſum'd her empire over all,
While on my eyes imperfect ſlumbers ſpread
Their downy wings, and hover'd round my head;
But ſtill internal ſenſe awake remain'd,
And ſtill its firſt ſolicitude retain'd;
When lo! with ſlow deſcent, obſcurely bright,
Yet cloth'd in darkneſs viſible, not light,
A form, high tow'ring to the diſtant ſkies,
In mimic grandeur, ſtood before my eyes:
As after ſtorms waves faintly laſh the ſhore,
As hollow winds in rocky caverns roar, [fear,
Such were the ſounds which pierc'd my trembling
And chill'd my ſoul with more than common fear.
Thus ſpoke the pow'r:—"From yon extended
" void,
" Where Jove's creating hand was ne'er employ'd,
" Where ſoft with hard, and heavy mix'd with
" light,
" And heat with cold, maintain eternal fight;
" Where end the realms of order, form, and day;
" Where night and chaos hold primæval ſway;
" Their firſt, their ever-darling offſpring view,
" Who comes thy wonted calmneſs to renew.
" Ere yet the mountains rear'd their heads on
" high,
" Ere yet the radiant ſun illum'd the ſky,
" Ere ſwelling hills, or humble vales were ſeen,
" Or woods the proſpect cheer'd with waving
" green;
" Ere nature was, my wond'rous birth I date,
" More old than Chance, Neceſſity, or Fate;
" Ere yet the muſes touch'd the vocal lyre,
" My reverend mother and tumultuous ſire

" Beheld my wond'rous birth with vaſt amaze,
" And Diſcord's boundleſs empire roar'd my praiſe.
" In me, whate'er by nature is disjoin'd,
" All oppoſite extremes involv'd you find:
" Born to retain, by fate's eternal doom,
" My ſire's confuſion, and my mother's gloom.
" Where'er extend the realms of letter'd pride,
" With uncontroll'd dominion I preſide;
" Through its deep gloom I dart the doubtful ray,
" And reach the learned idiots where to ſtray:
" The labouring chemiſt, and profound divine,
" Err, not ſeduc'd by reaſon's light, but mine.
" From me alone theſe boaſt the wond'rous ſkill
" To make a myſt'ry more myſterious ſtill;
" While thoſe purſue by ſcience not their own,
" The univerſal cure, and philoſophic ſtone.
" Thus, when the leaden pedant courts my aid,
" To cover ignorance with learning's ſhade,
" To ſwell the folio to a proper ſize,
" And throw the clouds of art o'er nature's eyes,
" My ſoporific pow'r the ſages own;
" Hence by the ſacred name of Dulneſs known:
" But if mercurial ſcribblers pant for fame,
" Thoſe I inſpire, and Nonſenſe is my name.
" Suſtain'd by me, thy muſe firſt took her flight,
" I circumſcrib'd its limits and its height;
" By me ſhe ſinks, by me ſhe ſoars along;
" I rule her ſilence, and I prompt her ſong."

My doubts reſolv'd, the goddeſs wing'd her flight,
Diſſolv'd in air, and mix'd with formleſs night.
Much more the muſe, reluctant, muſt ſuppreſs,
For all the pow'r of time and fate confeſs;
Too ſoft her accents, and too weak her pray'r,
For time or fate, or cruel poſts to hear.

## ODE ON MELISSA'S BIRTH-DAY.

Ye nymphs and ſwains, whom love inſpires
With all his pure and faithful fires,
Hither with joyful ſteps repair;
You who his tendereſt tranſports ſhare!
For lo! in beauty's gayeſt pride,
Summer expands her boſom wide;
The ſun no more in clouds enſhrin'd,
Darts all his glories unconfin'd;
The feather'd choir from every ſpray
Salute Meliſſa's natal day.

Hither ye nympths and ſhepherds haſte,
Each with a flow'ry chaplet grac'd,
With tranſport while the ſhades reſound,
And nature ſpreads her charms around;
While ev'ry breeze exhales perfumes,
And Bion his mute pipe reſumes;
With Bion long diſus'd to play,
Salute Meliſſa's natal day.

For Bion long deplor'd his pain
Through woods and devious wilds in vain;
At laſt impel'd by deep deſpair,
The ſwain preferr'd his ardent pray'r;
His ardent pray'r Meliſſa heard,
And every latent ſorrow cheer'd,
His days with ſocial rapture bleſt,
And ſooth'd each anxious care to reſt.
Tune, ſhepherds, tune the feſtive lay,
And hail Meliſſa's natal day.

With nature's incenſe to the ſkies
Let all your fervid wiſhes riſe,
That Heav'n and earth may join to ſhed
Their choiceſt bleſſings on her head;
That years protracted, as they flow,
May pleaſures more ſublime beſtow;
While by ſucceeding years ſurpaſt,
The happieſt ſtill may be the laſt;
And thus each circling ſun diſplay,
A more auſpicious natal day.

## ODE TO AURORA.

### ON MELISSA'S BIRTH-DAY.

Of time and nature eldeſt born,
Emerge thou roſy-finger'd morn,
Emerge, in pureſt dreſs array'd,
And chace from Heav'n night's envious ſhade,
That I once more may, pleas'd, ſurvey,
And hail Meliſſa's natal day.

Of time and nature eldeſt born,
Emerge, thou roſy-finger'd morn:
In order at the eaſtern gate
The hours to draw thy chariot wait;
Whilſt zephyr, on his balmy wings,
Mild nature's fragrant tribute brings,
With odours ſweet to ſtrew thy way,
And grace the bland, revolving day.

But as thou lead'ſt the radiant ſphere,
That gilds its birth, and marks the year,
And as his ſtronger glories riſe,
Diffus'd around th' expanded ſkies,
Till cloth'd with beams ſerenely bright,
All Heav'n's vaſt concave flames with light;
So, when, through life's protracted day,
Meliſſa ſtill purſues her way,
Her virtues with thy ſplendour vie,
Increaſing to the mental eye:
Though leſs conſpicuous, not leſs dear,
Long may they Bion's proſpect cheer;
So ſhall his heart no more repine,
Bleſs'd with her rays, though robb'd of thine.

## TO DR. EVANS.

Dear Doctor, as it is moſt fit,
Your accuſation I admit
In all its force, nor rack my brain,
By quirks and ſubterfuges vain,
To throw my conduct into ſhade,
And thus your juſt rebuke evade.
But, ſince convicted now I ſtand,
And wait correction from your hand,
Be merciful as thou art ſtrong,
And recognize the power of ſong.
For, while in accents deep and hoarſe,
She breathes contrition and remorſe,
The muſe's penitential ſtrain,
For pardon cannot ſue in vain.
But, let me, with profound reſpect,
A ſad miſtake of your's correct.
When once th' Aonian maids diſcover
Some favour for a youthful lover,
You think their paſſion ſtill as keen
For him at ſixty as ſixteen.
Alas the ſex you little know,
Their ruling paſſion is a beau.

The wrinkl'd brow, th' extinguish'd eye,
From female hearts ne'er gain a sigh.
The brilliant glance, the cheek vermile,
Th' elastic nerve, th' enchanting smile,
These, only these, can hearts confine
Of ladies human or divine.
No mind, immortal though it be,
From life's vicissitudes is free,
The man who labours to acquit
Of imperfection human wit,
Will find he undertakes a task
That proves what his opponents ask;
And feel, to his eternal cost,
His own attempts refute his boast.
Forc'd, by experience and sensation,
I make this humble declaration:
For, should my pride my words restrain,
These lays would show the fact too plain.
Cloth'd in a lion's skin, the ass
At first might for a lion pass;
But when the stupid creature bray'd,
His real self he soon betray'd,
And every stick and every stone
Were us'd, to show him he was known.
Thus, batter'd by sarcastic sneers,
I shut my mouth and hide my ears;
Blest'd, if unhurt I may elude
The observation of the crowd.
Yet, spite of all the ills that prey
On ebbing life from day to day,
It warm'd my veins with youthful fire,
And rais'd my heart a cubit higher,
To hear your own kind words express
Your competition and success.
So, when portentous symptoms threat
Your patients with impending fate,
At your approach may they recede,
And sickness lift its drooping head;
While health and joy your nod obey,
And fly where'er you point their way.
One great achievement still remains,
One triumph, worthy of your pains;
Could you the thefts of time restore,
And make me what I was of yore,
'n spite of fortune's utmost spleen,
Which bards oft feel to intervene,
I might, perhaps, as friend with friend,
At Shrewsbury some evenings spend;
There, in abuse that meant no harm,
Assert the soul of humour warm;
And laugh at those whose lives provoke
The satire we effuse in joke.
And now, perhaps, you wish to know,
With your old friends, how matters go;
What state of health they still enjoy,
And how their various hours employ?
But this detail more glibly flows
In easy style and humble prose;
And, with more patience, will be heard.
To my Melissa when transferr'd.
If faults acknowledg'd be forgiven,
And all our former odds made even,
Pray write me soon, to let me see
How much superior you can be
To doctors in divinity.
Meanwhile, believe me still sincere,
Whatever guise my conduct wear,
And still with friendship, no less fervent,
Your most obedient humble servant.

## TO MR. DALZEL,

PROFESSOR OF GREEK IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

Ye fairy fields, where youthful fancy stray'd,
Ye landscapes vested in eternal green,
Cease my reluctant absence to upbraid;
Each joy I lose, when you no more are seen.

The raptur'd heart, th' enthusiastic eye,
The bright conception darting through the mind,
From my remotest hopes how far they fly,
And leave a gloomy solitude behind?

Ethereal people of each glowing scene,
Which meditation pictur'd in my sight,
Of ever beauteous and celestial mien:
Why sink you thus amid the shades of night?

No more the harp shall Polyhymnia tune,
No warbling flute Euterpe's breath inspire,
Ah! why for ever silent, why so soon
Should every muse forbear to strike the lyre?

To me a faded form e'en nature wears;
Its vivid colours every flow'r resigns,
The blasted lawns no tint of verdure cheers,
Shorn of his beams the sun more faintly shines.

Age, hood-wink'd age, exterminates the whole,
She o'er the prospect night and horror spreads;
Her endless winter intercepts the soul,
From limpid fountains and enchanted meads.

O come, Dalzel *, whose comprehensive view,
Whate'er the muse exhibits, can survey,
The flying phantom teach me to pursue,
Direct my course, and animate my lay.

Yet from th' ungrateful bosom of the tomb
Should Jason's magic wife emerge once more,
Nor thou, nor she, my genius could relume;
Nor thou, nor she, the flame of youth restore.

## TO DR. DOWNMAN, IN LONDON.

To the fond muse, who sings of rural joys,
Involv'd in politics, and smoke and noise,
Her Scotian sister gratulation sends,
Pleas'd that her taste, not on her place depends.
For oft contagions in the city breeze,
Hovering unseen, unfelt, the fancy seize:
Surrounding objects catch the roving eye,
And tastes with situations oft comply.
There party-passion wears the form of truth,
Pleasure in virtue's mask seduces youth,
Still handing round the sweet Circean bowl,
To warp the judgment, and pervert the soul.
Ye early plans and wishes then adieu,
We seek not what is fair, but what is new;
Each former prepossession leaves the heart,
And nature yields to meretricious art.
Oh! if in heav'n some chosen curse remain,
Nor thunders roll, nor lightnings flash in vain,
Curs'd be the wretch who cities first design'd,
To blast each native worth of human kind.
When first Astrea saw their structures rise,
Fir'd with indignant rage, she sought the skies.

* *This gentleman delivered a course of critical lectures on poetry, which did honour to the seminary in which he is engaged, and to the country where he lives.*

Th' ingenious wiſh, that in one wide embrace
Claſp'd nature's frame, and glow'd for all her race,
Fair hoſpitality, in bleſſing bleſt,
Primeval candour, of tranſlucent breaſt,
With horror ſhuddering at the baneful ſight,
Retir'd, the vow'd companions of her flight:
Then from her boſom hell diſgorg'd her train,
The luſt of pleaſure, and the thirſt of gain,
Then pride luxurious rear'd her creſt on high,
Deceit then forg'd the name, and cogg'd the die,
Then lawleſs tyrants from the throne decreed
Virtue to toil, and innocence to bleed.
In heart a tyger, though in looks a child,
Aſſaſſination ſtabb'd his friend, and ſmil'd;
While perjury, with unaverted eye,
Invok'd the God of truth to ſeal a lie.

O conſcious peace! to few indulg'd by fate,
When ſhall I find once more thy dear retreat?
When ſhall my ſteps the guiltleſs ſcenes explore,
Where virtue's ſmiles the age of gold reſtore,
Where charity to all her arms extends,
And as ſhe numbers faces, numbers friends?
Where unaffected ſympathy appears
In cordial ſmiles, or undiſſembled tears?
Where innocence and mirth, the farmer's wealth,
Walk hand in hand with exerciſe and health?
Nor when the ſetting ſun withdraws his ray,
And labour cloſes with the cloſing day,
Would I, with haughty inſolence, avoid
The ſcenes where ſimple nature is enjoy'd;
But pleas'd, in frolic, or diſcourſe engage
With ſportive youth, or hoſpitable age,
Exert my talents to amuſe the throng
In wond'rous legend, or in rural ſong.

Thus, by no wiſh for alteration ſeiz'd,
My neighbours pleaſing, with my neighbours pleas'd,
Exempt from each exceſs of bliſs or woe,
My ſetting hours ſhould uniformly flow,
Till nature to the duſt theſe limbs conſign'd,
Leaving a ſhort, but well-earn'd fame behind.

For thee, whom nature and the muſe inſpire
With taſte refin'd, and elegant deſire,
'Tis thine, where'er thou mov'ſt, thy bliſs to find,
Drawn from the native treaſures of thy mind;
To brighten life with love or friendſhip's ray,
Or through the muſe's land in rapture's ſtray.
Oh! may thy ſoul her fav'rite objects gain,
And not a wiſh aſpire to heav'n in vain!
Full on thy lateſt hours may genius ſhine,
And each domeſtic happineſs be thine!

## TO THE SAME.

Yes, 'tis reſolv'd, in nature's ſpite,
Nay more, reſolv'd in rhyme to write:
Though to my chamber's walls confin'd
By beating rains, and roaring wind,
Though lowring, as the wint'ry ſky,
Involv'd in ſpleen my ſpirits lie,
Though cold, as hyperborean ſnows,
No feeble ray of genius glows,
To friendſhip tribute let me pay,
And gratitude's beheſts obey.

Whilſt man in this precarious ſtation
Of ſtruggle and of fluctuation,
Protracts his being, is it ſtrange
That humour, genius, wit, ſhould change?
The mind which moſt of force inherits,
Muſt feel viciſſitude of ſpirits:
And happieſt they, who leaſt depreſt,
Of life's bad bargain make the beſt.
Thus, though my ſong he can't commend,
Th' attempt will pleaſe my gentle friend;
For he of life's uncertain round
The cloudy and ſerene hath found.

Cheering, as ſummer's balmy ſhowers,
To thirſty herbs and languid flowers,
Your late epiſtle reach'd my ear,
And fill'd my heart with joy ſincere.
Before my eyes in proſpect plain
Appear'd the conſecrated fane.
Where friendſhip's holy preſence ſhines,
And grief diſarms, and bliſs refines.
Long may the beauteous fabric riſe,
Unite all hearts and charm all eyes,
Above all contingency and time,
Stable as earth, as heav'n ſublime!
And while its more than ſolar light
Through nature's frame flows piercing bright,
May we through life's ambiguous maze
Imbibe its moſt auſpicious rays;
View unimpair'd its ſweet exiſtence,
By length of years, or local diſtance;
And while our hearts revolve the paſt,
Still feel its warmeſt moments laſt!
With each kind wiſh which friendſhip knows,
For you Meliſſa's boſom glows.
Her heart capacious and ſincere,
Where thoſe once priz'd muſt ſtill be dear,
Though long of ſilence ſhe complains,
For Theſpia all her love retains.

Now, whether proſe your fancy pleaſe,
The ſtyle of elegance and eaſe,
Or whether ſtrains ſo debonair,
As might from anguiſh charm deſpair,
To us at leaſt a pittance deal,
Who long to ſee your hand and ſeal.

## TO MELISSA.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1790.

Dear, welcome ſharer of my breaſt,
Of friends the kindeſt and the beſt,
What numbers ſhall the muſe employ,
To ſpeak my gratitude and joy?
Twice ten times has the circling year,
And oftener, finiſh'd its career,
Since firſt in Hymen's ſacred bands,
With mingl'd hearts we join'd our hands.

Auſpicious hour! from whence I date
The brighteſt colours of my fate;
From whence felicity alone,
To my dejected heart was known.
For then, my days from woe to ſcreen,
Thy watchful tenderneſs was ſeen;
Nor did its kind attentions miſs
To heighten and improve my bliſs.

Oft have I felt its pleaſing power
Delude the ſolitary hour;
Oft has it charm'd the cruel ſmart,
When pain and anguiſh rack'd my heart.
Thus may our days which yet remain,
Be free from bitterneſs and pain!
So limpid ſtreams ſtill purer grow,
For ever bright'ning as they flow.

When death muſt come, for come it will,
And I heav'n's purpoſes fulfil,
When heart with heart, and ſoul with ſoul
Blending, I reach life's utmoſt goal,
When nature's debt this frame ſhall pay,
And earth receive my mortal clay;
Not unconcern'd ſhalt thou behold
My aſhes mingling with the mold;
But drop a tear, and heave a ſigh,
Yet hope to meet me in the ſky;
When, life's continual ſuff'rings o'er,
We joyful meet, to part no more.

## TO TWO SISTERS,

ON THEIR WEDDING-DAY.

*An Epiſtle.*

Dear ladies, whilſt the nuptial hour at hand
Muſt all your time, and all your thoughts demand.
Though all the Nine my tuneful ſtrain inſpir'd,
My heart though all the force of friendſhip fir'd,
Though warm'd with tranſport for my lovely theme,
I won'd not long your kind attention claim:
Yet let me join the gratulating throng,
And breathe to Heav'n one ardent wiſh in ſong.
That all your future days, ſerene and bright,
May flow diſtinguiſh'd by ſincere delight;
That full ſucceſs your wiſhes may attend,
And Heav'n's beſt bleſſings on your heads deſcend;
That love and joy may on each period wait,
While hoary Time unrolls the page of fate;
Till all who hear your deſtiny admire,
Nor more from Heav'n to make them bleſs'd require;
Till tender mothers, who your lot ſurvey,
Thus in the fondneſs of their ſouls ſhall pray:
" May my fair daughter, or my fav'rite ſon,
" Be bleſs'd, and live and love as theſe have
" done."

## ESTIMATE OF HUMAN GREATNESS.

IN IMITATION OF A FRENCH EPIGRAM.

One night I dream'd, and dreams may oft prove true,
That to this fooliſh world I bade adieu.
With ſolemn rites, and decent grief deplor'd,
My friends to mother earth her gift reſtor'd.
But O! eternal inſult to my ſhade,
Cloſe by a vile plebeian corſe was laid!
Enrag'd, confin'd, I try'd to ſhift my ground;
But all attempts were unſucceſsful found.
Be gone, groſs lump, I cry'd in high diſdain,
No ſlave of abject birth ſhall here remain.
Be diſtant far—to nobler names give way,
And mix with vulgar duſt thy ſordid clay.
Thou fool! thou wretch! a hollow voice reply'd,
Now learn the impotence of wealth and pride;
Hereditary names and honours, here,
With all their farce and tinſel diſappear.
In theſe dark realms, Death's reptile heralds trace
From one ſole origin all human race:
On all the line one equal lot attends;
From duſt it riſes and to duſt deſcends.
Here pale ambition, quitting pomp and form,
Admits her laſt—beſt counſellor, a worm.
Here nature's charter ſtands confirm'd alone;
The grave is leſs precarious than the throne.
Then ſeek not here pre-eminence and ſtate,
But own and bleſs th' impartial will of fate;
With life, its errors and its whims reſign,
Nor think a beggar's title worſe than thine.

## TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON,

ON HER RECOVERY FROM CHILD-BED,

*After the Birth of the Marquis of Clydeſdale.*

Hail! nature's loveliеſt work and darling care,
Whoſe worth and beauty equal praiſes claim,
Form'd Heav'n's ſupreme beneficence to ſhare,
A nation's wonder, and a mother's name.

No venal muſe with mercenary praiſe,
Inſults thy taſte, or wounds thy modeſt ear;
When Heav'n, or heav'nly beauty prompts her lays,
As high the theme, the tribute flows ſincere.

Bleſs'd be the hours, which, with auſpicious flight,
Reſtore thy former health and native bloom;
To bid the wiſhing world its eyes delight,
And fame, with all her mouths, thy praiſe reſume.

O may the infant product of thy pain,
Beyond a mother's wiſh to greatneſs riſe;
The cloudleſs glories of his race ſuſtain,
On earth belov'd, and honour'd in the ſkies.

Fraught with the richeſt, nobleſt gifts of fate,
Serenely gay may all thy moments roll;
To crown thy days let ev'ry pleaſure wait,
Bright as thy charms, and ſpotleſs as thy ſoul.

## ODE

ON A FAVOURITE LAP-DOG.

*To Miſs G—— J——.*

Pretty, ſportive, happy creature,
Full of life, and full of play,
Taught to live by faithful nature,
Never canſt thou miſs thy way.

By her dictates kind inſtructed,
Thou avoid'ſt each real ſmart;
We, by other rules conducted,
Loſe our joy to ſhow our art.

Undiſguis'd, each reigning paſſion
When thou mov'ſt or look'ſt we ſee:
Were the ſame with us the faſhion,
Happy mortals would we be!

May her favour ſtill purſue thee,
Who propos'd thee for my theme;
Till ſuperior charms ſubdue thee,
And inſpire a nobler flame.

In each other bleſs'd and bleſſing,
Years of pleaſure let them live;

Each all active worth poſſeſſing,
Earth admires or heav'n can give,

## TO A SUCCESSFUL RIVAL,

WHO SAID IRONICALLY, HE PITIED THE AUTHOR.

*An Ode.*

Thou pity! fond unthinking boy,
Falſely elate with diſtant joy,
Did e'er thy heart the kind emotion know,
Th' endearing pangs of ſympathetic woe!

Yes; as on Nile's prolific ſhore,
The monſters, cloy'd with recent gore,
Sad o'er the reeking carcaſe howling lie,
Such tears, ſincere as thine, o'erflow the murd'rer's eye.

O loſt to virtue! loſt to ſhame!
Beneath fair friendſhip's holy name,
Impious to tempt, and ſubtle to betray,
While heav'n and earth the daring crime ſurvey.

What devil arm'd thy front with ſteel,
To feign a grief thou ne'er couldſt feel;
Without a bluſh, the faithleſs ſigh to heave,
And mourn the mortal ſtab thy own curs'd dagger gave?

But if to heav'n's impartial throne,
The piercing ſigh and bitter groan,
For juſt redreſs, on angel wings ariſe,
Then dread the blaſting vengeance of the ſkies.

Ah, where will rage my ſoul impel?
How high the tide of fury ſwell?
Fool! thus to curſe the man whoſe ev'ry ſmart
Muſt pierce thy inmoſt ſoul, muſt wound Clarinda's heart.

## CATO UTICENSIS TO HIS WIFE AT ROME.

In diſtant regions, freedom's laſt retreat,
Where Rome and ſhe their final criſis wait,
Cato reflects how much he once was bleſt,
And greets with health the fav'rite of his breaſt.
Oh! when my ſoul with retroſpective eyes
Beholds each ſcene of paſt enjoyment riſe,
Ere vice and Heav'n's irrevocable doom
Shook the firm baſis of imperial Rome,
What horrors muſt this patriot heart congeal!
What muſt a father and an huſband feel!
Ye moments, deſtin'd to eternal flight,
Who ſhone on each domeſtic bleſſing bright,
Who ſaw me with earth's legiſlators join'd,
Balance the ſacred rights of human kind,
No more my ſoul your bleſs'd return muſt know,
Conſign'd to fetters, infamy, and woe;
Expell'd from Rome, and all that's dear, we fly
Through fruitleſs deſerts, and a flaming ſky,
Where thunders roar inceſſant, lightnings glare,
And plagues unnumber'd taint the boundleſs air;
Where ſerpents, children of eternal night,
Enſure perdition with their mortal bite;
Where burning ſands to heav'n in ſurges roll,
And ſcorching heats evaporate the ſoul.

Yet pleas'd theſe harſh extremes of fate we bear;
For liberty, heav'n's nobleſt gift, is here.
Unaw'd by pow'r, from venal ſhackles free,
Our hands accompliſh what our hearts decree.
Yet here, where anguiſh, want, and horror reign,
The heav'nly power explores a ſeat in vain.
Ambitious blood-hounds hold her cloſe in view,
Faithful to ſcent, and active to purſue.
See o'er the ſpacious globe their courſe they bend,
See conqueſt and ſucceſs their ſteps attend.
Oceans in vain to ſtop their paſſage flow,
And mountains riſe in everlaſting ſnow.
Obſequious billows own tyrannic ſway,
And ſtorms have learn'd to flatter and obey.
Eternal Pow'rs! whoſe will is nature's guide,
Who o'er high heav'n and earth and hell preſide,
Muſt then that plan of liberty expire,
Which patriot boſoms more than life deſire?
Is public happineſs for ever fled,
For which the ſage explor'd and hero bled?
Shall Pompey's blood the coaſt of Egypt ſtain?
Shall civil ſlaughter load Pharſalia's plain?
With reeking gore ſhall plunder'd temples flow?
Is Jove or Cæſar god of all below?
Be curs'd the time when pleaſure and her train,
O'er Rome extended firſt their fatal reign;
For O! 'twas then, in that deteſted hour,
That firſt the luſt of treaſure and of power
From public welfare could our views divert,
And quench each virtue in the human heart.

## THE CHRONICLE OF A HEART,

IN IMITATION OF COWLEY.

How often my heart has by love been o'erthrown,
What grand revolutions its empire has known,
You aſk me, dear friend, then attend the ſad ſtrain,
Since you bid me renew ſuch ineffable pain.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

For who that has got e'er an eye in his pate,
So diſmal a tale without tears can relate;
Or who ſuch dire annals recal to his mind,
Without burſting in ſighs both before and behind?

This kingdom, as authors impartial have told,
At firſt was elective, but afterwards ſold;
For experience will ſhow whoe'er pleaſes to try,
That kingdoms are venal when ſubjects can buy.

Lovely Peggy, the firſt in ſucceſſion and name,
Was early inveſted with honour ſupreme;
But a bold ſon of Mars, who grew fond of her form, ſtorm.
Swore himſelf into grace, and ſurpris'd her by

Maria ſucceeded in honour and place,
By laughing and ſqueezing, and ſong and grimace,
But her favours, alas, like her carriage was free,
Beſtow'd on the whole male creation but me.

Next Marg'ret the ſecond attempted the chaſe;
Though the ſmall-pox and age had enamell'd her face,
She ſuſtain'd her pretence *ſans merite et ſans loix*,
And carried her point by a *Je-ne ſçais quoi.*

The heart which ſo tamely acknowledg'd her ſway,
Still ſuffer'd in ſilence, and kept her at bay,

Till old time had at laſt ſo much mellow'd her charms,
That ſhe dropt with a breeze in a liv'ryman's arms.

The next eaſy conqueſt, Belinda, was thine,
Obtain'd by the muſical tinkle of coin:
But ſhe, more enamour'd of ſport than of prey,
Had a fiſh in her hook which ſhe wanted to play.

High hopes were her baits; but if truth were confeſs'd,
A good ſtill in proſpect is not good poſſeſs'd;
For the fool found too late he had taken a tartar,
Retreated with wounds, and begg'd ſtoutly for quarter.

Urania came next, and with ſubtle addreſs,
Diſcover'd no open attempts to poſſeſs:
But when fairly admitted, of conqueſt ſecure,
She acknowledgd'd no law but her will and her pow'r.

For ſeven tedious years, to get rid of her chain,
All force prov'd abortive, all ſtratagem vain,
Till a youth with much fatneſs and gravity bleſt,
Her perſon detain'd by a lawful arreſt.

To a reign ſo deſpotic, though guiltleſs of blood,
No wonder a long interregnum enſu'd; [plain,
For an aſs, though the patienteſt brute of the
Once jaded and gall'd, will beware of the rein.

Now the kingdom ſtands doubtful itſelf to ſurrender,
To Chloe the ſprightly, or Celia the ſlender:
But if once it were out of this pitiful caſe,
No law but the ſalique henceforth ſhall take place*.

## SONG,

INSCRIBED TO A FRIEND.

*In imitation of Shenſtone.*

Cease, ceaſe, my dear friend, to explore,
From whence, and how piercing my ſmart:
Let the charms of the nymph I adore,
Excuſe, and interpret my heart:
Then how much I admire, you ſhall prove,
When like me you are taught to admire;
And imagine how boundleſs my love,
When you number the charms that inſpire.

Thou ſunſhine more dear to my ſight,
To my life more eſſential than air,
To my ſoul ſhe is perfect delight,
To my ſenſe all that's pleaſing and fair.
The ſwains who her beauty behold,
With tranſport applaud ev'ry charm,
And ſwear that the breaſt muſt be cold,
Which a beam ſo intenſe cannot warm.

Ah! ſay, will ſhe ſlightly forego
A conqueſt, though humble, yet ſure?
Will ſhe leave a poor ſhepherd to woe,
Who for her ev'ry bliſs would procure?
Alas! too preſaging my fears,
Too jealous my ſoul of its bliſs;
Methinks ſhe already appears,
To foreſee, and elude my addreſs.

Does my boldneſs offend my dear maid?
Is my fondneſs loquacious and free?
Are my viſits too frequently paid;
Or my converſe unworthy of thee?
Yet when grief was too big for my breaſt,
And labour'd in ſighs to complain,
Its ſtruggles I oft have ſuppreſt,
And ſilence impos'd on my pain.

And oft, while, by tenderneſs caught,
To my charmer's retirement I flew,
I reproach'd the fond abſence of thought,
And in bluſhing confuſion withdrew.
My ſpeech, though too little refin'd,
Though ſimple and awkward my mien;
Yet ſtill, ſhould thou deign to be kind,
What a wonderful change might be ſeen.

Ah, Strephon! how vain thy deſire,
Thy numbers and muſic how vain,
While merit and fortune conſpire
The ſmiles of the nymph to obtain?
Yet ceaſe to upbraid the ſoft choice,
Though it ne'er ſhould determine for thee,
If thy heart in her joy may rejoice,
Unhappy thou never canſt be.

## ABSENCE,

A SONG,

*In the Manner of Shenſtone.*

Ye rivers ſo limpid and clear,
Who reflect as in cadence you flow,
All the beauties that vary the year,
All the flow'rs on your margins that grow!
How bleſt on your banks could I dwell,
Were Meliſſa the pleaſure to ſhare,
And teach your ſweet echoes to tell
With what fondneſs I doat on the fair!
Ye harveſts that wave on the breeze
As far as the view can extend!
Ye mountains, umbrageous with trees,
Whoſe tops ſo majeſtic aſcend!
Your landſcape what joy to ſurvey,
Were Meliſſa with me to admire!
Then the harveſt would glitter, how gay,
How majeſtic the mountains aſpire!
In penſive regret, whilſt I rove,
The fragrance of flow'rs to inhale;
Or watch from the paſture and grove,
Each muſic that floats on the gale.
Alas! the deluſion how vain!
Nor odours nor harmony pleaſe
A heart agonizing with pain,
Which tries ev'ry poſture for eaſe.
If anxious to flatter my woes,
Or the langour of abſence to cheer,
Her breath I would catch in the roſe,
Or her voice in the nightingale hear.
To cheat my deſpair of its prey,
What object her charms can aſſume?
How harſh is the nightingale's lay,
How inſipid the roſe's perfume?
Ye zephyrs that viſit my fair,
Ye ſun-beams around her that play,
Does her ſympathy dwell on my care?
Does ſhe number the hours of my ſtay?
Firſt periſh ambition and wealth,
Firſt perith all elſe that is dear,

* *Moſt of the characters here deſcribed are real, but the paſſions fictitious.*

Ere one ſigh ſhould eſcape her by ſtealth,
Ere my abſence ſhould coſt her one tear.
When, when ſhall her beauties once more
This deſolate boſom ſurpriſe?
Ye fates! the bleſt moments reſtore
When I baſk'd in the beams of her eyes,
When, with ſweet emulation of heart,
Our kindneſs we ſtruggled to ſhow;
But the more that we ſtrove to impart,
We felt it more ardently glow.

## PROLOGUE TO SIR HARRY GAYLOVE *.

May one in conſcience credit what you ſay?
A Scotch production! Heaven and earth! a play!
What mortal prov'd ſo hardy to achieve it.
Repeat your tale to ſuch as will believe it.
Yet this can, ſure, be no inſidious art,
No bite, the modern way of being ſmart:
You tell me every actor has his part.
This night, you ſay, the critics may abuſe
A female comedy, a virgin muſe.
Luxurious ſcandal! let me join the fray,
In its damnation hiſs my breath away;
Teach native taſte and genius to ſubſide,
And yield the palm to literary pride.
With eaſy, flowing, unaffected wit,
This muſe, it ſeems, aſpires to charm the pit;
On truth and nature for ſucceſs depends,
And takes the friends of virtue for her friends.
Truth, nature, virtue; inſolent pretence!
Deep ſhall ſhe feel, and curſe her weak defence;
By ſad, yet ſure experience taught ere long,
How ſoon a catcal diſſipates the throng.
As ghoſts recede before the morning ray;
As falling ſnows in ſummer melt away,
So ſwift theſe thin chimeras wing their flight
From braying dulneſs, and from hiſſing ſpite.
Yet ſome, perhaps, by prepoſſeſſion led,
In Ariſtotle and Longinus read,
May hear her voice with rapture and ſurpriſe,
And ſwear ſhe is Thalia in diſguiſe.
Others whom patriot views with zeal inſpire,
May wiſh with praiſe to fan her native fire,
Till wide diffus'd the heav'nly ſplendor riſe,
Immenſe as ocean, lofty as the ſkies.
But you, for nobler enterpriſes born,
Who virtue, taſte, and nature hold in ſcorn,
With loud inceſſant hiſs exert your rage,
Till vice and dulneſs triumph on the ſtage.

## A PANEGYRIC ON GREAT BRITAIN.

Should all the angry fates decree
To damn their wretched progeny,
And for that purpoſe give them birth
In the moſt curſed ſpot of earth,
Where, in heav'n's eyes, even Sodom might
Appear, as virtue, pure and bright;
They could not chooſe a place more fit than
The ſelf-devoted iſle of Britain.
So ſung a bard devour'd with ſpleen;
But prejudic'd his ſong I ween,
And ſlander all from top to toe
As by induction we ſhall ſhow.

Come, then, ye ſouls who love to dwell
With Meditation in her cell;
Or you, through virtue's walks who range
With more delight than through th' Exchange,
With me this tablature ſurvey,
This art's and nature's *coup d' eſſai*.
Then ſay, kind reader, on thy ſoul,
From th' Arctic to th' Antarctic pole,
From clime to clime, from zone to zone,
Can ſuch a heav'n on earth be ſhown,
Where tempeſts never liſt their voices,
But every thing that lives rejoices?
Nor can they doubt, that they exiſt
Who feel themſelves ſupremely bleſt:
So free from error, pain, or vice,
Is this terreſtrial paradiſe.
Perhaps, indeed, the curious eye
May veſtiges of want deſcry;
But men, who would be good and wiſe
Too dearly cannot freedom prize;
And what our ſhare of liberty,
Unleſs to ſtarve, we may be free?
Compaſſion has been much addreſs'd
For indigence by wealth oppreſs'd;
But hungry maws and empty purſes
By fools alone are reckon'd curſes:
Wouldſt thou for ever be ſecure
From luxury?—continue poor.
To thoſe whom various wants depreſs,
In vain temptation courts acceſs;
In rags and leanneſs ſafe they lie,
Nor brothels haunt, nor boroughs buy;
Nor raſhly at 'Change Ally play
Their credit, caſh, and ſouls away.
Detraction baſely may complain
Of vice's triumph, virtue's bane;
Genius and learning paint diſgrac'd,
And mourn the ſad decline of taſte:
But wiſdom takes a different tone,
And aſks, "how virtue may be known;"
Untry'd, alike all men appear
Endu'd with rectitude ſincere;
And to diſtinguiſh what is beſt
Probation is the only teſt.
Hence, if the charmer we exclude
To meagre meals and ſolitude,
Her importunities refuſe,
And for her ſake her friends abuſe
Heaven knows, 'tis with reluctant heart
We give her infamy or ſmart;
Conſcious her luſtre muſt increaſe,
Proportion'd to her deep diſtreſs.
Was ever learning, even of yore,
Rever'd or cultivated more?
Did ſhe more wonders e'er diſplay,
Or e'er diffuſe a brighter day?
Each ancient ſage a ſyſtem form'd,
Which with ſucceſs his followers ſtorm'd,
Diſplay'd its folly in one word,
To rear another as abſurd.
But we, by ſtronger wings ſuſtain'd,
Have nature's penetralia gain'd;
And from our deep reſearch agree
That all is blank nonentity.
To obſervation we appeal
If taſte could ever more prevail:
What two legg'd thing can ſtrike your ſight
But arrogates a critic's right?

* *Written by Miſs Marſhall, author of "Clarinda Cathcart," "Alicia Montague," &c. and publiſhed at Edinburgh by ſubſcription in 4to, 1772. The Epilogue was given by Dr. Downman.*

How harſh this period runs, he cries,
With foaming mouth and glaring eyes?
This epithet is without grace;
That ſimile quite out of place;
Theſe verſes walk not, but are driven;
This quantity is falſe, by heaven;
This ſentence is involv'd and dark;
Theſe portraitures no colours mark;
Theſe ſentiments abſurd and dull;
Confound the author's leaden ſkull.
Hither Aonian maids repair;
No theme can more deſerve your care;
Intoxicate your vot'ry's brain
With liberal draughts from Hippocrene;
Tune every lyre, expand each wing;
A nobler game you cannot ſpring;
Ranſack your magazine of rant,
For Britiſh commerce next we chant.
See how ſhe mounts her paper pinions,
And ſoars through nature's wide dominions!
Keen to import from every where
Whate'er is beauteous, rich, or rare.
Hark! ſhe commands, and to the ſkies
A thouſand magic ſtructures riſe;
But if her fiat ſhe reverſe,
At once the mighty domes diſperſe,
Their evaneſcent forms impair,
And loſe themſelves in gloomy air:
So boys, amus'd with empty ſhow,
Of ſoap and water bubbles blow;
At firſt a while, when upward ſent,
They grace the fluid element;
But quickly burſting in the wind
A dirty moiſture leave behind.
Metal with heads of kings impreſs'd
Much hocus pocus once poſſeſs'd;
Could merit, ſoul, and conſcience buy,
Could purchaſe all beneath the ſky.
The potent queen beheld its force
Eſtabliſh'd firm as nature's courſe;
Nor long indifferent could ſurvey;
Reſolv'd her puiſſance to eſſay,
With forc'ries that might puzzle hell,
To paper ſhe transferr'd the ſpell.
Swift as Cumæan Sibyl's lay
Th' emphatic billets wing'd their way;
Each man indulg'd the fond opinion,
That he alone was fortune's minion;
Till from experience ſad and late,
He felt, and curs'd his alter'd ſtate:
Thus, if Dan Gay has told us true,
The wight who kept the ghoſt in view*,
Of treaſure dream'd, but waking found
What, ſmell'd, the nicer ſenſe would wound.
Of credit crack'd and failing trade
A mighty pother has been made:
The whining crowd inſult their betters,
And bankrupts call inſolvent debtors.
But ſay, what mortal could refuſe
His all in ſuch a way to loſe?
In thin attire and ſimple fare
You bid adieu to anxious care;
Wealth, only wealth, in terror pines;
Broods o'er her coffers and her mines;
The beggar, from ſuch panic free,
Is bleſt in hopeleſs poverty.
Hail, Anglia! thrice and four times hail!
Calm be thy ſeas and fair thy gale,
That wafts, replete with various ſtore,
Thy floating domes from ſhore to ſhore,
Till they, for trifles well reſign'd *,
Fraught with the ſpoils of human kind,
At length their native coaſt regain,
And mock the tumults of the main;
The main by nature form'd like thee
To bellow Wilkes and liberty?
But who in numbers moſt ſublime
Thy glory's arduous height can climb?
What fire, what energy of ſpeech
Thy flaming patriot zeal can reach?
The patriot ſons of Greece and Rome
Shall in oblivion's deepeſt gloom
Henceforth retire, with grief and ſhame,
Eclips'd by thy ſuperior fame.
Who can thy glorious Wilkes deſcribe,
Who never gave nor took a bribe,
For thee is cruel, falſe, and lewd,
And damns his ſoul for public good!
Or who thy ſapient Junius paint,
From heav'n to teach our rulers ſent!
Thy Junius, whoſe prolific pate
Teems with philoſophy of ſtate.
Through all his road the circling ſun,
Though poſting ſince the world begun,
Could ne'er behold ſo bleſt a realm,
Such ſkilful pilots at its helm;
Premiers whoſe only private good
Is public intereſt well purſu'd;
Courtiers to each parole ſo juſt,
Such objects of implicit truſt;
Voters, whoſe honour is ſo nice,
Not worlds of gems could pay their price;
And repreſentatives ſo choice,
Heav'n's bliſs can ne'er ſuborn their voice.
Thy gen'rous ſpirit ſtill diſdains
Illiberal prepoſſeſſion's chains,
Uncircumſcrib'd by times or places.
The ſpacious univerſe embraces:
This let thy ſiſter realm declare,
Inur'd thy love, thy praiſe, to ſhare;
With local jealouſy untainted,
How are her wants by thee prevented!
Her ſons, as of one common nation,
Admitted to participation
Of all emoluments and honours;
Yet how ungrateful to their donors!
Let thoſe in equal ſtrains, who can,
Delineate thy domeſtic plan:
What ſcorn of all diſhoneſt gains,
Even in thy meaneſt peaſant reigns?
With what deſire, what taſte refin'd
Each yeoman cultivates his mind?
When to thy hoſpitable dome,
As to their known, their native home,
Thy neighbours and thy friends repair,
Feſtivity and mirth to ſhare;
Reaſon ſedate, experience hoar,
And peace protect the ſacred door;

* *See the viſible tale from which this alluſion is drawn, in Gay's poems, vol. i. p. 55.*

* *The contemptible trinkets, exchanged in trade with barbarous nations, for ſubſtantial and valuable commodities, are too well known to be here recapitulated.*

While abſtinence with mild control
Supplies thy board and fills thy bowl.
From aqueous draughts and ſober cheer
Eternal ſmiles thy features wear:
Rich wines and ſapid viands ſeed
The leper and the ſuicide.
Far diſtant from thy tranquil ſhore
Thou hear'ſt the hydra faction roar,
While firm accord within thy ſtates
Each council forms and regulates.
If, life's dull uniform to ſhun,
Thy youths a courſe more vary'd run;
In hopes to thrive by art's alchymic,
Thy brave diſorders too we mimic;
With willing heart, though awkward grace,
Thy maxims and thy modes embrace.
We call for bills we cannot pay;
Loſe wealth we ne'er poſſeſs'd at play;
As peacock's proud, as church-rats poor,
Yet bucks and bloods in miniature:
Thus, in his car, the pageant god *
Along the brazen convex rode,
Cut in mock thunder many a caper,
And brandiſh'd high the flaming taper;
Till cruſh'd by real bolts he fell,
The hiſs and ridicule of hell.
Let pedagogues aſſert, that knowledge
Frequents alone the duſty college,
As if recluſe, the heav'nly fair,
In cobwebs, dirt, and putrid air,
Were pleas'd to glean, from muſty pages,
The refuſe of pedantic ages,
Collecting with inceſſant pains
The feculence of ſtupid brains.
In its pretended ſeminary
We ſcorn to hunt the noble quarry,
And nature's theatre explore,
The only ſource of genuine lore.
The dull reſults of time and thought
May puzzle idiots, as they ought;
From active life experience flows,
And with experience wiſdom grows;
Her we purſue, with ſails unfurl'd,
Through her academy, the world.
Our laws ſo ſtrict, ſo multifarious,
Juſtice can never be precarious;
Beſides, ſhould former ſtatutes fail,
We ſtill enact, and ne'er repeal†.
That theſe adminiſter'd may be
With moſt religious equity,
Deceit and rapine to withſtand,
The ſons of Themis ſwarm the land.
It has indeed been urg'd by ſpite,
When two heroic maſtiffs fight,
To both the combatants unknown,
A third may come and ſnatch the bone;

* *This mythological cataſtrophe is elegantly deſcribed in Virgil's Æneid, book* vi. *ver.* 585.

† *At an early period of the Roman empire, multiplicity of laws was complained of as an intolerable grievance. The laws of every free ſtate muſt certainly be the voice of its repreſentatives; but if theſe are not from time to time abridged, they muſt ſwell to an extent ſo enormous, that the ſtudy will become incomprehenſible even to lawyers themſelves; ſtatutes contradictory to each other may be enacted; and the lieges can ſeldom or never act with ſecurity, leſt ignorantly they ſhould incur their penalties.*

When affluence property confounds,
And men forget its proper bounds,
Redundancies with ſkill reſign'd
Secure the fortunes left behind.
How much her power is here confeſs'd,
Let modeſt excellence atteſt,
When from the nameleſs crowd ſelected
She ſhines admir'd, careſs'd, reſpected;
While fools and knaves, depriv'd of fame,
Though wealth and int'reſt urge their claim,
No more for eminence contend,
But to their native rank deſcend.
Sweet Heav'n! what kind attachments here
Neighbours, relations, friends, endear!
What tender intercourſe they hold!
With love that never waxes cold!
So bleſt, ſo perfect is their unity,
(Since none from pain can boaſt immunity)
That if one heart or head but ache,
The reſt in ſympathy partake;
Nor on his woe themſelves obtrude,
But mourn the ſad viciſſitude;
Or that againſt ſuch miſadventure
Their other friends may caveats enter,
In Chriſtian charity they tell
By what miſconduct it befel;
Yet, though by manners interdicted,
They ceaſe to viſit th' afflicted,
Still each requeſt they freely grant,
Except the boon their ſuppliants want;
For ſuch demands ſhould they provide,
Patience in life could ne'er be try'd.
Our maids and matrons, chaſte and pure,
Not ev'n the ſhade of man endure,
But think the higheſt heav'n's unclean,
If ſtain'd with creatures maſculine:
Their groſſeſt thoughts, were they expreſs'd all,
Might well become a dying veſtal.
Their very names a charm might be
To cure the rage of jealouſy.
Behold with wonder and ſurpriſe,
How quick through virtue's ſcale they riſe,
Nor with a ſlow progreſſive motion,
By all the ardour of devotion!
Yet, oſtentation to avoid,
What bleſt expedients are employ'd!
No worth in native guiſe diſplay'd,
But exercis'd in maſquerade;
Not the monaſtic veil ſo pious,
Through which ev'n envy cannot ſpy us;
And whilſt at large our virtues play,
Behind the ſhade our perſons ſtay.
Say, conſcience! if not quite extinct,
While reaſon, ſenſe, and int'reſt wink'd;
Say, conſcience! for thou truly know'ſt,
How much religion we can boaſt:
Enough to point the Deiſt's jeers;
Enough to ſet us by the ears;
Enough a decent cloak to faſhion
For fraud or feuds to put freſh on;
Enough to manage guileleſs hearts
By prieſtcraft's proſtituted arts;
Enough the mobile to enrage
Againſt the ſin of patronage;
Enough for fools or knaves to ſwear by,
And give its ſanction to a mere lie.
To crowd a potentate's levee
With endleſs importunity,

Is deem'd impertinent and rude:
Why then on Heav'n's repose intrude?
For this we seldom go to prayers,
But leave to gods their own affairs;
At church improvement ne'er pursue;
The pulpit yields us nothing new;
And institutions, well we know,
By frequent use insipid grow.
To us the tavern or the stews
Afford more edifying views;
For there, without, and eke within,
Appears the turpitude of sin.
Thus, lavish in my country's praise,
The pleasing task itself repays.
Whate'er for preference appeals,
*Natale Solum* still prevails;
Still to my heart my country whispers,
(Not like our modern female lispers,
But with a voice more sweet than song)
"O! love me much, and love me long;"
Deep mingling with the purple tide,
Through all my veins her accents glide.
For this polarity of mind,
Would she be grateful, just, or kind,
From Church or State no perquisite
I ask my wishes to complete.
Let pensions, posts, douceurs accrue
To those whose service makes them due:
I only from her bounty crave
A decent fate, and peaceful grave.

## THE GRAHAM:

### AN HEROIC BALLAD,

*In Four Cantos.*

### CANTO I.

In former days, when Scotia hurl'd
Against her sister realm the spear,
When on her frontiers war unfurl'd
His bloody flag from year to year;
When wonder fill'd th' attentive world
Her glorious conflicts charm'd to hear,
By native virtue sav'd from thrall,
Whilst wealth and power conspir'd her fall.

Of noble soul and lineage high,
Amongst her chiefs was Graham rever'd:
But wan his cheek, and dim his eye;
Keen smart he prov'd, yet keener fear'd:
No Howard echoed sigh for sigh,
No plighted maid his bosom cheer'd:
His love, his confidence abus'd
He deem'd, and thus his soul effus'd.

"Rise, winds of heav'n, to tempest rise;
Flames flash, and cataracts descend!—
No storms convulsing earth and skies,
Like those which now my bosom rend:
Should chaos order's reign surprise,
And heaven, and earth, and ocean blend,
No anarchy could vex the void,
Like sacred peace of mind destroy'd.

Sweet peace of mind! seraphic guest!
How long thy absence shall I mourn?
From yon bright mansions of the blest
With all thy placid train return:
For hell is center'd in my breast,
There still its hottest fervours burn.
No more, ye tortur'd ghosts, repine,
Since less acute your pains than mine.

Of all the ills that rage so rife,
(And ha! from ills what state is free?)
Of all the plagues that prey on life,
God's heaviest curse is jealousy;
Of love and hate eternal strife:
When shall it cease to torture me?
Oh! when shall streams of blood atone
For Scotia's wrongs and for my own?

Just God! that he, to whom my heart,
Accessible as light and air,
Was fond its wishes to impart,
With whom its inmost thoughts to share,
These confines falsely should desert,
Though prescient of his friend's despair;
Unseen desert, and basely steal
What, lost to madness I must feel!"

Thus Graham, inexorably bent
His rival or himself to slay,
Then shap'd his course with fell intent
To where Northumbria's warriors lay;
Nor night his journey could prevent,
Nor danger intercept his way;
He reck'd not how he sped, nor where:
They dread no ruin who despair.

Singly (for such was his command)
He meant to meet his gallant foe;
But chosen men, a worthy band,
Who vow'd to share his weal or woe,
When he his hardy purpose plann'd
Th' important secret chanc'd to know;
Remotely these his steps pursue,
Unseen, yet keep him still in view.

Determin'd on revenge or death,
And guided by a dubious ray,
Through many a rough and winding path
Th' intrepid hero held his way;
Upbraiding much his easy faith,
Which arts so flimsey could betray;
At length he reach'd the wide campaign
Where fix'd Northumbria's tents remain.

And now the genial hours prepare
To yoke Aurora's rosy team;
Her blushes ting'd through humid air
The rising hill and crystal stream;
While with increasing light more fair,
More sweet the opening prospect seem:
But souls involv'd in sorrow's gloom
No landscapes charm, no rays illume.

When now the hostile camp he spy'd,
In silence solemn and profound;
"Here, here the miscreant rests (he cry'd)
Who gave my peace its mortal wound:
A while the wretch who heav'n defy'd,
May with success in guilt be crown'd;
Yet crimes like these though long secure,
At last for vengeance prove mature."

No emblematic signs pourtray'd
Within its orb his buckler bore;

Nor then the variegated plaid
Around his manly cheſt he wore;
His name, his form, no mark betray'd,
Which jealous caution might explore:
Thus through the ſtrong and watchful guard
He paſs'd unqueſtion'd, undebarr'd.

"By all the glories of my race
'Tis Graham himſelf! (young Howard ſaid);
He comes to brave me face to face,
He comes to claim the reſcu'd maid;
So may my ſoul in heaven find grace
When moſt ſhe needs her powerful aid,
As I his challenge ſhall receive,
Since one or both muſt feaſt the grave.

And thou by early fate remov'd
From all that renders being dear,
Oh ſtill remember'd, ſtill belov'd,
My vow, fraternal ſpirit, hear!
That vengeance, which ſo tardy prov'd,
Scotia at laſt ſhall learn to fear,
Shall expiate from unnumber'd veins
A brother's blood, a captive's chains."

He ſnatch'd his ſword, he pois'd his ſhield,
He iſſu'd to confront the foe,
As bickering flames involve a field
Where arid heath and ſtubble grow:
His breaſt, with native courage ſteel'd,
On fear could ne'er one thought beſtow:
Yet e'er his ſteps could far proceed,
The Scot advanc'd and check'd his ſpeed.

"Bluſh, traitor, bluſh (enrag'd he ſaid),
If ſtill ſuſceptible of ſhame,
If benefits with wrongs repaid
From heav'n and earth juſt vengeance claim:
But fools and cowards may upbraid,
In ſpeeches fierce, in action tame;
The righteous Pow'r that rules on high
And arms alone our cauſe can try."

He ceas'd; and Howard thus reply'd:
"Impetuous boy, thy rage reſtrain!
Ere now thy force I had defy'd,
But other taſks my arm detain:
For know, to mortify thy pride,
Thou ow'ſt thy life to my diſdain;
Thy country firſt I meant to quell,
Then deſtin'd thee for death and hell.

How well it ſuits the heart of Graham
To doubt his friend, though known ſincere!
That heart which baſe deſigns inflame,
Such baſe deſigns may juſtly fear:
From all the various mouths of fame
Thy vile ſuſpicions reach my ear.
Now if unſcourg'd thy crime remains,
No more eternal juſtice reigns.

Traitor, my ſoul retorts with ſcorn
On thy opprobrious clans and thee.
The nymph thou ſeek'ſt I found forlorn,
From baſe attempts I ſet her free;
When hence by brutal ruffians borne,
For aid ſhe call'd on Heav'n and me.
Where then was that vindictive arm
Portending now ſuch mortal harm?

In vain that rage which bends thy brow,
Thy boaſts, thy menaces are vain;
By Heav'n's omnipotence I vow,
Nor perjury my ſoul ſhall ſtain;
Not all thy country's force, nor thou,
The beauteous capture ſhall regain:
Mine now ſhe is, and mine ſhall be,
Indignant Scot, in ſpite of thee.

But whilſt in Heav'n's unerring ſcale
Our quivering deſtinies appear,
And which ſhall fall, and which prevail,
By no deciſion yet ſeems clear;
I could unfold a wond'rous tale,
Whoſe lighteſt word demands thy ear:—
But haſte we hence where friends nor foes
Can in our quarrel interpoſe."

"Damn'd ſubterfuge to make me ſwerve!
(Thus Graham reſum'd with fervid ire):
Theſe arts for weaker dupes reſerve,
They raiſe my indignation higher:
When wretches, who in dungeons ſtarve,
Nor light, nor air, nor food deſire,
Then may my heart its wrath ſuſpend
Till thy inſidious tale ſhall end."

"Me brandſt thou with evaſive fright,
(Cry'd Howard with protended ſteel);
Who for thy fury or thy might
Supreme contempt alone can feel!
Which heart ſhall now decline the fight,
Which beats with fears it would conceal,
Th' impending inſtant ſhall diſplay;
Hark! hov'ring ravens croak for prey."

Now front to front the champions ſtood,
And hew'd and laſh'd, and thunder'd blows;
Whilſt through th' adjacent hills and wood,
The propagated clangour roſe:
Anna, with eyes in tears bedew'd,
Had heard them talk, and ſeen them cloſe;
With pallid cheek, and trembling frame,
Between the combatants ſhe came.

"For Heav'n's ſweet ſake, ere you engage,
Attend to love's, to friendſhip's call!
If blood alone can quench your rage,
Mine, mine I offer, take it all.
Could I have form'd the ſad preſage,
That one of two ſo dear ſhould fall,
Ere I this curſed hour ſurvey'd,
To fate that tribute I had paid.

Oh Graham! in whom for ever dwells
Concenter'd all my ſoul's delight,
What frenzy now thy mind impels
To urge this inauſpicious fight?
That fury which thy boſom ſwells,
May in his blood its conqueſt write;
But ſay, is this his nobleſt meed
Who reſcued me, by Graham to bleed?

While full of thee I lonely ſtray'd,
With tears and anxious vigils ſpent,
To breathe in ſome ſequeſter'd ſhade
The grief with which my heart was rent,
Villians, who lay in ambuſcade,
And watch'd and wiſh'd for this event,

My perſon ſeiz'd, and bore away,
To lawleſs force a feeble prey.

In vain my eyes with ſorrow ſtream'd,
In vain my threats, in vain my pray'r,
In vain to heav'n and earth I ſcream'd,
And beat my breaſt, and tore my hair;
But when each hope extinct I deem'd,
Extinct in ruin and deſpair,
This Howard like an angel came,
And ſav'd at once my life and fame.

Nor thou, as heav'n ſupremely good,
Refuſe my plaints thy gentle ear;
Should Graham beneath thy hand ſubdu'd
Expire by deſtiny ſevere,
Say, can that hand in blood embru'd,
In Graham's warm blood, to me be dear?
Or can the life of him I love
To me a grateful offering prove?

Now hear my voice, ye chieftans, hear,
Eternal fate is in the ſound;
Let each theſe hated broils forbear,
In leagues of holy friendſhip bound:
Should either lift the hoſtile ſpear,
And ſtretch his rival on the ground,
Firſt heav'n and hell ſhall be ally'd
Ere I became the victor's bride."

## CANTO II.

She ended: and her varying charms
A thouſand agitations ſhow;
When all at once they heard alarms
As from a fierce advancing foe:
To arms! the camp reſounds, to arms!
Wide and more wide the tumults grow;
From heart to heart contagion flies,
And all in wild diſorder riſe.

What felt the valiant heart of Graham
When he deſcry'd the mad'ning throng?
Conflicting paſſions ſhook his frame;
He knew th' opponent army ſtrong.
Rapid as heaven's exploſive flame,
To ſtop his friends, he ſtepp'd along;
Whilſt ruſhing on, with rapid view,
He recogniz'd his faithful few.

"What mean my ſoldiers? (loud he cry'd)
Behold your leader ſafe reſtor'd.
Would heav'n! in anguiſh I had died,
Ere conſcious of this deed abhorr'd!
Thus unprovok'd, unſanctify'd,
What right had you to draw the ſword?
Raſh men! was expiation due
For private wrongs to me or you?"

Thus he rebuk'd though in deſpair
Their gallant ardour to reſtrain;
Loſt in th' expanſe of turbid air
Expoſtulation prov'd in vain;
Diſcord and havoc every where
In luxury of triumph reign;
The groan of death, th' exulting roar,
The ſuppliant ſhrieks, heav'n's concave tore.

A ſtorm of lances now they threw,
Whilſt on each point deſtruction flies;
And ſtarting from th' elaſtic yew
A cloud of ſhafts obſcure the ſkies.—
"Ye hoſts of heav'n, what blaſts my view!
(With voice exerted, Howard cries):
What laurels can theſe daſtards gain,
When handfuls fall by myriads ſlain?

Hence, execrable cowards, hence!
Shrink to your holes, and tremble there!
Whoſe blood is ſpilt without expence,
Whom mercy hardly deigns to ſpare.
This band (ſo mighty, ſo immenſe)!
To hungry dogs and fowls of air,
My troop alone ſhall quickly throw:
Hear Percy's voice in mine, and go."

This Elliot heard, for war renown'd,
In danger's front ſeverely try'd:
He graſp'd his ſword, he groan'd profound,
Then with ſarcaſtic ſmile reply'd:
"Yes, if your words like darts could wound,
If foes were vanquiſh'd when deſcry'd,
Trophies from hence you might extort,
Like thoſe obtain'd at Agincourt.

Such trophies let your annals boaſt,
Their truth I mean not to refute;
Yet were thoſe precious archives loſt,
Our juniors might the facts diſpute,
Unleſs your formidable hoſt
More recent wonders execute:
Yet Edward play'd a ſafer game,
And filch'd a bloodleſs diadem."

He ſpake: and rear'd his ſhining blade,
With mortal proweſs to deſcend;
Nor vainly had his might effay'd,
In death the hero to extend;
But by the ſhiv'ring ſteel betray'd,
His ſtroke abortive miſs'd its end;
Yet ſtunn'd and giddy Howard reel'd,
And thund'ring preſs'd the ſanguine field.

Him, ſtaggering, Elliot thus addreſs'd:
"If yet unhurt thy life remains,
If yet of wonted ſtrength poſſeſs'd,
Nor wound thy vital current drains,
(Advantage o'er a foe depreſs'd,
Though in her power, my ſoul diſdains)
Ariſe, thy ſcatter'd arms reſume,
Nor proſtrate ſhare a vulgar doom."

He ſaid; and with extended hand,
At once from earth the chieftan rears,
Though circled by a furious band
Of foes, with quivers arm'd and ſpears,
Then fear firſt Howard's ſoul unmann'd,
For Elliot's life; nor vain his fears;
An arrow from an unknown bow,
Struck deep, and laid the hero low.

Long torpid o'er the bleeding corſe,
Howard in ſilent horror hung;
Depriv'd of ſenſe, depriv'd of force,
And all his ſoul with anguiſh wrung:
Not with more exquiſite remorſe
Did guilt e'er feel her boſom ſtung,
Than Howard felt intenſe regret,
Though guiltleſs of the warrior's fate.

As fires in ſome volcano pent,
That on its melting inwards prey,
With ſtruggling rage explore a vent,
And burſt reſiſtleſs into day;
So now, impatient of reſtraint,
In tears his anguiſh found its way:
By grief his ſoul to madneſs driv'n,
Thus wild expoſtulates with heav'n:

"Ye powers that o'er this orb preſide!
Muſt worth thus periſh premature?
Should chance the helm of nature guide,
What greater ills could man endure?
His hoary ſire, his blooming bride,
His orphan babes, in hope ſecure,
Shall view him cold and lifeleſs earth,
Then curſe the period of their birth.

Oft of a ſeer the Scots have told,
Before whoſe heav'n-directed eyes
Remote events of things, enroll'd
By deſtiny, ſucceſſive riſe;
Why could not he this ſtroke behold,
Which now to heav'n for pity cries?
But victims to the future blind,
We muſt purſue the courſe aſſign'd.

Deteſted inſtrument of ill,
Into thy ſheath, my ſword, return!
From nature tears enough diſtil,
Condemn'd inherent woes to mourn.
O thou! whoſe dear remains muſt fill,
Inſtead of mine, th' untimely urn,
Would I had felt the ſad decree,
And yielded up my ſoul for thee!

Yet bear, my ſoldiers, bear him hence,
And whilſt his vital warmth remains,
Aid nature, ſtruggling in ſuſpenſe,
And ſtop th' effuſion of his veins;
Cheriſh returning life and ſenſe;
For if the chief his ſtrength regains,
Honour and wealth on him ſhall wait,
Whoſe hand retards th' approach of fate."

As when two adverſe blaſts deſcend
To ſtrive for empire o'er the main,
This way, and that, the ſurge they bend,
While both their native force retain;
Thus arms to arms oppos'd contend
For conqueſt on th' empurpled plain;
Yet unfatigu'd with wounds and toil,
Nor theſe advance, nor thoſe recoil.

Still ſtruggling with ſuperior pow'rs,
The hardy Scots maintain their ground,
Though fate its pregnant quiver ſhow'rs,
And death in carnage wantons round.—
While on his forehead vengeance lowrs,
Forth Percy iſſues with a bound;
His wrathful eyes perdition dart,
And thus he pours his pregnant heart:

"God's ſplendour! ſhall a lawleſs crew
Of vagrant thieves your might reſtrain?
Shall hands ſo feeble, troops ſo few,
Repel this vaſt, this martial train?
Or do my ſenſes tell me true,
Or have enchantments turn'd my brain?
Better in death my eyes were ſeal'd,
Than ſee my country's ſpirit yield.

But you, oh England's ſpurious race!
In other feats diſtinguiſh'd ſhine:
The trembling arm and lilied face
For other fights their ſtars deſign.
Vile offſpring! deſtin'd to diſgrace
Your native ſoil, your generous line!
To heav'n and earth, ſay, ſhall I tell,
In what achievements you excel?

To gorge the feaſt, to drain the bowl,
To loiter near the blazing fire;
To waſte the night without controul,
Indulging groſs or lewd deſire:
For theſe, though doom'd in flames to howl,
To joys no nobler you aſpire;
Theſe are your ſov'reign bliſs alone,
The heav'n you ſeek, the god you own.

But if unchaſtis'd hence you fly,
Though dogg'd with penitence and ſhame,
The death of cowards let me die,
And ſlander blaſt my ſpotleſs fame.
Oh curſe, that form ſhould men belie,
In viſage, not in heart the ſame!
Shall honour, life, and ſoul at ſtake,
No ſpark of Engliſh valour wake?"

With ſpirit from their chief inhal'd
Whilſt all their might his troops exert,
A piercing ſhriek their ears aſſail'd,
Sad emphaſis of female ſmart.
At this the ſoul of Howard fail'd;
Cold horror thrill'd his boding heart,
When lo! his ſwimming eyes explore
Their neareſt object ſtain'd with gore:

Her reſcue nobly Graham eſſay'd,
And interpos'd a maſſy ſhield:
But impotent his ſingle aid,
His hands employ'd, no ſword could wield;
Nor could his utmoſt force pervade,
Th' embattel'd ranks that throng'd the field:
This, torn with anguiſh, Howard ſaw,
Nor could remain, nor durſt withdraw.

"Oh liſt, for mercy's ſake! (he cry'd);
Mercy, chief glory of the brave!
Suſpend your ſtrife by him who died,
From endleſs death your ſouls to ſave!
Elſe beauty's bloſſom, virtue's pride,
Scarce blown, muſt wither in the grave.
Oh let me to her aid be gone,
Prevent her fate, or ſeek my own!"

Then, by the ſacred name abjur'd,
Suſpenſe prevail'd in ev'ry mind;
Whilſt Graham, no more by troops immur'd,
A paſſage free rejoic'd to find:
His lovely charge, from harm ſecur'd,
He in a neighbouring tent reſign'd:
Thence through the habitations round,
Relief he ſought, relief he found.

Of matrons now, a weeping train,
Attended round the fair diſtreſt:
With ſkilful hand, and care humane,
The blood they ſtopt, the wound they dreſt,
The more they view'd, the leſs their pain,
For ſlightly was the hurt impreſt,
And, ſhould her mind ſerene endure,
Suſceptible of ſpeedy cure.

By undesigning fury thrown,
The weapon, ere it reach'd the fair,
Had through a spacious distance flown,
And idly spent its force in air.
When to the rivals this was known,
What joy they felt, from what despair!
So joy the guilty when from heaven
They hear pronounc'd their sins forgiv'n.

## CANTO III.

And now in milder tasks engag'd,
The wants of nature to repair;
No longer war the armies wag'd,
Their dead and wounded claim'd their care;
In truce their mutual honour pledg'd,
Both pleas'd, the common safety share;
While Graham and Howard in one tent,
The tranquil hour in parley spent.

Thus Graham began: "Let local hate
And jealous rage, be cancell'd here;
And now that mystery of fate,
Whose lightest word demands my ear,
In this calm interval, relate
With temper candid and sincere;
Each dark event minutely show,
And how I stand concern'd, to know."

To whom his rival: "From my tongue
Expect the story but in part:
Of Caledonian lineage sprung,
Thou deem'st the charmer of thy heart;
There thou beheld'st her first when young,
There first thou felt'st the pleasing smart,
Which since o'er all thy bosom reigns,
And constitutes its joys or pains.

But erst, when urg'd by youthful heat
To satisfy a brother's shade,
I plung'd myself beyond retreat,
Where all its horrors war display'd.
And by this conduct indiscreet,
To Scotland pris'ner was convey'd:
A sire with years and honours grac'd,
To me her various fortunes trac'd.

For as by chance our way she cross'd,
"Thou view, (said he) that lovely maid,
"Heaven's darling image, nature's boast,
"Virtue by beauty's hand array'd;
"Yet in the storms of fortune tost,
"When heaven's blest beam she scarce survey'd;
"Her from the womb no sire embrac'd,
"No gladness hail'd, no splendour grac'd.

"With England's troops, in hostile guise,
"A godlike youth adorn'd the field,
"Who, till he gain'd some high emprise,
"His name and pedigree conceal'd:
"But partial fortune oft denies
"The meed which bright desert should yield,
"Rushing unguarded on the fray,
"Too soon deprest by wounds he lay.

"Him Elliot, hospitable knight,
"Convuls'd with pain, and drench'd in gore,
"Beheld, and through the shock of fight,
"Surviving to his mansion bore:
"His daughter, melting at the sight,
"The blooming hero to restore,
"Apply'd each salutary art,
"And cur'd his wound, but pierc'd his heart.

"For in his chamber, while confin'd,
"And tended by the pitying fair,
"With anguish more intense he pin'd,
"Than that extinguish'd by her care.
"He breath'd the torment of his mind,
"Nor she reluctant heard his pray'r:
"A priest (unknown to Elliot) came,
"And with heaven's sanction crown'd their flame.

"By honour call'd, impell'd by hope,
"Once more in arms the hero rose,
"Renown's eternal worth to crop,
"Which high on danger's summit grows:
"But doom'd with mightier force to cope,
"And circled by a world of foes;
"'My life, my love, my hopes, farewel!'
"He said; and crush'd by numbers, fell.

"The father every worth confest,
"Which the young bridegroom's soul adorn'd;
"Yet, for his country prepossess'd,
"All overtures from England scorn'd;
"Nor ceas'd the stranger to detest,
"Who from his arms his child suborn'd,
"Nor view'd with nature's fond regard,
"Her soul depress'd, her form impair'd;

"Her period of gestation o'er,
"And nature struggling for relief,
"Her orphan babe the mother bore,
"Sad heir of indigence and grief!
"Then, banish'd from her father's door,
"By mandates from the angry chief,
"Within a convent's walls confin'd,
"Her suff'ring spirit she resign'd.

"Yet instinct, pow'rful in his breast,
"(Though with determin'd hate inflam'd)
"The smiling infant he caress'd,
"And for his once-lov'd Anna nam'd:
"His hand her slightest wants redress'd,
"His heart her plan of culture fram'd;
"Yet would not own the charming maid,
"Till nature's debt his daughter paid.

"Then 'gan his stubborn soul to melt;
"Emotions till that hour unknown,
"Through all his alter'd mind he felt,
"Which injur'd nature might atone;
"Still in his breast the parent dwelt,
"Now reign'd triumphant and alone;
"Transferr'd from fortune's barren waste,
"His eyes she charm'd, his mansion grac'd."

"Thus far the chief, nor more he knew;
For hid in night's impervious veil,
The youth's descent eludes our view,
Nor can we gain this sad detail,
Where first that vernal blossom grew,
Whose ruin hostile eyes bewail:
His birth from England all attest,
Deep secrecy involves the rest."

Whilst thus in Scotland I remain'd
A wretched captive on parole,

Her charms my raptur'd eyes detain'd,
Her virtues conquer'd all my soul:
Oh! what is liberty regain'd,
When endless chains the mind controul?
Fulfil, just Heav'n, thy fix'd decree,
And strike me dead, or set me free?

By public sanction thence releas'd,
As to our camp I bent my way,
With fond anticipation pleas'd,
My late dishonour to repay;
Each sense the voice of anguish seiz'd,
Anguish that could not brook delay;
I saw my Anna's struggling charms
Encircled in a ruffian's arms.

O'Brian of Hebernian race,
A robber fam'd and fear'd around,
To gain the prize had watch'd the place,
And now presum'd his wishes crown'd:
Thither, enrag'd, I urg'd my pace,
And made the felon bite the ground;
His timid train his fall survey'd,
Nor to revenge their leader staid.

With indignation and despair,
All pale and faint my charmer lay;
I rais'd her with fraternal care,
And gently sooth'd her deep dismay;
I begg'd, nor did she slight my pray'r;
But, sweet companion of my way,
By my protecting arm sustain'd,
At length secure the camp she gain'd.

Nor, though the maid for thee declares,
Let passion joys in prospect feign;
Divided hearts, divided cares,
Domestic bliss can ne'er maintain:
An English heart thy Anna shares;
Still in her breast shall England reign:
Hence woes entail'd on all thy line,
Shall prove a curse to thee and thine.

But now in heav'n's high vault no star
To gild the dark horizon glows;
No sound ambiguous, heard from far,
Through air's thin texture trembling flows:
Nature fatigu'd with toils and war,
Courts the dear blessing of repose:
Soon shall the light's officious glare
Restore the world to grief and care."

While thus their languid pow'rs to cheer,
Grateful recess the warriors sought,
Thither extended on a bier,
An agonizing chief was brought:
But as he now advanc'd more near,
Elliot, whom dead before they thought,
Elliot himself they recognize,
And melt in tears, and burst in sighs.

" You see me still, though still alive;
(In groans th' expiring hero said);
From duty, strength my pow'rs derive,
To dear departed worth unpaid;
This done, with fate no more I strive,
But sink beneath its peaceful shade;
Enough of life kind Heav'n bestows,
When fame and virtue grace its close.

Thy audience, Howard, let me claim;
To thee my message is address't;
For when my sister's languid frame
The bed of death reclining prest,
Her long lamented husband's name
To me her dying lips confest;
Thy ill-starr'd brother (rashly brave)!
To Anna's charms existence gave.

How light these last convulsions seem,
That show my mortal crisis near!
But nature's voice in this extreme,
Her pleading voice, what heart can bear!
This, this is agony supreme:
Ten thousand deaths are less severe:
Great God! whose smile is more than life,
Console my tender babes and wife.

How long shalt thou, my country! smart,
For whom my blood spontaneous flows!
Thrice happy could my pangs impart
A lasting cure for all thy woes;
These plagues, benignant pow'r, avert,
And grant sincere, though late repose,
Where wrath and devastation sway,
Let arts of peace their charms display!

For me, my friends, your sorrows spare;
I go in regions more sublime,
A nobler destiny to share,
Above the sphere of chance and time.
Howard, be Anna's bloom thy care
In this inhospitable clime."
His parting soul, while this he said,
Angels to bliss in heav'n convey'd.

## CANTO IV.

Now with immortal splendour gay,
The sun his wonted course resumes,
To pour th' exhaustless flood of day,
Which heaven's majestic arch illumes:
From ev'ry bush the vernal lay,
From ev'ry op'ning flow'r perfumes
Impregnate wide the sportive gale,
And joy exults in hill and dale.

Not so the hosts on yonder plain;
Their hearts of comfort felt no ray,
For conquest each had toil'd in vain,
Nor hop'd the dear decisive day:
Sadden'd with labour, want, and pain,
Th' interminable prospect lay;
But chief in ev'ry English soul
Sedition rag'd without controul.

Thus to his mate each soldier cries:
" What curse this fruitless war extends!
At home each field uncultur'd lies,
On which our daily bread depends:
Alike the Scot his wants supplies,
Where'er his devious course he bends,"
Mov'd by such views their heralds came,
A new cessation to proclaim.

" Ye quiver'd Scots, our words attend;
Pacific overtures we bring:
Shall groans and carnage never end?
Shall blood from rills perennial spring?

Let either nation envoys ſend,
For peace to importune its king."
The hoſts for peace exclaim around:
Peace heav'n, and earth, and ſea reſound.

In holy fervour now entranc'd,
From Scotia's bands a rev'rend ſage,
Half way between the troops advanc'd,
In all the dignity of age:
With ardent eyes, on both he glanc'd,
That lighten'd with prophetic rage,
Then on a point of empty ſpace,
Their beams directing ſtopp'd his pace.

" The god! the flaming god! (he cry'd)
I feel him all my pow'rs controul.
Oh! gently on my ſpirit glide,
Nor into nothing flaſh my ſoul!
O'er heav'n and earth one boundleſs tide
Of glory ſweeps from pole to pole:
Inſcrutable to groſſer eyes.
The book of fate expanded lies.

Two chiefs I ſee of noble name,
Whoſe hearts in friendſhip once were join'd,
Competitors for love and fame,
Now glow with paſſions more unkind;
Whilſt cold ſuſpicion, mutual blame,
Embitter each diſſever'd mind:
Such ills on human ſpirits prey,
By cruel error led aſtray.

To truth eternal and ſevere,
Howard, thy docile ear incline!
Nature's great interdict revere;
For nature's mandate ſpeaks in mine:
By kindred blood ally'd ſo near,
To kindred love thy wiſh confine;
Elſe ſhall thy days in anguiſh flow,
And God and man pronounce thee foe.

Thee, Graham, of Anna's charms poſſeſt,
My ſoul's enlighten'd view ſurveys:
Each night ſhall give thee ſacred reſt,
Each day to light thy joys ſhall blaze:
With all a father's tranſports bleſt,
I ſee thy offspring fix thy gaze;
And with ineffable delight,
Behold your lovely forms unite.

Diſpatch'd from heaven's ethereal height,
By her eternal father's ſmile,
Fair peace accelerates her flight,
To bleſs this long diſtracted iſle:
Fell anger and corroſive ſpite,
No more inur'd to war and ſpoil,
In adamantine fetters bound,
With clamour ſhake their cells profound.

But as with deſultory fire
Along th' aërial current borne,
When ſcarce its luſtre we admire,
The meteor leaves our ſight forlorn:
So, blaſted, peace ſhall ſoon retire,
And Britain, ſtill by faction torn,
Shall mark with horrors ev'ry age,
And glut with civil blood its rage.

Where am I wrapt, eternal pow'r!
What ecſtacies my ſoul dilate!
Emerge thou bright auſpicious hour,
Elude the ſlow reſults of fate.
The roſe, gay ſummer's fav'rite flow'r,
No more with tumid pride inflate,
Shall throw each prejudice aſide,
And with the thiſtle be ally'd.

By ſanguine proof, ye nations, taught
What various ills from diſcord riſe,
Diſcord with all the curſes fraught
That earth can feel or hell deviſe;
With ſacred vigilance of thought,
Your union cultivate and prize;
Union, eternal ſource of joy,
Which nought can leſſen or deſtroy.

England! for induſtry and toil,
Wiſdom, and poliſh'd arts, renown'd,
Whoſe happy clime and grateful ſoil
Diffuſe exhauſtleſs plenty round;
So from thy ſhores may foes recoil,
Involv'd in ſhame, and grief profound,
As thou behold'ſt with placid eyes
Thy ſiſter kingdom's glory riſe.

Scotia! to earth's remoteſt verge,
By each conſpicuous virtue known,
Whoſe glorious deeds, whoſe talents large,
Enrich all climates but thy own;
To him thy duty firſt diſcharge,
From whoſe paternal hand alone
Thy bleſſings, which no meaſure know,
Thy freedom, wealth, and ſafety flow.

Nor let ſeductive pleaſure's charms,
From wiſdom's ways thy ſoul allure,
Nor quench thy gen'rous thirſt of arms,
Nor all thy recent fame obſcure:
Thy breaſt, while noble ardour warms,
For ſacred faith, and virtue pure,
Till heav'n and earth ſhall paſs away,
Thy glory ne'er ſhall feel decay.

## ON DR. BLACKLOCK'S BIRTH-DAY*.

BY MRS. BLACKLOCK.

Propitious day! to me for ever dear;
Oh! may'ſt thou ſtill return from year to year,
Replete with choiceſt bleſſings Heav'n can ſend,
And guard from ev'ry harm my deareſt friend.
May we together tread life's various maze,
In ſtricteſt virtue, and in grateful praiſe
To thee, kind Providence, who haſt ordain'd
One for the other ſympathetic friend.
And when life's current in our veins grows cold,
Let each the other to their breaſt enfold
Their other dearer ſelf; with age oppreſt,
Then, gracious God, receive us both to reſt.

## FROM DR. DOWNMAN TO MRS. BLACKLOCK.

OCCASIONED BY THE COPY OF VERSES SHE ADDRESSED TO HER HUSBAND.

As round Parnaſſus on a day,
Meliſſa idly chanc'd to ſtray,

* *Theſe verſes, the only verſes ever attempted by Mrs. Blacklock, are to be conſidered, not as a ſpecimen of a poeti-*

She gather'd from its native bed,
As there it grew, a roſe-bud red.
Mean time Calliopé came by,
And Hymen, with obſequious eye,
Watching her looks, gallantly trod;
Fair was the muſe, and bright the god.
The mortal, at th' unwonted ſight
Was ſtruck with dread, as well ſhe might.
When thus the queen: "How could'ſt thou dare
"Without my paſſport, venture here?
"That roſe-bud caſt upon the plain,
"And ſeek thy priſtine ſhades again."
But Hymen thus the muſe beſpoke;
"Oh! Goddeſs dear, thine ire revoke!
For, if I err not, on my life,
This wanderer is our Blacklock's wife.
At which ſhe ſmiling milder grew,
For him of yore full well ſhe knew.
Then Hymen thus addreſs'd the dame;
"She pardons, though ſhe ſtill muſt blame.
"But take the roſe-bud in your hand,
"And ſay, you bring, at my command,
"That preſent from Parnaſſus' grove,
"A grateful flower of married love."

## FROM DR. DOWNMAN TO DR. BLACKLOCK.

Edina's walls can fancy ſee,
And not, my Blacklock, think on thee?
'Ere I that gentle name forget,
This fleſh muſt pay great nature's debt.
Hail! worthieſt of the ſons of men,
Not that the muſes held thy pen,
And plac'd before thy mental ſight
Each hue of intellectual light:
But that a gen'rous ſoul is thine,
Richer by far than Plutus' mine;
With utmoſt niceneſs fram'd to feel
Another's woe, another's weal;
Where friendſhip heap'd up all her ſtore,
That glorious treaſure of the poor,
To grovelling vanity unknown,
Not to be purchas'd by a throne;
Where patience, reſignation's child,
Misfortune of her power beguil'd;
Where love her purple ceſtus bound
Where a retirement virtue found,
Contentment a perpetual treat,
And Honour a delightful ſeat;
Religion could with Pleaſure feaſt,
And met no bigot, though a prieſt.

## TO MR. THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

To fame and to the muſe unknown
Where arts and ſcience never ſhone,
*A hamlet ſtands ſecure:
Her ruſtic ſons, to toil inur'd,
By blooming health and gain allur'd,
Their grateful ſoil manure.

What means my heart!—'Tis nature's pow'r:
Yes, here I date my natal hour,
My burſting heart would ſay:
Here ſleep the ſwains from whom I ſprung,
Whoſe conſcience fell remorſe ne'er ſtung;
For nature led their way.

Simplicity, unſtain'd with crimes,
(A gem how rare in modern times;)
Was all from them I bore:
No ſounding titles ſwell'd my pride;
My heart to mis'ry ne'er was ty'd,
By heaps of ſhining ore.

Heedleſs of wealth, of pow'r, of fame;
Heedleſs of each ambitious aim,
Here ſlow'd my boyiſh years.
How oft theſe plains I've thoughtleſs preſt;
Whiſtled, or ſung ſome fair *diſtreſt,
Whoſe fate would ſteal my tears!

Thus rude, unpoliſh'd, unrefin'd
While, plung'd in darkeſt night, my mind
Uncultivated lay;
With pity mov'd, my fate you view'd;
My way to light, to reaſon ſhow'd,
And op'd the ſource of day:

You loos'd and form'd my infant thought;
Your ſkill, your matchleſs goodneſs taught,
Where truth and bliſs to find:
Painted, by thee, in all her charms,
Each gen'rous heart fair virtue warms,
And ſwells the raviſh'd mind.

Hail bright celeſtial, all divine!
O come! inſpire this breaſt of mine
With all thy heav'nly pow'r:
Lead, lead me to thy happineſs;
Point out thy path to that bleſt place,
Where grief ſhall be no more.

Richard Hewitt†.

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*al genius, which ſhe never pretended to poſſeſs, but as n expreſſion of her affection for her huſband, and her eneration for that amiable diſpoſition, and that divine ift of poetry, with which he was ſo eminently bleſſed.*

** Rockliffe, a little country village near Carliſle, in the unty of Cumberland.*

** Alluding to a ſort of narrative ſongs, which make no inconſiderable part of the innocent amuſements with which the country people paſs the winter nights, and of which the author of the preſent piece was a faithful rehearſer.*

† *This little poem can boaſt a quality which commendatory verſes are not ſuppoſed always to poſſeſs, to wit, perfect ſincerity and gratitude in the author. He was a poor native of a village in the neighbourhood of Carliſle, whom Mr. Blacklock had taken to lead him, and whom, finding him of promiſing parts, and of a diſpoſition to learn, he endeavoured to make a ſcholar. He ſucceeded ſo well, as to teach young Hewitt the Latin, Greek, and French languages, and ſome knowledge in the ſciences. The lad bore his maſter that warm affection which his kindneſs ſeldom failed to procure from his domeſtics, and left him, with unwillingneſs, to enter the ſervice of Lord Milton (then Lord Juſtice Clerk), whoſe ſecretary he became. The fatigue of that ſtation hurt his health, and he died in 1764.*

## AN EPISTLE FROM DR. BEATTIE,

TO THE REVEREND MR. THOMAS BLACKLOCK*.

" Monſtro quod ipſe tibi poſſis dare; ſemita certe
" Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.
JUVENAL, SAT. X.

Hail to the poet! whoſe ſpontaneous lays
No pride reſtrains, nor venal flattery ſways:
Who, nor from critics, nor from faſhion's laws,
Learns to adjuſt his tribute of applauſe;
But bold to feel, and ardent to impart
What nature whiſpers to the generous heart,
Propitious to the moral ſong, commends,
For virtue's ſake, the humbleſt of her friends.
Peace to the grumblers of an envious age,
Vapid in ſpleen, or briſk in frothy rage!
Critics, who, ere they underſtand, defame;
And friends demure, who only do not blame;
And puppet-prattlers, whoſe unconſcious throat
Tranſmits what the pert witling prompts by rote,
Pleas'd to their ſpite or ſcorn I yield the lays
That boaſt the ſanction of a Blacklock's praiſe.
Let others court the blind and babbling crowd:
Mine be the favour of the wiſe and good.
O thou, to cenſure, as to guile unknown!
Indulgent to all merit but thy own!
Whoſe ſoul, though darkneſs wrap thine earthly frame,
Exults in virtue's pure ethereal flame,
Whoſe thoughts, congenial with the ſtrains on high,
The muſe adorns, but cannot dignify;
As northern lights, in glittering legions driven,
Embelliſh, not exalt the ſtarry heaven:
Say thou, for well thou know'ſt the art divine
To guide the fancy, and the ſoul refine,
What heights of excellence muſt he aſcend,
Who longs to claim a Blacklock for his friend;
Who longs to emulate thy tuneful art;
But more thy meek ſimplicity of heart;
But more thy virtue patient, undiſmay'd,
At once though malice and miſchance invade;
And, nor by learn'd nor prieſtly pride confin'd,
Thy zeal for truth, and love of human kind.
Like thee, with ſweet ineffable controul,
Teach me to rouſe or ſooth th' impaſſion'd ſoul,
And breathe the luxury of ſocial woes;
Ah! ill-exchang'd for all that mirth beſtows.
Ye ſlaves of mirth, renounce your boaſted plan,
For know, 'tis ſympathy exalts the man.
But, midſt the feſtive bower, or echoing hall,
Can riot liſten to ſoft pity's call?
Rude he repels the ſoul-ennobling gueſt,
And yields to ſelfiſh joy his harden'd breaſt.
Teach me thine artleſs harmony of ſong,
Sweet, as the vernal warblings borne along
Arcadia's myrtle groves; ere art began,
With critic glance malevolent, to ſcan
Bold nature's generous charms, diſplay'd profuſe
In each warm cheek, and each enraptur'd muſe.
Then had not fraud impos'd, in faſhion's name,
For freedom lifeleſs form, and pride for ſhame;
And, for th' o'erflowings of a heart ſincere,
The feature fix'd, untarniſh'd with a tear;
The cautious, ſlow, and unenliven'd eye,
And breaſt inur'd to check the tender ſigh.
Then love, unblam'd, indulg'd the guiltleſs ſmile;
Deceit they fear'd not, for they knew not guile.
The ſocial ſenſe unaw'd, that ſcorn'd to own
The curb of law, ſave nature's law alone,
To godlike aims, and godlike actions fir'd;
And the full energy of thought inſpir'd;
And the full dignity of pleaſure, given
T' exalt deſire, and yield a taſte of heaven.

* *Vide Dr. Beattie's Poems, edition* 1766, *p.* 135.

# APPENDIX.

## PIECES OMITTED IN THE WORKS OF BRUCE.

### ECLOGUE *

IN THE MANNER OF OSSIAN.

O COME, my love! from thy echoing hill; thy rocks on the mountain wind!

The hill-top flames with ſetting light; the vale is bright with the beam of eve. Blithe on the village green the maiden milks her cows. The boy ſhouts in the wood, and wonders who talks from the trees. But echo talks from the trees, repeating his notes of joy. Where art thou, O Morna! thou faireſt among women? I hear not the bleating of thy flock, nor thy voice in the wind of the hill. Here is the field of our loves; now is the hour of thy promiſe. See, frequent from the harveſt-field the reapers eye the ſetting ſun: but thou appeareſt not on the plain —

Daughters of the bow! Saw ye my love, with her little flock tripping before her? Saw ye her, fair moving over the heath, and waving her locks behind like the yellow ſun-beams of evening?

Come from the hill of clouds, fair dweller of woody Lumon!

I was a boy when I went to Lumon's lovely vale. Sporting among the willows of the brook, I ſaw the daughters of the plain. Fair were their faces of youth; but mine eye was fixed on Morna. Red was her cheek, and fair her hair. Her hand was white as the lily. Mild was the beam of her blue eye, and lovely as the laſt ſmile of the ſun. Her eye met mine in ſilence. Sweet were our words together in ſecret. I little knew what meant the heavings of my boſom, and the wild wiſh of my heart. I often looked back upon Lumon's vale, and bleſt the fair dwelling of Morna. Her name dwelt ever on my lip. She came to my dream by night. Thou didſt come in thy beauty, O maid! lovely as the ghoſt of Malvina, when, clad with the robes of heaven, ſhe came to the vale of the moon, to viſit the aged eyes of Oſſian king of harps.

Come from the cloud of night, thou firſt of our maidens! come—

The wind is down; the ſky is clear: red is the cloud of evening. In circles the bat wheels over head; the boy purſues his flight. The farmer hails the ſigns of heaven, the promiſe of halcyon days: joy brightens in his eyes. O Morna! firſt of maidens! thou art the joy of Salgar! thou art his one deſire! I wait thy coming on the field. Mine eye is over all the plain. One echo ſpreads on every ſide. It is the ſhout of the ſhepherds folding their flocks. They call to their companions, each on his echoing hill. From the red cloud riſes the evening ſtar.—But who comes yonder in light, like the moon the queen of heaven? It is ſhe! the ſtar of ſtars! the lovely light of Lumon! Welcome, fair beam of beauty, for ever to ſhine in our valleys!

*Morna.*

I come from the hill of clouds. Among the green ruſhes of Balva's bank, I follow the ſteps of my beloved. The foal in the meadow frolics round the mare: his bright mane dances on the mountain wind. The leverets play among the green ferns, fearleſs of the hunter's horn, and of the bounding gray-hound. The laſt ſtrain is up in the wood.—Did I hear the voice of my love? It was the gale that ſports with the whirling leaf, and ſighs in the reeds of the lake. Bleſſed be the voice of winds that brings my Salgar to mind. O Salgar! youth of the rolling eye! thou art the love of maidens. Thy face is a ſun to thy friends: thy words are ſweet as a ſong: thy ſteps are ſtately on thy hill: thou art comely in the brightneſs of youth; like the moon, when ſhe puts off her dun robe in the ſky, and brightens the face of night. The clouds rejoice on either ſide; the traveller in the narrow path beholds her, round, in her beauty moving through the midſt of heaven. Thou art fair, O youth of the rolling eye! thou waſt the love of my youth.

*Salgar.*

Fair wanderer of evening! pleaſant be thy reſt on our plains. I was gathering nuts in the wood for my love, and the days of our youth returned to mind; when we played together on the green, and flew over the field with feet of wind. I tamed the blackbird for my love, and taught it to ſing in her hand. I climbed the aſh in the cliff of the rock, and brought you the doves of the wood.

*Morna.*

It is the voice of my beloved! Let me behold him from the wood-covered vale, as he ſings of the

* *Mr. Pearſon aſcribes this Eclogue to Bruce: Dr. Robertſon aſcribes it to Logan.*

times of old, and complains to the voice of the rock. Pleaſant were the days of our youth, like the ſongs of other years. Often have we ſat on the old gray ſtone, and ſilent marked the ſtars, as one by one they ſtole into the ſky. One was our wiſh by day, and one our dream by night.

*Salgar.*

I have found an apple-tree in the wood. I planted it in my garden. Thine eye beheld it all in flower. For every bloom we marked, I count an apple of gold. To-morrow I pull the fruit for you. O come, my beſt beloved.

*Morna.*

When the goſſamour melts in air, and the furze crackle in the beam of noon, O come to Cona's funny ſide, and let thy flocks wander in our valleys. The heath is in flower. One tree riſes in the midſt. Sweet flows the river by its ſide of age. The wild bee hides his honey at its root. Our words will be ſweet on the funny hill. Till gray evening ſhadow the plain, I will ſing to my well-beloved.

## ODE TO A FOUNTAIN *.

O FOUNTAIN of the wood! whoſe glaſſy wave
Slow-ſwelling from the rock of years,
Holds to heav'n a mirror blue,
And bright as Anna's eye.

With whom I've ſported on the margin green:
My hand with leaves, with lilies white,
Gaily deck'd her golden hair,
Young naïad of the vale.

Fount of my native wood! thy murmurs greet
My ear, like poets heav'nly ſtrain:
Fancy pictures in a dream
The golden days of youth.

O ſtate of innocence! O paradiſe!
In hope's gay garden, fancy views
Golden bloſſoms, golden fruits,
And Eden ever green.

Where now, ye dear companions of my youth!
Ye brothers of my boſom! where
Do ye tread the walks of life,
Wide ſcatter'd o'er the world?

Thus winged larks forſake their native neſt,
The merry minſtrels of the morn;
New to heav'n they mount away,
And meet again no more.

All things decay; the foreſt like the leaf;
Great kingdoms fall; the peopled globe,
Planet-ſtruck ſhall paſs away,
Heav'ns with their hoſts expire:

But hope's fair viſions, and the beams of joy,
Shall cheer my boſom: I will ſing
Nature's beauty, nature's birth,
And heroes on the lyre.

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* *This and the three following odes, Dr. Robertſon aſcribes to Logan.*

Ye naïads! blue-eyed ſiſters of the wood!
Who by old oak, or ſtoried ſtream,
Nightly tread your myſtic maze,
And charm the wand'ring moon,

Beheld by poet's eye; inſpire my dreams
With viſions, like the landſcapes fair
Of heav'n's bliſs, to dying ſaints
By guardian angels drawn.

Fount of the foreſt! in thy poet's lays
Thy waves ſhall flow: this wreath of flow'rs,
Gather'd by my Anna's hand,
I aſk to bind my brow.

## DANISH ODE.

THE great, the glorious deed is done!
The foe is fled! the field is won!
Prepare the feaſt; the heroes call;
Let joy, let triumph fill the hall!

The raven claſps his ſable wings;
The bard his choſen timbrel brings;
Six virgins round, a ſelect choir,
Sing to the muſic of his lyre.

With mighty ale the goblet crown;
With mighty ale your ſorrows drown;
To-day, to mirth and joy we yield;
To-morrow, face the bloody field.

From danger's front, at battle's eve,
Sweet comes the banquet to the brave;
Joy ſhines with genial beam on all,
The joy that dwells in Odin's hall.

The ſong burſts living from the lyre,
Like dreams that guardian ghoſts inſpire;
When mimic ſhrieks the heroes hear,
And whirl the viſionary ſpear.

Muſic's the med'cine of the mind;
The cloud of care give to the wind;
Be ev'ry brow with garlands bound,
And let the cup of joy go round.

The cloud comes o'er the beam of light;
We're gueſts that tarry but a night:
In the dark houſe, together preſs'd,
The prince's and the people reſt.

Send round the ſhell, the feaſt prolong,
And ſend away the night in ſong;
Be bleſt below, as thoſe above,
With Odin's and the friends they love.

## ANOTHER.

IN deeds of arms, our fathers riſe
Illuſtrious in their offſpring's eyes:
They fearleſs ruſh'd through Ocean's ſtorms,
And dar'd grim death in all its forms;
Each youth aſſum'd the ſword and ſhield,
And grew a hero in the field.

Shall we degenerate from our race,
Inglorious in the mountain chaſe?
Arm, arm in fallen Hubba's right;
Place your forefathers in your ſight;

To fame, to glory fight your way,
And teach the nations to obey.

Aſſume the oars, unbind the ſails;
Send, Odin! ſend propitious gales.
At Loda's ſtone, we will adore
Thy name with ſongs, upon the ſhore;
And, full of thee, undaunted dare
The foe, and dart the bolts of war.

No feaſts of ſhells no dance by night,
Are glorious Odin's dear delight:
He, king of men, his armies led,
Where heroes ſtrove, where battles bled;
Now reigns above the morning-ſtar,
The god of thunder and of war.

Bleſs'd who in battle bravely fall!
They mount on wings to Odin's hall;
To muſic ſound, in cups of gold,
They drink new wine with chiefs of old;
The ſong of bards records their name,
And future times ſhall ſpeak their fame.

Hark! Odin thunders! haſte on board;
Illuſtrious Canute! give the word.
On wings of wind we paſs the ſeas,
To conquer realms, if Odin pleaſe:
With Odin's ſpirit in our ſoul,
We'll gain the globe from pole to pole.

## ODE TO PAOLI.

What man, what hero ſhall the muſes ſing,
On claſſic lyre or Caledonia ſtring,
Whoſe name ſhall fill th' immortal page;
Who fir'd from heav'n with energy divine,
In ſun-bright glory bids his actions ſhine
First in the annals of the age?
Ceas'd are the golden times of yore;
The age of heroes is no more;
Rare, in theſe latter times, ariſe to fame
The poet's ſtrain inſpir'd, or hero's heav'nly flame.

What ſtar ariſing in the ſouthern ſky,
New to the heav'ns, attracting Europe's eye,
With beams unborrow'd, ſhines afar?
Who comes with thouſands marching in his rear,
Shining in arms, ſhaking his bloody ſpear,
Like the red comet, ſign of war?
Paoli! ſent of heav'n to ſave
A riſing nation of the brave;
Whoſe firm right hand his angels arm to bear
A ſhield before his hoſt, and dart the bolts of war.

He comes! he comes! the ſaviour of the land!
His drawn ſword flames in his uplifted hand,
Enthuſiaſt in his country's cauſe;
Whoſe firm reſolve obeys a nation's call,
To riſe deliverer, or a martyr fall
To liberty, to dying laws.
Ye ſons of freedom! ſing his praiſe;
Ye poets! bind his brows with bays;
Ye ſcepter'd ſhadows! caſt your honours down,
And bow before the head that never wore a crown.

Who to the hero can the palm refuſe!
Great Alexander ſtill the world ſubdues,
The heir of everlaſting praiſe.

But when the hero's flame, the patriot's light;
When virtues human and divine unite;
When olives twine among the bays,
And, mutual, both Minerva's ſhine;
A conſtellation ſo divine,
A wond'ring world behold, admire, and love,
And his beſt image here, th' Almighty marks above.

As the lone ſhepherd hides him in the rocks,
When high heav'n thunders; as the tim'rous flocks
From the deſcending torrents flee;
So flies a world of ſlaves at war's alarms,
When zeal on flame, and liberty in arms,
Leads on the fearleſs and the free,
Reſiſtleſs; as the torrent flood,
Horn'd like the moon, uproots the wood,
Sweeps flocks, and herds, and harveſts from their baſe. [place.
And moves th' eternal hills from their appointed

Long haſt thou labour'd in the glorious ſtrife,
O land of liberty! profuſe of life,
And prodigal of priceleſs blood.
Where heroes bought with blood the martyr's crown,
A race aroſe, heirs of their high renown,
Who dar'd their fate through fire and flood;
And Gaffori the great aroſe,
Whoſe words of pow'r diſarm'd his foes;
And where the filial image ſmil'd afar,
The fire turn'd not aſide the thunders of the war.

O liberty! to man a guardian giv'n,
Thou beſt and brighteſt attribute of Heav'n!
From whom deſcending, thee we ſing.
By nature wild, or by the arts refin'd,
We feel thy pow'r eſſential to our mind;
Each ſon of freedom is a king.
Thy praiſe the happy world proclaim,
And Britain worſhips at thy name,
Thou guardian angel of Britannia's iſle!
And God and man rejoice in thy immortal ſmile.

Iſland of beauty! lift thy head on high;
Sing a new ſong of triumph to the ſky!
The day of thy deliverance ſprings!
The day of vengeance to thy ancient foe.
Thy ſons ſhall lay the proud oppreſſor low,
And break the head of tyrant kings.
Paoli! mighty man of war!
All bright in arms, thy conqu'ring car
Aſcend; thy people from the foe redeem,
Thou delegate of Heav'n, and ſon of the Supreme!

Rul'd by th' eternal laws, ſupreme o'er all,
Kingdoms, like kings, ſucceſſive riſe and fall.
When Cæſar conquer'd half the earth,
And ſpread his eagles in Britannia's ſun,
Did Cæſar dream the ſavage huts he won
Should give a far-fam'd kingdom birth?
That here ſhould Roman freedom light;
The weſtern muſes wing their flight;
The arts, the graces find their fav'rite home;
Our armies awe the globe, and Britain rival Rome?

Thus, if th' Almighty ſay, "Let freedom be,"
Thou, Corſica! the golden age ſhalt ſee.
Rejoice with ſongs, rejoice with ſmiles;

Worlds yet unfound, and ages yet unborn,
Shall hail a new Britannia in her morn,
The queen of arts, the queen of isles:
The arts, the beauteous train of peace,
Shall rise and rival Rome and Greece;
A Newton nature's book unfold sublime;
A Milton sing to heav'n, and charm the ear of time.

## THE LAST DAY*.

His second coming, who at first appear'd
To save the world, but now to judge mankind
According to their works, the trumpets sound,
The dead arising, the wide world in flames,
The mansions of the blest, and the dire pit
Of Satan and damnation, muse unfold.
O Thou whose eye the future and the past
In one broad view beholdest, from the first
Of days, when o'er this rude unformed mass
Light, first-born of existence, smiling rose,
Down to that latest moment when thy voice
Shall bid the sun be darkness, when thy hand
Shall blot creation out, assist my song.
Thou only know'st, who gave these orbs to roll
Their destin'd circles, when their course shall set,
When ruin and destruction fierce shall ride
In triumph o'er creation. This is hid,
In kindness unto man. Thou giv'st to him
The event certain: Angels know not when.
'Twas on an autumn's eve, calm and serene,
I walk'd, attendant on the funeral
Of an old swain; around, the village crowd
Loquacious chatted, till we reach'd the place
Where, shrouded up, the sons of other years
Lie silent in the grave. The sexton there
Had digg'd the bed of death, the narrow house,
For all that live appointed. To the dust
We gave the dead. Then moralizing, home
The swains return'd, to drown in copious bowls
The labours of the day, and thoughts of death.
The sun now trembl'd at the western gate,
His yellow rays stream'd o'er the fleecy clouds.
I sat me down upon a broad flat stone,
And much I mused on the changeful state
Of sublunary things. The joys of life,
How frail, how short, how passing. As the sea,
Now flowing, thunders on the rocky shore,
Now lowly ebbing, leaves a tract of sand,
Waste, wide, and dreary: So is this vain world.
Through every varying state of life we toss
In endless fluctuation till tir'd out
With sad variety of bad and worse,
We reach life's period, reach the blissful port,
Where change affects not, and the weary rest.
Then sure the sun which lights us to our shroud,
Than that which gave us first to see the light,
Is happier far, as he who hopeless long
Hath rode th' Atlantic billow, from the mast,
Skirting the blue horizon, sees the land,
His native land approach, joy fills his heart,
And swells each throbing vein; so, here confin'd,
We weary tread life's long, long toilsome maze,
Still hoping, vainly hoping for relief,
And rest from labour. Ah! mistaken thought,
To seek in life what only death can give.

But what is death? Is it an endless sleep,
Unconscious of the present or the past;
And never to be waken'd? sleeps the soul;
Nor wakes e'en in a dream? If it is so,
Happy the sons of pleasure; they have liv'd,
And made the most of life: And foolish he,
The sage who, dreaming of hereafter, grudg'd
Himself the tasting of the sweets of life;
And call'd it temperance, and hop'd for joys
More durable and sweet, beyond the grave.
Vain is the poet's song, the soldier's toil;
Vain is the sculptur'd marble and the bust.
How vain to hope for never dying fame,
If souls can die: But that they never die,
This thirst of glory whispers. Wherefore gave
The great Creator such a strong desire
He never meant to satisfy. These stones,
Memorials of the dead, with rustic art,
And rude inscriptions cut, declare the soul
Immortal. Man, form'd for eternity,
Abhors annihilation, and the thought
Of dark oblivion. Hence, with ardent wish
And vigorous effort, each would fondly raise
Some lasting monument, to save his name
Safe from the waste of years. Hence Cæsar fought;
Hence Raphael painted; and hence Milton sung.
Thus musing, sleep oppress'd my drowsy sense,
And wrapt me into rest: Before mine eyes,
Fair as the morn, when up the flaming east
The sun ascends, a radiant seraph stood,
Crown'd with a wreath of palm, his golden hair
Wav'd o'er his shoulders, girt with shining plumes;
From which, down to the ground, loose floating trail'd,
In graceful negligence, his heavenly robe:
Upon his face, flush'd with immortal youth
Unfading beauty bloom'd, and thus he spoke:
" Well hast thou judg'd; the soul must be immortal!
" And that it is, this awful day declares;
" This day, the last that ere the sun shall gild:
" Arrested by Omnipotence, no more
" Shall he describe the year. The moon no more
" Shall shed her borrow'd light. This is the day
" Seal'd in the rolls of fate, when o'er the dead
" Almighty power shall wake, and raise to life
" The sleeping myriads. Now shall be approv'd,
" The ways of God to man, and all the clouds
" Of Providence be clear'd; now shall be shown
" Why vice in purple oft upon a throne
" Exalted sat, and shook her iron scourge
" O'er virtue, seated lowly on the ground.
" Now deeds committed in the sable shade
" Of eyeless darkness, shall be brought to light,
" And every act shall meet its just reward."
As thus he spoke, the morn arose, and sure
Methought ne'er rose a fairer. Not a cloud
Spotted the blue expanse, and not a gale
Breath'd o'er the surface of the dewy earth.
Twinkling with yellow lustre, the gay birds
On every blooming spray sung their sweet notes,
And prais'd their great Creator. Through the fields
The lowing cattle graz'd, and all around
Was beauty, happiness, and mirth, and love.
" All these thou seest," (resum'd th' angelic power),
" No more shall give thee pleasure. Thou must leave
" This world, of which now come and see the end."

* *Communicated by Mr John Birrel of Kirkwood.*

This said, he touch'd me, and such strength infus'd,
That as he soared up the pathless air,
I lightly followed. On the awful peak
Of an eternal rock, beneath whose feet
The sounding billows beat, he set me down.
I heard a noise, loud as a rushing stream,
When o'er the rugged precipice it roars,
And foaming thunders on the rocks below.
Astonished, I gaz'd around, when lo!
I saw an angel down from Heaven descend.
His face was as the sun, his dreadful height
Such as the statue by the Grecian plan'd
Of Philip's son, Athos, with all his rocks,
Moulded into a man. One foot on earth,
And one upon the rolling sea, he fix'd.
As when at setting sun the rainbow shines
Refulgent, meting out the half of Heaven,
So stood he; and, in act to speak, he rais'd
His shining hand. His voice was as the sound
Of many waters, or the deep mouth'd roar
Of thunder, when it bursts the riven cloud,
And bellows through the ether. Nature stood
Silent in all her works, while thus he spake:
"Hear, thou that roll'st above, thou glorious sun;
"Ye Heavens and earth attend, while I declare
"The will of th' Eternal. By his name
"Who lives, and shall for ever live, I swear
"That time shall be no longer."
He disappear'd. Fixt in deep thought, I stood,
At what would follow. Strait another sound,
To which the Nile, o'er Ethiopia's rocks,
Rushing in broad cataract, were nought.
It seem'd as if the pillar that upheld
The universe, had crack'd, and all these worlds
Unhing'd, had strove together for the way,
In cumbrous crashing ruin. Such the roar!
A sound that might be felt! It pierc'd beyond
The limits of creation. Chaos roar'd,
And Heaven and earth return'd the mighty noise.
"Thou heard'st," said then my heavenly guide,
"the sound
"Of the last trumpet. See where, from the clouds,
"Th' archangel Michael, one of the seven
"That minister before the throne of God,
"Leans forward; and the son'rous tube inspires
"With breath immortal. By his side the sword
"Which, like a meteor, o'er the vanquish'd head
"Of Satan hung, when he rebellious rais'd
"War, and embroil'd the happy fields above."
A pause ensu'd; the fainting sun grew pale,
And seem'd to struggle through a sky of blood;
While dim eclipse impair'd his beam: The earth
Shook to her deepest centre; ocean rag'd,
And dash'd his billows on the frighted shores.
All was confusion; heartless, helpless, wild,
As flocks of tim'rous sheep, or driven deer,
Wand'ring, the inhabitants of earth appear'd.
Terror in every look, and pale affright
Sat in each eye; amazed at the past,
And for the future trembling. All call'd great,
Or deem'd illustrious by erring man,
Was now no more. The hero and the prince
Their grandeur lost, now mingling with the crowd;
And all distinctions, those except from faith
And virtue flowing. These upheld the soul,
As ribb'd with triple steel. All else was lost!

Now, vain is greatness! as the morning clouds,
That, rising, promis'd rain: Condens'd they stand,
Till, touch'd by winds, they vanish into air.
The farmer mourns; so mourns the hapless wretch,
Who, cast by fortune from some envy'd height,
Finds nought within him to support his fall.
High as his hope had rais'd him, low he sinks
Below his fate, in comfortless despair.
Who would not laugh at an attempt to build
A lasting structure on the rapid stream
Of foaming Tygris? the foundations laid
Upon the glassy surface: Such the hopes
Of him whose views are bounded by this world;
Unmur'd in his own labour'd work, he dreams
Himself secure; when, on a sudden, down,
Torn from its sandy ground, the fabric falls!
He starts, and, waking, finds himself undone.
Not so the man who on religion's base
His hope and virtue builds. Firm on the rock
Of ages his foundation laid, remains
Above the frowns of fortune or her smiles,
In every varying state of life, the same. [hopes.
Nought fears he from the world, and nothing
With unassuming courage, inward strength
Endu'd; resign'd to Heaven, he leads a life
Superior to the common herd of men,
Whose joys, connected with the changeful flood
Of fickle fortune, ebb and flow with it.
Nor is religion a chimera: Sure
'Tis something real. Virtue cannot live,
Divided from it. As a fever'd branch,
It withers, pines, and dies. Who loves not God,
That made him, and preserv'd, nay more, redeem'd,
Is dangerous. Can ever gratitude
Bind him who spurns at these most sacred ties?
Say, can he, in the silent scenes of life,
Be sociable? Can he be a friend?
At best, he must but feign. The worst of brutes
An atheist is; for beasts acknowledge God.
The lion, with the terrors of his mouth,
Pays homage to his Maker; the grim wolf,
At midnight, howling, seeks his meat from God.
Again th' archangel rais'd his dreadful voice.
Earth trembl'd at the sound. "Awake ye dead,
"And come to judgment." At the mighty call,
As armies issue at the trumpet's sound,
So rose the dead. A shaking first I heard,
And bone together came unto his bone,
Though sever'd by wide seas and distant lands.
A spirit liv'd within them. He who made,
Wound up, and set in motion the machine,
To run unhurt the length of fourscore years,
Who knows the structure of each secret spring,
Can he not join again the sever'd parts,
And join them with advantage? This to man
Hard and impossible may seem; to God
Is easy. Now, through all the darken'd air
The living atoms flew, each to his place,
And none was missing in the great account;
Down from the dust of him whom Cain slew,
To him who yesterday was laid in earth,
And scarce had seen corruption; whether in
The bladed grass they cloth'd the verdant plain,
Or smil'd in opening flowers; or, in the sea,
Became the food of monsters of the deep,
Or pass in transmigrations infinite.
Through ev'ry kind of being none mistakes

His kindred matter; but, by ſympathy
Combining, rather by Almighty power
Led on, they cloſely mingle and unite.
But, chang'd, now ſubject to decay no more,
Or diſſolution, deathleſs as the ſoul,
The body is; and fitted to enjoy
Eternal bliſs, or bear eternal pain.
As when in Spring the ſun's prolific beams
Have wak'd to life the inſect tribe that ſport
And wanton in his rays at ev'ning mild,
Proud of their new exiſtence, up the air,
In devious circles wheeling, they aſcend,
Innumerable. The whole air is dark.
So, by the trumpets rous'd, the ſons of men
In countleſs numbers cover'd all the ground,
From frozen Greenland to the ſouthern pole,
All who ere liv'd on earth. See Lapland's ſons,
Whoſe zenith is the pole, a barbarous race,
Rough as their ſtorms, and ſavage as their clime,
Unpoliſh'd as their bears, and but in ſhape
Diſtinguiſh'd from them. Reaſon's dying lamp
Scarce brighter burns than inſtinct in their breaſt.
With wandring Ruſſians, and thoſe who dwelt
In Scandinavia, by the Baltic ſea;
The rugged Pole, with Pruſſia's warlike race;
Germania yields her numbers, where the Rhine
And mighty Danube pour their flowing urns.
Behold thy children, Britain! hail the light;
A manly race, whoſe buſineſs was arms;
And long unciviliz'd, yet train'd to deeds
Of virtue, they withſtood the Roman power,
And made their eagles droop. On Morven's coaſt,
A race of heroes and of bards ariſe.
The mighty Fingal and his mighty ſon,
Who launch'd the ſpear, and touch'd the tuneful harp;
With Scotia's chiefs, the ſons of later years,
Her Kenneths and her Malcolms, warriors fam'd;
Her gen'rous Wallace, and her gallant Bruce,
See in her pathleſs wilds, where the grey ſtones
Are rais'd in mem'ry of the mighty dead.
Armies ariſe of Engliſh, Scots, and Picts;
And giant Danes, who, from bleak Norway's coaſt,
Ambitious came, to conquer her fair fields,
And chain her ſons; but Scotia gave them graves.
Behold the kings that fill'd the Engliſh throne,
Edwards and Henrys, names of deathleſs fame,
Start from their tombs. Immortal William, ſee
Surrounding angels point him from the reſt;
Who ſav'd the ſtate from tyranny and Rom.
Behold her poets, Shakſpeare, fancy's child;
Spenſer, who, through his ſmooth and moral tale,
Ypoints fair virtue out; with *him* who ſung
Of man's firſt diſobedience, Young lifts up
His awful head, and joys to ſee the day,
The great, th' important day of which he ſung.
See where imperial Rome exalts her height:
Her ſenators and gowned fathers riſe.
Her conſuls, who, as ants without a king,
Went forth to conquer kings; and at their wheels
In triumph led the chiefs of diſtant lands.
Behold, in Cannæ's field what hoſtile ſwarms,
Burſt from th' enſanguin'd ground where Hannibal
Shook Rome, through all her legions: Italy
Trembled unto the capital. If fate
Had not withſtood th' attempt, ſhe now had bow'd
Her head to Carthage. See Pharſalia points
Her murder'd thouſands, who in the laſt ſtrife
Of Rome, for dying liberty were ſlain,
To make a man the maſter of the world.
All Europe's ſons throng forward, numbers vaſt;
Imagination fails beneath the weight.
What numbers yet remain! Th' enervate race
Of Aſia, from where hoary Tanais rolls
O'er rocks and dreary waſtes his foaming ſtream,
To where the eaſtern ocean thunders round
The ſpicy Java: with the tawny race
That dwelt in Afric, from the Red ſea north
To the Cape ſouth, where the rude Hottentot
Sinks into brute; with thoſe who long unknown,
Till by Columbus found, a naked race,
And only ſkill'd to urge the ſylvan war,
That peopl'd the wide continent that ſpreads
From rocky Zembla, whiten'd with the ſnow
Of twice three thouſand years, ſouth to the ſtraits
Nam'd from Magellan, where the ocean roars
Round earth's remoteſt bounds. Now had not He
The great Creator of the univerſe,
Enlarg'd the wide foundations of the world,
Room had been wanting to the mighty crowd
That pour'd from ev'ry quarter. At his word,
Obedient angels ſtretch'd an ample plain,
Where dwelt his people in the Holy Land,
Fit to contain the whole of human race.
As when the Autumn yellow on the fields
Invites the ſickle forth, the farmer ſends
His ſervants to cut down and gather in
The bearded grain; ſo by Jehovah ſent,
The angels, from all corners of the world,
Led on the living and th' awaken'd dead
To judgment. As in the Apocalypſe
John, gather'd, ſaw the people of the earth,
And kings, to Armageddon: Now look round,
Thou whoſe ambitious heart for glory beats,
See all the wretched things on earth call'd great,
And lifted up to gods; how little now
Seems all their grandeur! See the conqueror,
Mad Alexander, who his victor arms
Bore o'er the then known globe, then ſat him down
And wept, becauſe he had no other world
To give to deſolation. How he droops!
He knew not, hapleſs wretch, he never learn'd,
The harder conqueſt, to ſubdue himſelf.
Now is the Chriſtian's triumph, now he lifts
His head on high; while down the dying heart
Of ſinners helpleſs ſink; black guilt diſtracts
And wrings their tortur'd ſouls; while ev'ry thought
Is big with keen remorſe, or dark deſpair.
But now a nobler ſubject claims the ſong;
My mind recoils at the amazing theme;
For how ſhall finite ſpeak of infinite;
How ſhall a ſtripling, by the muſe untaught,
Sing heav'n's Almighty, proſtrate at whoſe feet
Archangels fall: unequal to the taſk,
I dare the bold attempt: aſſiſt me Heaven.
From thee began, with thee ſhall end the ſong:
For now, down from the op'ning firmament,
Seated upon a ſaphire throne, high rais'd
Upon an azure ground, upheld by wheels
Of emblematic ſtructure, as a wheel
Had been within a wheel, ſtudded with eyes
Of flaming fire, and by four cherubs led;
I ſaw the Judge deſcend: Around him came
By thouſands, and by millions, heaven's bright hoſt;
About him blaz'd unſufferable light,

Inviſible as darkneſs to the eye;
His car above the mount of Olives ſtay'd,
Where laſt he with his diſciples convers'd,
And left them gazing as he ſoar'd aloft;
He darkneſs as a curtain drew around,
On which the colours of the rainbow ſhone
Various and bright, and from within was heard
A voice as deep mouth'd thunder, ſpeaking thus:
" Go Raphael, and from theſe reprobate,
" Divide my choſen ſaints; go ſeparate
" My people from among, as the wheat
" Is in the harveſt ſever'd from the tares;
" Set them upon the right, and on the left
" Leave theſe ungodly. Thou Michael chooſe
" Forth from the angelic hoſt a choſen hand,
" And Satan with his legions hither bring
" To judgment, from hell's caverns; whither fled,
" They think to hide from my awaken'd wrath,
" Which chas'd them out heaven, and which they
" dread
" More than the horrors of the pit, which now
" Shall be redoubl'd ſevenfold on their heads."
Swift as conception, at his bidding flew
His miniſters, obedient to his nod;
And as a ſhepherd who all day hath fed
His ſheep and goats promiſcuous, but at eve
Dividing ſhuts them up in different folds.
So now the good was parted from the bad;
For ever parted; never more to join
And mingle as on earth, where often paſs'd
For other each, ev'n cloſe hypocriſy
Eſcapes not, but unmaſk'd, alike the ſcorn
Of vice and virtue, ſtands now ſeparate.
Upon the right appear'd a dauntleſs, firm,
Compoſed number, joyful at the thought
Of immortality, they forward look'd
With hope into the future; conſcience pleas'd,
Smiling reflects upon a well ſpent life;
Heav'n dawns within their breaſt. The other crew
Pale and dejected, ſcarce lift up their heads
To view the hated light; his trembling hand
Each lays upon his guilty face, and now
In gnawings of the never dying worm,
Began a hell that never ſhall be quench'd.
But now the enemy of God and man,
Curſing his fate, comes forward, led in chains
Infrangible of burning adamant,
Hewn from the rocks of hell, with all the bands
Of rebel angels, who long time had walk'd
The world, and by their oracles deceiv'd
The blinded nations; or by ſecret guile
Wrought men to vice, came on, raging in vain,
And ſtruggling with their fetters, which, as fate
Compell'd them faſt, they wait their dreadful
doom.
Now from his lofty throne, with eyes that blaz'd
Intolerable day, th' Almighty Judge
Look'd down awhile upon the ſubject crowds;
As when a caravan of merchants led
By thirſt of gain to travel the parch'd ſands
Of waſte Arabia, hears a lion roar,
The wicked trembled; at his view, upon
The ground they roll'd in pangs of wild deſpair,
To hide their faces, which not bluſhes mark'd,
But livid horror; conſcience, who aſleep
Long time had lain, now lifts her ſnaky head,
And frights them into madneſs, while the liſt
Of all their ſins ſhe offers to their view;
For ſhe had power to hurt them, and her ſting
Was as a ſcorpion's: He who never knew
Its wound is happy, though a fetter'd ſlave
Chain'd to the oar, or to the dark damp mine
Confin'd, while he that ſits upon a throne
Under her frown, is wretched. But the damn'd
Alone can tell what 'tis to feel her ſcourge,
In all its horrors, with her poiſon'd ſting
Fix'd in their hearts. This is the Second Death.
Upon the book of life he laid his hand,
Clos'd with the ſeal of heaven, which op'd, he
read
The names of the elect; God knows his own,
Come (looking on the right he ſmiling ſaid),
Ye of my Father bleſſed; ere this world
Was moulded out of chaos; ere the ſons
Of God exulting ſung at nature's birth,
For you I left my throne, my glory left,
And ſhrouded up in clay, I weary walk'd
Your world, and many miſeries endur'd;
Death was the laſt. For you I died, that you
Might live with me for ever, and in heav'n ſit
On thrones, and as the ſun in brightneſs, ſhine
For ever in my kingdom: Faithfully
Have ye approv'd yourſelves; I hungry was,
And thirſty, and ye gave me meat and drink;
Ye cloth'd me naked; when I fainting lay,
Ye cheer'd me with the tenderneſs of friends;
In ſickneſs and in priſon me reliev'd:
Nay, marvel not that thus I ſpeak when e'er
Led by the dictates of fair charity,
Ye help'd the man on whom keen poverty
And wretchedneſs had laid their meagre hands,
And for my ſake, ye did it unto me.
They heard with joy, and ſhouting rais'd their voice
In praiſe of the Redeemer; loos'd from earth
They ſoar'd triumphant, and at the right hand
Of the great Judge ſat down; who on the left
Now looking ſtern, with fury in his eyes,
Blaſted their ſpirits, while his arrows fix'd
Deep in their hearts, in agonizing pain
Scorch'd their vitals, thus their dreadful doom,
(More dreadful from the lips that us'd to bliſs)
He awfully pronounced; earth at his frown
Convulſive trembled, while the raging deep
Huſh'd in a horrid calm his waves. Depart,
(Theſe, for I heard them, were his dreadful
words!)
Depart from me, ye curs'd! Oft have I ſtrove
In tenderneſs and pity to ſubdue
Your rebel hearts; as a fond parent bird
When danger threatens, flutters o'er her young,
Nature's fond impluſe beating in her breaſt;
Thus ardent did I ſtrive, but all in vain,
Now will I laugh at your calamity,
And mock your fears; as oft in ſtupid mirth,
Harden'd in wickedneſs, ye pointed out
The man who labour'd up the ſteep aſcent
Of virtue, to reproach. Depart to fire,
Kindled in Tophet for the arch enemy,
For Satan and his angels; who by pride
Fell into condemnation; blown up now
To ſevenfold fury by th' Almighty breath;
There in that dreary manſion, where the light
Is ſolid gloom, darkneſs that may be felt,
Where hope, the lenient of the ills of life
For ever dies; there ſhall ye ſeek for death,
And ſhall not find it, for your greateſt curſe

Is immortality; Omnipotence
Eternally ſhall puniſh and preſerve.
So ſaid he, and his hands high lifted, hurl'd
The flaſhing lightning and the flaming bolt
Full on the wicked, kindling in a blaze
The ſcorched earth, behind, before, around,
The trembling wretches burſt the quiv'ring flames:
They turn'd to fly, but wrath divine purſu'd
To where beyond creation's utmoſt bound,
Where never glimpſe of cheerful light arriv'd,
Where ſcarce e'en thought can travel, but abſorb'd,
Falls headlong down th' immeaſureable gulf
Of chaos wide, and wild their priſon ſtood
Of utter darkneſs, as the horrid ſhade
That clouds the brow of death, its open'd mouth
Belch'd ſheets of livid flame and pitchy ſmoke;
Infernal thunders with expulſion dire
Roar'd through the firey concave, while the waves
Of liquid ſulphur beat the burning ſhore
In endleſs ferment; o'er the dizzy ſteep
Suſpended, wrapt in ſuffocating gloom,
The ſons of black damnation ſhrieking hung.
Curſes unutterable fill'd their mouth,
Hideous to hear, their eyes rain'd bitter tears
Of agonizing madneſs, for their day
Was paſt, and from their eyes repentance hid
For ever! Round their heads their hiſſing brand
The furies wav'd, and o'er the whelming brink
Impetuous urg'd them, in the beating ſurge
They headlong fell; the flaſhing billows roar'd,
And hell from all her caves re-echo'd back;
The gates of flint and tenfold adamant,
With bars of ſteel, impenetably firm,
Were ſhut forever: The decree of fate
Immutable made faſt the pond'rous door.
"Now turn your eyes," my bright conductor ſaid,
"Behold the world in flames, ſo ſore the bolts
Of thunder launch'd by the Almighty arm
Hath ſmote upon it; up the blackened air
Aſcend the curling flames and billowy ſmoke,
And hideous crackling bloat the face of day
With ſoul eruption; from their inmoſt beds
The hiſſing waters riſe, whatever drew
The vital air, or in the ſpacious deep [craſh:
Wanton'd at large, expires. Heard'ſt thou that
There fell the tow'ring Alps, and daſhing down
Lay bare the centre: ſee the flaming mines
Expand their treaſures, no rapacious hand
To ſeize the precious bane: Now look around.
Say, canſt thou tell where ſtood imperial Rome,
The wonder of the world, or where the boaſt
Of Europe, fair Britannia, ſtretch'd her plain
Encircl'd by the ocean. All is want,
Is darkneſs. As (if great may be compar'd
With ſmall), when, o'er Gommorah's fated field
The flaming ſulphur, by Jehovah rain'd,
Sent up a pitchy cloud, killing to life,
And tainting all the air. Another groan,
'Twas Nature's laſt; and ſee th' extinguiſh'd ſun,
Falls devious through the void, and the fair face
Of Nature is no more: with ſullen joy
Old Chaos views the havock, and expects
To ſtretch his fable ſceptre o'er the blank
Where once Creation ſmil'd, o'er which perhaps,
Creative energy again ſhall wake,
And, into being call a brighter ſun,
And fairer worlds, which for delightful change,
The ſaints, deſcending from the happy ſeats
Of bliſs, ſhall viſit. And behold they riſe
And ſeek their native land; around them riſe
In radiant files Heaven's hoſt, immortal wreaths
Of Amaranth and roſes crown their head,
And each a branch of ever-blooming palm
In triumph holds. In robes of dazzling white,
Fairer than that by wint'ry tempeſts ſhed,
Upon the frozen ground, array'd they ſhine,
Fair as the ſun, when up the ſteep of heaven
He rides in all the majeſty of light.
But who can tell, and though an angel could,
Thou couldſt not hear the glories of the place,
For their abode prepar'd. Though oft on earth
They ſtruggl'd hard againſt the ſtormy tide
Of adverſe fortune, and the bitter ſcorn
Of harden'd villany, their life a courſe
Of warfare upon earth, theſe toils, when view'd
With the reward, ſeem nought: The Lord ſhall guide
Their ſteps to living fountains, and ſhall wipe
All tears from ev'ry eye: The wint'ry clouds
That frown'd on life, rack up. A glorious ſun
That ne'er ſhall ſet, ariſes in a ſky
Unclouded and ſerene; their joy is full,
And ſickneſs, pain, and death, ſhall be no more.
Doſt thou deſire to follow? does thy heart
Beat ardent for the prize? then tread the path
Religion points to men. What thou haſt ſeen,
Fix'd in thy heart retain, for, be aſſur'd,
In that laſt moment, in the cloſing act
Of nature's drama, ere the hand of Fate
Drop the black curtain, thou muſt bear thy part
And ſtand in thine own lot."
This ſaid, he ſtretch'd
His wings, and, in a moment, left my ſight.

*Jan.* 7. 1766.

## PHILOCLES:

### AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM DRYBURGH *.

WAITING, I ſit on Leven's ſandy ſhore,
And ſadly tune the reed to ſounds of woe,
Once more I call Melpomene! once more
Spontaneous teach the weeping verſe to flow.

The weeping verſe ſhall flow in friendſhip's name,
Which friendſhip aſks, and friendſhip fain would pay;
The weeping verſe which worth and genius claim;
Begin then, muſe! begin the mournful lay.

Aided by thee, I'll twine a ruſtic wreath
Of faireſt flowers, to deck the graſs-grown grave
Of Philocles, cold in the bed of death,
And mourn the gentle youth I could not ſave.

Where lordly Forth divides the fertile plains,
With ample ſweep, a ſea from ſide to ſide;
A rocky bound his raging courſe reſtrains,
Forever laſh'd by the reſounding tide.

There ſtands his tomb upon the ſea-beat ſhore,
Afar diſcern'd by the rough ſailor's eye,

* *Communicated by the Rev. Dr. Baird.*

Who, paſſing, weeps, and ſtops the ſounding oar,
And points where Piety and Virtue lie.

Like the gay palm on Rabbah's fair domains,
A cedar ſhadowing Carmel's flow'ry ſide;
Or, like the upright aſh on Britain's plains,
Which waves its ſtately arms in youthful pride.

So flouriſh'd Philocles; and as the hand
Of ruthleſs woodman lays their honours low,
He felt in youth's fair bloom by Fate's command,
'Twas Fate that ſtruck, 'tis ours to mourn the blow.

Alas! we fondly thought that Heav'n deſign'd
His bright example mankind to improve;
All they ſhould be, was pictur'd in his mind,
His thoughts were virtue, and his heart was love.

Calm as a ſummer's ſun's unruffl'd face,
He look'd unmov'd on life's precarious game,
And ſmil'd at mortals toiling in the chaſe
Of empty phantoms, opulence and fame.

Steady he follow'd virtue's onward path,
Inflexible to error's devious way,
And firm at laſt in hope and fixed faith,
Through death's dark vale he trod without diſmay.

Thy gloomy vale he trod, relentleſs death!
Where waſte and horrid deſolation reign,
The tyrant humbl'd, there reſigns his wrath,
The wretch elated, there forgets his pain.

There ſleeps the infant, and the hoary head,
Together lie the oppreſſor and the oppreſs'd;
There dwells the captive, free among the dead;
There Philocles, and there the weary reſt.

The curtains of the grave faſt drawn around,
Till the loud trumpet wake the ſleep of death,
With dreadful clangor through the world reſound,
Shake the firm globe, and burſt the vaults beneath.

Then Philocles ſhall riſe, to glory riſe,
And his Redeemer, for himſelf, ſhall ſee;
With him in triumph mount th' azure ſkies,
For where he is his followers ſhall be.

Hence then theſe ſighs! and whence this falling tear,
To ſad remembrance of his merit juſt?
Still muſt I mourn, for he to me was dear,
And ſtill is dear, though buried in the duſt.

## LOCHLEVEN NO MORE.

TO THE TUNE OF "LOCHABER NO MORE."

Farewel to Lochleven and Gairny's fair ſtream,
How ſweet, on its banks, of my Peggy to dream;
But now I muſt go to a far diſtant ſhore,
And I'll may be return to Lochleven no more.

No more in the ſpring ſhall I walk with my dear
Where gowans bloom bonny, and Gairny runs clear,
Far hence muſt I wander, my pleaſures are o'er,
Since I'll ſee my dear maid and Lochleven no more.

No more do I ſing, ſince far from my delight,
But in ſighs ſpend the day and in tears the long night;
By Devon's dull current ſtretch'd mourning I'll lie,
While the hills and the woods to my mourning reply.

But wherever I wander, by night or by day,
True love to my Peggy ſtill with me ſhall ſtay;
And ever and ay my loſs I'll deplore,
Till the woodlands re-echo Lochleven no more.

Though from her far diſtant, to her I'll be true,
And ſtill my fond heart keep her image in view:
O could I obtain her, my griefs were all o'er,
I would mourn the dear maid and Lochleven no more.

But if Fate has decreed it ne'er ſhall be ſo,
Then grief ſhall attend me wherever I go;
Till from life's ſtormy ſea I reach death's ſilent ſhore,
Then I'll think upon her and Lochleven no more.

## ELEGIAC VERSES ON THE DEATH OF MICHAEL BRUCE *.

Why vainly bid the animated buſt,
Why bid the monumental pile to riſe,
Too often genius, doom'd by fate unjuſt,
Unnotic'd lives, unwept, unhonour'd dies!
Too oft the poet in whoſe ſacred breaſt,
With ardour glow the muſe's pureſt fires,
Contemn'd by pride, by penury oppreſt,
In anguiſh lives, and in neglect expires!
Too oft, alas! in ſome ſequeſter'd ground,
Silent and cold the poet's aſhes ſleep,
No pomp of funeral is ſeen around,
No paraſite to praiſe, no friend to weep!
Such, Bruce, the feelings in my breaſt that riſe,
While guided by the muſe I wander near,
Mark the lone ſpot where youthful genius lies,
And give thy fare the tribute of a tear.
Obſcure thy birth, yet in thy early breaſt,
How deep and ardent glow'd the muſes flame,
How ſtrongly in thy boſom was impreſt
The poet's genius, and the poet's fame!
Such was thy fame, but, ah! upon thy frame
Diſeaſe relentleſs urg'd its growing way,
Fled was each joy of health, each hope of fame,
And thou the victim of a ſlow decay:
Like ſome fair flower, that owes the deſert birth,
Whoſe buds foretell the beauty of its prime,
But ſinks unſhelter'd, ſinks unſeen to earth,
Chill'd by the blaſt, or cropt before its time!
Perhaps thus blaſted by unfriendly doom,
Thy genius foſter'd in a milder air,
Matur'd by age in all the pride of bloom,
Had ſpread luxuriant, and had flouriſh'd fair!
But, ah, no more the poet now remains,
Cold is the breaſt that glow'd with ſacred fire,
Mute is the tongue that flow'd in tuneful ſtrains,
Check'd is the hand, and ſilent is the lyre!
For him, who now laments thy early tomb,
Like thee inſpir'd with youthful love of lays,
Though now he mourns, he ſoon may ſhare thy doom,
May ſoon require the tribute which he pays.

* *Reprinted from the fourth volume of the Aſylum for Fugitive Pieces.*

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